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THE celebrated George Stephenson, who may be termed the Father of Railways, was originally a poor collier. So poor was he, that he never learned to write even his name until he was nearly *sixteen* years of age! Anxious to improve himself, he paid threepence a week out of his small wages, to attend a night-school, and there learn to read and write! By his patient *plodding* he rose from the lowest to one of the highest steps in the social ladder. Working men, use your leisure hours well, and you may, by God's blessing, increase both your usefulness and happiness in life. Read Smiles' "Self-help," and "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," and the numerous cases which have been given in the *British Workman** of Celebrated Carpenters, Shoemakers, Tailors, Stonemasons, Bricklayers, Blacksmiths, Gardeners, Shepherds, Miners, Barbers, and others *who have risen* by their *plodding* industry and frugality.

* *See* Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 15, 17, 18, 19, 22, 23, 25, 26, 30, 38, 24, 26, 27, 29, 49, 58, 61, 64, 65, 69, of *British Workman.*

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The Industrial Classes,

By their sincere Friend,

THE EDITOR.

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No. 1.

BRITISH WORKMAN

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HE "BRITISH WORKMAN" has been ommenced with an earnest desire to romote the

HEALTH, WEALTH, AND HAPPINESS
OF THE
WORKING CLASSES.

We solicit the support both of employers and nployed, believing that the interests of both e firmly linked together, and that whatever jures one, affects the other.

Instead of making many promises we shall leave ese and future pages to speak for themselves.

"OUR OWN COTTAGE."

A BRICKLAYER who said he had "hard work to live," but who found both time and money for the beer-house every night, was induced by his master to deposit a few shillings weekly in the savings' bank. The shillings soon became pounds, and at the end of about ten years the working man's bank book shewed a balance in his favour of £200! "Now Andrew," said the master, "you have made bricks for other folks' houses, make some for *your own*." A plot of land was soon purchased, and a neat cottage was built.

It was a joyous occasion when Andrew's family took their first meal in "Our Own Cottage." Andrew has now a vote for the county of York! Are there not thousands of the working men of our country, who, like Andrew, might live RENT FREE in their *own cottages if they would?*

THE TWO WEAVERS.

BY THE LATE G. MOGRIDGE, ESQ.

AWAY with discontent, for it is mean, cowardly, and ungrateful. Wage war against it, for it is an irreconcilable enemy to mankind. Resist it, pursue it, banish it. Away with it from the world!

If men complained only when they had cause, it would not signify, but, alas! it is not so.

> While thankless men 'mid all the thousand gifts
> That riches, power, and honour can bestow,
> Endure one pang of unexpected pain,
> Or see one trifling pleasure unattained,
> They guiltily forget what God has given,
> And for that little felt, or unpossessed,
> Hang down their heads, and sorrow and repine.

William Drew was a weaver, and having neither "chick nor child" to provide for, might, had he possessed an atom of thankfulness, have been very comfortable, though his gets were small. William had never been married, and no wonder: for how any woman, young or old, handsome or ugly, with good feeling in her heart, or a grain of prudence in her head, could consent to live with such a whining, pining, discontented fellow, is difficult to imagine. There is a secret worth knowing to all working men, especially if their wages are low; it is this—Cheerfulness and thankfulness turn shillings into half-crowns, while discontent and repining change them into fourpenny-pieces.

William Drew could only get work when it was really wanted, for no master would willingly have to do with so dissatisfied a servant. From morning to night he was pulling a long face, growling at the badness of the times, and grumbling at the lowness of his wages. No wonder that he went by the name of Whining William.

THE LOAN LECTURE (See next page).

True it is that a hand-loom weaver has to work hard for little money, but neither waiting nor quailing will make things better, though they are tolerably sure to make them worse. Whisting Willieby was as a dark cloud wherever he went, casting a shadow on all around him.

Henry Drake, a neighbour of William Drew's, was a weaver also, and contrived to make both ends meet, and to keep out of debt, though he had a wife and three children. His quiet contentment and cheerful thankfulness recommended him to his masters and his neighbours. The man had a sunny spirit. The very throwing of his shuttle told you that he was happy at his labour. Wherever he went, he met with a welcome.

It happened at a season when great orders were expected, that William Drew and Henry Drake had more work out than usual from the same master, and this work they had engaged to deliver by a certain day. Unfortunately for the masters, a report was buzzed about that the weavers in a little time, would strike for an advance of wages.

No sooner did the report reach William Drew, than he set off to Henry Drake, to talk the matter over with him. "Henry," says he, "the strike that is coming on will be something in our pockets. Masters are not to be trusted, and they are in every thing. Not another hour's work will I do till the thing is settled."

"As to that," replied Henry, "you can hardly do as you like, William, for you have *agreed* to send in your work next Saturday."

"So I will," said William, "if master will give me the new price, but I am not going to lose a farthing, if you are. We have got the whip-hand of our masters, and now is the time to keep it."

"Honesty is the best policy, all the world over," said Henry. "Let us do as we would be done by. You agreed to send in your work at the old price; keep your word like a man. It will be quite time enough to talk about the rise when it takes place."

"Fine talking," replied William, "but I will be ground down no longer. If master likes to give me the new price, well and good, and if not, he may do the work himself."

Having thus spoken, away went William Drew to know how the strike was getting on, little considering that he was losing double by his idleness what he could get by the new prices.

No sooner was William Drew gone, than Henry Drake set to work harder than ever, to make up for the time which had been lost in talking. Nimbly did he throw the shuttle, saying to himself, "You are standing in your own light, William Drew! you are standing in your own light!"

Saturday night will come, whether men are industrious or idle, and when it did come, William Drew had not a penny due to him, while Henry Drake, having taken in his work, had more than his ordinary wages to receive.

But now a dark cloud came over the hand-loom weavers, for the great orders that were expected not having arrived, the intended strike of the workmen was set aside. Instead of the men having the whip-hand of the masters, the masters had the men in their power. Work not being wanted, they only employed such hands as they could depend on.

Willing enough was William Drew, when he saw how matters stood, to finish the work he had in hand; but this his master would not allow. As he had not done it when he could, he would not let him do it when he would. The work was taken from him, and given to Henry Drake, with a promise, on the part of his master, that it should not be his fault if Henry had not constant work for the future.

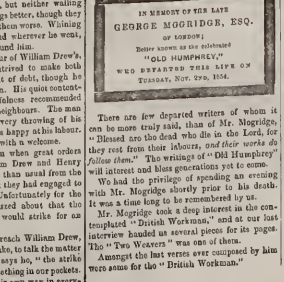
When Christmas came, it was not necessary to take stock, for neither William Drew nor Henry Drake had any shillings before-hand. Their hand-looms and a little furniture formed the whole of their possessions. Let us see, however, how the year had rolled round with them both.

William Drew had dragged through it with heavy heels, losing opportunities, making peevish complaints, and moping like an owl. He had offended the different masters he had worked for, and ran into debt; Henry Drake, on the contrary, had blithe pursued his calling, whistling like a lark, and never letting "the grass grow under his feet." Industry and thankfulness had procured him work, lightened his labour, increased the value of his wages, sweetened his food, led him to his Bible, and thereby brightened his hope of heaven.

While discontent in shades of night
Endures a winter dreary,
Contentment, in the sunshine bright,
Has summer all the year.

Do you want to know the man against whom you have most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face.

THINK not of doing as you like, Do as you ought to do.



There are few departed writers of whom it can be more truly said, than of Mr. Mogridge, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, *and their works do follow them.*" The writings of "Old Humphrey" will interest and bless generations yet to come.

We had the privilege of spending an evening with Mr. Mogridge shortly prior to his death. It was a time long to be remembered by us.

Mr. Mogridge took a deep interest in the contemplated "British Workman," and at our last interview handed us several pieces for its pages. The "Two Weavers" was one of them.

Amongst the last verses ever composed by him were some for the "British Workman."

LAYING A GOOD FOUNDATION;
OR,
ROBERT BLAKE, THE RAILWAY "NAVIE."

ROBERT BLAKE was one of the finest fellows that ever handled a shovel or turned a sod.

He was one of the best tempered "navies" that ever worked in a gang, and like many of his class he had no mean share of tact and good common sense.

Robert was looked up to as a sort of "Captain" on the various "lines" where he worked; and strange as some men may think it, he could secure attention and respect without even a single oath. Robert was not a swearing "navie."

There are many now living who worked with Robert, and can testify that it was no uncommon thing to hear conversations something like the following during their "diggings," or laying the foundation stone, of some large railway station or other building:—

Robert. "Now, George, my lad, lay it well—we's *piled* you a capital *bed*. Nothing like a good foundation, George, whether for this world or the next."

George. "What, Robert, is it you again, are you going to preach us a sermon on STONES?"

Robert. "Not at all a bad text, George. The most wonderful preacher that ever came into the world, said that ALL men were *building*, either on rocky or sandy foundation. On one, we can stand the test of a dying hour, but if we have nothing better than a SANDY foundation, we betide us."

In this kind, and yet faithful way, would Robert Blake seek to turn passing events to good account.

The occupation of a "navie" is very dangerous one, as the numerous accidents and deaths by land slips, falling of tunnels, &c. painfully testify.

Robert felt that of all men "navies" should lay a *good foundation* for the "time to come."

It is true that he had *formerly* been a bad swearer, drunkard, and everything that was bad, but he had been led by God's grace to repent of all his wrong doings, and for many years prior to his death he was truly a *good man*.

It was well for Robert that he lived *ready* for death, for it came *suddenly*. He was at work at *Tiverton*, one day a few years ago, when the embankment, under which he was working, gave way, and in a moment he was crushed to death.

His funeral was an affecting one—the coffin was carried to the grave by eight of his fellow workmen; and forty "navies," dressed in their clean smocks followed in the mournful procession. An impressive funeral-sermon was preached by the Rev. Geo. Cornock. The tears chased down many a sun-burnt cheek, whilst the minister showed that Robert having built upon that good foundation, even on the "Rock Christ Jesus," sudden death to him, would be sudden glory. Not a few hearts felt on this solemn occasion, "Robert Blake was right—*I wish I was like him*—religion is a good thing in the hour of death."

Reader! are you laying a good foundation for the time to come? Life will soon be over!

TEN GOLDEN RULES.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day.
2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, or cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have those evils cost us which never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

WHEN old Zachariah Fox, the great merchant of Liverpool, was once asked by what means he had contrived to realise so large a fortune, his reply was, "Friend, by one article alone, in which I can say I never deal too, if then present—*civility*."

A MAN who gives his children habits of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.

WHEN Dean Swift was staying one day with great coolness, with a gentleman who had become exceedingly warm in the dispute, one of the company asked him, "How can you keep your temper so well?" "The reason is," replied the Dean, "*I have truth on my side.*"

THE SAILOR AND THE WIDOW;
OR,
NOTHING LOST BY KINDNESS.

NEARLY half a century ago, when a coach ran daily between Glasgow and Greenock, by Paisley, on a forenoon, when a little past Bishopton, a lady in the coach noticed a boy walking barefooted, seemingly tired, and struggling with tender feet. She desired the coachman to take him up, give him a seat, and she would pay for it. When they arrived at the inn in Greenock, she enquired of the boy what was his object in coming thither. He said he wished to be a sailor, and hoped some of the captains would engage him. She gave him half-a-crown, wished him success, and charged him to behave well. Twenty years after this, the coach was returning to Glasgow in the afternoon, on the same road; when near Bishopton, a sea captain observed an old widow lady on the road, walking very slowly, fatigued and weary. He ordered the coachman to put her in the coach, as there was an empty seat, and he would pay for her. Immediately after, when changing horses at Bishopton, the passengers were sauntering about, except the captain and old lady, who remained in the coach. The lady thanked him for his kindly feeling towards her, as she was now unable to pay for a seat. He said, "he had always sympathy for weary pedestrians, since he himself was in that state when a boy, twenty years ago, near this very place, where a tender-hearted lady ordered the coachman to take him up, and paid for his seat." "Well do I remember that incident," said she. "I am that lady, but my lot in life is changed. I was then independent. Now I am reduced to poverty by the doings of a prodigal son." "How happy am I," said the captain, "that I have been successful in my enterprises, and am returning home to live on my fortune; and from this day I shall bind myself and heirs to supply you with twenty-five pounds per annum till your death."

THE LOAF LECTURE.

"A FAIR DAY'S WAGES FOR A FAIR DAY'S LABOUR" is a very good maxim and a very favourite one with English working men. To this let us add another, which ought to be as well understood and as popular with every man who has to earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow. It is, "GOOD WAGES WELL SPENT." The earnings of a hard-working, industrious man ought to enable him to live in comfort and respectability. The most economical he will do so if they were spent to the best advantage; but everything depends upon carrying money to the best market. It is no uncommon thing to see two working men, earning the same wages, perhaps in the same factory:—One rents a tidy little house, has it neatly and comfortably furnished, enjoys plenty of good wholesome food, and is able to spare money to lend and little ones as respectably dressed as any man need desire. The other can scarcely make both ends meet; occupying one miserable room, a two-pair back; not a single shilling's worth of furniture in the room; a shabby, dirty-looking fellow, who keeps his wife and little ones in rags, and doesn't perhaps see a decent point of meat on his table for a month.

Two such men are represented in the picture on the first page, and one of them is trying to explain to his neighbour how it is that he manages to make his wages go so far, and provide so much comfort for himself and his family. He is endeavouring to prove to his shopmate what folly it is for a working man to imagine that he can't do without Intoxicating Drink. "You know," says he, "what I have been a Teetotaller for for seven years, and I owe to Teetotalism the happy, comfortable home I now enjoy. Seven years ago I used to think, as you do, that I couldn't do my work without my usual allowance of beer; I argued that hard work needed strong beer; and I really thought that there was more nourishment and strength in good ale than in any thing else I could take—that strong ale made men strong."

"And do you mean to say that there is no nourishment in beer, then?" said his neighbour.

"I don't say that there's *no* nourishment, but I do say that if you want real nourishment and strength, the very dearest place to buy it is at the publicans. You will, I am sure, agree with me, that whatever nourishment may be contained in a quart of ale must come from the barley of which it is made. If you buy the barley or wheat in the shape of bread, you get the whole nourishment which it contains without any deductions; but what happens before this barley reaches you in the shape of beer? It has first to pass through the hands of the maltster. He takes a bushel of barley, weighing 62 lbs., and converts it into a bushel of malt, weighing only 38 lbs. There has been a loss of 14 lbs., of solid matter, mostly nourishment; and the barley, which might have been bought, say for 5s. 6d. is now sold as malt, for 7s. It then goes to the brewer, who puts it into his mash-tub, his object being only to obtain the saccharine or sweet matter which it contains, leaving the grains, containing another large share of the nourishment, for the pigs. In this process full a third is lost to the ale consumer.

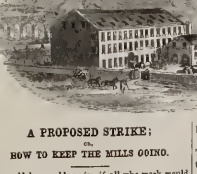
"With every loss of nourishment the price increases, for now you have to pay the brewer's profit; and THEY ARE NO TRIFLE. But it is very seldom that you buy direct from the brewer. The ale goes to the publican, and doesn't always come out of his tap quite as pure as it goes into his cellar. A large share of the nourishment is lost, and another heavy profit has to be paid. Then, in addition to all this, comes the tax which the Government makes the sale drawer pay, and which, from which he would have been entirely exempt (thanks to Free Trade) if he had been content with the nourishment in good wholesome grain.

Here is a little calculation which shows just what proportion of nourishment the ale drinker gets when he spends his money on beer.

Two shillings' worth of barley weighs ..	30 lbs.
During this amount of beer is equal to giving to the maltster.....	14 lbs.
To the government.....	4½
To the brewer.....	7½
To the retailer.....	1½
To allowing for loss in malting	1
To allowing for loss in brewing, arising in grains to cattle	2
To allowing for loss in fermentation and keeping	1½
To reserving for himself in the Poor's Pocket	1
	30 lbs.

You see that the Teetotaller is holding up a slice of bread upon a knife. He is giving his friend a practical illustration of the difference between keeping the whole loaf for himself, his own family, and dividing it between so many claimants as maltster, brewer, publican, and tax collector. He cuts a large loaf into several pieces of various sizes, and taking them up one after another, "Here," says he, "is the maltster's share, about one-twenty-fourth of the whole; then comes a big share for the Government, not less than two pennyworth; next we must give a hunging bite to the brewer, about one-third, or four pennyworth; and a fourth, or three pennyworth to the retailer. This leaves us to provide himself with the entire quantity of the barley required to make the beer. Of this one half pennyworth is lost in malting, one pennyworth in brewing, one half-pennyworth in fermentation, &c., when there remains this miserable little slice of the loaf—just one-twenty-fourth part of the whole—for the industrious beer drinkers, who think that they are laying out their money to good advantage in keeping alive the Poor's Pocket!"

Working men! When you look at the number of Public Houses, Taverns, and Beer Shops throughout the country, and the size, splendour, and cost of the Dim Palaces in our large towns and cities, and remember by whom they are all supported, can you wonder at the wretched homes which fall to the lot of so many of the Publican's customers?—*From Temperance Placards, No 5. Inserted by permission of Messrs Cash, the Publishers.*



A PROPOSED STRIKE;

OR,

HOW TO KEEP THE MILLS GOING.

would be a noble union if all who work would ess—but against the firm shop and the beer ass; if they would make their weekly payments ome of them to the savings' bank or building ciety; and if they would beneforth devote ir wages to the comfort and welfare of their *ir families!* This is the good *trades' union*, into ich the people of England should enter to a in. A union in which the glittering piles of ld and silver paid in wages weekly in the ited Kingdom would, like the "sweet dew th heaven," confer a blessing on all around. About one million one hundred thousand owns STERLING are weekly squandered in toxicating drink and tobacco by the working asses of the United Kingdom. Imagine that r a single week, no intoxicating liquors were nk, but that all this money were sent to

Manchester

r cottons, calicoes, &c. What excitement there uld be on the exchange, giving and receiving ing! How merrily would go the mills and anufactories! How the warehouses would be led with goods until nearly a thousand waggons ok them to the railway stations to be sent to ery town in the kingdom! Keep away from e public-house another week, and send the next £1,100,000 to

Bradford

r children's dresses. What amazement as the tters containing the orders were read! Bright nd beautiful the styles, and almost boundless the antities. Oh, such an arrival of money would ccdme! The third week send the £1,100,000 to

Leeds

r buy woollens. Its coloured cloth-hall would e cleared, and its village clothiers have in distant ears to tell their children's children of a market y, to which "they ne'er may see the like gain!" Send the fourth £1,100,000 to

Paisley

r shawls for mothers and daughters. No intrel's song tells of such an amount of treaire being conveyed over the borders. Swiftly uld the shuttle fly, and long would there be od times in Paisley! The fifth £1,100,000 ight be sent to

Nottingham

r hosiery. Its artizans would require months nd months to complete so magnificent an order; he sixth week's night be sent to

Northampton

r shoes. Leather would be scarce, and every baker would have to stick well to his last, for a ng time to come! The seventh to

Sheffield

r cutlery. Ancient as is the Cutler's company, annals mention no period so prosperous as Sheffield would be! The eighth to

Staffordshire

r china and crockery. The potteries would be employed both night and day, before one half the ts were ready! The ninth might be sent for nens.

Barnsley and Belfast

night divide the money, and months would go by fore one half were paid in wages! The tenth

Dewsbury

r blankets. New mills would have to be erected nd the population all busily engaged, before the ales were ready! The eleventh might be sent to

London

r books. But the books could not be bought until the paper had been made, and such a quantity would more than employ all hands at resent in the mills! And the twelfth, to hallow all the rest, might be expended in the purchase of copies of the

Word of God.

The money spent in intoxicating drink in one week, would supply a bible, not only to every home, but to *every man* and *woman* in the empire!

All this long line of glorious deeds could be accomplished in twelve weeks—

Eighty-four Days,

were the working classes of the United Kingdom, for that time to refrain from intoxicating drink! What other union would be so freighted with comfort to innumerable homes, overflowing with benefits to all!

From an excellent pamphlet, entitled "Good Times," published by Groombridge, 5d. One of the best threepennyworths of matter a working man can purchase.—[ED. B. W.]

A GOOD old working man was once in company with a fellow workman who occasionally introduced into conversation the words, "I think, Jesus," &c., and who at last took the name of God in vain.

"Stop, Sir," said the old man, "I said nothing while you only used freedom with the name of *your* master, but I insist upon it that you use no freedom with the name of *mine*."

THE BAG OF GOLD;

OR,

THE NOBLE-HEARTED NAVVIE.

One of my own people, who worked on one of the lines of railway with which I was connected about twelve years since, to misrouted himself, and was so bad an example to all his fellow-workmen, that although he was most useful to me, I felt bound to write and say, that unless there was a change in his conduct I could not continue him in my service. It so happened, while at work in the south of England, upon one occasion a tract was placed in his hands. He read it; deep conviction of his own sinfulness followed; he was in

such a state of mind for some time that it was apprehended that he would be obliged to become an inmate of a lunatic asylum, and his sense of remorse was so dreadful, that he could not sustain his own feelings and burden. At length the ministry of the good man who gave him this tract (for he was the minister of a small Congregational church in the south of England) was blessed to him, and he found peace. He was afterwards removed to the north of England on other works. He then felt it his duty to make known this salvation, which had been so blessed to himself, amongst his fellow-workmen. That man at the present time is in my employ, and a more honourable example of an upright, conscientious Christian character, and of public usefulness, I do not know. I may mention one incident, which will show you how blessed it is in its reflex influence when a man is brought to a knowledge of salvation. The minister who gave him this tract, and whose ministry was blessed to his conversion, lost his wife and three children from a fever. This workman was engaged more than one hundred miles away when he heard of the painful event. He had saved about fifty pounds by his labour. Immediately he went to the south of England, and called on the pious minister the day before the funeral of his wife and children. I need not tell you that their meeting was a very affecting one. I received a letter from this minister, telling me what was his astonishment to find, when this man had left him, that a small bag, tied up, was laid upon the table, containing fifty pounds. The workman afterwards said, "I should never have been able to save this, if it had not been for your giving me that tract, and for its after consequences; and I felt that the least I could do for the great blessing God has vouchsafed to me, was to give you of my personal substance, to show my gratitude to Him and my love for you."—SIR MORTON PETO, BART.

ADVICE TO SERVANTS.

I. A good character is valuable to every one, but especially to servants, for it is their bread, and without it they cannot be admitted into any creditable family and happy it is, that the best of characters is in every one's power to deserve.

II. Engage yourself cautiously, but stay long in your place: for long service shows worth, as quitting a good place through passion is a folly which is always repented of too late.

III. Never undertake any place you are not qualified for, for pretending to what you do not understand, exposes yourself, and what is still worse, deceives those whom you serve.

IV. Preserve your fidelity; for a faithful servant is a jewel, for whom no recompensement can be too great.

V. Adhere to the truth, for falsehood is detestable, and be that tells one lie, must tell twenty more to conceal it.

VI. Be strictly honest, for it is a shame to be thought unworthy of trust.

VII. Be modest in your behaviour; for it becomes your station, and is pleasing to your superiors.

VIII. Avoid pert answers, for civil language is cheap, and impertinence is provoking.

IX. Be clean in your business; for slovens and sluts are disrespectful servants.

X. Never tell the affairs of the family you belong to, for that is sort of treachery, and often makes mischief; but keep their secrets, and be sure to keep them.

XI. Live friendly with your fellow-servants, for the contrary denotes the power of the house.

XII. Above all things, avoid drunkenness; for it is an idiot to vice, the ruin of your character, and the destruction of your constitution.

XIII. Prefer a peaceful life with moderate gains, to great advantage with irregularity.

XIV. Save your money, for that will be a friend to you in old age: be not extravagant in dress, nor many fine gows.

XV. Be careful of your master's property; for thieftwhine is a sin.

XVI. Never tell a lie, for it is a sin without an excuse, as there is no pleasure in it.

XVII. Be always ready to assist a fellow servant, for good nature gains the love of every one.

XVIII. Never stay when sent on a message, for waiting long is painful to a master, and a quick return shows diligence.

XIX. Rise early, for it is difficult to recover lost time.

XX. The servant that often changes his or her place seems only to be poor: for who would take such gadbers in mind.

XXI. Be not fond of increasing your acquaintance, for visiting leads you out of your business, robs your master of your time, and often puts you to an expense you cannot afford: above all things, take care with whom you are acquainted, for persons are generally the better or worse for the company they keep.

XXII. When out of place, be cautious where you lodge, for living in a disreputable house, puts you upon a footing with those who keep it, however innocent you are yourself.

XXIII. Never go out of your business, without the knowledge of the family, lest in your absence you should be wanted; never is light, and returning punctually at the time you promised, shows your obedience and a proof of activity.

XXIV. If you are dissatisfied in your place, remove it with cheerfulness modesty to your master or mistress, and give a fair warning; but don't neglect your business, nor behave ill in order to provoke them to turn you away, for this will be a blemish in your character, which you must always have from the last place you served.

XXV. Never to what is called ecstasies or to appear disgraced in sight, and found reprimed when out of sight, it shows you both deceitful and lazy, and will cause you to be watched and followed in everything you do.

XXVI. Be careful always of children that are committed to your charge, not to use them with any harshness, to omit giving them food or any other necessary attendance, is a barbarity which nothing can excuse.

XXVII. Never speak against your master or mistress, nor listen to any idle stories to their prejudice, but always vindicate their reputation, and conceal their imperfections or malicious insinuations, magnify their virtues, and their failings another as much as possible. This (when known) will endear you to them, and gain you the esteem of others

XXVIII. If any be sick in the family, visit, attend, and comfort them all you can, whether you are ordered to do so or not. You have a superior authority for this act of compassion; it is a duty enjoined by God, and owing to humanity.

XXIX. Accustom yourself to an early industry in business, and a wise reflection upon human life. Beware of idleness, and the pernicious influence of bad habits.

(To be continued.)

THE STRANGE PREACHER.

THE message which the minister of the gospel brings is indeed a strange message, and which those who do not receive it cannot understand. The following incident extracted from the "Life and Times of the Countess of Huntingdon," beautifully illustrates that gospel to which so many are indifferent, and others despise, but "which is worthy of all acceptation."

Some ladies called one Saturday morning to pay a visit to Lady Huntingdon, and during the visit her Ladyship inquired of them if they had ever heard Mr. Whitefield preach! Upon being answered in the negative, she said, "I wish you would hear him; he is to preach here tomorrow evening."

They promised her Ladyship they would certainly attend—they were as good as their word: and upon calling on the Monday morning on Lady Huntingdon, she anxiously enquired if they had heard Mr. Whitefield on the previous evening, and how they liked him? The reply was, "O my Lady, of all the preachers we ever heard he is the most strange and unaccountable. Among other preposterous things (would your Ladyship believe it) he declared that Jesus Christ was so willing to receive sinners, that he did not object to receive even the devil's *castaways!* Now, my Lady, did you ever hear of such a thing since you were born?" To which her Ladyship made the following reply: "There is something, I acknowledge, a little singular in the invitation, and I do not recollect to have ever met with it before; but as Mr. Whitefield is below in the parlour, we will have him up, and let him answer for himself."

Upon his entering the drawing-room, Lady Huntingdon said, "Mr. Whitefield, these ladies have been preferring a very heavy charge against you, and I thought it best that you should come up and defend yourself: they say, that in your sermon last evening, speaking of the willingness of Jesus Christ to receive sinners, you expressed yourself in the following terms—'So ready is Christ to receive sinners who come to Him, that he is willing to receive the devil's castaways.'"

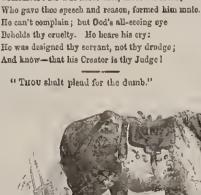
Mr. Whitefield immediately replied, "I certainly, my Lady, must plead guilty to the charge: whether I did what was right or otherwise, your Ladyship shall judge from the following circumstance. Did your Ladyship notice, about half an hour ago a very modest single rap at the door? It was given by a poor, miserable looking, aged female, who respectfully spoke with me. I desired her to be shown into the parlour, when she accosted me in the following manner:—'I believe, Sir, it was you that preached last evening!' Yes, I did. 'Ah, Sir, I was accidentally passing the door, and hearing the voice of some one preaching, I did what I have never been in the habit of doing—I went in; and one of the first things I heard you say was, that Jesus Christ was so willing to receive sinners, that he did not object to receiving the devil's castaways. Now, Sir, I have been his slave for many years, and *am as worn out in his service*, that I think I may with truth be called one of the devil's castaways. Do you think, Sir, that Jesus Christ would receive me?' I (said Mr. Whitefield) assured her there was not a doubt of it if she were but willing to go to Him."

From the sequel, it appeared that this was the case, and that it ended in the sound conversion of this poor creature; and Lady Huntingdon was assured, from most respectable authority, that the woman left a happy testimony behind her, that, though her sins had been of a crimson hue, the atoning blood of Christ had washed them white as snow.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

A MAN of kindness to his beast is kind,
But brutal actions show a brutal mind;
Remember! He who made thee, made the brute;
Who gave thee speech and reason, formed him mute.
He can't complain; but God's all-seeing eye
Beholds thy cruelty. He hears his cry:
He was designed thy servant, not thy drudge;
And know—that his Creator is thy Judge!

"THOU shalt plead for the dumb."



Column for Wives.

PURE AIR.

Throw open the window, and fasten it there,
Filling the curtain aside, and the blind,
And give a free entrance to heaven's pure air;
'Tis the life and the health of mankind.

Are you fond of coughs, colds, dyspepsia, and rheums,
Of headaches, and fevers, and chills?
Of bitters, hot drops, and medicine fumes,
And bleeding, and blisters, and pills?

Then be sure when you sleep that all air is shut out;
Place, too, a warm brick at your feet,
Put a bandage of flannel your neck quite about,
And cover your head with a sheet.

But would you avoid all forms of disease,
Then haste to the fresh open air,
Where your cheek may kindly be fanned by the breeze;
'Twill make you well, happy, and fair.

Then open the window, and fasten it there,
Filling the curtain aside, and the blind,
And give free admission to heaven's pure air;
'Tis life, light, and joy to mankind.

"MY WIFE IS THE CAUSE OF IT."

IT is now more than forty years ago that Mr. I.——called at the house of Dr. B——, on a very cold morning, on his way to H.——. "Sir," said the doctor, "the weather is very frosty; will you not take 'something to drink' before you start?"

In that early day sodent spirits were deemed indispensable to warmth in winter. When commencing a journey, and at every stopping-place along the road, the traveller always used intoxicating drinks to make him warm.

"No," said Mr. I.——, "I never touch anything of the kind, and I will tell you the reason—*my wife is the cause of it.* I had been in the habit of meeting some of our neighbours every evening, for the purpose of playing cards. We assembled at each other's shop, and liquors were introduced. After a while we met not so much for playing as drinking, and I used to return home late in the evening, more or less intoxicated. My wife always met me at the door affectionately, and when I chided her for sitting up so late for me, she kindly replied, 'I prefer doing so, for I cannot sleep when you are out.'"

"This always troubled me. I wished in my heart that she would only begin to scold me; for then I could have retorted, and relieved my conscience. But she always met me with the same gentle and loving spirit.

"Things passed on thus for some time, when I at last resolved that I would, by remaining very late, and returning quite intoxicated, provoke her displeasure so much as to cause her to lecture me when I meant to answer her with severity, and thus, by creating another issue between us, unburden my bosom of its present trouble.

"I returned in such a plight about four o'clock in the morning. She met me at the door with her usual tenderness, and said, 'Come in, husband; I have just been making a good fire for you, because I knew you would be cold. Take off your boots and warm your feet, and here is a cup of hot coffee.'

"Doctor, that was too much. I could not endure it any longer, and I resolved from that moment, that I would never touch another drop while I lived; and I never will.

He never did. He lived and died practising total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

That man was my father, and that woman my mother. The fact above related I received from the doctor himself, when on a visit to my native village, not long since.

Were there more wives like my blessed mother, there would be fewer confirmed drunkards.

HENRY I.——

PAY NIGHT;

OR,

"HOW MUCH IN THE BANK?"

We rejoice to find that employers are everywhere becoming alive to the importance of seeking to promote the health, morals, and domestic comforts of the hands in their employ.

The numerous Libraries, Reading Rooms, and Schools which are now to be found in connection with factories in all parts of our country, are pleasing signs of the times.

Some of the large London firms have within the last few years adopted a miniature Savings' Bank, on the following simple plan, which has already produced the most gratifying results.

When the wages are paid on the *Friday night*, each man is at liberty to leave on deposit *a portion of his wages*, which being recorded by the Pay-clerk, the sum is placed to the workman's credit in the "Savings' Bank Ledger." Each Depositor has a Bank-book. The accounts are balanced half-yearly, and interest added to the deposits.

A *few* years ago, one of the principals of a London factory took a special interest in inquiring how many of the men had anything put by "against a rainy day," but he could not find that one man out of fifty was a Savings' Bank depositor. "It is too far to go to the bank," said one; "If you go you have to wait so long," and another; "I have nothing to spare," said a third.

"Let us have a bank of our own on *the premises*," responded the gentleman.

The simple plan to which we have referred was then adopted. Many of the hands who at one time thought they could never save even a shilling, can now, in reply to the occasional inquiry of the principal, "How much have you in the bank," cheerfully respond, "Above £10, sir."

A working man with £10 or £20 on the right side of his Bank-book will not be fast, as to how he is to get a Sunday suit for himself, a good gown for his wife, and warm clothing for his children.

Let employers and employed seek to promote each other's comfort and prosperity, and the "good time coming," of which so many have sung, *will ere long dawn on our land.*

LET us, who are working men, and who profess to know something of our rights in, and duties on, the Sabbath, inform the patriots of our day, that our condition is not to be improved by any innovation of its sacred injunctions.—*D. Farquhar.*

HE that overcomes his passions, conquers his greatest enemies.

SUNDAY is not a day to feast our bodies, but to feed our souls.

NEVER check the impulses of conscience nor stifle its voice.

SHOULD the labourer be disposed to invest his Sabbath to acquire a surplus income, it would not be long ere his Sabbath would be forgotten, and he required to toil seven days for six days' pay.—*John Browning, Shoemaker, London.*

PAY NIGHT.

THREEPENCE per day paid by a man aged twenty-one years, will secure to him above £40 a year, payable on his attaining the age of sixty, for the remainder of his life.

There are several good Insurance Companies which receive *weekly* and monthly payments.

A PENNY saved is a penny *gained.*

Go to the ant—consider her ways and be wise.

NATURE clad in russet is more agreeable than affectation in embroidery.

In many parts of the country, the mills are now closed at noon on Saturday, thus giving to both employers and employed the boon of a weekly *half-holiday.* This excellent arrangement has been found to work well. The payment of wages on *Friday* is also gaining ground.

LORD PALMERSTON'S ADVICE TO WORKING MEN.

"No home can be happy if the husband be not a kind and affectionate husband, and a good father to his children. Bearing this in mind, he must avoid two great rocks on which too many men in the humbler ranks make shipwreck,—the tobacco-shop and the beer-shop. The tobacco-shop ruins his health and leads to all kinds of disease. If he were a man living on a desert island, and isolated from society, this might be a matter of comparatively little importance, and he might ruin his constitution just as he pleased; but the labouring classes must remember that their health and strength are the support of their families, and if they ruin the one and recklessly waste the other, they not only injure themselves, but do irreparable damage to those who are depending upon them. So much for the use of tobacco, which many to their detriment indulge in. But the beer-shop and public-house go further, because the habits there contracted, not only lead to the degradation of the individual and the impoverishment of his family, but they lead to offences and crimes which tend to place the man in the condition of a felon and a convict. No man who indulges in drink can fail to feel degraded when he recovers from his intoxication, and that sense of degradation leads him again to drown his care in renewed intoxication, and from step to step he falls into the lowest condition that human nature can be degraded to."—(*From a speech delivered at Romsey, October 31st, 1854.*)

BANK FOR SAILORS.

SINCE the establishment of the Sailors' Home in Well Street, London Docks, in 1835, no less a sum than £324,400 has been deposited in the hands of the respected superintendent, by the Jack Tars who have taken refuge in that valuable institution. Of this sum £237,040 has again been withdrawn by the men; £77,728 has been remitted to "Jack's" relatives and poor friends, and £9,633 invested in Savings' Banks.

It is good to know much, but better to make good use of what we know.

ON STRIKE.

IT is estimated that the Preston EMPLOYERS lost through the strike of 1853,—first, in profits, which would otherwise have been realized; secondly, by non-receipts of interest on capital; thirdly, by expenses incurred in keeping their machinery in order, and by other unremunerative outlays, between £160,000 and £170,000. The OPERATIVES have lost in wages (18,000 "hands" averaging 16s each weekly, for thirty-six weeks) more than £320,000. It is true that, while not receiving wages, they were receiving an allowance, which would lessen their losses; but this allowance was contributed by other "operatives," &c., out of their wages. So that the operative loss may stand at the above figure, and indeed, be increased by about £15,000, thrown away on the "management" of the funds. It is difficult to calculate the loss to the shopkeepers, &c., of the town, by the withdrawal of a weekly circulation among them of from £8,000 to £10,000, in wages alone; but from authentic data there is no doubt that their actual *loss* by the strike has *exceeded* £30,000. To these losses must be added those sustained by parties whose business depends more or less on transactions with the employers, which cannot be put down at less than £12,000 or £15,000; so that the total *money-loss* can scarcely have been less than

£550,000!!!

IN WORK.

KEEP ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

A WELSHMAN, who was much addicted to intemperance, had a favourite goat, which on one occasion followed him to the public-house. He succeeded, after much coaxing, in getting the goat to swallow some liquor. In a short time the poor creature was completely intoxicated, and, tumbling over and over, played such curious antics, that the topers set up roars of laughter, and begged that the billy-goat might be brought the next night for more "fun."

When the next evening came, the goat was called by his thoughtless master to accompany him to his nightly resort. Billy walked very quietly until they arrived at the door of the public-house, when he stood still, and neither kind words nor blows could induce him to move a step further.

The landlord brought out some cake, and tried to entice the goat to follow him; but no, he was not to be caught in the publican's trap a *second* time. Billy of course could not *speak*, but his conduct seemed to say, "I'll keep on the *right* side of the public-house and that is the *outside*." It proved one of the best Temperance lectures ever given in the village. The master was so impressed, that he was never known to enter the public-house again!

WORKING MEN! forget not the poor goat; but, like it, keep on the *right side* of the public-house; that is, the OUTSIDE.

RECEIVE blessings with thankfulness, and afflictions with resignation.

THE best practical moral rule is never to do what we should at any time be ashamed of.

VALUE a good conscience more than praise.

THE bodily rest of the Sabbath is one of the greatest of earthly blessings—a mighty sea-wall built up against the flood of our degradation—the watch-tower of our earthly hopes—the fountain of our strength and worth.—*J. C. Ollerenshaw, Working Hatter.*

GATHERING of riches is a pleasant torment.

This Paper may be ordered through any bookseller or News Agent.

☞ *A packet containing eighteen copies of the* BRITISH WORKMAN *may be had* POST FREE *by enclosing* 1s. 6d. *in postage stamps to S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row, London.*

BRITISH WORKMAN

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR BY S. W. PARTRIDGE, AT THE OFFICE OF THE "BRITISH WORKMAN," No. 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

HE CANKER, DISCONTENT.

BY THE LATE C. MOORHOUSE, ESQ.

e one is altogether free from the canker of
eat, two, at the very least, are afflicted
. The mouth betrays the disease, but its
the centre of the heart.

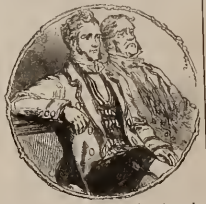
wish I was a butcher's boy," said a fish-
ho, with a well supplied basket, was carry
a profitable trade, crying out at the top
voice, "Live mackerel! live mackerel!
's fine to be a butcher's boy, to have as
as he can eat and drink, and a horse to
m. Here am I tramping about in all
ers, hardly getting salt to my porridge,
ears a trifle by selling a few fish, by the
've filled my belly, and paid for my night's
g, it's ten to one if I've enough to buy any
end then I'm obliged to sell for somebody
I wish I was a butcher's boy."

went the seller of "live mackerel" one way,
way went the butcher's boy the other, mak-
nobody knew how, his pony go like a wild
, scattering the gravel right and left, and
ng fire with his iron heel against the pebble
a. Not long was the butcher-boy before he
to his place of destination. Having deli-
l his meat to the cook at the great gate of
orner house of the square, he was just about
ount his go-o-head pony, when, the hall-
being open, he saw two tall footmen in livery
g on a bench doing nothing.

"I should like to try that game myself!" said he, in an under tone. "No bad thing to be dressed up in a drab coat and white cotton stockings, cracking jokes, and doing nothing from morning to-night. I wonder what those fellows would think of my life. Up at three of a morning in the slaughter, then preparing the shop, hanging up meat, and riding about like mad till dinner-time; chipping the block when there's nothing else to do; and then called all manner of ugly names, and sometimes kicked into the bargain. I wish I was a footman!"

> The Labourer is worthy of his Reward.
> 1 Timothy v. 18.

Wishing is but a bad trade, my boy. At one time you might have been almost what you liked, for you had a kind father and mother, who humoured you in everything, but how did you return their kindness? Well! They have both been taken from the world, and you can plague their hearts no longer. Leave footmen to themselves, and do your duty to your master, hard as he is, for you may be much worse off than you are now.

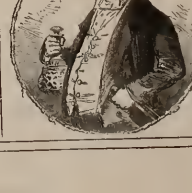


"I tell you what, Joseph," said one of the tall footmen to the other, as the butcher's apprentice rode away; "I don't think of stopping here much longer; for what with low wages, sitting up late at night, and dawdling through the day on a bench, drest up in clothes that belong to my master and not to me, I'm sick of it. I had rather be like the butcher's lad that has just trotted from the door, than lead the life of a footman. Look at the butler, how he takes on, and orders folks about, and the money he gets! Many a man would make a better butler than he is, full as he is of himself."

"That's true, John," replied the other footman; "I only wish you and I were butlers, but that's a move that will not be made in a hurry, I'm thinking. If my master don't mind what he is about I shall cut before long. In any other line we might get on, but a footman can do nothing."

O, yes! a footman, if he be sober, honest, and industrious, may do a great deal for himself and those he serves; but you, John and Joseph, are not remarkable for any of these qualities. You threaten to leave your present situations, well knowing that at this very time you are in no small danger of dismissal. Act better and your prospects will be brighter.

"Were I the master of this establishment and not what I am," said the butler, as he entered his private room, "how differently things would be



SWALLOWING A YARD OF LAND.

Jack. "Dick, let's have a pint of beer," said a railway navvie to his mate.

Dick. Nay, Jack, I can't afford to drink a square yard of good land, worth £60 10s. an acre.

Jack. What's that you're saying, Dick?

Dick. Why, every time you spend threepence in beer, you spend what would buy a *square yard of land.* Look here:—

[*Dick takes a piece of chalk out of his pocket and begins to make figures on his spade.*

There are 4840 square yards in an acre; threepence is one-fourth of a shilling; divide 4840 yards by 4, that gives 1210 shillings; now divide that by 20, (there being twenty shillings to a £1), and there you have £60 10s., which is the cost of an acre of good land, at threepence a square yard!

managed. If the squire would be advised by me, instead of carrying himself as high as he does, he would be all the better for him. I have to remind that the man a man has money he is to keep those at a distance that have more wit in their heads than he ever had, or will have, in his. If I were a squire, I would not be so purse proud as he is.

And so, Mr. Butler, like most of the rest of the world, you are discontented with your station, and fancy that you could act better in the situation of your master than in your own. If you cannot bear the squire to be so high and mighty with you, how comes it that you lord it with so high a hand over your fellow-servants? This is with a witness complaining of the mote in another's eye, instead of pulling the beam out of your own eye.

"I shall never be satisfied till I get into parliament," said Squire Gordon to himself, as he laid down the newspaper he had been reading; "who knows anything or cares anything about my opinion on politics? If I were in parliament it would be otherwise. Here has Sir Mark, who has no wit to spare, and still less money, been making a speech on the currency question that will get him into general notice. He will be talked of for months to come, while I, who could buy him up ten times over, will never be heard of. I shall never be satisfied till I get into parliament."

No; nor then neither, Squire Gordon. A man who is not thankful, possessing your abundance, would not be contented if he possessed the whole world, and had his own way in everything. "Better is a handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit." Eccles iv. 6.

"A fine thing to be a member, indeed!" said Sir Mark, as he sat down to breakfast at ten o'clock, in his slippers and morning gown; "why, a slave at the galleys has an easier life than I have. Here am I footed for money, persecuted for subscriptions, applied to for help on all occasions, and expected to get a place for everybody when I can't get one for myself. It was two o'clock this morning when I left the house, and my head has been full of the debate all night. By the time my coffee has been swallowed, and the newspaper been glanced over, I must be off to a committee. Look at that pile of reports, and that table covered over with letters, notes, invitations, notices, and papers of all kinds! It is impossible for me to look over one half of them. A fine thing, indeed, to be a member of parliament!"

Why, Sir Mark, should you think so little of being a member of parliament, after having taken so much trouble to become one? But as it is with the pale-faced lad and the fish-boy, the butcher's apprentice and the footman, the butler and the squire, so it is with you; instead of heartily thanking God for what you have, you are greedily desiring what you have not. Oh, for less discontent and more thankfulness!

Thus goes on the world, each discontented with his own station, and envying the condition of those above him, foolishly encouraging the belief that in any other position than that occupied by him, he should be more useful than he is, and more happy. What will you all become, dear little readers, but learn the truth that "Godliness with contentment is great gain"? 1 Tim. vi. 6. When will their "conversation be without covetousness"? And when shall we all, from the least to the greatest, be aware, with all humility, thankfulness, and joy, that "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works"? Tit. ii. 11—14.

COLUMBUS was a weaver; Franklin was a printer; Arkwright was a barber; and Ben Jonson was a bricklayer. Let every body remember that. Yes; and certainly one of the greatest writers of the present day spent his youth as a bricklayer's labourer, and now he might fairly rank A 1, and add D.D. to his name. Go a little further. Cary was not a shoemaker, but a "mender and repairer." Then there was John Williams, whose life the present Archbishop of Canterbury said he would call the twenty-ninth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles: he was an artisan in a dock-yard. I was going to say that all the great men in the history of the world were labouring men. What was the apostle Paul? A tentmaker, a preacher, and a fisherman. And what was the Master of them all? In the sixth chapter of Mark, the Redeemer of the world is actually spoken of as being a carpenter. May not working men be proud, and feel the dignity of their position, if their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was actually spoken of as a carpenter.—*Speech by Rev. W. Brock.*

FIRE! FIRE! OR A COSTLY PIPE.

SOME months ago I was looking over a large and interesting manufactory, the proprietors of which had credit for being very kind and liberal to their numerous hands, when I observed a large card on the walls, with these words:

> CAUTION.
>
> ANY WORKMAN SMOKING ON THESE PREMISES WILL BE INSTANTLY DISMISSED.

Rather severe to the poor men, thought I, *instant dismissal* for a single puff!

Within a few days I took up "The Times" and there read an account of the burning down of Messrs. Harper's printing establishment, of New York, one of the largest publishing concerns in the world.

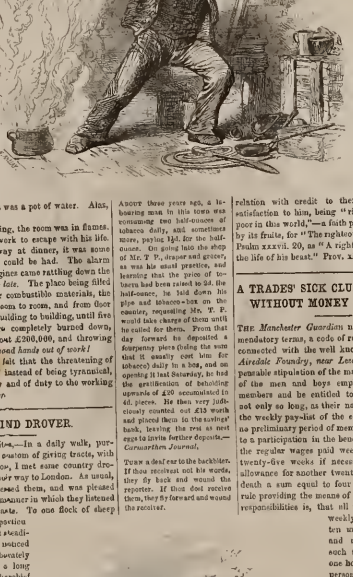
A plumber, who was doing some repairs in the bookbinding room was left there during the dinner hour. Like too many working men, he carried a short pipe in his pocket, and being unwilling to give up his accustomed smoke after his meal, he lighted a match. Having applied the match to the tobacco, he threw the still burning match into what he thought was a pot of water. Alas, it was *camphine*.

As quick as lightning, the room was in flames. The man had hard work to escape with his life. The hands being away at dinner, it was some minutes before help could be had. The alarm was sounded, the engines came rattling down the street, but it was *too late*. The place being filled with paper and other combustible materials, the flames spread from room to room, and *from* floor to floor, and from building to building, until five immense blocks were completely burned down, causing a loss of about £200,000, and throwing upwards of *two thousand hands out of work!*

I have ever since felt that the threatening of "instant dismissal" instead of being tyrannical, is an *act of kindness* and of duty to the working classes.—*A Traveller.*

THE KIND DROVER.

A GENTLEMAN writes.—In a daily walk, pursuing my invariable custom of giving tracts, with a word of admonition, I met some country drovers and cattle on their way to London. As usual, I individually addressed them, and was pleased with the respectful manner in which they listened and received my tracts. To one flock of sheep my attention was peculiarly attracted; as it steadily approached me, I noticed their *Drover* deliberately waving to and fro a long stick, with a handkerchief attached to the end, which had the desired effect of urging them onwards, without the assistance of dogs, for he had none. On presenting him a tract, published by the *London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*, he immediately said, "From you, Sir, I received a tract some time ago—it was indeed very good, and but too true: cruelty is a crying sin. I act as a *Drover* only when



ABOUT three years ago, a labouring man in this town was consuming two half-ounces of tobacco daily, and sometimes more, paying 1½d. for the half-ounce. On going into the shop of Mr. T. P., draper and grocer, as was his usual practice, and learning that the price of tobacco had been raised to 2d. the half-ounce, he laid down his pipe and tobacco-box on the counter, requesting Mr. T. P. would take charge of them until he called for them. From that day forward he deposited a fourpenny piece (being the sum he usually spent for tobacco) daily in a box, and on opening it last Saturday, he had the gratification of beholding upwards of £20 accumulated in 4d. pieces. He then very judiciously counted out £13 worth and placed them to the savings' bank, leaving the rest as nest eggs to invite further deposits.—*Carmarthen Journal.*

THE deaf ear to the backsliders. If thou receivest not his words, they fly back and wound the reporter. If thou dost receive them, they fly forward and wound the receiver.

ADVICE TO SERVANTS.

(Continued from page 3.)

POSSESS yourselves of just and elevated notions of the divine character and administration, and of the real and dignity of your own immortal nature.

Having thus in brief, though, in so brief a manner as I could, the several obligations you lie under to those you serve and to your selves, I shall only add, that whatever pains I dare request to the above precepts, will be happy in themselves, and sure of the assistance of those they serve. As good servants, is looked upon as a relation, is treated with very little less respect, and perhaps a more heartly welcome; and, further, will never want friends.

IN the year 1851 upwards of eight million pounds were spent by the people of this kingdom to tobacco! a tolerable round sum to "read in smoke." If the word had been worked into pipes!, rather more than half an inch thick, it would have formed a line 20,470 miles long—long enough to go nearly five times round the world we live in!

I can get no other work. The Drover whose place I now fill was a sad *drunkard*; his master could trust him no longer; his sheep, through his neglect, were often injured and run over. Poor sheep suffer dreadfully—they travel long distances, become tired, fall lame, besides meeting with ill-treatment and accidents. To urge them on in their suffering state is a great trial to the temper, and very painful to a man of feeling. It grieves one to see such *patient, innocent creatures*, ill-used by swearing, passionate drinking drovers, who not only deal out heavy blows with their sticks, but set on their dogs, who shockingly lacerate and torment them. I cannot hurt them myself; this pole that I use answers every purpose, and I can manage very well without a dog. Sincerely I commended his merciful conduct; while to heaven I silently offered thanksgiving and praise, that one, even one, of the thoughtless throng of Drovers, exercised tenderness and compassion towards the defenceless groaning creation. The circumstances affected me. I desired the Drover to call at my house on his return; he did so, and at my request told me his brief history. I was induced by letter to make inquiries concerning him; to which his minister replied, informing me that the Drover and his wife were members of the church under his pastoral care, filling up that relation with credit to themselves and much satisfaction to him, being "rich in faith, though poor in this world,"—a faith proved to be genuine by its fruits, for "The righteous sheweth mercy," Psalm xxxvii. 20, as "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Prov. xii. 10.

A TRADES' SICK CLUB SUPPORTED WITHOUT MONEY PAYMENTS.

THE *Manchester Guardian* notices in very commendatory terms, a code of rules of a sick society connected with the well known iron works, the *Airedale Foundry, near Leeds*. It is an indispensable stipulation of the masters that the whole of the men and boys employed shall become members and be entitled to assistance as soon, not only as long, as their names are inserted in the weekly pay-list of the establishment. This as preliminary period of membership is necessary to a participation in the benefits, which are, half the regular wages paid weekly, in sickness, for twenty-five weeks if necessary, and half this allowance for another twenty-five weeks, and a death a sum equal to four weeks' wages. The rule providing the means of meeting these heavy responsibilities is, that all the hands receiving weekly wages shall work ten minutes per day over and above regular time, such ten minutes (making one hour per week for each person), not being allowed in the weekly wages, but placed to the credit of an account to be opened with the sick society. All fines and forfeits to be paid over to the same account.

WE spend in Great Britain £50,000,000 annually on strong drink, but only £5,000,000 on literature.

DR. CRAIK.

The brightest joys and the bitterest tears flow from parents' hearts.

TRY AGAIN.

KING Bruce of Scotland flung himself down
In a lonely mood to think;
'Tis true he was a monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
To make his people glad,
He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed,
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be;
And after a while, as he pondered there,
"I'll give it all up," said he.

Now, just at the moment a spider dropp'd,
With its silken cobweb clue,
And the King as the midst of his thinking stopp'd
To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavour,
But down it came with a slippery sprawl
As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stayed
To enter the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower and there it laid,
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And travelled a half-yard higher;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
But again it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
Nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," cried the King, "that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it tells so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more,
Ah me! 'tis an anxious minute,
He's only a foot from his cobweb door,
Oh, say will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got,
And a bold little fly ran at the very last pinch
Put him into his native spot.

"Brave, brave!" the King cried out,
"All honour to those who *try*,
The spider up there defied despair,
He conquer'd and why shouldn't I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind;
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying, "I can't,"
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To Idleness, Folly, and Want.

Whenever you find your heart despair
Of doing some goodly thing,
Can over this strain, try bravely again,
And remember the Spider and King!

ELIZA COOK.

CLOSING OF PUBLIC HOUSES ON THE SABBATH.

OPINIONS OF PUBLICANS.

THE following declaration has been signed by forty-seven licensed victuallers and retail brewers residing in the parish of St. James, West Bromwich—

"We, the undersigned, do hereby declare and make known our determination not to open our houses on the Sabbath, on and after the 15th day of October, 1854, for the sale of beer, spirituous liquors, or any other kind of drink.

"We have come to this determination—

"1st. Because the others have imperative, and the command of God obeyed, 'Do keep holy the Sabbath day.'

"2nd. Because we have as great need of the Sabbath's rest as other classes of society.

"3rd. Because we wish that our families and servants *should* be, with ourselves, at liberty to attend our respective places of public worship.

"4th. Because we believe that we shall be promoting the general good of the community; that *temptation will be taken out of the way of the Sabbath-breaker*; that the public morals will be improved; and that we shall be setting a good example to others who are now sin—*My* engaged with ourselves on the Sabbath-day.

"5th. Because we rely upon the support and co-operation of our neighbours and customers in carrying out our intention; that they will buy, in future, on the Saturday, as they do other articles of food, all the "drinkables" that may be necessary for their requirements on the Sunday; and we would recommend that they do this in bottles, which, being well corked and kept air-tight, would prevent their ale or beer from getting any the worse for keeping.

"As witness our hands,

"EDWARD BENDON, &c."

(Here follow the signatures of forty-six others.)

THE SUNDAY BEER BILL.

POLICEMAN, what do you think of the Bill for ...ting up public-houses on the Sunday, is it a ...d or a *bad* bill?

his enquiry was addressed a short time ago, ...an English traveller to a policeman in the ... of Glasgow.

"A *bad* one, Sir!" replied the policeman, ...o, Sir, it is the *best* Act of Parliament that ...land has ever had. When the public-houses ...t whisky-shops were open on the Sabbath, it ...s not safe for a policeman to go alone, at night, ...ough some of the streets in my 'beat.' We ...at in pairs. But now, Sir, I can pass up and ...n on the Sabbath night, *alone*, and without ...nger of my life. The change is *marvellous*, ...r" was the policeman's reply

IR R. W. CARDEN'S OPINION ON THE NEW BEER BILL.

"T was to prevent people of this description from ...tting drunk on the Sabbath that the Act was ...ssed for closing public-houses during certain ...urs. I hope that the day is not distant when ... public-houses will be compelled to shut up ...ring the whole of Sunday. I am convinced ...at, were it not for the excessive encouragement ...kl out for the consumption of spirits, the duties ... magistrates would be extremely slight, and ...e necessity for prisons would go down in pro...rtion. In fact, it is my belief, that if gin...ops, with their splendid apparatus for captiva...g the inhabitants of indigent neighbourhoods ...ere abolished, *our gaols would be almost empty.*" ...e Canada it has been determined by a majority ...f 90 to 5, that the sale of spirits shall be, under ...vere penalties, restricted. That regulation does ...he colony the highest ...redit."

WAR PREVENTED.

How frequently have nations been plunged into the horrors of war by the obstinacy of a single individual. In other cases the wisdom of a solitary man has prevented the shedding of blood, and preserved countries and tribes in peace.

The following is one of the most remarkable instances of the latter case that has occurred in modern times.

In the year 1840, a body of New Zealanders, under the chief Haughaunia, and some chiefs of the Wanganui river, were giving much trouble to the British troops in the Hutt Valley and its vicinity, and an insurrection was apprehended. Te Rauparaha, the great chief of Cook's Straits, had hitherto professed to be faithful to the English, but the government suspected that, in secret he was aiding the insurgents. He was therefore seized in his pa, or fortified village, at Porirua, and transferred, as a hostage, on board the steam frigate "Driver."

The old chief's son, Tamahana, was at the time a student at St. John's College, Auckland. The chiefs of the Ngatitoa and Ngatiruanuaa sent to him on account of what had occurred; and he was soon after visited by a Waikato chief, who urged he immediate return to Otaki, his father's village, not by ship, but by land, through Waikato, and along the coast, gathering the people as he went, to fight for the liberation of his father. The Christian principle of the young chief enabled him to resist the temptation to revenge, so strong to a New Zealander. He returned to Otaki, not by land, but in the "Victoria" brig, not to light up the flames of war, but to preserve peace. His people all welcomed him with rejoicing, and preparations were immediately made for a great conference, at which the question of peace or war might be decided.

Of this conference Tamahana gave the following account, during his late visit to England.

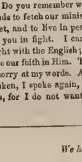
"All the Ngatitoa and Ngatiruanuaa came, and some of the chiefs of Rotorua, and Taupo, and all places round. They told me to write letters to all the chiefs around, to tell them to kill all the English at Nelson, Wellington, Auckland, and Wanganui, because my father was made prisoner. They talked very loud; they shook their spears and tore their clothes. They said, 'If you will not do it we will go to Rangihaeata and obey him.' Some women beat their heads to make me willing to say I would go to the fight. Then I got up. I spoke loud. I said, "My dear people, I fear God. Do you remember when I went to the Bay of Islands to fetch our minister, to make us good and quiet, and to live in peace? Now, you tell me to lead you in fight. I cannot do so. I do not fear to fight with the English; but I fear God. I fear to leave our faith in Him. Then all the people were very sorry at my words. After two other chiefs had spoken, I spoke again, that there should be no fights, for I do not want my people to go the bad way. I told them I wished that the English should be like brothers to us. I said, 'Brothers do not fight with brothers. If the English will fight, let us yet do right. Let us do according to the words in Saint Matthew 'Love your enemies'... All said that they would stop in peace, and obey me. I said, 'Do not obey me, only God.'"

We have much pleasure in recommending the following publications to the notice of Working Men.

With Four Illustrations.
THE
LEATHER ALMANAC,
Or, Facts and Figures for Working Men. *One Penny.*

With Six Illustrations.
THE GOOSE CLUB.
An amusing tale in Rhyme.
By X Y Z. Price One Penny.

THE PRESS GANG;
Or, the right side of a Public-house and Play-house. By Mrs. Tilbum. *One Penny.*



Packets containing *eighteen* copies of "The British Workman" may be had *post free*, to any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, the Channel Islands, the Shetland and the Orkney Isles, by forwarding *eighteen pence* in postage stamps to the publisher, Mr. Samuel W. Partridge, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London.

We have received the following encouraging letter from

The Right Honourable the Earl of Shaftesbury.

Dear Mr. S.

I heartily wish you success with your new undertaking, "THE BRITISH WORKMAN." *It seems admirably calculated to produce the best effects among all the operative classes. I trust that every* MASTER, MANUFACTURER, *and* EMPLOYER *of Labour will give you the support and encouragement that you so well deserve. Yours very faithfully,*

Shaftesbury

Columns for Wives.

A FEW WORDS TO THE WIVES OF WORKING MEN.

BY THE WIFE OF A WORKING MAN.

WHEN your husband leaves you in the morning to go to his work, let him feel that he is leaving the happiest place in the world; and when he comes home in the evening let him feel that he is coming back to the happiest place in the world.

Make it your business to please your husband. Study his wishes in little things. As soon as he is gone away, think what you can do for him; whether he has told you to do any thing, or even expressed a desire to see a thing done. Believe me, a wife's love, and a wife's care, and a wife's attention do much to make her husband a happy man; and what a solemn thought it is to have the happiness of a fellow creature in our keeping. "A prudent wife is from the Lord." "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing;" the wisest of men says this, and an inspired apostle writes, in one of his two letters, six verses all about wives; verses which a wife can never read and pray over too often. Let us look in our Bibles for 1 Peter iii. 1—6.

When a man leaves his home to go to his work, his wife little knows the trials of various kinds to which he is exposed; trials from his fellow labourers; trials from his employers, perhaps; trials of fatigue and weariness. True, the wife has *her* troubles too, her children's little and great illnesses, continual worries with her domestic duties, often discomfort and pain of body; but yet God has given great strength to woman—the power of endurance, and the ability to bear much suffering. When a woman's heart is full of love, she can do any and bear any thing. But this love must be anchored on One beyond her husband, on One Friend who is nearer to her than any earthly friend. Therefore, I will conclude these few words to my fellow sisters, the wives of the working men, with this important piece of advice. Pray much for your husband. God will be *sure* to answer your prayer. It will be *sure* to bring down a blessing on your husband, and a blessing on yourself too. While you are at home tending your little ones, cleaning your house, cooking your dinner, or sitting at your needle-work, lift up your heart often to God on behalf of your dear husband. Say, "God bless my husband. God keep my husband. God prosper my husband. God preserve my husband."

When your husband comes home, will he not then find a smile of welcome, a happy fire-side? Yes; and when the children are gone to sleep and the evening has passed away, on together you read God's Holy Word and join in prayer to Him, you will know what St. Peter meant when he says in the verses you have already been reading, "Heirs together of the grace of life."

CAROLINE.

THE BUTTONLESS SHIRT.

Sunday Morning scene in a Working Man's Cottage.—Church Bells ringing at the same time.

Husband.—Always something. See here—no button to my shirt again.

Boy.—Mother, it's after ten o'clock; I havn't got my *breakfast yet.*" I'm *over late* for Sunday-school—it's no use going now.

A tidy, industrious, early rising wife, is like the main spring of a watch. She keeps every thing in "good time," and "looketh well to her household."

Many a working man is driven from his home to the public-house and beer shop, through the lack of domestic management on the part of his wife.

Many a cross word would be avoided, if the Sunday clothes were *looked out* and *looked over* on the *Saturday night.*

A PATTERN WIFE.

SHOW me the wife that's on the watch
For every little rent or scratch,
And cures it with a timely patch,
Before you know it;
She's a woman fit to match
A lord or poet.—*Chronotype.*

MAXIMS.

A MAN cannot possess anything better than a good wife, nor anything that is worse than a *bad* one.

Haste makes waste, and waste makes want, and want makes strife between the good man and his wife.

A good word for a bad one, is worth much, and costs little.

It is a good horse that never stumbles, and a good wife that never grumbles.

Content in the humblest dwelling, is better than ease in the most splendid palace.

If everybody would mind their own business, there would not be half the trouble in the world we now experience.

Parents who would train up a child in the way he should go, must go in the way they would train up their child.

Shun the tale-bearer. Whoever entertains you with the faults of others, will entertain others with yours.

TAMAHANA PERSUADING THE HOSTILE CHIEFS TO PEACE

THE BROKEN ROPE.

On the evening of the 18th of December last, a melancholy accident occurred at the Northside Colliery, Bedmaster.

A number of the hands had assembled for the purpose of going to their work in the pit.

Four of the men named Frederick Pike, Charles Rowland, John Woodhouse, and Simon Durbin, got into the "Basket," and were being lowered down, when, and to relate, owing to some unobserved defect, the rope broke, and the poor fellows were precipitated to the bottom of the shaft.

Assistance was rendered as quickly as possible by some of the other hands descending the pit, but their four unfortunate comrades had breathed their last. Their mangled and lifeless bodies were all that remained.

How constant are the dangers to which our colliers are exposed. How needful that they should so live as to be always prepared for death.

We rejoice to know that in some mines in our land, it is not uncommon for a number of the hands to hold devotional meetings during a portion of their dinner-hour

SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY.

We were much pleased on taking up the "North British Advertiser," a few weeks ago, to observe the following advertisement.

"Dr. O. Wilson has kindly consented to lecture on the EYE and EAR as instruments of knowledge, with illustrations and diagrams, this evening (Saturday), in Infirmary Street Church. Admission *One Penny*."

The example of our Scotch friends in providing interesting and instructive *Saturday* night lectures, is worthy of extended adoption. The experiment of having musical entertainment was tried, some time ago, in Hull, with the most gratifying results. Several of the neighbouring gin-shops were materially thinned of their customers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to our numerous friends for their valuable hints, suggestions, and promises of help.

One of the most effective means of helping us is, to get the booksellers to place copies in their windows.

J. B. GOUGH'S ADDRESS TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

DELIVERED IN EXETER HALL.

It gives me peculiar pleasure to have the privilege of addressing an audience such as I see before me. Your President said that he would introduce Mr. McCurrey, a WORKING MAN; and I felt as if, in introducing me to the audience, he certainly might introduce to you a working man also. *My sympathies are with the working men*; I consider it a high honour to be a *working man*.

I come before you to speak upon a subject that has been discussed over and over again; and I hardly suppose that any person can bring new matter before a London audience on the subject of temperance; but I have only come to give you, as my brother Mc Currey has, the result of experience and observation. I often find it a difficult matter to get into the subject, because the points that strike over the mind and upon which we base our arguments, are conceded to us at once by the whole people. Every individual here agrees with me that drunkenness is an evil—there is no need of argument on that point. We maintain that it is not only perfectly right and proper, but that it is every man's bounden duty, to do all he can to remove an evil—and you all know that; we maintain that the evil of drunkenness is produced solely and entirely by the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage; and we also maintain that if the principles of total abstinence were universally adopted and carried out, the tide of drunkenness would be rolled back from this land for ever, and all agree with us on these points, working men or not.

Now, allow me, if you please, just simply to appeal, as far as I may be able, to the common sense and sound judgment of those who are in this assembly. Our warfare is against the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage. We consider that intoxicating liquor is the great enemy of the working men of this country. Look at the cost of it, and that is but a small item. I do not believe that it is true, as has been said of the working men in England, "a poor man once a poor man always." I do not believe there need

> For we must all appear before the Judgment Seat of Christ.
> 2 Corinthians v. 10.

John B. Gough

be as much poverty and misery and abject pauperism as there is. I believe the working men in this city of London spend more money for beer and spirit than they are at all aware of, unless they count the cost month by month, and week by week.

A terrible Bunch.

You have all heard the story, probably, of a man who signed the pledge for a year, and at the expiration of the year went into the drum-shop. The landlord supposed he had come for his drink, and began to feel by anticipation the poor man's coppers rattling in his pocket. "What will you have to drink?" he asked. "Nothing at all; I don't want anything." "Well, but your year is up?" "I knew that; but I have got a terrible bunch on my side." "Ah! I thought you would have something; knocking off drink so quick went do, you had better have a little drop to begin with—it will probably take that bunch away; if you don't, you'll probably have another grow on the other side." "Oh! you think so, do you? Well, here is the bunch," (pulling out a bag containing £20;) "you say, if I drink something it will take it away, and if I don't I shall have another come just like it? Yah!" Look, then, at the cost of the thing. There is many a man hardly able to jingle two halfpence together after Wednesday night, that might, at the close of a year, have a bunch in his pocket or by his side that would give to his family a great many comforts and privileges they are now deprived of.

Fool's Pence.

I remember reading a tract; it described a carpenter coming home from his work, with his tools on his shoulder, and as usual he went into a public-house to drink. He had the three pennies in his hand already, but the landlady was talking to her neighbour, and was not ready to serve him. The door was open, and she heard a piano-forte. She said to her neighbour, "You have a pianoforte?" "Yes," said the landlady, "it's a new one; it cost seventy guineas; Aramantha Amelia is learning to play it; and we have got one of the first masters in the city to teach her." "And you have got new furniture?" "Yes, we have got new furniture, and our apartments are very splendidly furnished." How did you get all these things?" "I'll tell you; it's the fool's pence that get them." The carpenter thought for a moment. "Fool's pence! There are three of them," and he put them in his pocket; "you'll get no more of mine." Now, then, let the working man abjure his beer and spirits, and he will find at the end of the year an accumulation of property that will astonish him.

But I said just now, that this loss of means is but a small item in the matter. Let us look at the effect produced upon the man. I am not assuming that every individual present is a drunkard, or is liable to become a drunkard—even those of you who are in the habit of drinking; but let us look for one moment at the influence of intoxicating liquor upon the men, and then as men we shall hate it.

American and English Slavery.

You laugh at us in America for singing,

"Hail, Columbia, happy land;
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,"

and so on: because you say, how can it be a free and happy land with three millions of slaves in hopeless chattel-bondage? We bow down our heads and mourn over that; but we say to you, You sing,

"Rule Britannia; Britannia rules the waves;
Britons never, never can be slaves;"

(To be continued in No. 2.)

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BRITISH WORKMAN

AND FRIEND OF THE SONS OF TOIL

Wealth gotten by vanity shall be diminished; but he that gathereth by LABOUR shall increase.
Prov. xiii. 11.

The sleep of a LABOURING MAN is sweet, but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.
Eccles. v. 12

3.] PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & CO.; A. W. BENNETT; AND W. TWEEDIE, LONDON. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR—consider its achievements! Dismayed by no difficulty, shrinking from no exertion, exhausted by no struggle, ever eager for renewed efforts in its persevering promotion of human happiness,—"clamorous labour wrecks, with its hundred hands, at the golden gate of the morning," obtaining each day, through succeeding centuries, fresh benefactions for the world.

Labour drives the plough, and scatters the seed, and reaps the harvest, and grinds the corn, and converts it into bread, the staff of life.

Labour, tending the pastures, and sweeping the waters as well as cultivating the soil, provides with daily sustenance the 900 millions of the family of man.

Labour gathers the gossamer web of the caterpillar, the cotton from the field, and the fleece from the flock, and weaves it into raiment soft, and warm, and beautiful; the purple robe of the prince, and the grey gown of the peasant, being alike its handy work.

Labour moulds the brick, and splits the slate,

and quarries the stone, and shapes the column, and rears not only the humble cottage, but the gorgeous palace, and the towering spire and the stately dome.

Labour, diving deep into the solid earth, brings up its long-hidden stores of coal, to feed ten thousand furnaces, and in millions of habitations to defy the winter's cold.

Labour explores the rich veins of deeply-buried rocks, extracting from them the gold, the silver, the copper, and the tin.

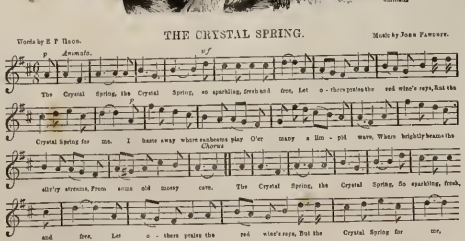
Labour smelts the iron, and moulds it into a thousand shapes for use and ornament, from the massive pillar to the tiniest

MUSIC IN THE DINNER HOUR.

On visiting a London manufactory we were agreeably surprised by the sweet sounds of music which proceeded from one of the work-rooms. On enquiry we found that several of the hands usually spent a portion of their *dinner hour* in practising various airs on the flute. This excellent plan is worthy of extensive adoption. Who can listen to the following delightful air, without feeling refreshed for the further toils of the day?

THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

Words by E P Thom. Music by John Fawcett.



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needle, from the ponderous anchor to the wire gauze, from the mighty fly-wheel of the steam-engine to the polished purse-ring or the glittering bead.

Labour hews down the gnarled oak, and shapes the timber, and builds the ship, and guides it over the deep; plunging through the billows and wrestling with the tempest, to bear to our shores the produce of every clime.

Labour brings us Indian rice and American cotton, African ivory, and Greenland oil; fruits from the sunny South, and furs from the frozen North; tea from the East, and sugar from the West, carrying in exchange to every land the products of British industry and British skill.

Labour, by the universally spread ramifications of trade, distributes its own treasures from country to country, from city to city, from house to house, conveying to the doors of all, the necessaries and luxuries of life, and by the steady pulsation of an untrammelled commerce, maintaining healthy life in the great social system.

Labour, fusing the opaque particles of rock, produces transparent glass, which it moulds and polishes, and combines so wondrously that sight

is restored to the blind, while worlds, before invisible from distance, are brought so near as to be weighed and measured with an unerring exactness; and atoms, which had escaped all detection from minuteness, reveal a world of wonder and beauty in themselves.

Labour, possessing a secret far more important than the philosopher's stone, transmutes the most worthless substances into the most precious, and placing in the crucible of its potent chemistry, the putrid refuse of the sea and land, extracts fragrant essences and healing medicines, and materials of priceless importance in the arts.

Labour, laughing at difficulties, spans majestic rivers, carries viaducts over marshy swamps, suspends aerial bridges above deep ravines, pierces the solid mountain with its dark, undeviating tunnel, blasting rocks, and filling hollows, and while linking together with its iron but loving grasp all nations of the earth, verifying in a literal sense the ancient prophecy, "Every valley shall be exalted, and every

mountain and hill shall be brought low."

Labour draws forth its delicate iron thread, and stretching it from city to city, from province to province, through mountains, and beneath the sea, realizes more than fancy ever fabled, while it constructs a chariot on which speech may outstrip the wind, compete with the lightning, and fly as rapidly as thought itself.

Labour seizes the thoughts of genius—the discoveries of science—the counsels of experience—the admonitions of piety; and with its magic types impressing the vocant page, renders it pregnant with life and power, perpetuating truth to distant ages, and diffusing it to all mankind.

Labour sits enthroned in palaces of crystal, whose high arched roofs proudly sparkle in the sunshine which delighteth to honour it, and whose ample courts are crowded with the trophies of its victories, in every country and in every age.

Labour, a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste: he looks earnestly on the scene, so quiet in its desolation; then waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests,—those barren mountain slopes are clothed with foliage,—the furnace blazes—the anvil rings—the busy wheels whirl round—the town appears, the mart of commerce, the hall of science, the temple of religion, rear high their lofty fronts,—a forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbour,—the quays are crowded with commercial spoils, the peaceful spoils which enrich both him who receives and him who yields,—representatives of far-off regions make it their resort,—science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service,—art, awaking, clothes its strength with beauty,—literature new lives, revivifies and perpetuates its praise,—civilization smiles—liberty is glad—humanity rejoices—piety exults, for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every hand; and who, contemplating such results, will deny that there is *Dignity in Labour?*

Extract from a lecture by the Rev. Newman Hall, B.A., delivered in Exeter Hall, in January last, to the Young Men's Christian Association. The entire lecture is published by Jackson, Bowers street, price threepence.

THE PLOUGHBOY AND THE PRESIDENT.

THE president of a well known college in Kentucky was one morning, while sitting in his study, astonished by the entrance of a single visitor.

The visitor was a boy of some seventeen years, rough and uncouth in his appearance, dressed in coarse home-spun, with thick clumsy shoes on his feet, an old tattered felt hat on his head, surmounting a mass of uncombed hair, which relieved swarthy and sun-burnt features, marked by eyes quick and sparkling, but vacant and inexpressive from the want of education. The whole appearance of the youth was that of an untaught, uncultivated ploughboy.

The president, as affable and venerable man, inquired into the business of the person who stood before him.

"If you please, sir," said the ploughboy, with all the humiliating of an uneducated rustic,—"I you pl ase, sir, I'd like to get some larnin'. I hear you had a college in these parts, and I thought if I would work a spell for you, you would help me now and then in gettin' an education."

"Well, my young friend," replied the president, "I scarcely see any way in which you might be useful to us. The request is something singular."

"Why, I can bring water, cut wood, or black boots," interrupted the boy, his eyes brightening with earnestness. "I want to get an education—I want to make something of myself. I don't keer how hard I work, only so as to get an education. I want"—

He paused, at a loss for words to express his ideas, but there was a language in his expressive lip and glancing eye; there was a language in his manner—in the tone in which those words were spoken, that appealed at once to the president's feelings. He determined to try the sincerity of the youth. "I am afraid, my young friend, I can do nothing for you. I would like to assist you, but I see no way in which you can be useful to us at present."

The president resumed his book. In a moment he glanced at the ploughboy, who sat silent and mute, holding the handle of the door. The fingered his rough hat confusedly with one hand, his eyes were downcast, and his upper lip quivered and trembled as though he were endeavouring to repress strong and sudden feelings of intense disappointment. The effort was but half successful. A tear, emerging from the downcast eyelid, rolled over the sunburnt cheek, and with a quick, nervous action, the ploughboy raised his toil-hardened hand and brushed away the sign of regret. He made a well-meant but awkward mark of obeisance, and opening the door, had one foot across the threshold, when the president called him back.

The ploughboy was in a few minutes hired as a man of all-work and hoot-black to the college.

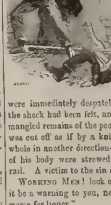
The next scene which we give the reader, was in a new and magnificent church, rich with the beauties of architecture, and thronged by an immense crowd, who listened in death-like stillness to the burning eloquence of the minister of heaven, who delivered the mission of his master from the altar. The speaker was a man in the full glow of middle age—of striking and impressive appearance—piercing and intellectual eye, and high intellectual forehead.

Every eye is fixed on him—every lip hushed, and every ear, with nervous intensity, drinks in the eloquent teaching of the orator.

Who in all that throng would recognise, in the famed, the learned, the eloquent president of—college, Pennsylvania, the humble boot-black of—college, in Kentucky?

DEATH ON THE RAIL.

On Christmas Day night, 1852, a farm servant, aged only twenty-four, living at Fakenham Fen, near Norwich, had been drinking at the Railway Tavern, and left home at half-past eight o'clock. The railway running near to his master's house, to save time he set off to walk on the "line." He was too stupified with drink to keep on the right side of the rails. When he had gone about a mile, the mail train came up and struck him. The engine driver felt a slight shock, but it being dark he could not see the poor fellow. On arriving at the station, he examined the train, when to his horror he found a portion of a man's body stuck to one of the carriage wheels. Men



were immediately despatched to the spot where the shock had been felt, and there they found the mangled remains of the poor inebriate. His head was cut off as if by a knife—his heart was laid whole in another direction—whilst other portions of his body were strewed on both sides of the rail. A victim to the sin of intemperance!

WORKING MEN! look on this picture, and let it be a warning to you, never to be "a little the worse for liquor."

—From Cook's Illustrated Hand-bills.

It is better that the foot should slip than the tongue.—ZENO.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE, OAKEY, AND CO. have pleasure in recommending the following publications to the notice of Working Men.

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Packets containing eighteen copies of "The British Workman" may be sent post free, by forwarding eighteen pence in postage stamps to the publishers, Messrs. Partridge, Oakey, and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

WE hope to return our best thanks to the conductors of the Public Press for the favourable notices which they have given of the "British Workman." The following are selections:—

We are much pleased with the last number of a new periodical, with illustrations,—"The *British Workman and Friend of the sons of Toil*," which contains useful advice and profitable entertainment for the working classes, among whom it deserves to have a wide circulation.

Literary Gazette.

The workman who buys it, and governs himself by its spirit and precepts, will have a good investment of his money; and the employer who gives it to the employed will have for it his thanks.—*North Devon Journal.*

One of the best friends of the working man has just appeared in the form of a penny periodical, entitled "The British Workman."—*Manchester Examiner and Times.*

Well worthy the notice and patronage of working men.

Leeds Mercury.

The "British Workman" seems not but be a source of blessing to many.—*Wakefield Journal.*

We cannot speak too highly of the "British Workman."

Glasgow Constitutional.

We believe that this penny sheet will be a missionary for good wherever it is circulated.

Bridgewater Times.

A source of benefit, profit, and instruction to the sons of toil; and as such we bid it a hearty welcome.—*Durham Chronicle.*

The "British Workman" has been established, we are informed, "with an earnest desire to promote the health, wealth, and happiness of the working classes;" and no person can read the four pages of No. 1, without feeling assured of the genuineness of this statement.—*Wilts Standard.*

The "British Workman" a cheap and timely illustrated publication.—*Salisbury Journal.*

THE SHABBY SURTOUT.

I HAD taken a place on the top of one of the coaches, which ran between Edinburgh and Glasgow, for the purpose of commencing a short tour in the Highlands of Scotland. It was in the month of June, a season when travellers of various description flock towards the modern Athens, and thence betake themselves to the northern or western counties, as their business or fancy leads. As we rattled along Princes Street, I had leisure to survey my fellow-travellers. Immediately opposite to me sat two dandies of the first water, dressed in white great coats and Belcher handkerchiefs, and each with a cigar in his mouth, which he puffed away with marvellous self-complacency. Beside me sat a modest and comely young woman in a widow's dress, and with an infant about nine months old in her arms. The appearance of the youthful mourner and her baby indicated that they belonged to the working class of society; and though the dandies occasionally cast a rude glance at the mother, the look of calm and settled sorrow which she invariably at such times cast upon her child seemed to touch even them, and to disarm their consciousness. On the other side of the table sat a young gentleman of plain, yet prepossessing exterior, who seemed especially to attract the notice of the dandies. His surtout was not absolutely threadbare, but it had evidently seen more than one season, and I could perceive many contemptuous looks thrown upon it by the gentlemen in the Belcher handkerchiefs. The young gentleman carried a small portmanteau in his hand, so small indeed that it could not possibly have contained more than a change of linen. This article also appeared to arrest the eyes of the sprigs of fashion opposite, whose wardrobes in all probability were more voluminous; whether they were paid for or not might be another question.

The coach having stopped at the village of Corstorphine, for the purpose of taking up an inside passenger, the guard, observing that the young gentleman carried his portmanteau in his hand, asked leave to put it into the boot, to which he immediately assented. "Put it fairly in the centre, guard," said one of the dandies; "Why so, Tom?" inquired his companion. "It may surprize the coach," rejoined the first,—a sally at which both indulged in a burst of laughter. Out of which the owner of the portmanteau, though the blood mounted slightly into his cheek, took no notice whatever.

The morning being fine at our first setting out, the ride was peculiarly pleasant. The dandies sported of horses and dogs, and feeling-pieces, and persuasion-caps; every now and then mentioning the names of Lord John and Sir Harry, as if their acquaintance lay among the great ones of the land. Once or twice I thought I saw an expression of contempt in the countenance of the young gentleman in the surtout, but in this I might be mistaken. His attention was evidently most directed to the mourner beside him, with whom he appeared anxious to get into conversation, but to look for a time a favourable opportunity.

While we were changing horses at the little village of Uphall, an aged beggar approached, and held out his hat for alms. The dandies looked at him with scorn. I gave him a few half-pence; and the young widow, poor as she seemed, was about to do the same, when the young gentleman in the surtout laid his hand gently on her arm, and dropping a half-crown into the beggar's hat, made a sign for him to depart. The dandies looked at each other. "Shewing off, Jack," said the one, "Ay, ay, successful at our last bet, but you know," rejoined the other, and both again burst into a horse-laugh. At this allusion to his supposed profession, the blood again mounted into the young gentleman's cheek, but it was only for a moment, and he continued silent.

We had not left Uphall many miles behind us, when the wind began to rise, and the gathering clouds indicated an approaching shower. The dandies began to prepare their umbrellas; and the young gentleman in the surtout surveying the dress of the widow, and perceiving that she was but indifferently provided against a change of weather, inquired of the guard if the coach was full inside. Being answered in the affirmative, he addressed the mourner in a tone of sympathy; told her that there was every appearance of a smart shower; expressed his regret that she could not be taken into the coach; and concluded by offering her the use of his cloak. "It will protect you so far," said he, "and at all events it will protect the baby." The widow thanked him in a modest and respectful manner, and said that for the sake of her infant she should be glad to have the cloak, if he would not suffer from the want of it himself. He assured her that he

should not, being accustomed to all kinds of weather. "His surtout wont spoil," said one of the dandies, in a voice of affected tenderness, "and besides, my dear, the cloak will hold you both." The widow blushed; and the young gentleman turning quickly round, addressed the speaker in a tone of dignity which I shall never forget. "I am not naturally quarrelsome, sir; but yet it is quite possible you may provoke me too far." Both the exquisites immediately turned as pale as death; shrunk in spite of themselves into their natural insignificance; and scarcely opened their lips, even to each other, during the remainder of the journey.

In the meantime the young gentleman, with the same politeness and delicacy as if he had been assisting a lady of quality with her shawl, proceeded to wrap the widow and her baby in his cloak. He had hardly accomplished this when a smart shower of rain, mingled with hail, commenced. Being myself provided with a cloak, the cape of which was sufficiently large to envelop and protect my head, I offered the young gentleman my umbrella, which he readily accepted, but with a look, as I remarked, in a manner better calculated to defend the widow than himself.

When we reached West Craigs Inn, the second stage from Edinburgh, the rain had ceased; and the young gentleman, politely returning me my umbrella, began to relieve the widow of his now dripping cloak, which he shook over the side of the coach, and afterwards hung on the rail to dry. Then turning to the widow, he inquired if she would take any refreshment; and upon her answering in the negative, he proceeded to enter into conversation with her as follows—

"Do you travel far on this road, ma'am?"

"About sixteen miles further, sir. I leave the coach six miles on the other side of Stirling."

"Do your friends dwell thereabouts?"

"Yes, sir, they do. Indeed, I am on the way home to my father's house."

"In affliction, I fear?"

"Yes, sir," said the poor young woman, raising her handkerchief to her eyes, and sobbing audibly, "I am returning to him a disconsolate widow, after a short absence of two years."

"Is your father in good circumstances?"

"He will never suffer me or my baby to want, sir, while he has strength to labour for us; but he is himself in poverty, a day-labourer on the estate of the Earl of H."

At the mention of this nobleman's name, the young gentleman coloured a little, but it was evident that his emotion was not of an unpleasant nature. "What is your father's name?" and he.

"James Anderson, sir."

"And his residence?"

"Blinkbonny."

"Well, I trust, that though desolate as far as this world is concerned, you know something of him, who is the father of the fatherless and the judge of the widow. If so, your Maker is your husband, and the Lord of Hosts is his name."

"O! yes, sir, I bless God, that though a poor peasant's cure, I know something of the power of divine grace, and the consolations of the gospel. My husband, too, though but a tradesman, was a man who feared God above many."

"The remembrance of that must tend much to alleviate your sorrow."

"It does indeed, sir, at times; but at other times I am ready to sink. My father's poverty and advancing age, my baby's helplessness, and

own delicate health, are frequently too much
ny feeble faith."
Trust in God, and he will provide for you;
sured he will."
the time the coach was again in motion,
though the conversation continued for some
the noise of the wheels prevented me from
ng it distinctly. I could see the dandies,
ever, exchange expressive looks with one
ther; and at one time the more forward of the
whispered something to his companion in
h the words, "Methodist parson," alone were
ble.
Aldrée nothing particular occurred; but
we had got about half-way between that
and Glasgow, we arrived at a cross-road,
the driver expressed a wish to be set down.
young gentleman therefore desired the driver
top, and springing himself from the coach,
the infant from her arms, and then along
the guard assisted her to descend. "May
reward you," said she, as he returned the
y to her, "for your kindness to the widow and
fatherless this day!"
And may He bless you," replied he, "with all
ual consolation in Christ Jesus!"
a saying, he slipped something into her hand;
widow opened it instinctively, I saw two
reigns glitter on her palm; she dropped it
upon the money, and turned round to thank
benefactor; but he had already resumed his
upon the coach. She cast towards him an
uent and grateful look, pressed her infant convulsively to her bosom, and walked hurriedly away.
to other passenger wishing to alight at the
e place, we were soon speeding in rapid motion
ards the great emporium of the West of Scotland. Not a word was spoken. The young gentleman sat with his arms crossed upon his breast;
, if I might judge by the expression of his
countenance, was evidently revolving some
ent of benevolence in his mind. The dandies
ended him with blank amazement. They also
I seen the gold in the poor widow's hand, and
ured to think that there was more under that
abby surtout than their "puppy broidu" could
nify conjecture. That in this they were right
y speedily made manifest.
When we had entered Glasgow, and were approaching the Buck's Head, the inn at which our
oyeance was to stop, an open travelling carriage, drawn by four beautiful grey horses, drove
p in an opposite direction. The elegance of this
ipage made the dandies spring to their feet.
What beautiful greys!" cried the one, "I wonder who they can belong to?" "He is a happy
llow anyhow," replied the other; "I would give
ll Yorkshire to call them mine." The stage-
ach and travelling-carriage stopped at the
uck's Head at the same moment, and a footman
l lined livery, springing down from behind the
tter, looked first inside and then at the top of
e former, when he lifted his hat with a smile of
respectful recognition.
"Are all well at the castle, Robert?" inquired
he young gentleman in the surtout.
"All well, my lord," replied the footman.
At the sound of that monosyllable the faces of
he exquisites became visibly elongated; but,
without taking the smallest notice of them or of
their confusion, the nobleman politely wished me
good morning; and, descending from the coach,
assured the footman to place his cloak and despatch
portmanteau in the carriage. He then stepped
into it himself, and the footman getting up beside
hand, the coachman touched the leaders very
slightly with his whip, and the equipage and its
noble owner were soon out of sight.
"Pray, what nobleman is that," said one of the
dandies to the landlord, as we entered the inn.
"The Earl of H.!" sir, replied the landlord;
"one of the best men, as well as one of the richest
in Scotland."
"The Earl of H.!" repeated the dandy, turning to his companion, "What asses we have been! there's an end to all chance of being allowed to shoot on *his* estate."
"O! yes, we may burn our letters of introduction when we please," rejoined his companion; and silent and crest-fallen, both walked up stairs to their apartments.

"The Earl of H.!" repeated I, with somewhat less painful feelings; "Does he often travel unattended?"
"Very often," replied the landlord, "especially when he has any public or charitable object in view; he thinks he gets at the truth more easily as a private gentleman than as a wealthy nobleman."
"I have no doubt of it," said I, and having given orders for dinner, I sat down to muse on the occurrences of the day.
This, however, was not the last time that I was destined to hear of that amiable young nobleman, too early lost to his country and mankind. I had scarcely returned home from my tour in the Highlands, when I was waited upon by a friend, a teacher of languages in Edinburgh, who told me that he had been appointed Rector to the Academy at B——.
"Indeed!" said I, "how have you been so fortunate?"
"I cannot tell," replied he, "unless it be connected with the circumstance which I am going to relate."
He then stated, that about a month before, he was teaching his classes as usual, when a young gentleman, dressed in a surtout that was not over new, came into his school, and politely asked leave to see his method of instruction. Immediately, his visitor to be a schoolmaster from the country, who wished to learn something of the Edinburgh modes of tuition, my friend accorded to his request. The stranger remained two hours, and paid particular attention to every department. When my friend was about to dismiss the school, the stranger inquired whether he was not in the habit of commending his pupils to God in prayer before they parted for the day; my friend replied that he was; upon which the stranger begged that he would not depart from his usual practice on his account. My friend accordingly prayed with the boys, and dismissed them; after which the stranger thanked him for his politeness, and also withdrew. Nothing more occurred; but four or five days after wards my friend received a four or five days after wards my friend received a
letter from the Earl of H., in which that nobleman, after stating that he had satisfied himself as to his piety and ability as a teacher, made him an offer of the Rectorship of the Academy at B——.
"Was your visitor fair haired," said I, "and his surtout of a claret colour?"
"They were," replied my friend, "but what of that?"
"It was the Earl of H. himself," said I, "there can be no doubt of it;" and I gave him the history of my journey to Glasgow.
"Well, he took the best method certainly to test my qualifications," rejoined my friend. "I wish all patrons would do the same, we should have better teachers in our schools, and better ministers in our churches."
"All patrons, perhaps, are not equally qualified to judge," said I, "at all events, let us rejoice that though 'not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called,' still we see one here and one there, distinguished by divine grace, to the praise and the glory of God the Saviour."

DR. HUTE.

NOBLEMEN.

BY C. B. STUART.

THE noblest men I know on earth,
Are men whose hands are brown with toil:
Who, back'd by no ancestral birth,
Hew down the weeds, and till the soil;
And thereby win a prouder fame,
Than crowns a king's or warrior's name.

The working men, whate'er their task,
To carve the stone, or beat the hod,
They wear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God!
And brighter are their drops of sweat,
Than diamends in a coronet.

God bless the noble working men,
Who rear the cities of the plain;
Who dig the mines and build the ships,
Who drive the commerce of the main!
God bless them! for their swarthy hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

A MAN should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—POPE.

Whoso findeth a
Wife,
findeth a good thing,
and obtaineth
favour of the Lord.
Prov. xviii. 22

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A GROCER at Congleton writes, "We have disposed of two dozen copies of the *British Workman* for this month. The feet of their behaglitch in the window amongst the foreign fruit is an object of our sincere wish for your prosperity." We hope that other Shopkeepers will adopt this excellent example of our Cheshire correspondents.

A. SLATER.—We shall shortly act upon your suggestion.

ALPHA.—You can send any number of printed books or papers, (the cover being open at the ends) *post free* to South Australia or New Zealand for 6d. provided the packet does not exceed 1 lb. in weight. The recent postal arrangements will confer many advantages upon the Colonies. Rowland Hill deserves the best thanks of his countrymen.

A WIFE.—The following fact will give you a hint. A decent looking country woman called upon a venerable clergyman one market day, and begged to speak with him. She sold him with an air of secrecy, that her husband had behaved unkindly to her, and sought the company of other women, and that knowing him to be "a wise man," she was sure he could tell what would cure her husband. "The remedy is simple," said the pious pastor, "always treat your husband with *a smile*." The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a curtsey, and went away. A few months afterwards she called again, bringing a couple of fine fowls; she told the clergyman with great satisfaction, "You have cured my husband, and I beg your acceptance of these fowls in return." The clergyman was gratified with the success of his prescription, but was unwilling to accept the fee.

A VILLAGER.—Send eighteen pence in postage stamps to Messrs. Partridge, Oakey, and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London, and they will send you a packet containing eighteen copies of the *British Workman*, post free.

J. PATRICK.—The subject of kindness to animals shall have our continued notice. We should be glad if some wealthy friend would offer a good prize for the best Essay from Working Men.

J. ANDREW, Leeds.—Thanks for your encouraging letter. You can do much to help us.

A. B., GLASGOW.—You can be supplied through Mr. Gallie, or the Scottish Temperance League.

COLUMN FOR
WIVES AND MOTHERS.

THE POWER OF PENCE.

A MANCHESTER calico-printer was, on his wedding day, persuaded by his wife to allow her two half pints of ale a day as her share. He rather winced under the bargain; for, though a drinker himself, he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife.

They both worked hard; and he, poor man, was seldom out of the public-house while the factory was closed.

The wife and husband saw little of each other except at breakfast; but, as she kept things tidy about her, and made her stinted, and even selfish allowance for house-keeping meet the demands upon her, he never complained.

She had her daily pint, and he, perhaps, had his two or three quarts; and neither interfered with the other, except at odd times, when she succeeded by dint of one little gentle artifice or another, to win him home an hour or two earlier at night, and now and then to spend an entire evening in his own house. But these were rare occasions.

They had been married a year; and on the morning of the wedding anniversary, the husband looked askance at her neat and comely person with some shade of remorse, as he observed.

"Mary, we'd had no holiday sin' we were wed: and only that I haven't a penny i' th' world, we'd take a jaunt to th' village to see thee mother."

"Would'st like to go, John?" asked she, softly, between a smile and a tear, to hear him speak kindly as in old times. "If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat."

"Thou stand treat!" said he, with half a sneer; "I bust get a fortun, wench!"

"Nay," said she, "but I'm gotton the pint o'ale."

"Gotton what?" said he.

"The pint o'ale!" was the reply.

John still didn't understand her, but the foolish creature reached down an old stocking from under a loose brick up the chimney, and counting out her daily pint of ale in the shape of 36d threepences (i. e. £4 11s 3d) put it into his hand, exclaiming,

"Thee shall have the he iday, John."

John was ashamed, astonished, conscience-smitten, charmed. He wouldn't touch't.

"Hasn't thee had thy share? then I'll be no more," he said.

They kept their wedding day with the old dame; and the wife's little capital was the nucleus of a series of investments that ultimately swelled into shop, factory, warehouse, country seat, and a carriage.—REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.

"MY MOTHER NEVER TELLS LIES."

SEVERAL females met at the house of a friend, in ——, for an evening visit, when the following scene and conversation occurred:—

A little girl about five years of age, a child of one of the mothers present, was guilty of rude, noisy conduct, very improper on all occasions, and particularly so at a stranger's house. The mother gently reproved her, saying, "*Sarah, you must not do so.*"

The child soon forgot the reproof, and became as noisy as ever. The mother firmly said, "*Sarah, if you do so again I will punish you.*" But not long afterwards, Sarah *did* so again. When the company were about to separate, the mother stepped into a neighbour's house, intending to return for the child. During her absence, the thought of going home recalled to the mind of Sarah the punishment which her mother had told her she might expect; and the recollection turned her rudeness and thoughtlessness to sorrow. A young lady present, observing it, and learning the cause, in order to pacify her said, "Never mind, I will ask your mother not to whip you."

"Oh," said Sarah, "that will do no good. *My mother never tells lies.*"

A parent, who was present, in naming the circumstance afterwards, said, "I learned a lesson from the reply of that child, which I shall never forget. It is worth everything in the training of a child, to make it feel that *his mother never tells lies.*"

J. B. GOUGH'S ADDRESS TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

DELIVERED IN EXETER HALL.

(Continued from page 8)

And yet in this city of London are a set of abject, miserable, creeping slaves; more terrible in their bondage than the bondage of Egypt, or the tenfold worse chattel-slavery of the south. In Virginia a slave stood up before his brethren, and said, "Brethren, this poor old body of mine is Master Carr's slave; the bones and the blood, and the sinews, and the muscles belong to Master Carr; but think God, my soul is the freeman of the Lord Jesus." There is not a drunkard on the face of the earth can say that. He is a slave, body and mind; every faculty he has is in bondage; and the worst of it is, he is a self-made slave. The slave in the south is not responsible for the degradation his master puts upon him, when he sets his foot on him, and crushes him down; the drunkard is responsible for every gift God has given him; for his intellect and genius; for every power he has, he is responsible and accountable; and therefore his slavery is ten-fold more to be dreaded than the degradation of the south. And yet such is the deceptive influence of the drink, that while he is such a slave he boasts of his freedom. Fyes!

Our Gin-shops.

Go if you please, into one of your drinking-rooms, one of your gin-shops, one of your public-houses; see men standing at the counter; look at that pale-faced, pallid-looking gin-drinker; see the eyes large and sunk deep in the sockets, as with his fingers, like the claws of an unclean bird, he clutches that glass of gin. Why, he looks almost as if he had come up out of his grave to get his gin, and had forgotten the way back again. It is horrable to look at him. And yet that is a man! See that other standing; the dull waters of disease stagnant in his eye—eventually seated upon his cracked, swollen, parched lip; see him gibbering in all the idiocy of drunkenness. That is a man!

"That is a Man."

I know it is sometimes hard to look at the bleary-eyed, bloated sot, and feel, "That is a man!" Have you ever seen that admirable picture by our worthy chairman, "The man that thinks and sets, and the thing that drinks and smokes?"* I have looked at the two; and yet the one is just as much a man as the other. God created him with the same faculties; God made him upright—in the image of God created he him; he gave him dominion over the beasts of the field, and crowned him lord of creation. That a man—a bleer-eyed,

bloated thing like that! A man What has brought him to that? Has he come to this position willingly and of his own accord? He has come to it by the deceptive influences of drink—by coming to false conclusions, and using false arguments, some of which I will speak of for a minute.

I am not such a Fool.

When I ask men, young men especially, who are commencing life, why it is they drink, they may ask me why I put the question? But if I say to you, "I am afraid that if you drink you will become a drunkard," what will you say to me? You will say, "I am not such a fool as to become a drunkard; I have got a mind of my own;" as if every man who became a drunkard was a fool, and had no mind of his own! "I can leave it off when I have a mind to, and I can drink when I have a mind to;" just as if the man who became a drunkard never could leave it off when he had a mind to, and drink when he had a mind to!

"I have a Will of my own."

"I have got a will of my own;" just as if God never gave the drunkard a will! "I have a regard for my family;" just as if the drunkard was born destitute of natural affection!

(To be continued.)

* We hope to insert this clever engraving, for the gratification of our readers, in an early number.

ON FITS.

THOUGH no doctor, I have by me some excellent prescriptions; and, as I shall charge nothing for them, you cannot grumble at the price. We are most of us subject to fits. I am visited with them myself, and I dare say that you are also: now, then, for my prescriptions.

For a fit of passion: walk out in the open air. You may speak your mind to the winds, without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton. "Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry; for anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

For a fit of idleness: count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a Negro. "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger."

For a fit of extravagance or folly: go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail; and you will be convinced,—

"Who makes his bed of brier and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn."

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not?"

For a fit of envy: go to Brighton, Cheltenham, or some other place of the kind, and see how many who keep their carriages are afflicted with rheumatism, gout, and dropsy; how many walk abroad on crutches, or stay at home wrapped up in flannel; and how many are subject to epilepsy and apoplexy. "A sound heart is the life of the flesh; envy is the rottenness of the bones."

For a fit of ambition: go into the church-yard, and read the grave-stones. They will tell you the end of man at his best estate. "For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

For a fit of repining: look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bedridden, the afflicted, and the deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions. "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

For a fit of despending: look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which He has promised to His followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into

his house with one blooming in his bosom. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

For all fits of doubt, perplexity, and fear, whether they respect the body or the mind, whether they are a load to the shoulder, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure, which may be relied on; for I had it from the Great Physician—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord: for he shall sustain thee."—OLD HUNEPEEP.

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.

THE WORKING MEN of Scotland having experienced the domestic advantages arising from an early cessation of labour on Saturday, seem determined to do *their part* towards extending the same boon to their fellow sons of toil—the SHOPKEEPERS.

We have received a printed list of resolutions passed at the trade meetings of masons, engineers, machinists, millwrights, smiths, pattern makers, confectioners, bookbinders, joiners, bakers, plumbers, and upholsterers pledging themselves not to support these shopkeepers who keep open after 5 o'clock on Saturday.

Men with placards are sent round the streets every week to remind the public.

In connection with the early closing movement, we have received the most unqualified testimonies from EMPLOYERS as to the advantages which they, as well as their hands, experience from paying wages on *Friday*. They have *fewer* ABSENTEES than when wages were paid on Saturday!!

It is, I think, one of the greatest evils of this country that toil has become so excessive, that all considerations of health—all attention to intellectual improvement—and even the time which ought to be devoted to spiritual worship, is lost in that *excess of labour* which the people of this country undergo.—LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

We have received many gratifying letters from all parts of the country, and trust that by the help of our correspondents and friends, the circulation will be raised to the *self-supporting point*, so as to justify our continuance. Hitherto, every No. has entailed pecuniary loss. The following pleasing letter from an intelligent London artisan affords encouragement to "go on."—To the Editor of the BRITISH WORKMAN.

Dear Sir,—As you have styled yourself the friend of the working man, I claim the privilege of writing to you, and I hop that you will allow the privilege, and kindly peruse what I have to state.

There are a few peculiar excellencies in our new paper which seem to me to claim for you the best thanks of our class. In the *first* place, you recognize us as rational, intelligent beings, and you reason with us as capable of appreciating argument. Furthermore, you remember that we have souls, and you are not afraid to give us good advice concerning their welfare—a style of address which I have observed to be rare in popular periodicals.

THE Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed. Psalm ix. 9.

Again, you do not flatter us, but speak as man to man, with truth and self-respect; and I esteem you for that feature in your editorial style. Another excellence is, that you have not forgotten our wives—love them; they are prized ourselves, and you could not have taken a surer method of securing our approbation and reaching our hearts. I believe the working man's wife is the great source of his earthly enjoyment, and instrumentally the sustainer of his moral strength; and on that account, as well as that the wife is the educator of his children, your attempts to direct the mind of the wife of the working man deserve his grateful regard.

I may add that I am glad you have not introduced politics or party questions, and that you have not undertaken any part in our disputes about wages; not that I doubt your ability or rectitude, but that I fear your arguments would not meet with fair consideration, and perhaps your motives be misconstrued.

May the "British Workman" prosper, and may its editor be spared long to conduct it. Yours very respectfully, A WORKING MAN.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

Illustration of Matthew x. 15, 29, 31.

On a bridge I was standing one morning,
And watching the current roll by,
When suddenly into the water
There fell an unfortunate fly.

The fishes that swam to the surface
Were looking for something to eat,
And I thought that the hapless young insect
Would surely afford them a treat.

"Poor thing!" I exclaimed with compassion,
"Thy trials and dangers abound,
For if thou escap'st being eaten,
Thou canst not escape being drowned."

No sooner the sentence was spoken,
Than lo, like an angel of love,
I saw, to the waters beneath me
A leaflet descend from above.

It glided serene on the streamlet,
'Twas an ark to the poor little fly;
Which, soon to the land re-ascending,
Spread its wings in the breezes to dry.

Oh, sweet was the truth that was whispered,
That mortals should *never* despair,
For He who takes care of an insect,
Much more for his *children* will care.

And though, to our short-sighted vision
No way of escape may appear;
Let us *trust*, for when least we expect it,
The help of "*our Father*" is near.

GIN, RUM, AND BRANDY.

BY THE LATE G. MOONRUM, ESQ.

DEAN Broughem was a foolish fop,
And fiery was his passion,
He thought of little else but dress
And folly in the fashion.
At last he took to drinking deep,
Though he was such a dandy,
And then grim Death soon stopped his breath
With gin, and rum, and brandy.

Tom Walters was a soldier brave,
But proved at length unsteady,
For he in every drinking bout
To join was always ready
His cheek was red, his eyes were grey,
His hair was somewhat sandy:
'Twas not the foe that laid him low,
But gin, and rum, and brandy.

Ben Bowline was as trim a tar
As e'er a rope's end handled;
As true a child of Ocean waves
As Ocean ever dandled.
And he could sing a thrilling song,
And well with words could handy:
Ben here the blast, but fell at last
By gin, and rum, and brandy.

Now would you know, and wish to go
The nearest road to sorrow,
To drain the cup of misery up,
And darken every morrow:
The way is open, straight and clear,
The method sure and handy;
Ne'er stop to think, but freely drink
Strong gin, and rum, and bran-

BRITISH WORKMAN

AND FRIEND OF THE SONS OF TOIL

4.] LONDON: PARTRIDGE & Co., 34, PATERNOSTER ROW; A. W. BENNETT, 5, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT; AND W. TWEEDIE, 337, STRAND. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE WORSTED STOCKING.

ATHER will have done the great chimney to-night, went he, mother?" said little Tom Howard, as he d waiting for his father's breakfast, which he carried im at his work every morning.

"He said he hoped all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered his mother, "and that'll be a fine sight; for I never like the ending of those great chimneys, it's so risky: thy father's to be the last up."

"Eh, then, but I'll go and see him, and help 'em to give a shout afore he comes down," said Tom.

"And then," continued his mother, "if all goes right, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and go into the country, and take our dinners, and spend all the day amongst the woods."

"Hurrah," cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in the other. His mother stood at the door watching him as he went merrily whistling down the street, and then she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in, and then her heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasure.

Tom, with light heart, pursued his way to his father, and, leaving him his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance. In the evening, on his way home, he went round to see how his father was getting on. Since Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been building one of those lofty chimneys, which, in our great manufacturing towns, almost supply the place of other architectural beauty. This chimney was one of the highest and most tapering that had ever been erected; and as Tom, shading his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, looked up to the top in search of his father, his heart almost sunk within him at the appalling height. The scaffolding was almost all down; the men at the bottom were removing the last beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone on the top. He looked all round to see that every thing was right, and then waving his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a long, loud cheer, little Tom shouting as heartily as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a very different sound,—a cry of alarm and horror from above, "The rope! the rope!" The men looked round, and coiled upon the ground lay the rope, which, before the scaffolding was removed, should have been passed over the top of the chimney, for Tom's father to come down by! The scaffolding had been taken down, without their remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough, or skilfully enough, to reach the top of the chimney; or, if it could, it would hardly have been safe. They stood in silent dismay, unable to give any help, or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father. He walked round and round the little circle, the dizzy height, seeming every moment to grow more fearful, and the solid earth further and further from him. In the sudden panic he lost his presence of mind, and his senses almost failed him. He shut his eyes,—he felt as if, the next moment, he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The day had passed as industriously and swiftly as usual with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her husband and children, in some way or other; and to-day she had been harder at work than usual, getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. She had just finished all her preparations, and her thoughts were silently thanking God for her happy home, and for all the blessings of life, when Tom ran in; his face was as white as ashes, and he could hardly get his words out:

"Mother! mother! he canna get down."

"Who, lad? thy father?" asked his mother.

"They've forgotten to leave him the rope," answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak. His mother started up, horror-struck, and stood for a moment, as if paralyzed; then, pressing her hands over her face, as if to shut out the terrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help, she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd had collected round the foot of the chimney, and stood there quite helpless, gazing up with faces full of horror. "He says he'll throw himself down," exclaimed they, as Mrs. Howard came up. "He's going to throw himself down."

"Thee munna do that, lad!" cried the wife, with clear, hopeful voice; "thee munna do that. Wait a bit. Tak' off thy stocking, lad, and unravel it, and let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Dost hear me. Jem?"

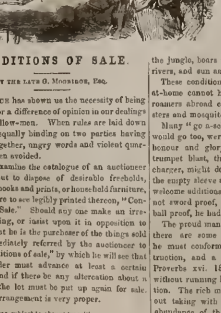
The man made a sign of assent, for it seemed as if he could not speak; and, taking off his stocking, unravelled the worsted thread, row after row. The people stood round in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother could be thinking of, and why she sent in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit of stone, and keep fast hold of the other," cried she to her husband. The little thread came waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither

by the wind, but at last it reached the outstretched hands that were waiting for it. Then held the ball of string, while his mother tied one end of it to the worsted thread. "Now pull it up slowly," cried she to her husband, and she gradually unwound the string as the worsted drew it gently up. It stopped,—the string had reached her husband. "Now hold the string fast, and pull it up," cried she, and the string grew heavy, and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened the thick rope to it. They watched it gradually and slowly unreeling from the ground, as the string was drawn higher.

There was but one coil left. It had reached the top. "Thank God! Thank God!" exclaimed the wife. She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer, and trembling, rejoiced. The rope was up. The iron to which it should be fastened was there all right; but would her husband be able to make use of them?—would not the terror of the past hour have so unnerved him, the terror of the past hour have so unnerved him, as to prevent him from taking the necessary measures for his safety? She did not know the magic influence which her few words had exercised over him. She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm and stedfast, had filled him with,—as if the little thread that carried him the hope of life once more, had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God, which nothing ever destroyed or shook in her poor heart. She did not know, that as he waited there, the words came over him, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God." She lifted up her heart to God for hope and strength. She could do nothing more for her husband, and her heart turned to God, and rested on him as on a rock.

There was a great shout. "He's safe, mother, he's safe," cried little Tom. "Thou's saved me, Mary," said her husband, folding her in his arms. "But what aile thee? Thou seem'st more sorry than glad about it." But Mary could not speak; and if the strong arm of her husband had not held her up, she would have fallen to the ground,—the sudden joy, after such great fear, had overcome her. "Tom," said his father, "let thy mother lean on thy shoulder, and we will take her home." And in their happy home they poured forth their thanks to God for his great goodness; and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril it had been in, and for the nearness that the danger had brought them unto God. And the holiday next day,—was it not indeed a thanksgiving day!—*S. School Magazine.*



CONDITIONS OF SALE.

By the late G. Morrison, Esq.

Experience has shown us the necessity of being prepared for a difference of opinion in our dealings with our fellow-men. When rules are laid down which are equally binding on two parties having business together, angry words and violent quarrels are often avoided.

If you examine the catalogue of an auctioneer who is about to dispose of desirable freeholds, paintings, books and prints, or household furniture, you are sure to see legibly printed thereon, "Conditions of Sale." Should any one make an irregular bidding, or insist upon it in opposition to others, that he is the purchaser of the things sold, he is immediately referred by the auctioneer to the "conditions of sale," by which he will see that every bidder must advance at least a certain amount, and if there be any altercation about a lot sold, the lot must be put up again for sale. Such an arrangement is very proper.

When subject to abrupt transitions,
There's nothing like correct conditions.

Perrins the auctioneer is mounted on his rostrum, with his hammer in his hand, and his little desk before him. Behind him sits the clerk, who at one moment is casting up his eyes to his master, and the next marking down the lots that he has disposed of.

"Put up that lump!" cries one of the company, who has made up his mind to buy it, if he can get it at a reasonable price. "Put up that lump!"

"You cannot have the lump by itself, sir," says Perrins; "you must have the lot altogether as per catalogue—No. 123. 1 lump, 1 garden roller, and 1 patent mangle."

"Well, but I want neither the garden roller nor the patent mangle."

"Cannot help it, sir. Conditions of sale must be observed. If you have the lump you must have the garden roller and the patent mangle."

And, think not that this is the only time with purchasers at auctions only, for it is the same with everything else in life. What is the world but a large auction room, in which in all our transactions, we are subject to "conditions of sale." All our earthly possessions are subject to conditions;

And whether we approve them, or decide them,
It little matters, for we must abide them.

"I like the house very well," says the coming-in tenant to the landlord who is selling it; "but then I don't like the neighbour's pig-sty at the back of it, and I don't like its being opposite a public-house."

"I cannot say that I like these things myself," replied the landlord; "but then I can't alter them. I can neither move my house, nor pull down the tavern and the pig-sty, so you must decide for yourself. If you take the house, you must have the tavern-keeper for a neighbour, and nuisance as well as you can with the pig-sty."

"He is a clever and a quick boy," said Michael Rowe the cornfactor to the father of one of his young servants, "and I like him his due. An honester lad never lived in the world, but then he is so passionate."

"But you wouldn't take a slow, heavy-hearted lad, sir, that would go to sleep instead of going his errands!" replied the boy's father.

"Indeed, I should not; give me a lad of spirit."

"Well, then, sir, you have got one. I hope, with all my heart, that he'll get the better of his passionate temper, but "Rome was not built in a day." You must take him as he is, sir, and till he mends, put his quickness and his honesty against his angry temper."

It is clear that he who wished to buy the lamp, the coming-in tenant, and the corn-factor, were all in exactly the same situation; they wanted to obtain their ends on their own terms; but this could not be done: they all had to conform to the "conditions of sale." The agreeable and the disagreeable are mingled together in our common concerns, like shine and shower in the fitful days of April.

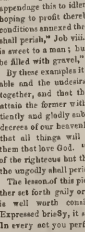
In life we cannot choose our weather,
The rough and smooth mend go together.

How wise it is, then, if we cannot alter our position, to suit ourselves to our circumstances. Were we ever so determined to have summer without winter, day without night, and roses without thorns, we should not be able to obtain them. The man who stays in England must be content without having Alps and Apennines to gaze on; and he who goes to India must be prepared to find tigers in the jungle, bears in the woods, alligators in the rivers, and sun and mosquitoes.

These conditions are arbitrary. The stayers-at-home cannot have the grand sights, and the roamers abroad cannot dispense with the musters and mosquitoes.

Many "go-a-soldiering," and no doubt others would go too, were it not for the conditions, but honour and glory cannot be had alone. The trumpet blast, the red coat, and the prancing charger, might do very well by themselves, but the empty sleeve and the wooden leg are very unwelcome additions to them; so that if a man be not sword proof, and bullet proof, and cannon-ball proof, he had better let soldiering alone.

The proud man cannot enjoy his pride alone; there are some weighty conditions to which he must conform. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." Proverbs xvi. 18. He cannot have his pride without running his risk of a fall and of destruction. The rich man cannot have his wealth without taking with it a portion of care. "The abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep." Eccles. v. 12. Willingly would he part



Packets containing eighteen copies of "The British Workman" may be had post free, to any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, the Channel Islands, the Shetland and the Orkney Isles, by forwarding eighteen pence in postage stamps to the publishers, Messrs. Partridge, Oakey, and Co, 34, Paternoster Row, London.

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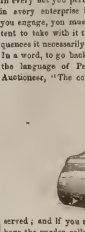
NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. Pumphrey.—We are obliged by your letter. Your plan of placing a copy on a board at your shop door, is excellent.

C. H.—Hints to Servant Girls shall be inserted.

C.T.—You can order a monthly supply through any Bookseller or News Agent.

W. T. R.—The British Workman is at present got up at a considerable loss. The circulation is not yet quite 20,000.



FRANCE, &c.

It is important that our readers should at the present time be informed of the facility they possess of forwarding *simple copies* of the "British Workman" through the post, to their friends in France, and other Countries. The following extract from a letter received from the General Post Office, in reply to an enquiry from us will best explain the matter.

General Post Office,
March 17th, 1858.

Sir,—In reply to your letter, I may leave to inform you that the British Workman may be sent through the Post, as a Periodical to France, Belgium, Holland, Prussia, and the United States, (in covers, open at the ends,—and no written, except the Address of the party to whom sent,) provided it does not exceed two ounces in weight, for a Postage of One Penny. I beg to add that it may also be sent to Hamburgh and Bremen at the same rate of Postage, by *Prussian Ship.*

I am yours, &c
J. Tyler,
Assistant Secretary.

A TENTMAKER.

Here is a large shop at Corinth, where, just about 1800 years ago, a number of people seem very busy making tents. Tents were much used in these days. Who are employed in making them? We read of three persons, one a Jew, named Aquila, with his wife Priscilla, and the other is Paul. "Paul departed from Athens and came to Corinth; and found a certain Jew named Aquila, with his wife Priscilla, and came unto them. And because he was of the same craft, he abode with them, and wrought: for by their occupations they were tentmakers; Acts xviii. 1 to 3. Who was this Paul? Was it the apostle, who had been preaching so boldly at Athens? Was it that holy man who had been labouring so much for Christ, who had suffered so much for Christ? Was he a tentmaker, a workman, a man of business? Read what he writes about it to the Thessalonians, "Ye remember, brethren, our labour and travail; labouring night and day, because we would not be chargeable to any of you," and again, "We wrought with labour and travail night and day, 1 Thess. ii. 9—2 Thess. iii. 8. Let us look again at St. Paul while at Corinth, living as a tentmaker. Was this all that he did? We read, "He reasoned in the synagogue every sabbath, persuaded the Jews and the Greeks—he continued there a year and six months teaching the word of God among them, Acts xviii. 4, 11.

Workmen, learn a lesson from St. Paul, and let it be in these two words, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, Rom. xii. 11. May each one of you have an active body, a fervent spirit, and both consecrated to God. Believe me, he who serves the Lord, will best serve his master; he who works for God will work best at his business, and he who labours for Christ will be most active and most diligent in whatever situation he is called upon to fulfil, as we find St. Paul was, both as a preacher, and as a tentmaker. C. H.

IS THE "BRITISH WORKMAN" TO LIVE?

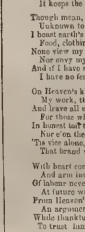
Our attention has been drawn to a long and valuable notice of our paper in the English Presbyterian Messenger, from which the following is an extract.

We know of no tract which is so well adapted to make its way amongst the Working Classes, as the British Workman, and Prince of the Road of Life, not any from which so much benefit good may be effected. Our present fear is, that it may prove too good for continuance. The cost of production is so great, and so disproportionate to the cheap emolument, if such a publication be allowed to do, that such a quantity of good, fit paper, letterpress, and beautiful wood cut and engraving illustrations, cannot be produced without a very extensive circulation—little short of 100,000 copies.

We long to thank the esteemed editor for thus drawing attention to the importance of aiding in extending our circulation. At present, we have not reached 20,000 monthly, and consequently every loss is issued at a heavy loss, and we lose an incentive of continuing the paper, unless there is probability of shortly reaching the *self-supporting point.*

We believe, however, that by the exertions of those friends to whom copies have been forwarded, this point will be attained. Cheering letters from all parts have reached us, but nothing more encouraging than one from a Bookseller in the manufacturing districts, who, having taken deep interest in the paper, immediately at his own expense—placing copies in his window—enclosing circulars on his parcels, &c. &c., now states, "I already sell 500 copies monthly."

If the Booksellers will kindly lend their helping hand there is no doubt but that the "British Workman" will live.



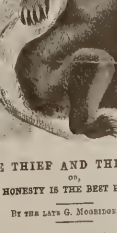
THE WORKMAN'S SONG.

Though hard my daily labour,
Yet why should I repine?
I've many a worthy neighbour
Whose lot is worse than mine:
'Tis better work, however hard,
Than steal, or beg, or borrow;
And labour, too, hath this reward—
It keeps the heart from sorrow.

Though mean, I've many a pleasure
Unknown to power and wealth,
I boast earth's truest treasures—
Food, clothing, home, and health:
None view my lot with longing eyes,
Nor envy my poor calling,
And if I have small hope to rise,
I have no fear of falling.

On Heaven's kind aid relying,
My work, then, I'll pursue,
And leave all useless sighing
For those who've sought to do:
In honest toil there's no disgrace,
Nor is on the meanest station;
The vice alone, and idleness,
That brand with degradation.

With heart content and cheerful,
And arm inured to toil,
Of labour never fearful,
At future want I smile:
From Heaven's past mercies, come what m
An argument I'll borrow,
While thankful for God's gifts to-day,
To trust him for to-morrow. S. W. P.



THE THIEF AND THE BEAR.

OR,

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

By the late G. Mogridge, Esq.

"Thou shalt not steal."—Exodus xx. 15

Mary I relate is somewhat wild,
He was told no when I was a child.

Great farmer of the name of Biggs
Quite unlucky with his sucking pigs;
That he would, he could not save his bacon,
Every now and then a pig was taken.
Farmer rose betimes to till his ground,
Say roll'd on and all was safe and sound;
But come and passed as silent as the dead,
Only the more smaller pig had fled,
Such proves," says Ralph, the village wit, so sly,
Enough not a likely bird, a pig may fly."
After hour the farmer rack'd his brain
Both the thief; his efforts all were vain.

Second, a man, the circumstance was rare,
Through the village with a trembling bear,
Accosted the farmer, meekly, if he might
Put Brain in the old barn for the night?
"I" said the farmer, in his blunt reply,
"Let take the barn and put Him in the sty."
Poor, sympathetic made for beast and man;
Bear was mazzled well, a product plan;
He, perchance, if no restriction bound him,
Not make too free with the young porkers round [him.

Night was dark, the whistling wind alone
Heard around in said and dreary tone,
Man all at once there rose a fearful cry
Dread surprise, and fear and agony.
Ider and louder still rose cries and moans,
Sound of hasty feet, and groans and groans;
Poor hapless wretch, with gasping breath,
Grappling with his foe for life and death.

Rose the farmer then, as well he might;
Rose his serving men and sprong a light:
Was the bear-ward backward to attend,
Heard the gruff voice of his shaggy friend,
Well he knew, and sorrs the thought perplex'd him,
Bear beast would play the bear with those who ves'd [him.

Th anxious haste and eager, glancing eye,
Greeted by the cries they sought the sty,
Of there they found, fast in old Bruin's claws,
Was well for him the muzzle cut'n his jaws,
Gasping with pain and terror, Richard Ryan,
One of the farmer's trustiest labouring men,
Who on the bank-side, white-washd cottage near,
Had creditably lived for many a year.
Man confessed his guilt, right glad to go
Into the rude clutches of his fearful foe,
Or he had thought, for certain, that at last
The Evil One had fairly got him fast.

Is chief was penitent, and farmer Biggs
Forgave the trespass, though he lost his pigs;
Or what with shame, and agony and dread,
Suffering remorse, the man was almost dead.

Yes, I forgive thee," spake the farmer free,
For thou hast been a useful man to me;
And never till now, though thou hast served me long,
As I believe, hast ever done me wrong.
Thou'st had a lesson, Dick, that I dare say
Thou will remember till thy dying day.
"The Lord of heaven and earth, in righteous part,
Hath spoken in thunder to thy sinful heart,
"Against his word for lifting up thine heel,
"I am the Lord thy God," "Thou shalt not steal!"

J. B. GOUGH'S ADDRESS TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

DELIVERED IN EXETER HALL.

(Continued from page 11)

Now, here is the deceptive influence of the thing. Every man who begins to drink, looks at the drunkard in the ditch as a being who came out of the hands of his Creator utterly destitute of the qualities that the drink has robbed him of. Now, is it so? Let us see for a moment. Are they all fools who become drunkards? Oh! I thank God that in the temperance enterprise we have been able to prove to a demonstration that they are not.

Affecting Incident.

I was once asked to go and see a drunkard; the worst, they said, in the whole town. I said, "You have no right to ask me to go and see him, unless he wishes to see me; if he comes to me I will see him; or if he wishes me to go to his house I will go." If I went unbidden he might say, "Who told you I was a drunkard? mind your own business and I will mind mine; what until I send for you." I have no more right to go into the poor man's house than into that splendid mansion. The servants would turn me out there; and the working man has as much pride as another man. "But," it was replied, "the man lost a little girl fourteen years of age (and she will carry the marks to her grave) because she went to bed before he went home." "I do not want," I said, "to go to such a man." But his wife is very ill with a bilious fever, and the doctor thinks she cannot get over it; the man has not been drinking for some days, and if you could see him now I believe you might do him some good." Under these circumstances I said I would go, and I went accordingly, and tried to make some excuse for calling. When he came to the door he knew me. "Mr. Gough," he said. "Yes," said I, "will you give me a tumbler of water, if you please?" "O yes, wont you walk in?" I then walked in, and I sat on one side of the table, and he the other. Two little children were playing in the room; and a door was half-opened which led into another room where the wife was lying ill. I began to talk to the man about everything I could think of, but temperance—about trade, the crops, railroads, till I got on to drink—then he headed me off. I began again, and talked about the badness of the roads, travelling, business, drink—he headed me off again. I fancied I saw a malicious smile in his eyes, as much as to say, "Young man, you are not up to your business yet;" and I thought I must give it up. Providentially, I thought of the children, and I said, "Pretty looking children those, sir." "Yes, sir," said he, "they are pretty good children." "And you love your children, don't you?" "Bless the children," said he, "to be sure I do." "And you would do anything in the world to benefit them, wouldn't you?" I asked. Then he looked as if he expected something else was coming; but he said, "Yes, to be sure, I ought to be willing to benefit my children." "Well," said I, "I am going to ask you a plain, simple question—don't be angry with me—suppose you never drank any more liquor as long as you lived, don't you think those children would be better off?" "Well," said the apparently puzzled, "I own you have got me this time; the children would be better off if I were to quit drink." "And you have a good wife, haven't you," I enquired. "Yes, she is as good a wife as ever woman had." "And you love your wife?" "To be sure I do." "And would do anything to please her?" "Well, I ought to." "Now," said I, "suppose you should sign the pledge, would that please her?" "By thunder, I guess it would; I couldn't do a thing that would please her like that. If I signed the pledge I believe my old woman would be about her business in two weeks." "Then you will do it, wont you?" "I guess I will;" and he once spread out the paper, squared his yards, and wrote his name.

The Pledge Signed.

The children had been listening with eyes wide open, looking like little saucers, as we were talking about temperance. One said to the other, "Father has signed the pledge." "Oh!" cried the other astonished, "I will go and tell mother," and away she ran.

(To be continued.)

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

It is very important, young mother, that your infant should live in a home of cheerfulness and sunshine—a home of love.

The little one should never be a witness of anger or evil passions. The dear one comes to you with its little mind full of peace, and you should preserve that state of happiness, as long as possible; but this will not be the case, unless you keep your own spirit tranquil, and your heart with "all diligence," for there is no doubt but the state of the mother affects the child she carries.

Some poor little ones have been known to die in convulsions, or as was supposed in consequence of mothers nursing while under the influence of violent passion or emotion.

How important, then, that a mother should have the love of Christ "shed abroad in her heart," that she may be kept in peace, and, taking the Bible for her guide, she may be enabled to lead her young charge in the footsteps of Him who was meek and lowly, and who has commanded us to take himself as an example, leaning upon Him for strength to aid us in our important work.

Now that your little one is getting on, you will find that other cares and other persons will claim a larger share of your attention, but if you put him in a crib on the floor, or settle him to play with a toy, let him still share your smiles; spare a moment, now and then, to have a game with him, and make him laugh at "mother's play!" It will do him good, and it will do you good.

It is said that laughing is healthful, and that it is particularly desirable that children should be cheerful at the time of taking food, as it will be relished in this doctrine.

When we speak of toys, we do not mean the expensive painted toys; these are soon gone, and may, perhaps, do the very little ones some harm, as they generally put every thing presented to them into the mouth.

A few pieces of wood cut into the shape of bricks, with the edges made smooth, will amuse the little creature a long time; and if put into the mouth will do no harm. They will pile them up, and tumble them down, laugh at the noise, then pile them again.

One of the beatings we know of to amuse children for the little children, for many years, is a BAG BOOK! We know a kind-hearted grandfather who makes our dolls for all the young ones who visit her; and there never was a toy expressly doll which gave so much real pleasure as these.

Anybody can make them with a pair of scissors, a needle and thread, and a pen and ink to make "eyes and nose," as the little ones say. It may be desirable and convenient, knocked about any way; it will quite do, and baby's hand come in contact with it.

We always find that playthings made up by some the little ones much to imagine about them, are far better than expensive toys; for instance, a few cotton reels, when empty, put on a string, will soon be imagined to be "carts and horses;" and a little corner of the room, with a stool before it, makes a fine "house and bed" for dolly.

A mother may thus amuse her little ones, and spare herself, in a thousand ways, without any cost, and with very little trouble.

Do the cares of the world, reader, and discouragements, and fair friends unfaithful, and ever disappointing your bright hopes? Well, this will be; we are easily excuse your inquietude; but try not to allow the evils which you have received from a vexatious world to distract and injure your young charge.

Your infant boy knows nothing of care and trouble, and the thousand his which beset his parents' path. Shield, oh shield him, as long as you can, from the cold atmosphere of a sinful world! Do your joy you cannot always govern yourself as to throw off the sorrows which press upon you from without? Well, we will tell you of a plan; it will cost you no money, nor steal any of your time.—Mothers' Friend.

(To be continued.)

COLUMNS FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS.

SPEAK KINDLY.

"Do hush, will you!" said Mrs. Marker angrily. "I hate to hear any one talk so foolishly."

"I reckon a man may speak in his own house if he pleases," retorted Mr. Marker, quite as illnaturedly as his wife had spoken.

"Let him talk sense then; and that's what a man that pours beer and brandy down his throat all day, never does."

Mr. Marker, who had, after supper, drawn his chair to a table, and seated himself with a newspaper in his hand, started up in a passion and left the house, muttering as he went out,—

"A temper like that's enough to drive any man to ruin!"

Though Mrs. Marker was wrong in speaking to her husband as she did, yet, poor woman! her temper had been sorely tried. When she married Edward Marker, he was an industrious and thrifty mechanic, and for several years, every thing prospered with them, and they were happy. But Edward liked a pleasant glass of liquor, and could see no danger in occasionally indulging his appetite. And so he drank so often as he felt inclined. Time passed on, and the desire for liquor increased. From a glass two or three times a week, it became a glass every day, and in the end, two or three times a day. Idleness came with intemperance, and a host of evils followed in their train.

As soon as Mrs. Marker saw the danger in which her husband stood, she began to remonstrate with him. Either she did not do this in the right way, or he met her remonstrances in an improper manner. Angry words followed, and both were made very unhappy in consequence.

And thus it went on. Marker continued to drink and neglect his work, and his wife kept talking to him about his evil doings, and this not in kindly as she might have done. Whenever she spoke to him, he invariably got angry; and this was not much to be wondered at, for her words were rarely chosen for his gentleness. Mr. and Mrs. Marker had three children, who were witnesses, almost daily, of these painful contentions, for, in her thoughtlessness, Mrs. Marker spoke what came first to her tongue, no matter who was present.

Though intemperate, and, at times idle, Mr. Marker had not wholly given himself up to the evil of drinking. He worked pretty regularly at his trade, and gave the greater part of his earnings to his wife. But he spent at least six shillings a week in liquor, and sometimes more. This sum, added to what might have been earned in the time lost in consequence of intemperate habits, shows a good deal of money wasted, which, if spent in his family, would have given them many comforts.

In consequence of this, poor Mrs. Marker had to work harder and harder every day, and yet, their comforts diminished instead of increasing. Not possessing, naturally, much evenness of temper, nor a great deal of fortitude, she was, at times, very impatient and fretful; and she became more and more much worried by her husband's conduct, that she hardly ever gave him a pleasant word when he was in the house, and was often the cause of his going out and spending evenings in the taverns when he felt inclined to remain at home.

Mary, their eldest child, was, at the time of which we are writing, just eleven years of age. She loved her father very much, notwithstanding his evil ways; and it often caused her to go off by herself alone, and cry, when angry words passed between him and her mother.

On the evening to which we have alluded, in the beginning of our story, Mr. Marker had brought a book home for Mary, which was received by her with great joy. But she had scarcely taken it in her hand, before her mother said, fretfully,—

"What's that?"

"It's a book that papa has bought me," replied Mary, holding up her present.

"He must have plenty of money to throw away," said the mother, ill-naturedly, for she never could let any opportunity that presented itself pass, without saying something that was unkind to her husband. A man who has been drinking, is never entirely rational; and as Mr. Marker had poured two or three glasses of fiery liquid down his throat, he was not, of course, in a fit state for reason and self-control. As usual on such occasions, he had something to say in return and one remark followed another, until there was a war of words. As soon as the bad subsided, the unhappy family went to supper, but none of them could eat with any relish. After they had left the table, Mr Marker, in sitting down for the purpose of reading, happened to say something that his wife thought silly—and men, after they have been drinking, generally talk very foolishly—when she said to him—

"Do hush, will you! I hate to hear any one talk so foolishly!"

Mary was never happier than when her father remained at home during the evening; and if her mother had taken half the pains to induce him to do so, that she did, he would have been with them four or five evenings every week, instead of in the grog shop, as was generally the case.

Poor child! how sad she felt when she saw her father throw down his paper, and go angrily from the house.

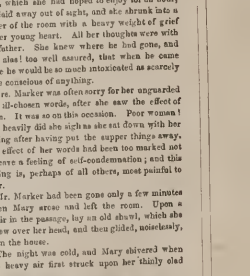
"If mother would only be kind to him," she said to herself, "I am sure he would do better."

The little present he had brought her, showed the affection that was in his heart for Mary, debased as it was, and the child's feelings were affected with more than a usual tenderness by the token. The stroke of a lash upon her back, could not have hurt her half so much as did the angry words uttered by her mother, and when she saw their effect in fairly driving her father from the house, she could not refrain from weeping. The book, which she had hoped to enjoy for an hour, was laid away out of sight, and she shrunk into a corner of the room with a heavy weight of grief on her young heart. All her thoughts were with her father. She knew where he had gone, and was, alas! too well assured, that when he came home he would be so much intoxicated as scarcely to be conscious of anything.

Mrs. Marker was often sorry for her unguarded and ill-chosen words, after she saw the effect of them. It was so on this occasion. Poor woman! how heavily did she sigh as she sat down with her sewing after having put the supper things away. The effect of her words had been too marked not to leave a feeling of self-condemnation; and this feeling is, perhaps of all others, most painful to bear.

Mr. Marker had been gone only a few minutes when Mary arose and left the room. Upon a chair in the passage, lay an old shawl, which she threw over her head, and then glided, noiselessly, from the house.

The night was cold, and Mary shivered when the heavy air first struck upon her thinly clad



(To be continued.)

form. But she soon forgot the wintry atmosphere through which she was passing. A few doors away, was one of those man-traps, called taverns, into which, if any one goes, he is in great danger of being ruined, both in body and soul. To this place, Mary knew that her father went often, and thither she directed her rapid steps. A brilliant gas lamp burned just in front of the tavern, and there was a beautiful transparency in the window. Without, all looked attractive; and there was a promise of good cheer within to tempt the unwary. Before the door Mary stood for a few moments, and then entered stealthily, like one who felt that her presence would be unwelcome.

Mr. Marker, on leaving home, felt very much fretted in his temper. Something had occurred during the day to cause him to redeem; and the consequence was, that he had indulged his appetite for drink less frequently than usual. When he returned to his family in the evening, although he had been drinking, he was nearer to being a sober man than he had been for weeks. This, unfortunately, his wife did not perceive, and her harsh language came, therefore, upon certain good resolutions, like wind upon the chaff, and scattered them in the air.

On going from the house in a passion, Mr. Marker went, as his little daughter had supposed, to the tavern. On entering, he called for a glass of ale, and taking it to a table, sat down with a newspaper in his hand. After taking a draught of the liquor, he commenced reading. But he found little, if anything to interest him. His mind was disturbed; and there was a picture in his imagination, fast, if possible, he would have shut out—a picture of home; but he could not. The pleasure that lit up Mary's face, when he gave her the book he had bought, he saw instantly fade before the unkindly spoken words of her mother, and with a certain bitterness of feeling he clenched his hands uneasily, and set his teeth tightly together. But even while he blamed his wife for her fretful temper, thoughts of his own evil doings and their consequences upon his family, came forcing themselves into his mind, and his feelings smarted under the self-accusations of his own conscience. He had, after running his eye hurriedly over the newspaper, reading a line here and there, but not perceiving any meaning in what he read, thrown it down, and was just lifting his glass to take another draught of ale, when he saw Mary enter the door and look timidly around. The glass, before it reached his lips, was returned to the table; as much surprised was he at the appearance of his child in such a place.

It was a moment or two before Mary saw her father; but as soon as her eyes rested upon him, she was quickly over to where he sat, and taking hold of his hand, said in a low but very tender voice,—"Come, Papa!"

Against angry words, the spirit of the man had instantly rebelled; but his heart turned towards his child, with her loving, gentle tones, and as if led by an angel from amidst a company of evil spirits, he arose and followed her out into the pure cold air. Mary moved on towards their home, and he walked by her side, as passively as if no will of his own remained.

When they reached their cheerless dwelling, both entered, side by side. Mrs. Marker, who until that moment, was not aware that Mary had left the house, looked up from her work with surprise. She was about saying something, when Mary sprung towards her and whispered in her ear, in an earnest, imploring voice, yet so distinctly, that her father heard it,—

"Oh! mamma—*speak kindly!*"

Mrs. Marker's form dropped over her work as if nearly all strength had left her. Her face bent low to her needle, but still, for the gathering tears she could not see. Her husband sat down a short distance from her, feeling very strange. For a few minutes all was silent. Suddenly Mrs. Marker let her sewing fall, and rising up, went over to where her husband sat with his eyes upon the floor.

"Edward," said she, in a low, serious, voice, "In what you will, I'll never speak unkindly again."

"And I'll never drink another drop!" he replied in an animated voice, springing to his feet. In a moment they were in each other's arms, and, in tears, gave pledges for a new and a better life.

Mr. Marker signed the temperance pledge on the very next day, and faithfully has he kept it since. Thus his, few happier homes are now to be found; and none in that home is happier than Mary.

Oh! there is a wonderful power in

KIND WORDS!

SIXPENCE A DAY.

THERE is now an old man in an Alms House in Bristol, who states that, for sixty years, he spent sixpence a day in drink, but was never intoxicated.

A gentleman who heard this statement was somewhat curious to ascertain how much this sixpence a day, put by every year at 5 per cent. compound interest, would amount to in sixty years.

Taking out his pencil he began to calculate; putting down the first year's saving (365 sixpences) £9 2s. 6d., he added the interest 9s. 1½d., and thus went on year by year until he found that in the sixtieth year the sixpence a day reached the startling sum of

£3,225 16s. 8d.

Judge of the old man's surprise when told that had he saved his sixpence a day, and allowed it to accumulate at compound interest, he might now have been worth the above noble sum; so that instead of taking refuge in an Alms house, he might have comforted himself with a house of his own, costing £700, and fifty acres of land, worth £50 per acre, and have left the same as a legacy amongst his children and grandchildren!

GOOD counsel is above all price.

HUDSON'S INTERVIEW WITH THE INDIANS.

IN the year 1609, Hudson the Dutchman sailed up the river in North America which now bears his name. He was anxious to trade with the natives for the fine furs which they collected in hunting.

In the first conference which the voyager had with the Indians, he produced a supply of that which has since proved the poor Indian's curse, FIRE WATER. Hudson first partook of the spirits, and then handed the cup to the Indian chiefs. One after another the "red men of the woods" smelled it, but refused to taste.

Hudson drank again, and with a smack of the lips pronounced it "good." A second time he held the tempting liquor to the poor Indians; and at length, one of the chiefs, more daring than the rest, declared that it would be an insult to their guest, if, when *he* had partaken of it, they refused to do so; and accordingly, he drank off the fiery liquid. He shortly became dizzy and stupid, and his fellow chiefs thought that he would never awaken, but he at length came to his senses. He had scarcely done so, before he asked for more. The other chiefs were induced to follow his example, and the first party of drunken American Indians lay stretched at the feet of the tempter.

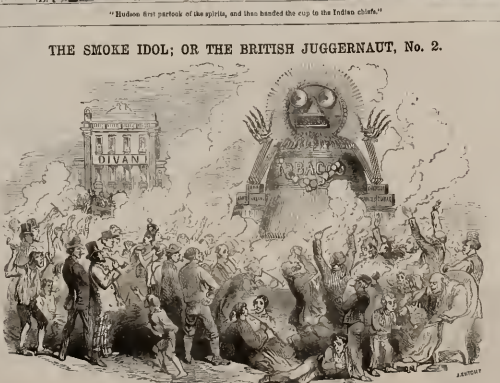
A melancholy tale remains to be told. From the fatal day when ardent spirits were thus introduced, the doom of the poor North American Indians seems to have been sealed. Ship after ship visited the settlement, each bringing supplies of the destructive drink, which were given to the natives in exchange for their furs and other commodities. Tribe after tribe has been reduced from tens of thousands down to hundreds, and several of the finest races are now almost entirely extinct.

Catlin, the celebrated traveller, gives a woeful picture of the havoc produced by the cruelty of Americans and Englishmen who have peopled these poor aborigines to drink the poison cup.

Maungwudaus, one of the fine Red Indian chiefs who came over to this country a few years ago, said to us, "Before your countrymen did bring 'fire water,' many of our people did live a hundred years; but very few do now live even sixty years." Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink. Hab. ii. 15.

"Hudson first partook of the spirits, and then handed the cup to the Indian chiefs."

THE SMOKE IDOL; OR THE BRITISH JUGGERNAUT, No. 2.



It is estimated that during the year 1854, the sum expended in the United Kingdom in cigars and tobacco, and afterwards "lost in smoke," exceeded £8,000,000 sterling.

This enormous sum exceeds the gross amount levied for the Poor Rate of the entire nation, and is about *ten* times as much as *all* the Missionary and Bible Societies put together raised in the same period!

TO THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

In life's broad journey keep within the fence
By scripture reared, and owned by common sense.
Two roads invite you, one the thorny path,
Where drinks are rife, and heaven expends its wrath;
The other smiles, the safe, the sober way,
Which crowns with healthful sleep the toilsome day.

Tread you the first? At once your fame is gone,
Your friends forsake you, and your peace is flown.
There gleams no hope to cheer you at your toil,
No health pervades the breeze, no wealth the soil;
Bereft of credit and your own esteem,
Your life's a fever, and your scene a dream;
Yet onward still the hapless drunkard reels,
Disease and debt and famine at his heels.

Tread you the other? Soon you learn with pride
The joys, the transports of your own fireside.
There smiles your partner, still intent to please,
There cling your children to their parents' knees;
A sober plenty crowns your frugal board,
Your home with comfort and abundance stored;
In health confirmed, sedate in every plan,
You walk erect and feel yourself A MAN!

O, British Workman! can you fail to choose,
When there's so much to gain, so much to lose?
No! come at once, and join the patriot band,
Whose only object is to save the land.
With single aim, a hallowed war we wage
Against the master-mischief of the age.
Love is our watchword, temperance our rule,
Our sword the Bible, and our spear, the School.
With us you're safe, our earnest call obey;
There's danger, nay, destruction in delay!

DR. DUFF.

BRITISH WORKMAN

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ANCE FOR WORKING MEN
CASE OF DEATH OR INJURY.

J D OWEN, M.A St. John's, Bedford Row, London.

AVING is a good thing; but I know something that's better than saving insuring is better, because insurance makes the saving sure. For instance, for a penny a day a man at the age of thirty ure his life for £50; but to raise this putting by the same amount would m nearly thirty-five years. But he ot live ten—five years, or even one The saving then, is uncertain, but oener assures his life, he no sooner has e *small* sum, than he has laid by a comely *large* amount. Suppose he dies ly, (as the Newspapers report a Gentlemen lately, as he was actually leaving an ce office after having paid his first premium) whose family at once receive £2000) nor man's family receive at once their nd that £50 comes home to the broken of the widow just when she most wants a posthumous pledge of the affection of nd. It embalms his memory by the tenciprocity of his bereaved ones, that leads to think the more lovingly of him, who generously thought of them. The man ioce not provide according to his means e *future* of his family, as well as for the at, does but half his duty by them. It is paltry hand-to-mouth fatherhood—bread y, a stone to-morrow, and that a tombon which the thin hungry fingers of his hed children trace a symbol of the cold chtless heart that bequeathed them no pany but their orphanhood.

e orphan's fate was there in emblem shown—
ey asked for bread, but they received a stone!

most eligible society of the kind for many e operative classes, with which I happen e at all acquainted, is the "Accidental h Insurance Company of London." Workmen, in all our leading national trades, cially since the general introduction of mery and steam power, are constantly liable frightful mutilations, to noxious vapours, sudden death. The philanthropic enterse of the age in the form of such a society his, has extended the shield of its insurance r the mangled body of the workman. It ites their attention to a set of proposals, ich, at the peril of their own interests, they ould not disregard. It tells the working sses the insurances that may be effected ainst loss of employment, wages, salaries, or her income, such loss arising from sudden ath or disability caused by an accident. By e payment of eight shillings a year (being ly eightpence a month, or little less than ropence a week) the working man may insure mself, in the event of an accident, ten shillings a week while he is disabled, and one pound for medical attendance, or fifty pounds payable to his family should the accident terminate fatally. Or, by the payment of fifteen shillings a year (being only one shilling and threepence per month, or less than fourpence per week) he may insure himself double the amount under similar circumstances. You may insure also a deferred annuity, if you like, (i. e.), a sort of pension, to begin at a certain age, and thence to continue until death. Thus a man at the age of thirty may secure a pension of ten pounds a year, to begin when he reaches the age of fifty, by saving about threepence a day—(i. e.), if a man deny himself a pint of ale a day for twenty years, he will thus secure himself ten pounds a year as long as he lives. And honourable to such an Annuitant is the pension he has thereby won. Like the medal on the breast of a veteran soldier, it speaks of past services and sacrifices, not a whit less trying some of them, than the perils and privations of the tented field. The valiant wrestler in the sharp fight with poverty and labour, with no song of glory to cheer him on, except the cry of his hungry bairns, and no spirit-stirring music, but the stunning clank of monotonous machinery, wins, as the ancient classics did, a parsley wreath, worn of the humblest among the herbs of the field, but yet a wreath that keeps fresh and evergreen until the manly brow that wore it exchanges it for the turf of the churchyard. Here then you have the principal benefits purposed by friendly societies, conjoined with the still greater advantages accruing from life assurance.

> A prudent man forseeth the evil and hideth himself,
> but the simple pass on and are punished.
> Proverbs xxii. 3

My friends, your country's resources ought to be your own. That they are not, is your fault, not theirs. They wear a stamp of public application, like the light, air, and water, the grand gratuities of providence, which bid all men welcome to their appropriation. It is a ridiculous objection to reply that all these insurance offices are so many schemes of making money. It is this fact—that their financial calculations do make money that makes them practicable. Is it any discredit to any other trade that its profits are certain? and why disparage insurance offices because the profits which their sound calculations realize, secure at once their economical management and permanent solvency? On the contrary, it is in the honourable alliance of philanthropy with trade, that we acknowledge the hand of God in commerce, overruling and directing its mighty energies, like a leviathan engine on our pit-banks, to pump up the depths of penury and sorrow to the surface of society, whence they may be diverted in various channels of mercy, removing out of the way of civil progress, the operations essential to human improvement.

It is the self-supporting principle that realizes the moral secret of perpetual motion; and any system of social amelioration which depends upon extrinsic contributions for its support, carries within itself the seeds of its parasitical mortality. The scheme which pays best will last the longest, and will always command the greatest amount of intelligent patronage.

These then are *some* of your resources, liberal as the government that adjusts their organization to the equitable principles of its own constitution, and accessible as well to the highest and lowest of its citizens, like the perfume of the wild flower, which is equally grateful to hill and valley. You see what your country does for you, but all is in vain, unless you do something for yourselves. The widow lives in her almshouse, children in their parents' house, paupers in a poor house, lunatics in a mad house, vagrants in no house, but a man should be too manly to live in any house except his own! A very little foresight—a few years of habitual frugality—here and there a bit of self-sacrifice, and a steady, persevering laying by, in some such society as this "Accidental Death Insurance Office," where the temptation to touch the deposit, secured to the comfort and

JEFFRY JONES AND ROBERT ROSE;
OR,
TEN THOUSAND BRIGHT GUINEAS OF GOLD.

(See third page.)

respectability of the future, is precluded, by putting it for the time out of your reach, and at but the result is achieved. While other men, doing the same series of improvident years, had been swallowing their houses piecemeal, and here, and there a dry brick seemed to stick in their throats and choke them; and the sudden cutting off of the tipler passes on a cup of sorrow to his bereaved household, who may must drain to its bitterest dregs, the soul-poisoned mechanic grows in stature, wealth, and health to enjoy it. *His habits* insure his life as well as his premium—he lost even a better policy then any office can grant him, so the Christian policy of "a peaceable and quiet life in all godliness and honesty." Avoiding, by the grace of God, the manifold and fearful evils of inebriety, and securing the opposite blessings of provident economy, the negative and positive lines of the electro influence of heavenly virtue, form their circuit round his daily life, that at once protects him from the obstructions of earthly connect, and keeps him in communion with the skies! I think I see the man, whose eye is dilating with the pride of a conscious prophecy, on the prospect of raising a home, and the humble hundred with it, in the arch of moral architecture. A conviction of the approaching dignity of a living freeholder dawns upon his honest features, like the morning blushes that betray the light which she is expecting shortly. He detects himself resolving now and then whom he shall vote for when he gets the franchise, and gently smiles at the thought of "counting the chickens before they were hatched," only he is sure his hopes wont be addled—oh no, the faithful old hen that's sitting at home will take care of that. She was none of your tatters and brawlers, always moulting her feathers or other people's—she never cackled, except it may be when a fresh egg was added to the nest, and the event fairly justified some allusion to it.

I was behind the man's heels as he strolled leisurely home at ten-time, for his work had been heavy that day, and would have been heavier but for the master resolution that counterposed it. A shopmate invites him to a glass of good fellowship, and somehow it seemed just the thing he wanted, and he passed opposite the beer-shop, half inclined to surrender; but then he thought of the chairs that would be waiting their ten, and of their mother that never drank their health even out of the teapot, unless he were by to return thanks for the honour she had done them, unaccustomed as they were to "*public*" speaking, or beer-shop speaking either—so he resisted and went on; and as he went, he mentally added the price of the glass, which he would have spent, to the sum total of first day's earnings, and felt himself a better man by thirepence, and a wiser one by ten times the money. It paid his week's assurance within a penny, and many a week's payment was saved in the same way, till the man wondered how he managed to do *without* the drink; and weeks, and months of weeks, and years were rolled on, and he learned to wonder how he had formerly managed to do *with* the drink, for he did so much better without it. He became his hobby to take down his shelves and see how his investments stood, and tell up the score of his payments that used to be chalked up against him at the back of the tap-room door; but now they were all on the *credit* side, morally as well as financially, and that little pay-book grew to be his social thermometer—his self-respect rose with its entries, and was pretty up daily nearer and nearer to "the last fair." Old cup-mates that used to jeer at his poverty, now complimented him by asking loans of money, which he modestly declined. His wife and little one were neatly dressed, as people should be that were looking forward to occupy a house of their own. Their fare was coarse at times, and its scantiness made it even dainty, for that half-a-crown a week to the building society that was to build their house, doubled their present rent; but they knew it was only doubling it for the thirteen years, to make it none at all for the rest of their lives, so they reached it on, and wrought, and toiled, and pinched together, only the young urchins cried now and then "when the new house was to come home?" and mother used to nod mysteriously, as intimate, with the conscious air of one who was to be her own landlady by and by, that "the house was building as fast as could be, and they'd see one of these days;" and the children thought "it would be a big'un, it was so long in build—as big as a church, only none of the gloomy graves lying about it." Their improvident neighbours, it is true, laughed at their pride and folly, insinuating "they did what they liked with their money—they wouldn't trust it with who knows who—they'd rather spend it themselves, that they would, and know what's gone of it." Others, who in former days used to drink with the man, "hoped he'd ask them to the house-warming—thought mine-coping for the windows more genteel like, it didn't and the clothes hung out to dry enquired who was his architect" if he thought of furnishing, as well as building—whether he meant insuring the premises—if there was to be a back door to let the smoke out," and such like phenomena; but still, against cold and scant, diet and drink, the man held on his way, the more he saved the faster it accumulated—interest upon interest if ever apace, like a snowball, only not so cold, until he was within thirty pounds of his required amount.

But who can insure his living even an hour? Disaster smote down the poor mechanic, and, as he lamented a week a-lying, he was at least spared the final pang of leaving his little ones in abject penury. But how was the widow to meet her weekly payments, now the poor husband, and his wages, were both no more? "Is the new house gone with father?" plaintively asked one of his little ones.

"We said how it would be," cried those that had envied him—"what's to be done with the house-building now?"

"Sell her share at what it will fetch," said one.

"And live upon the loss," said another.

"Or build with the money so far as it will go," said another, "and mortgage it to raise the rest."

"And swallow up the lot in law charges and transfers," said another.

"What could she do with a house if she'd got it?" they all agreed, and the scheme was unanimously held to have failed.

But not so fast, mortgagees. In the mean-time, Mother has gathered into a clean cotton handkerchief, printed with the picture of Elisha and the widow's cruse of oil, her good man's little bundle of papers; she can't read them herself, but she knows a friend as is a scholar, for she has often taken money, at odd times at a time, for her husband, to her friend as is a scholar, and somehow he always made it right between her and her old man when she came back again, for he used to fold up the paper, and look it up in the little deal box which he kept under the bed, and always said, "very good," as he did so; and she bethought her to take back to him the last paper of

Messrs. Partridge, Oakey, and Co. have pleasure in recommending the following publications to the notice of Working Men.

With Four Illustrations.

THE LEATHER ALMANAC. Of Facts and Figures for Working Men. *One Penny.*

With Six Illustrations.

THE GOOSE CLUB. An amusing tale in Rhyme. By A Y Z. *Price One Penny.*

THE FRENCH PATRIOT; Or, the right side of a Politician and Christian. By Mrs. Balfour. *One Penny.*

THE MAN IN THE WELL. An Interesting tale. By Mrs. Gaskin. Illustrated. *Price One Penny.*

VALUE A GOOD CONSCIENCE MORE THAN PRAISE.

ORANGE PEEL, OR DEATHS BY CARELESSNESS.

The *Morning Advertiser* of July 7th, 1853, gives an account of the melancholy death of a man named Edward Sharp. He had slipped on a piece of orange peel which had been thrown on the flags by some thoughtless passer by. In the fall, his leg was fearfully fractured. He was carried to St. George's Hospital, where every effort was made to secure his recovery, but without success. Death terminated his sufferings.

This is not the only death that has occurred in London this year through the throwing of orange peel on the flags. Not long ago, a man named Thomas Hebman, in the employ of Mr. Nash, wholesale grocer, of Arthur Street West, was walking along Arthur Street, with a bag of sugar on his head. He accidentally set his foot on a piece of orange peel that was lying on the pavement, which caused him to slip. Owing to the heavy weight on his head the poor man fell very heavily to the ground, by which he fractured his skull in a shocking manner. He was taken to Guy's Hospital, where every attention was paid to him. Said to say, he remained for a few days in a state of insensibility, and then expired.

Could those who threw down the orange peel, ever which these poor men fell, know the depth of their thoughtlessness, better indeed would be their self-reproachings.

Surely none of our readers who look at this picture will ever be guilty of such a dangerous practice; and we hope that they will never see a piece of orange peel on the pavement without *throwing it into the road.*

Let us also learn from these painful events the importance of always being *ready for death!*

Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb.

From Cupid Illustrated and Billet, No. 25. *May be had through all Booksellers in Sixpenny packets. Five packets may be had 1s 6d Pack, by post, sending half-a-crown in postage stamps, to W. & J. G. Cash, 5, Bedlington Street Whitest. London.*

IN YOUTH AND STRENGTH, THINK OF AGE AND WEAKNESS.

OF JUSTICE, BE SOBERLY, DISTINGUISHED GENERALLY, AND LIVE CONTINENTLY.

J. B. GOUGH'S ADDRESS TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

(Continued from page 15.)

Then mother, when she heard it, called out "Luke, Luke, come in here." The man went in and took me with him. The wife's face was ghastly pale, the eye large, and sunk in the sockets with her long thin fingers she gripped my hand, and said the child took the hand of her husband; and her face, sharp as it was, looked radiant in the light that seemed to battle it, coming from the throne of everlasting love. She then told me what a good husband she had. "Luke," she said, "was a kind husband and a good father; he takes care of the family and a very kind to them; but the drink, you know, sometimes makes a little difficulty." Oh! that little difficulty! God only and the crushed drunkard's wife know what it is. The man stuck his a leaf; then turning down his wife's night dress he said, "Look at that!" On her white shoulders was a bad looking mark. Again he said, "Look at that!" and I saw a bruise on her neck, which made my flesh creep. "Three days before she was taken sick," he said, "I struck her—God forgive me—I struck the woman that was the best of a good husband. Am I? am I a good husband? Look at that! God Almighty forgive me!" He bowed over this woman, and I never saw a man cry so in my life; it seemed as if he had gone into convulsions. "Don't cry, Luke," sobbed his wife. "Don't, please don't; you would not have struck me if it hadn't been for the *drink*; now you have signed the pledge we shall all be happy again. Don't cry."

These are the men you call brutes and fiends. Strip them of the damning influence of *drink*, and they are men. There is no power on earth that will make a man into a fiend like the power of drink.

Young man, sitting now beside that young girl whom you hope to make your wife. You never dream as you look lovingly on her face, that your hand will ever be dashed into that face, sending the blood spouting from the mouth. In never will, unless you do it under the influence of drink.

Working men! brethren in trade, I ask you to look at this enterprise. Is there not something noble in it to say, *I will abstain?* It will exert an influence for others; I will drop a pebble into the ocean, the centre of which is everywhere, and the circumference nowhere. It will drop it there, praying that the ripple may increase until it shall be like a wave beaming, perhaps, upon its bosom, some man saved by my instrumentality? We are here in this world to do good, and we cannot do good without its costing us something.

Roll on this glorious car with thanksgiving and songs of praise from those who have been rescued from the power of the destroyer. Will you help us? That is the question. As a minister once said at the close of his sermon, "You are ready to exclaim, 'Is it all done?' No, it is all over; it remains with you so say whether it shall be done." That God may give you the will, and the desire, and the strength, and the power, to battle against the enemy to the working classes in my sincere and earnest prayer.

Let us stand by side by side in this great conflict; let our motto be,—*excelsior!* our hope,—there is a better day dawning; and our prayer,—"God speed the right!"

THE OLD COACH HORSE.

Had I a coach horse, would I let him toil
When old and feeble, shaming the turnoil
Of servitude with clouds of greater might,
Then drive a bargain, selling him outright
To some hard jobber, when his strength was o'er,
That he might work till he could work before?
I might, for selfishness is ever strong,
But if I did, the deed were doubtless wrong.
Much rather would I give him, if I could,
A peaceful pelleck under some shady wood,
Where he might shelter find amid the blast,
And live in quietude, and at the last
Lay down his weary bones when strength should cease
On the soft, grassy turf, and die in peace.

The desert's desices, the Arab wild,
Love such retreat, and treat him like a child,
Shares with his generous beast his scanty board,
And makes him partner of his bed and hoard.
The grateful steed this tenderness repays
By useful services, and winning ways;
And hears his master, of his burden vain,
Like winged lightning, o'er the sandy plain.

If such the kindness of the Arab's heart,
Blush, Christian! bid thy cruelty depart!
Blush crimson red, and ask a kinder part.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. Thompson.—The aliments to which some trades are subject, and the various modes of relief shall have notice.

To those Booksellers who have written us expressive of their deep interest in the success of the "Poor Man's Friend," we return our warmest thanks. Hand Bills and Placards shall be supplied.

J. Ecclesall.—Shall be inserted.

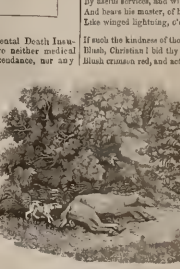
Any books and suggestions from correspondents for increasing the circulation in their respective neighbourhoods will be thankfully received.—Address, 5, Cambridge Terrace, Hornsey Park, London.

C. S. & R.—We have sent the numbers to the London City Mission and County Towns Mission as requested.

On the principle of the "Accidental Death Insurance Company"—who require neither medical examination, nor personal attendance, nor any reference, except such as may be necessary to identify the insurer—in these peculiar grounds, it prefers peculiar claims to the consideration of the public, and seems to me to justify this special notice of it, which I have thought it well to indite on this occasion.

We think it well to state that this notice has been inserted without any fee, and that the company is formed by, and having ascertained that it is well worthy of the support both of working men and employers, we feel pleasure in thus recommending it.

The address of the "Accidental Death Insurance Company," is 1, Bank Buildings, Lothbury, London, where details of rates, &c. may be had. (Ed. B. W.)



HINTS FOR THE WIVES OF WORKING MEN.

A MODEL FOR WIVES.

The Dove is spoken of in the Bible as a striking symbol of simplicity, gentleness, innocence, kindness, affection, and fidelity. Is not the Dove, then, a first-rate model for a good wife?

THREE THINGS A WIFE SHOULD BE, AND THREE THINGS A WIFE SHOULD NOT BE.

A Wife, domestic, good, and pure,
Like Snails, should keep within her door;
But *not* like them still in silver track,
Place all her wealth upon her back!

Like a Town Clock a wife should be,
Keep time and regularity;
But *not* like clock hurriedly so clear,
That all the town her voice may hear.

A wife should be like Echo *true*,
And kindly speak when spoken to;
But not like echo, still be heard
Contending for the final word.

Cleanliness gives Comfort,—Sobriety brings Health,—Industry yields Plenty,—Honesty makes Friends,—Religion procures Peace of Mind,—Consolation under Afflictions,—the Prospect of God's Blessing, through Christ, in this Life, and the Assurance of endless Happiness and Glory in the Life to come.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

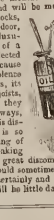
(Concluded from page 15.)

Take your little one, while yet a babe, place him on the chair in your room to watch you kneel, and, holding it with a mother's fondness, from your heart before God, for the precious immortal creature given to your trust.

You have no idea, if you have not tried the plan, how very soon baby will understand that it is now a solemn time, therefore he must be still.

Ah, you! very soon the little fluttering feet will settle you to that very chair, and put up his little hands at ten minutes of prayer, while you ask for blessings on his young head; and then, in after days, when your prayer is answered for praise, up in that chamber land, that chair and that prayer was be remembered, and your boy will bless God that he had a praying mother, while he asks for help to enable him to walk in her footsteps, and serve his absent mother's Redeemer.

A DROP OF OIL.



Every man who lives in a house, especially if the house be his own, has to oil all the various parts of it once in two or three months. The house will last much longer, and will be much more quiet to live in. Oil the locks, bolts, and hinges of the street door, and it will shut gently, with harmonious ease, and with the use of a small amount of force. A neglected lock requires great violence to cause it to shut, and with so much violence that the whole house, its doors, its windows, its very floors and joists, are much shaken, and in time they get out of repair in all sorts of ways, to say nothing of the dust that is dislodged every time the place is so shaken. The incessant banging of doors, scrooping of locks, creaking and screaming of hinges, is a great discomfort. Even the hallway crumbs should sometimes be oiled, and they will act more certainly and with such gentle force that there will be little danger of breaking any part of them. The castors of tables and chairs should be sometimes oiled, and they will move with such gentle impulse and so quietly that a sleeping child or old man is not awakened. A well-oiled door hole opens and shuts with hardly a whisper. Three pennyworth of oil used in a large house, once a year, will save many shillings in locks and other materials, and in the end will save many pounds in even the substantial repairs of a house, and an old wife living and sleeping in quiet repose will enjoy many more years of even temper and active usefulness. Housekeepers, pray do not forget the oil. A stitch in time saves nine, and a drop in time saves pounds.—*The Builder.*

The Rev. John Newton, when his memory was nearly gone, used to say that, forget what he might, he never forgot two things, 1st. That he was *a great sinner*—2nd. That Jesus Christ was *a great Saviour.*—Two most important subjects of recollection.

Health, peace, content, and domestic tenderness are the sweets of life; and they often smile more brightly on the humble roof of virtuous industry, than on the mansion of the rich.

TEN THOUSAND BRIGHT GUINEAS OF GOLD.

Jeffry Jones and Robert Rose were digging in the same field, very near together. Robert worked manfully, but Jeffry, ever ready to be seen leaning on his spade, and wishing he time in idle musings. Jeffry was ignorant of the utter depravity of the human heart that is not washed in the blood of Christ, and consequently he was ever ready to complain of the world, and as he knew these the Holy Spirit. His besetting sin was a desire after the pleasures of the world, and as he knew these could not be obtained without money, so money was too often the object of his idle speculations. Robert Rose was a Christian indeed; he had been taught the plague of his own heart, and had been led to trust wholly in Christ as his Saviour, and thus possessed, "through the blood of his cross," that peace of God which passeth all understanding. He had rebuked Jeffry more than once for not attending to his work, but it appeared to be in vain. At length Jeffry could no longer keep his wishes to himself, and a conversation ensued of which the following is the substance.

Jeffry Jones.

Oh! if some one would give me my wish, Robert Rose,
How pleasant my moments would fly!
No task on the wing should more merrily sing,
And no prince be more happy than I.
I would not care a fig for my cot and my pig,
Nor my few acres of sheep on the wold,
For a purse, deep and wide, should be placed at my side,
With ten thousand bright guineas of gold.

Robert Rose.

Come! Come! Jeffry Jones, if you're wishing again,
You may just as well sit on the style;
It may be a bad trade, for you lean on your spade,
And your work it stands still all the while.
Better wish that your heart may be grateful, and strive
Contentment and peace to obtain;
For the rich man, I guess, without these, will possess
His ten thousand bright guineas in vain

Jeffry Jones.

Ay, Robert, such stuff, it may do well enough
For some folks, but you know that I doubt it;
I'm so bold as to think, that if I had the chinks,
I should be better off than without it.
Where happiness is to be found, Robert Rose,
People different opinions may hold;
But all that are wise, why they know that it lies
In ten thousand bright guineas of gold.

Robert Rose.

How strange are the fancies that rise in your brain,
It would seem that your mind was possest;
For no folly can make a much greater mistake
Than that riches can make a man blest.
No! no! Jeffry Jones, you're mistaken indeed,
You might live 'mid your houses and land,
And yet still you might go to destruction and woe,
With ten thousand bright guineas in hand.

Jeffry Jones.

Oh! I wish, Robert Rose, you would tell me at once,
Where the shiners my hand may obtain;
And my poverty I prove, that as long as I live
I will ne'er be unhappy again:
But listen a moment and hear what I say,
And you'll own, though you now speak so bold,
That a man may get merit, and all pleasures on earth,
With ten thousand bright guineas of gold.

Robert Rose.

Well! well! Jeffry Jones, then I'll listen awhile,
Yet, I know I shall listen in vain;
Who could ever put his trust in such glittering dust,
In affluence, or perils, or pain!
Believe me, you're easily deceived, Jeffry Jones;
It's been tried by the young and the old;
And though hoard it a been sought, yet peace ne'er could be bought
With ten thousand bright guineas of gold.

Jeffry Jones.

Now the very first thing that I'd do, Robert Rose,
I would get all my enemies around,
And that poor wretched cot, that by labour I got,
I'd burn down to the very first ground.
Then I'd hold up my head as I walk'd mid the crowd;
And I'd scatter my chinks as I strolled;
How the village would stare, when they heard me declare,
I'd ten thousand bright guineas of gold.

Robert Rose.

But what joy would it be, Jeffry Jones, could you see
Your cottage in flames on the ground?
Or what good would arise from your neighbours' surprise
When you scatter'd your riches around?
If thus you begin with your pelf, Jeffry Jones,
One may guess what would soon be the end;
Your riches would flee, and no better you'd be,
Though ten thousand bright guineas you spend.

Jeffry Jones.

The next thing I'd buy use a fine coach and six,
And rattle away o'er the stones;
I would drive through the town, while they call'd out aloud
See! look there! that's the great Jeffry Jones!
The rich, and the proud, they would all be my friends,
When they saw that a riches I rolled,
I should have at command the best lord in the land,
With ten thousand bright guineas of gold.

Robert Rose.

I wonder what next! While the great Jeffry Jones
In his chariot was rolling around,
I believe that I've made the best use of my spade,
And you are but just at the ground.
But go on, Jeffry Jones, let us know all the rest,
For, I see, I must work all alone;
On what next would you fix, with your fine coach and six,
And ten thousand bright guineas your own?

Jeffry Jones.

My dogs and my horses should be of the best;
I'd be lord all the time of my life;
The house that was mine, like a palace should shine,
And I'd marry a beautiful wife.
Then, dress in gold lace, I would visit each place,
And see all my eyes could behold,
And I'd spend like a lord; this I well could afford,
With ten thousand bright guineas of gold.

Robert Rose.

Alas! Jeffry Jones, what a life would you lead,
And how little enjoyment you'd find;
For the things that you say, were they all yours to-day,
Would not add to the peace of your mind.
Your dogs might run mad, and your horses might die,
Your beautiful wife be a scold,
Your splendid attire, and your house be on fire,
With ten thousand bright guineas of gold.

Jeffry Jones.

Robert Rose, you're determined to try all you can
To torment me, but do your endeavour;
If my house were on fire, you'd be pulling the nigher,
For I'd build me one bigger than ever.
If my dogs and my horses were dead at my feet,
My wife sick and sad, I'd be glad;
As they fell I'd buy more, without wasting my store
Of ten thousand bright guineas of gold.

Robert Rose.

And what is to keep you in health, Jeffry Jones,
And your money from wasting away?
For where pleasures abound, many dangers are found,
And many a tax you will pay.
But, suppose that you lived a long life from free care,
You know that a man must grow old;
You would then find in vain, amid sorrow and pain,
Your ten thousand bright guineas of gold.

Jeffry Jones.

To keep me in health, all the days of my life,
I'd have doctors, by dozens, at hand;
A part of my store, laid out well, would bring more,
And add to my houses and land.
You talk about getting in years, Robert Rose;
And, a's true that a man must grow old:
But my days, I'll contrive, will be blest in old age,
With ten thousand bright guineas of gold.

Robert Rose.

But while, Jeffry Jones, you are spending your wealth
Your life will depart like a breath;
There's another thing yet, that you seem to forget,
And that is, the day of your death;
With all things around, if your heart could desire,
When your health and your strength were no more,
I should like then to know, what enjoyment would flow
From ten thousand bright guineas in store.

Jeffry Jones.

Robert Rose, I'll agree that there must be an end
Of all pleasure on this earthly ball;
For life hastens so fast, we shall all die at last,
And the rich and the poor they must fall.
But a man should never trouble his head about pain,
While he pleases and wields can behold;
Though in death, I well know, I shall feel rather low,
With ten thousand bright guineas of gold.

Robert Rose.

When stretched on your death-bed, all sickly and pale,
Your friends would get round with a sigh;
And with every hope past, c'on your doctors at last,
Would pronounce that their patient must die.
And perhaps, then, the question would rise in your mind,
While the heart is the bosom grow cold,
What a course have I run—what good have I done
With ten thousand bright guineas of gold?

Jeffry Jones.

You are right, Robert Rose, and that question in death
Would, perhaps, make one feel rather queer;
In expending my pelf all alone on myself,
I've not foolishly acted, I fear:
For I own a were misfortunes are known to abound,
And a tale of distress shall be told,
If he's got a to spare, that a man ought to share
His ten thousand bright guineas of gold.

Robert Rose.

'Tis a sin against God when we more would obtain
Than a servant of God should require,
And many sad dread are the ills that are spread
In his world against sinful desire.
The terrors that dwell in the law of the Lord,
O'er their head in a flood shall be roll'd
Who their Maker deny, and his threat'ning defy
For ten thousand bright guineas of gold.

Jeffry Jones.

Robert Rose, I believe you are right in the main,
Yet in this you don't seem to be clear,
For you say that I sin, when to wish I begin,
But, pray, how can I make it appear?
What harm could be done by my thoughts, Robert Rose,
Though I wished the whole world to be mine,
With its cattle and sheep, and a purse wide and deep,
Where ten thousand bright guineas might shine.

Robert Rose.

You were taught, Jeffry Jones, in the days of your youth,
To learn the commandments at length,
That you might not depart from your God with your heart,
With your mind, or your soul or your strength.
But how, Jeffry Jones, can you think upon God,
Or his righteous commandments upholds,
When your heart's all on fire with sinful desire,
For ten thousand bright guineas of gold?

Jeffry Jones.

That is true, Robert Rose, and I will not deny
I went wrong in the road that I trod,
But, indeed, Robert Rose, I did not suppose
That in wishing I sin'd against God.
Now I see that I do not delight in his laws;
Or obey what the Scripture has told;
Nor could I seek his fame, while I put in his place
Ten thousand bright guineas of gold!

Robert Rose.

Then seek His forgiveness; acknowledge your sin,
Through faith in the Saviour, O fee!
And to God pour the prayer, in the hour of despair,
"In thy Mercy, have mercy on me!"
His grace can impart truer joy to your heart,
Turn your riches ten thousand times told,
Though the gems you command, of the sea and the land,
And ten thousand bright guineas of gold.

Abridged from a Tract published by the Religious Tract Society.

HINTS FOR THE DAUGHTERS OF WORKING MEN.

OUR FEMALE DOMESTICS.

The tens of thousands of female domestics throughout our land are chiefly *the daughters of* Working Men; we feel therefore, that by occasionally devoting a portion of our space to this important, and important class of our countrywomen, we shall have the hearty approval of our readers.

FEMALE SERVANTS' HOME SOCIETY,

10, Hinton Garden, London

Matron.—Mrs. Charlotte Peake.

There is no place in the world where female servants are exposed to so many snares and temptations as in London. Thousands have been ruined when out of place, by yielding to the solicitations of designing people, who under the pretence of friendship have offered them lodgings, which in too many cases have proved houses of infamy. A committee of influential ladies have generously taken some practical steps, not only for providing a comfortable home on reasonable terms, for *female* servants whilst out of place, but also to assist in procuring them suitable situations.

We earnestly recommend all such to apply to the Matron of the Female Servants' Home Society, 110, Hinton Garden, London.

TWO GOOD THINGS.

(A WORD TO SERVANTS OUT OF PLACE.)

A good servant! A good Mistress! These are two good things which should always go together. But how shall we manage this?

You are a *servant*. Well, then, I am sure you wish to *be* the first, and have the last of the two. The first thing to be done, of course is to be a good servant yourself. If one good thing be missing, the *two* cannot be complete.

Now *are* you a good servant? Perhaps you are; perhaps you are not; perhaps you don't know which you are. Two simple marks will help you to find out. First, a good servant *understands her business.* Second, a good servant *serves the Lord Christ* in that business.

KITCHEN MAXIMS.

Anger begins with folly, and ends with repentance.

An inflexible temper has much to suffer and little to gain.

Argue not with those who delight in quarrels.

As modesty is the brightest ornament of women, the want of it is the greatest deformity.

A prude discourages him who on merited stream.

An evil conscience is a most implacable accuser.

A mutual endeavour to please immeasably polishes the mind.

A clear conscience fears no accusation.

Be honest; seek humility; practise economy; have fidelity.

Affectation in dress implies a flaw in the understanding.

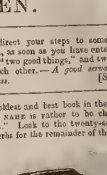
A flatterer is a most dangerous enemy.

A friendly admonition is a special mark of true friendship.

Without the first mark, you cannot be a good servant, *yet*, if willing to learn, you may become so presently. Without the second mark, your principles are fixed on no sure and lasting ground, and you cannot be expected to stand upright in the storm of any strong temptation.

But have you these two marks? Then you are "a good servant;" now let us try to find "a good mistress" for you. You are "out of place," but you are "in search of a place." One role includes everything. *Pray* and *try. Pray* for you sound, and God cannot fail you. He knows numbers of christian masters wanting christian servants, and He can "direct your paths" in as no land to you to them. And try for this is the way to show that you are in earnest when you pray, and are looking out for God's answer. Be diligent, then, in making enquiries for a suitable "place." And when you come to apply for one, and seem likely to get it, be not ashamed to ask whether the means of grace will be given or denied you. You have no right to grumble afterwards if you take no pains to enquire beforehand.

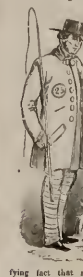
Pray and *try*, and your Master in Heaven will direct your steps to some earthly home, which, as soon as you have entered it, will contain "two good things," and two great blessings to each other.—*A good servant*, and a *good mistress.* [Sent by C. H.]



The oldest and best book in the world says, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Look to the twenty-second chapter of Proverbs for the remainder of the verse.

SIX-DAY CABS.

It is a most significant and gratifying fact that since the new Hackney Coach Act came into operation, upwards of 1,000 London cabs have got "SIX DAY PLATES;" that is, they are licensed to run on the six working days of the week, *but never come out on the Sabbath.* About 3,000 cabs are still employed in the metropolis on the Sabbath. Let us rejoice that already 1,000 men and horses have a *day of rest.*



The six-day cabs are readily distinguished from the others by being numbered

10,000

and upwards. Any cab having *five* figures on the plate, (10,000 and upwards) *does not run on the Sabbath.*

"I can generally tell," said a gentleman, "the six-day cabmen from the seven-day men on a *Monday morning,* without even looking at the numbers of their cabs!" "How so?" enquired a friend. "They look so much *fresher* and happier after their Sunday's rest, than the seven-day men. Both they and their *horses* are more lively," was the reply.

"SIXPENNY FARES!"

A CORRESPONDENT says, "I have been in the habit for years of riding into the city (although but a distance, for me, of about three-quarters of a mile) for which I have paid fourpence each fare. When the new cab rates of sixpence per mile commenced, I heard that many complaints of 'hard times' were made by the cabmen, and I resolved to pay sixpence each journey to them instead of paying fourpence, as heretofore, for the omnibus. This would have cost me five pounds a year additional, but I thought I would try to save it in some other way. Instead however of thanks I got nothing but surly looks and ill-natured remarks, until at length I was glad

to return to the omnibus, and thus instead of spending fifteen pounds a year amongst cabmen, they do not get a penny of it, and I pocket my five pounds a year!"

THE BEATEN CARPET.

SOME people have a habit of trying to turn little things to good account. And Old Humphrey is one among them, though he does not always succeed. You shall hear of one of his little adventures that occurred last summer.

It was near sunset when I found myself at no great distance from a cottage, which had attached to it a piece of waste ground, partly surrounded with a fence of high boards. While looking up at the many coloured clouds in the direction where the sun was declining in the sky, my attention was arrested by the sound of repeated blows, which appeared to be struck on a soft substance. Blow followed blow in such a regular manner, that they reminded me of men threshing in a barn with a couple of flails, only the sound was much duller than that made by threshers.

All at once the blows ceased, and then I heard a man cry out, "*Rap him again sharply, for he has a deal of dust in him yet.*" The moment I came to the end of the high fence, I saw a large carpet, stretched on a rope between two poles, and two men beating it with all their might. The mystery was now made plain, and I no longer wondered at the words, "Rap him again sharply, for he has a deal of dust in him yet."

Now, the thought may be considered a little fanciful, but it did occur to me that most of us have required, in our time, as heavy a drubbing as the carpet had received. "Yes," said I, "we all need to be tried, and chastised, and humbled, for we are proud, and selfish and worldly-minded; we think much of earth, and little of heaven; much of ourselves, and little of our heavenly Father; and beating is not more necessary to a dusty carpet, than trial is to those whose hearts are cleaving to the dust.

If we all more steadily believed that the rod is meant to purify us, or in other words, to get the dust out of us, we might then set more quietly under the merciful corrections of our heavenly Father. How does this apply to you, my readers? Have you been beaten, and are you the better for it? Have any of you been visited with trouble, and can you say, "Before I was afflicted, I went astray; but now have I kept thy word . . . . It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes," Psalm cxix. 67, 71.

> Look up! look up! when troubles frown,
> That God may send a blessing down.

Hardly do I think that any of us reflect sufficiently on the value of our daily cares, which are, perhaps, after all, as necessary as our daily bread. When they draw us to our heavenly Father, we have, indeed, reason to be thankful for them. Sweet it is in the day of calamity, and the hour of trial, to be able to cast all our cares on Him who careth for us.

> Sweet to the confidence of faith
> To trust His firm decrees,
> Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
> And know no will but His.

Oh, the buffetings and beatings through which many of God's people have passed! Look over a small part of the "bill of fare," if I may so call it, of St. Paul's afflictions:—"Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Yet all these were blessed to him.

Now, considering the matter in this light, the wonder is, not that we are beaten, but that we are not always being beaten. Not that we should have affliction, but that we should ever be free from affliction, for we bring it upon ourselves by our transgressions.

> No earthly power can ward the coming blow,
> Sorrow and sin through life together go.

Truly we have all been dealt with very tenderly; what mercy is mingled with the seeming severity of the words of the Holy One, when speaking of his people:—"If they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless, my loving-kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail." Psalm lxxxix. 31—33.

As I returned from my pleasant walk, at the very moment that I repassed the cottage and the high fence, the same voice which I had heard before, cried out, "*There! let us take him down now, for he looks all the better for his beating.*"

"Well," thought I, "the beaten carpet was not at all likely to be forgotten by me before, but now it is pretty sure to be retained in my memory. That it looks the better for being beaten, I have no doubts at all. My evening walk has not been in vain, for I have at least obtained a subject of reflection."

The following letter from

His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury,

HAS BEEN KINDLY FORWARDED TO US BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN.

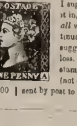
DEAR SIR, *Lambeth, May 15th.*

I have to thank you for making me acquainted with the "British Workman;" a publication which seems to be admirably suited to its purpose, if it can possibly be supported; but it is got up in a style so far superior to its price, that I am afraid that the projector will be obliged to discontinue it before it has reached the circulation which it ought to attain. I hope that so much promise may not be nipped in the bud, and am,

Dear Sir, Your faithful Servant,

REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A. J. B. CANTUAR.

*** It affords us great pleasure and encouragement to find that so influential a personage as the Primate of all England, regards our humble efforts as worthy of his commendation. With respect to the fear expressed by the Archbishop, we avail ourselves of the opportunity of again urging our readers to give us their hearty co-operation in raising the circulation up to the self-supporting point. One of our most practical correspondents says, "I am grieved to read in your valuable paper, the 'British Workman,' that you will not be able to continue it unless its circulation is greatly increased. It already circulates 20,000 copies here, but cannot be carried on without a circulation of 100,000. May I suggest that an appeal be made to all those who already take it in, to persuade *four others* to follow their example, and if *all* will but adopt this plan, the circulation required for its continuation will be secured." If our readers carry out this suggestion, we shall soon be relieved from the present heavy loss. Much may be done by the expenditure of a few postage stamps in forwarding copies to friends. Four or five copies (not exceeding 4-lb.) of the "British Workman" may now be sent by post to any part of the three kingdoms for a penny stamp.



TO OUR READERS.

PACKETS containing *eighteen* copies of "The British Workman" may be had *post free,* to any part of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, the Channel Islands, the Shetland

and the Orkney Isles, by forwarding *eighteenpence* in postage stamps to the publishers, Messrs. Partridge, Oakey, and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London.

We hope that many of our readers will order packets to be sent to their friends in order to make the paper more extensively known.

The "British Workman is sold by Oliphant & Son, Edinburgh; Galloe and Scottish Temperance League, Glasgow; Robertson, Dublin; Brenner, Heywood, Manchester; Dewar, Thomson, Liverpool; White and Pike, Birmingham; and may be had through all Booksellers.

POOR, YET RICH.

A GENTLEMAN was walking across a meadow a few years ago, when he overtook a beggar bending under the weight of three-score years and ten, carrying a bundle of sticks on his back. "Well, my friend," said the gentleman, "where do you think you will be in twenty years?"

"In heaven, I hope, sir," cheerfully replied the poor old man. On further conversation the gentleman found that this beggar was *rich* in faith, and rejoiced, even in poverty, having a behoving trust in Christ.

Surprised at the clear scriptural views of salvation expressed by the poor man, the gentleman inquired where he had got all his knowledge. "I will tell you," said he. "About nine or ten years ago, I was begging at one of the houses in the Royal Crescent, at Brighton. After waiting for some time, as no one gave me anything, I turned and walked away; a servant then came after me, and said that a lady had sent me a

penny and a little tract, which she desired I would read. *It was that little book, or, which taught me about faith, and about being born again.*"

BRITISH WORKMAN

No. 6. PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & CO.; A. W. BENNETT; AND W. TWEEDIE, LONDON. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

WHAT ENGLAND OWES TO WORKING MEN.

From a speech by Sir SAMUEL MORTON PETO, *Bart.*

I HAVE for many years known the working classes, and I am happy to say, that I believe there exists not within the length and breadth of this fair and, a band of men more loving to their Queen, more faithful as subjects, more true, and loving, and grateful as citizens. From my earliest youth it has been a satisfaction to know and to observe what this country owes to working men. I am not here to flatter my working friends. I disdain any man who would flatter, who would say that which he thought to be not true, for the purpose of ingratiating himself with another. But what do we owe to the working men? The greatest of modern improvements—that which has characterised the nation as taking the foremost walk in all the advance of science, and which has given an impetus to our trade, facilitating intercourse among the people, doing the work of the greatest advancer of moral feeling, moral worth, and all that is valuable in this country, next to the press and the pulpit—I mean the railways of this country—we owe them all to THE WORKING MAN. My friend George Stephenson, some years since, was merely a *working man in a coal mine!* In the first instance he was brought into public notice as the inventor of the "Safety Lamp," I will not say as the sole inventor; but it is a singular fact, that when the discovery presented itself to Sir Humphrey Davy, the lamp was at that very time in use by George Stephenson. He afterwards turned his attention to the steam-engine; thinking that that which was then fixed might, by being made locomotive, become useful to the country as a steam-horse. You know how he went on step by step; you know how his discovery has advantaged not only this, but many other nations. And this we owe to *the working* men. I could tell you how that man employed himself in things not immediately connected with his trade, but in mending the shoes and watches of his neighbours, that his son might have a university education; and that son at the present moment occupies the proud position of being the first engineer in this country!

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men. *Proverbs* xxii. 29.

I hate to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly: if it be wrong, leave it undone.—GILPIN.

WHAT TOM SPRIGGS SWALLOWED

"LISTEN, lads," cried Bill Jenkins, to a group of his fellow workmen as he held up the second number of the "British Workman," and read as follows:

"SWALLOWING A YARD OF LAND! Dick, let's have a pint of beer, said a railway navvie to his mate. Nay, Jack, I can't afford to drink a square yard of good land, worth £60 10s an acre. What's that you're saying? Why every time you spend threepence in beer, you spend what would buy a *square yard of land*. Look here:—There are 4840 square yards in an acre, threepence is one-fourth of a shilling; divide 4840 yards by 4, that gives 1210 shillings; now divide that by 20, and there you have £60 10s the cost of an acre of good land, at threepence a quart pint!"

"Bless me!" muttered Tom Spriggs, "is that true?" as he sat on a block of stone by the side of Bill Jenkins, looking none the better for his last night's "spree." "True enough, Tom," replied Bill Jenkins, "you once told me that you had never spent less than ten shillings a week in drink for the last twenty years, so that you see, Tom, you have swallowed at the least a ten *acre field* of good grass land, and the rent of that, Tom, would be no bad thing to keep a working man in his old age from the poor-house!"

WHAT HAPPENED TO JOE BARKER.

By T. S. ARTHUR.

** This month, the state of New York, with its three millions of people is to carry out the "Maine Law." As this novel is exciting the wonder of the whole civilized world, the following graphic description, by a talented American writer, of the introduction of this extraordinary law into another of the states of the Union, will be interesting to our readers, whether they be liquor makers, liquor sellers, liquor users, liquor abusers, or liquor reformers. ED.

"Don't go out, Joe," said Mrs. Barker, as she saw her husband take his hat and move off quietly towards the door of his cottage.

"I'm not going to stay long."

And as Barker said this, he glided from the room. Mrs. Barker followed quickly, with the purpose of arresting his progress, and bringing him back into the house.

Now, Joe Barker was a very weak-minded man, one of those so-called innocent, harmless creatures, who are their own worst enemies, and, as a matter of course, enemies to the peace of all with whom they have intimate relations. He was very good-natured, even when in liquor; and, what is more remarkable still, good-natured under the sharp words of his not over-patient wife, who never failed in her duty towards him, so far as reproof and angry invective were concerned. There was no lack of occasion for these, in the almost daily defections of Barker, whose temperance resolutions, when in sight of a dram-shop, were strong as threads of wax in a furnace heat.

Mrs. Barker, as just said, followed quickly, in order to intercept her husband's movements. She knew, very well, for what purpose he was going out after supper. There was only one attraction stronger than home for him, and that was the tavern. When Mrs. Barker passed forth and stretched out her hands to grasp the form of her weak husband, she clutched but the empty air. Anticipating this very movement, Joe had sprung away with nimble feet the instant the door was closed behind him; and was far beyond the reach of his wife's intercepting hands when she made her appearance.

"Isn't it too much?" exclaimed Mrs. Barker, as she went back into the house, after satisfying herself that Joe was fairly beyond her reach. "He's got his whole week's wages in his pockets, and ten to one if he doesn't get rid of nearly half of it before he comes home. I wish every tavern in the State was burned down, and every tavern-keeper in the penitentiary—and it would be so before long, if I had my way. It's no better than robbery to take the money of a half-innocent like him. If I had only been in time to stop him and get his money out of his pocket!"

Mrs. Barker was both vexed and grieved; as much so, that she sat down and wept.

In the mean time, her husband made his way to the nearest tavern, which was not very far off. Poor Joe Barker! The words of his wife, when she called him a "half-mounted," nearly expressed the truth. His intellectual range was very low. He could read—early drilling in the district school had accomplished for him so much; and he ability to read was rarely put to any good use. Newspapers he saw now and then at the tavern, but he never found much in them beyond a vulgar anecdote, that interested him. Of the history of current events, he did not understand sufficient to encourage thought in that direction. In fact, general knowledge as to what was passing in the great world around him, was as much hidden from his dull eyes, as if it were in a sealed book. He worked at his trade, that of a cooper, very much as a horse goes round in a mill. He had learned how to make a barrel, somewhat indifferently; and daily, when not too much overcome with drink, he set on the wooden horse in the old coopers' shop, deliberately working his drawing knife—or arranging the staves in form, and hammer them down with a heavy and little need of intellectual skill to keep on with his tools. He knew how to make a barrel, and that was about the extent of his knowledge in mechanical science. His earnings range from twenty-and-a-half to five dollars a week, but never went beyond the last mentioned sum. Too large a proportion of this found its way into Landord's till, much to the injury of Joe Barker and his miserable family. Strong liquor on so weak a brain made it only the weaker, and the poor innocent wife-sufferer, was little better than a good-natured fool when drunk.

It was all in vain that Betsy Barker, his faithful, though neglected wife, and often justly indignant wife, went many times to the tavern-keeper who sold him drink, and implored him to leave, in the name of God and humanity, not to sell her husband intoxicating drinks. Coarse in soul or wicked whose was all the response she would get, weeping and despairing, to her cheerless home and half-starving children.

Thus it was with Joe Barker when he came on the night in which we have introduced them to the reader. What was a little unusual for Joe, he had worked steadily all day, and was anxious, going to the tavern to get a drink. In fact, Betsy had talked to him so earnestly in the morning, and pointed so his mind to the sad and evil consequences of his way of life, that he had made one of his feeble resolutions to become a sober man. His resolution he had been able to keep through the day, sustained therein by the useful labor in which he was engaged. But, when evening came, and he finished his work for the week and the good fellows there assembled, with whom he was wont to meet, he was unable to withstand the impulse that led him to the tavern. He was, seeing a favorable moment, he left the house, ere his watchful partner could prevent him.

Dropping down a narrow street, not far from the poor hovel in which he dwelt, Joe Barker was soon in front of "The Dragon," an old drinking house of the worst description. He was right against the closed door ere he noticed the absence of the large red lamp, which had so often tempted him with thoughts of good cheer within; and he pushed several times against the door, ere fully satisfied that it was fastened within.

"What's the matter here?" muttered Joe, in some bewilderment at so singular a state of affairs. Stepping back a pace or two, he looked up at the house. "Lamp out—door locked—shutters closed—what's the matter?—old Gilbert's not dead, I hope."

Two or three feeble raps were made on the door, but only a hollow sound came from within.

"I don't understand it at all," said Joe Barker, now observing, for the first time, that this particular neighborhood, usually crowded, so to speak, with noisy tipplers every evening, had a deserted look. Here and there a man might be seen moving briskly along, as if on some particular errand, or on his way home. But, there was no group at the corners, no loud talkers; none of the usual evidences of drinking and riotings.

"It can't be Sunday morning," thought Joe, and he stood still, trying to think, with his hand on his forehead.

No; it was not Sunday evening, he was certain of this; for he remembered that "The Diamond" had always been ready to receive customers—whether it were Saturday or Sunday evening.

"He's dead, or moved away." This was the only conclusion to which Joe could arrive. So he passed on, trying to think.

"I'll go round to Spriggs's; for I must have a drink to-night."

And so the poor, mesgrely-clad creature went shuffling along the half-deserted pavement, where, otherwise, he had been wont to meet, at every turn, wretches odd to the verge of intoxication, and even more degraded than himself. But few of these were now to be seen, and they were evidently as much bewildered at the absence of drink as everything else, as he was.

Spriggs kept a drinking and gambling den, in the next square from Gilbert's. Thither Joe Barker groped his way, for the street was unusually dark—the large lamp in front of "The Diamond" now extinguished, had, of itself, put up the whole block. Stranger still, Spriggs's den was closed. A dim light, shining through one of the upper windows, encouraged Barker to hammer on the shut door for admittance. Two or three times he knocked before there was any evidence of life within. Then a window in the second story was opened, and a man's head thrust out.

"Who's there?" was growled in a gruff, almost angry voice.

"Hi, Spriggs, is that you?" cried Barker.

"What, in wonder, is the matter?"

"Who are you, and what do you want?" returned Spriggs, sharply.

"I'm Joe Barker; come down and let me in. I want the stiffest glass of rum-toddy you can make: for I haven't tasted a drop since yesterday."

"If I do come down, it'll be a sorry time for you, old chap!" was the passionate answer of Spriggs. "Off with you, and the instant!"

"Why, what's in the wind, now, neighbour?" said Barker, more puzzled than before. "Have you all shut up shop—turned pious, and joined the church?"

The tavern keeper sputtered out an oath, as he drew in his head, and closed the sash with a heavy jar.

Joe Barker was mystified worse than ever. What could it all mean?

"Something must be decided." He looked for a strip of crape; but the old iron latch-guard was guiltless of the drapery of mourning. A wooden block stood by the door, and upon this Barker sat down to think, if his mental processes could thus be definitely.

"The 'Diamond' and Spriggs, both shut up. Can't make it out. Is the world coming to an end? May be, somebody's murdered, and they've been closed by the police? Shouldn't wonder! They say Spriggs is a bad fellow, and that Gilbert was once tried for his life. That's it, as sure as a gun! I'll bet Spriggs off to Paul Dixon's. They'll know all about it, there." Paul Dixon was another grog-seller, whose barroom was close by, round the corner. Thither Joe directed his steps, impelled as much by an awakened curiosity, as by an all-consuming thirst. Wonder of wonders! All was dark and silent in the neighbourhood of Paul Dixon's. Even the great lamp, with its stained glass sides, and variegated letters, had been taken down, and the bare lamp-post, as it stood on high, against the sky, added to the deserted aspect of things, so new, and strange, and unaccountable.

"Something's wrong," murmured Joe Barker, in a subdued voice. "Something's to pay." He looked at the lamp-post, at the closed windows and door of Paul Dixon's tavern, and sighed. He really felt melancholy.

"I wish I had a good drink," he said, musing to himself. "I never was so dry in my life. I wonder if all the taverns are closed, Gilbert, Spriggs, and Dixon shut up? Can't make it out, no how."

Thus talking with himself, Joe commenced retracing his steps, but very slowly, his eyes cast down on the pavement. So lost was he in a bewildering maze of doubts and suggestion, that, ere aware of an obstruction in his path, he came suddenly, and with quite a shock, against a very sober old fashioned-pump, that signified its consciousness of assault, by rattling somewhat noisily the chain of its iron handle.

"Hi, hi! what's the matter now?" ejaculated Barker, moving back a pace or two, and trying to rub the bruised shoulder with his hand, "Good old pump! Aha! I've had many a cool drink here, in my time, both as boy and man; and I'm sorry to see you, for one, not made use of a fool than some people say I am by nature. Good evening, Mr. Pump!" continued he in a gloomy manner, as he passed on the contact with the pure element had sharpened his wits—"Let us shake hands, or shake handle, just as you please, for old acquaintance sake. I've been trying to get a drink for this half hour. But, not a drop is to be had for love or money. The rum-sellers have all shut up shop, it seems. I hope you're not on a strike, too. Let's see!"

Joe Barker lifted the handle, putting the iron lady under the spout as he did so, and forcing it down with a strong jerk. Out gushed the crystal water, looking clear and beautiful even in the feeble street-light. It flashed and sparkled its sides, and went splashing down upon the pavement. There was something pleasant in the sound, even to the ear of Barker; and there was a feeble awakening in his mind of dear old memories about boyhood, and the early times when he was a better man than now.

To his mouth he placed the brimming ladle, and drank a pure draught of nectar. Just as he had removed the vessel from his lips, and taken a deep inspiration, a hand was laid on his shoulder familiarly, and a friendly voice said—

"Cheerily, neighbour! that, neighbour Barker, than ever was found at 'The Diamond,' across yonder, and a thousand times better-into the bargain. I'm glad to see you returning to your old friend again, and hope you may never have occasion to desert him. Friend Pump is worth a score of your Spriggs, Dixons and Gilberts. What a blessed thing that you are for ever rid of their friendly offices!"

"For ever rid of them?" said Betsy. "What does it ail mean, neighbour? What has gone? Has any one been murdered?"

"Murdered! No, not exactly that; but, you know that the old villain Alcohol died last night."

"Dead? What! or Doubter who may be in service in some lonely spot, "far, far away."

We hope that the day is fast approaching when a similar great step will be taken in the direction of those who are the great and good man Elihu Burritt, the American Blacksmith, will have the desire of his heart granted, that, for the sake of his beloved country, the Anti of Public Opinion for no longer.

AN OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.

THE JEWS.

WHEN the Merchants of Bensalem assembled in Parliament, the Great for "Protection" received the ruinous commotion of Gilbert Barrow, the Monarch asked how the Jews managed in those calamitous times. The answer was, that they were up early and late, never travelling about, lived very economically, and were consequently with small gains on rapid returns. "Very well," said the enlightened Monarch, "go and be kind to the conduct of your business."

THE KING of Dahomey, an African Monarch, says a recent traveller, wears a diamond feeds him upon rum, and slaughtered his wives and children. "Cousin," said the hare, "you have a very good appetite." "Yes, I can eat my fill wherever I go," said the tortoise, "for I am so guarded that when I see danger I withdraw my head into my shell."

WHICH SABBATH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

It is not in an accusing spirit that we take up the pen, but in a spirit of love to our fellow men, regretting that any should lightly value what is far beyond all price, and lose what can never be regained. The Sabbath is a good, a great good, nor would we willingly lose any favourable opportunity of impressing our own hearts, and the hearts of others with the advantages of keeping the commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Exodus xx. 8.

It is the wish of every one to be happy; happy here and hereafter. How is it, then, that so many neglect the Sabbath? so important an element in the happiness of man. His Sabbath who made the heavens and the earth, and whose tender mercies are over all his works.

Who loves the Sabbath idle his cares decrease,
And keeps his soul in holy joy and peace.

The Sabbath of the reprobate, if such it may be called, has nothing to recommend it; it includes neither the love, nor the fear of the Lord. It is a space of time filled up with folly and vice, such as late lying in bed; reading irreligious and obscene publications, smoking tobacco, rambling in the fields with dissolute companions, tormenting dumb beasts, indulging in gaming, fighting dogs, and brawling in a pot-house. Out of such pastimes rials, how can any abiding comfort be obtained? Truly may it be said that the reprobate cannot enjoy a day of rest, for, "There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked."
Isaiah lviii. 22.

What'er may be his pastimes,
or his pleasures,
There is no sabbath for a wicked man.

The Sabbath of the slothful may be judged of by the picture which the wise man drew of one addicted to sloth. "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth; and thy want as an armed man." Proverbs xxiv. 30—34. If such be the week day, when there is a worldly motive for exertion, what must be the Sabbath, when that motive ceases! Up, slothful man, and call upon the Lord.

Turn it how'er you will in every way,
A slothful sabbath is a sinful day.

The Sabbath of the worldly-minded man is a mongrel kind of day, being neither a resting rest, a work-day, nor a holyday. There is in it a deal of lounging about, reading of newspapers, and putting of finger nails; together with balancing of books, telling on the sale, driving to the Parks and dining with some laughter-loving friends, of whom it may be truly said, "God is not in all their thoughts." Poor children trifler, you are flittering away golden opportunities of laying up stores for eternity. What will be your answer, when the great Judge of all shall say to you, "Where are the sabbaths that I gave you, and to what use have they been applied?"

A worldly-minded sabbath leads astray
The erring heart from Heaven's eternal way.

The Sabbath of the hypocrite is a day of jugglery and deceit. What is and therein is said to be heard of what is done, and what is done therein is done to be seen by them. Of all sabbaths this is the saddest. It is a whited wall and a painted sepulchre. Affected piety and hollow hearted prayers abound, but they cannot make a day of holy rest and peace. Man may be deceived by these things, but God cannot. "The hypocrite's hope shall perish; whose hope shall be cut off, and whose trust shall be a spider's web," Job viii. 13.

The sabbath of the hypocrite, at best,
Is but the counterfeit of holy rest.

The Sabbath of the self-righteous is a day of miserable delusion. Shall a man born in sin and conceived in iniquity advance his holy day setting up himself and his own works. The language of piety is the language of humility. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake, Psalm cxv. 1. A man must be for gone from God, before he can trust in his own righteousness, instead of the righteousness of his Redeemer. The sabbath of such a one is much more likely to be a curse to him, than a blessing.

A blot upon his brow the sabbath flings,
A scarlet mockery of eternal sleep.

The Sabbath of the humble christian is full of deep repose and sacred joy. A blessed season of mingled peace and exaltation. It gladdens the heart, brightens the hope, and confirms the faith of the lowly follower of the Redeemer, who then by waiting on God renews his strength, his soul truly magnifying the Lord, and his spirit greatly rejoicing in God his Saviour. Such a sabbath is a release from the cares of the world, a gift from above, and a help on the way to heaven, and the language of the exulting spirit is, "Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him and bless his name. Psalm c. 2, 4.

The sabbath dawns, and grateful thoughts arise
On wings of prayer and gladness to the skies.

The Sabbath of the reprobate is no sabbath at all; but only a holiday that ignorance, and cruelty and crime make the worst use of. The sabbath of the slothful is a season of sin, producing wretchedness and sorrow. The sabbath of the worldly-minded may hinder, but cannot help him on his way to heaven. The sabbath of the hypocrite is a mere counterfeit, a curse rather than a blessing. The sabbath of the self-righteous is a reproach to them, and a blot upon his brow, while the sabbath of the humble christian puts gladness in his heart, and a song of thanksgiving in his lips; it lightens his earthly cares, and brightens his heavenly expectations. Say, then, Reader, if as yet you have not decided,

Speak out, that conscience may no more accuse
Your long delay, which Sabbath will you choose?

"REMEMBER the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Extract from a Lecture delivered by W. C. CLAYTON, ESQ., M.A., *of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at law, and late Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge.*

"THE Dictionary tells us that DIRT is 'whatever, adherent to anything, renders it foul or unclean.' Our eyes tell us that it takes away the beauty of whatever it touches. Our sense tells us it weakens and disorganizes. And our feelings tell us that it is repugnant to health and comfort, and purity, and social enjoyment.

DIRT is not a part of our nature. It is a parasite, thriving on another's blood like a vampire. That spy the vampire sucks away the life without the poor victim's knowing anything about it. It is just the same with dirt. Poor Celia of mankind lies in dirt, and lose a large part of their health and comfort in consequence. What is it that robs the working classes, in many of our large towns, of nearly half their natural term of life? Dirt, dirt on the person, in the houses, in the streets, and in the air. What is it that makes the children fretful, impatient, and bad tempered? DIRT again. What is it that keeps rich people from associating with the poor, from assisting them at meetings, or letting them come to their houses? Often not so much pride as DIRT. What is it that destroys sufferers, makes them careless and degraded, and weakens the natural resistance of medicine? DIRT, again. What is it that makes the prettiest face ugly, the finest clothes tawdry, the rarest man disagreeable, and the most splendid house uninhabitable? DIRT, again.

KIND WORDS.

KIND words are amongst the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home. Use them, and especially round the fireside circle.

A PROMISE.

A PROMISE should be given with caution, and kept with care. A promise should be made by the heart, and remembered by the head. A promise is the offering of the intention, and should be measured by reflection. A promise and its performance should, like the scales of a true balance, always represent a mutual adjustment. A promise neglected is a debt unpaid.

PROSPERITY too often has the same effect on a Christian, that a cooling sea has on a Dutch Mariner, who, frequently, it is said, on its boisterous decrease, ties up the rudder, sets drunk, and goes to sleep.

"WHAT's Whitney bringing?" enquired a drinker in that district. "Bringing men to the Gallows," was the reply.

THERE is in St. Petersburg a good old custom, requiring every female taken up drunk, male or female, to sweep the streets the next day for a number of hours.

COLUMNS FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS.

TWO IN HEAVEN.

"YOU have two children," said I. "I have four," was the reply; "two on earth, two in heaven."

There spoke the mother! Still here! only "gone before!" Still nourished, loved, and cherished, by the hearth and at the board; their successors draw life from the same faithful breast where *there* dying hands were pillowed.

"Two in heaven!"

Safely housed from storm and tempest; no sickness there, nor weary feet. By the green pastures, tended by the Good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the heavenly fold.

"Two in heaven!"

Earth less attractive! Eternity nearer! Invisible cords, drawing the natural soul upward. "Still emal" voices, ever whispering *"Come!"* to the world-weary spirit.

"Two in heaven!"

Mother of angels! Walk softly! Holy eyes watch thy footsteps! Cherub forms bend to listen! Keep thy spirit free from earth-taint; so shalt thou "go to them," though "they may not return to thee."

"And David said, While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept. . . . But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." 2 SAMUEL xii. 22, 23.

THE WIFE'S GENTLE REPROOF.

ONE day as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a fine large codfish, and sent it home, with directions to the wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking was prescribed, the good woman well knew that, whether she boiled it, or made it into chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him for once, if possible, and therefore cooked several portions of it in several different ways. Dire, alas, with some difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook at the back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed on the table, and, with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, husband."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it. I will bet anything that you have spoiled it for my eating." (Taking off the cover.) "I thought as; what in creation possessed you to fry it! I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, husband, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You didn't think any such thing; you knew better: I never loved fried fish. Why didn't you boil it?" How stupid.

"Why, Zachariah, the last time we had fresh fish, you know, I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some also." So saying, she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod, nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish; a sight of which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ire of ill-nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish, this!" exclaimed he, — "boiled fish! chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it into a chowder!"—His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed! I dare say it is a very unpalatable, wishy-washy mess; I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was the concise expression of his, and had been accompanied by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a large BELL PEPPER, of portentous dimensions and pungencious aspect, stretched out full length! Zachariah sprang from his chair, not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

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A GOOD HOUSEWIFE.

A GOOD housewife should not be a person of one idea, but should be familiar with the *flower garden* as well as with the *flour barrel*; and though her *lesson* should be to *leave* expense, the *colour* of a fine rose should not be less valued than the *order* of her household. She will prefer a yard of shrubbery to a yard of satin. If her husband is a skillful *sower* of grain, she is equally skillful as a *sower of gurmuts*. He keeps his *hoes* bright by use, she keeps the *hoes* of the whole family in order.

BREVITY.

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"A poultice," quietly answered the learned doctor.

The next day she returned and said: "Better."

"Continue the poultice," replied Dr. A.

In a week she made her last call, and her speech was lengthened to three words: "Well,—your fee."

"Nothing," said the exalted physician, "*you are the most sensible woman I ever saw.*"

HONESTY.

A QUAKER passing through a market stopped at a stall, and inquired the price of cotons.

"I have none," said the honest countryman, "that will suit you; they are decayed, and their flavour is gone."

"Thank thee, friend; I will go to the next stand."

"Hast thou good fruit to-day?" said he to the dealer.

"Yes, sir; here are some of the finest of my garden. They are small, but rich of their kind."

"Then thou canst recommend them."

"Oh, certainly, sir."

"Very well; I will take two." He carried them away, and they proved not only unsound, but miserably tasteless.

The next morning he again repaired to the same place. The man who sold him the fruit the preceding day, asked him if he would like some more.

"Nay, friend, thou hast deceived me once, and now, although thou mayest speak the truth, still I cannot trust thee; but thy neighbour does deal uprightly with me, and from henceforth I shall be his patron. Thou wouldst do well to remember, and learn by experience, that a lie is a base thing in the beginning, and a very unprofitable one in the end!"

THERE is a difference between seeing a good book and reading it; between reading it and remembering it; between remembering it and understanding it; and between understanding it and applying it to practice.

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BACKBITING.

THE longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the following rules which I have laid down for myself in relation to such conduct.

1st. To hear as little as possible what is to the prejudice of others.

2nd. To believe nothing of the kind until I am absolutely forced to it.

3rd. Never to delight into the mind of one who circulates an ill report.

4th. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others.

5th. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

Rev. CHARLES SIMEON.

"By love serve another."—Gal. v. 13.

"Speak not evil one of another, brethren."—James iv. 11.

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."—Psalm cxli. 3.

"Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth."—1 John iii. 18.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his trouble and afford,
And feel a brother's care.

We engrave our wrongs in marble; our benefits in the sand.

A COTTAGER'S LAMENT.

AN English labourer, whose child was suddenly killed by the falling of a beam, wrote the following lines, which are very melancholy event. They are touchingly beautiful.

Sweet laughing child! the cottage door
Stands free and open now
But, oh! its sunshine gilds no more
The gloomy room below.
The merry step hath passed away
The laughing spirit is banished ay.

Thy mother by the threshold sits,
And listens for thy tread
And slowly—slowly, as she knits,
Her tears are shed.
Her little housework lies undone
And unobserved she may work on.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

THAT house will be kept in a turmoil where there is no tolerance of each other's errors, no lenity shown to faults, no yielding of one another's wills, no submission to injuries, no soft answer to turn away wrath. If you lay a single stick of wood in the grate and apply the match to it, it will go out; put on another stick and they will burn; add half-a-dozen, and you will have a blaze. There are other fires subject to the same conditions. If one member of a family gets into a passion, and is let alone, he will cool down, and possibly be ashamed and repent. But oppose temper to temper; pile on the fuel; draw in the others of the group, and let one burst answer be followed by another, and there will soon be a blaze which will overrap them all in its burning heat. "Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any; even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye." Col. iii. 13.

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VENTILATION.

If you open the lower sash of a window, there is more draught than if you open the upper sash. The reason of this is, that, if the lower sash be open, cold external air will rush freely into the room and cause a draught inward; if the upper sash be open, the heated air of the room will rush out; but if you open both sashes you discharge the bad air and at the same time let in the fresh.

Well ventilated rooms are essential to health.

A HAPPY JACK TAR.

A SAILOR'S Experience Meeting was held in the Seamen's Chapel in Commercial Road last Christmas day, to which we were kindly invited. It was one of the most interesting meetings we ever attended. Various weather beaten Tars voluntarily rose and bore testimony to the value of religion on the mighty deep. One old Tar, after touchingly reverting to his wild and wicked ways in early life, said, "Friends, I have sailed to nearly every large port in the world, and have seen many grand sights; for many years I sought happiness amongst drinking, swearing, and licentious shipmates, but I never *found it*. It was not until I took a new tack, and steered for the heavenly port that I knew what *happiness* was. I have more *real joy* in one hour's reading of my Bible than I had in all the years of my wicked-ness!"

A WISE ANSWER.

An illiterate Arab was once asked how he felt assured of the existence of God. "In the same manner," he replied, "as I know, by the footprints on the sand, that a man or beast has there passed by."

PUBLIC PUMPS; PUBLIC HOUSES; AND PUBLIC MORALS.

MR. EDITOR.—Some time ago I had to go down by the Great Northern night train, which was delayed at Peterborough from 11 p.m. till 1 a.m.

To occupy the time, I took a stroll through the Streets of the City, and was much surprised to find, even at a few minutes past eleven, that every Public House I passed, (except one) was closed. Scarcely a light was to be seen in any window. The whole City seemed to be wrapped in sleep. In London, Birmingham, or Manchester, I should have met with scores of drunken people, here I neither saw nor heard a solitary inebriate. On entering the Cathedral yard just as the great Bell struck the midnight hour, I heard footsteps. It was the old Watchman. On expressing to him my pleasure at the quietness of the place, and enquiring whether any special means had been taken to prevent drunkenness, he replied, "Why you see Sir, our Clergyman, Mr. Davys, joined the Temperance Folks a few years since, and it has made a vast change, Sir. Some o't biggest drunkards we had in't place, Sir, are now sober and respectable men It's wonderful Sir, what good Mr. Davys has done among 't working folks here, Sir?"

On referring to the numerous PUBLIC PUMPS I had seen in the Streets, and noting that I thought they had something to do with the Public Morals, the old watchman began to praise the parish authorities for providing such a goodly number of these pumps in the streets of Peterborough. As I left the Cathedral yard and returned to the Station, I thought, and subsequent observation has confirmed the impression, that if all Parish Pastors would follow the good example of the one at Peterborough; if they would use their influence to get Public Pumps erected, there would be fewer Public houses, and Public Morals would undergo what the old Watchman so truly called "a vast change" for the better.

I am, Sir,

London, 20th June, 1855. A CONSTANT READER.

N. B. Pears are for Benjamin Hall, of the Board of Health, to let us have more public pumps. If London (in proportion to the population) were as well off in this respect as Peterborough, we should have upwards of 300 metropolitan public pumps

REMOVAL OF OLD SMITHFIELD CATTLE MARKET.

WE thank God that the horrid barbarities which have for so many years been inflicted upon the poor Cattle in Old Smithfield have at length been brought to a close.

Their long continuance has been a national disgrace.

The poor animals whose lives are taken to supply man with food, ought to be treated with all possible kindness, and when being slain, should be put to the least suffering that is practicable.

An Artist who was once passing by a Slaughter House in the vicinity of Old Smithfield, witnessed the sad sight of a number of sheep *thrown headlong down a number of steps into the cellar* where they were to be slaughtered. We have seen calves subjected to somewhat similar cruel treatment.

By Royal Proclamation Old Smithfield has been for ever closed as a Cattle Market, and on the 13th of last month the noble and capacious New Smithfield Cattle Market was formally opened by His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

Amongst the many and ample provisions of this New Market the Abattoirs or Slaughtering Houses promise to do much for the prevention of those wanton cruelties to which the dumb creation have hitherto been subject. We hope to give further particulars in future numbers.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

Packets of the "British Workman" can now be had by any of our readers, or will be forwarded to their friends, Post Free, as follows:—

4 Copies for	8d.	Or for one year		8s.
16	"	1s 4d.	"	16s.
24	"	2s.	"	24s.
32	"	2s. 8d.	"	32s.
48	"	3s 4d.	"	48s.
96	"	5s	"	48s.

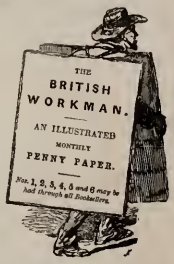
The packets may be had assorted if desired, as Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, or 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

Orders with remittances to be addressed to Messrs. Partridge, Oakey, and Co. 34, Paternoster Row, London. Stamps under 10s. may be sent in Postage Stamps.

TO OUR READERS.

We deeply regret that we are unable to reply by letter to the numerous friends who have sent us valuable suggestions, together with expressions of sympathy and encouragement. We have had letters from all classes,—from the Nobleman down to the Peasant, from Birmingham workmen, who say they will be his "to-morrow," to the Sailor on the "Ocean Wave," but we finds time to introduce and recommend the "British Workman" to his fellow Sons of Toil, is particularly cheering. A few such workmen in every town would soon extend the circulation so as literally to be continuous our work with comfort.

A Gentleman in one of the northern counties has purchased 100 copies of the June number, and has sent a person round to the villages in his locality with placards, to promote the circulation.



If our friends will avail themselves of this privilege conferred by the Post Office Regulations, we feel assured that we shall obtain a large accession of readers. We are encouraged by the past and hope for the future.

SLAUGHTER-HOUSE NEAR OLD SMITHFIELD.

No. 7.

BRITISH WORKMAN

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR BY S. W. PARTRIDGE, AT THE OFFICE OF THE "BRITISH WORKMAN," NO. 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

GREAT MEN WHO HAVE RISEN FROM THE BENCH.

NOT from the JUDICIAL BENCH only, but also from the JOINER'S BENCH have arisen some of the noblest of men; thus proving that where the hard-toiling mechanic rightly and perseveringly applies his talents, he may rise to, not only influence, but frequently to affluence.

INIGO JONES, the celebrated architect, who was patronised by the nobility and crowned heads, not only of this, but of other countries, commenced life as a common *carpenter*.

BRAMAH, the celebrated engineer, who conferred so great a boon upon his country and the world by the invention of the *Hydraulic Press*, was apprenticed as a *carpenter*.

DR. JOHN HUNTER, who by the common consent of all his successors, is regarded as the greatest man who ever practised surgery; he who left behind him one of the greatest monuments of skill of which this country can boast—the Hunterian Museum, was the son of a Scotch farmer, and until nearly 20 years of age, worked as a *carpenter*, with Mr. Buchanan of Glasgow. Though rough in his manners, and very deficient in his education, he rose by his indomitable perseverance to the highest pinnacle of fame.

HENRY PETO, Esq. the original proprietor of the extensive square of buildings known as Furnival's Inn, in Holborn, London, started life as a *carpenter*.

JOHN HARRISON, born at Foulby, near Pontefract, the inventor of the COMPOUND PENDULUM and the TIME KEEPER for ascertaining the longitude (for which invaluable invention he received £20,000 from the Government) was the son of a *working carpenter*.

OPIE, so well known as the late president of the Royal Academy, was the son of a *carpenter*.

HAYDN, the celebrated composer, was the son of a *wheelwright*.

GEORGE HARVEY, Fellow of the Royal Society, the celebrated mathematician and President of the Plymouth Athenæum, started life as a *carpenter*.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS, an eminent London Magistrate, whose remains are interred in Westminster Abbey, was originally a *carpenter*.

DR. SAMUEL LEE, the celebrated professor of Hebrew, at the University of Cambridge, was, at the age of twelve, apprenticed as a *carpenter*. This eminent and accomplished scholar received his education in the *Charity School* of Longnor, near Shrewsbury.

THOMAS CUBITT, who designed and built the QUEEN'S residence, Osborne House, in the Isle of Wight, was once a working *carpenter*.

TREDGOLD, one of the ablest engineers of which this country can boast, the author of the popular work on the Steam Engine, was apprenticed to a common *carpenter* in his native village of Brandon near Durham. For five years he worked as a journeyman carpenter in Scotland.

Reader! do you ask *how* it was that Tredgold raised himself up in life? Tredgold's biographer gives you the reply:—"During *his leisure hours* he diligently studied Chemistry, Geology, and Mathematics, which was *the secret* of his extraordinary success in after life."

Let our readers make good use of their *leisure hours*, and some of them will assuredly rise to eminence.

The present SIR S. M. PETO, BART., is not ashamed to own that he once worked at the bench as a *carpenter*.

ALDERMAN CUBITT, one of the greatest builders of the present age, worked at the bench as a *carpenter*.

INFLUENCE OF A VILLAGE CARPENTER.

BY A CANADIAN MERCHANT.

HAVING tarried a few days in a beautiful village of the West, I embarked in a vessel which was crossing one of the great lakes. Three other individuals had taken passage, and night coming on found us waiting for a breeze.

About nine o'clock, as the sails were hoisted, another passenger came on board. When we had cleared the harbour he entered the cabin, and seemed to suppose that he was alone; for we had all retired to our berths. The lamp was burning dimly on the table, but it afforded sufficient light for me to discover that he was young. Seating himself beside it, he drew a book from his pocket and read a few minutes. Suddenly, from on deck, was heard the voice of the captain uttering oaths, terrific beyond description. The youth arose, laid his book on the chair, and, kneeling beside it, in a low whisper engaged in prayer. I listened attentively, and though his soul seemed to burn within him, I could gather only an occasional word, or part of a sentence, such as "mercy," "dying heathen," "sinners," &c. Presently he seemed in an agony of spirit for these swearers, and could scarcely suppress his voice while pleading with God to have mercy on them. My soul was stirred within me. There was a sacredness in this place, and I was self-condemned, knowing that I also professed the name of Jesus, and had retired with my fellow-passengers to rest, not having spoken of God or committed myself to his care.

Early in the morning I was awaked by a loud voice at the door of the companion-way,—"Here! whose tracts are these?" followed by other voices in threats and imprecations against tract distributors, bethels, temperance societies, &c.

I thought of the young stranger, and feared they would execute their threats upon him; but he calmly said, "These tracts, sir, are mine. I have but a few, as you see; but they are very good, and you may take one, if you wish. I brought them on board to distribute, but you were all too busy last night." The sailor smiled and walked away, making no reply.

We were soon called to breakfast with the captain and mate. When we were seated at the table, "Captain," said our young companion, "as the Lord supplies all our wants, if neither you nor the passengers object, I would like to ask his blessing on our repast."

"If you please," replied the captain, with apparent good-will. In a few minutes the cook was on deck, and informed the sailors, who were instantly in an uproar, and their mouths filled with curses. The captain attempted to apologise for the profanity of his men, saying, "It was perfectly common among sailors, and they meant no harm by it."

"With your leave, captain," said the young stranger, "I think we can put an end to it.

Honest is a severer, and the young lad positively for his men, the captain was puzzled for an answer; but after a little hesitation replied, "I might as well attempt to sail against a head wind as to think of such a thing."

"But I meant all I said," added the young man.

Well, if you think it possible, you may try it," said the captain.

As soon as breakfast was over the oldest and most profane of the sailors seated himself on the quarter-deck to smoke his pipe. The young man entered into conversation with him, and soon entered into the adventures of his life. From his boyhood he had followed the ocean. He had been seized on the billows in many a tempest; had visited several times almost every port in different parts of the world, and gave his testimony to the good effects of the missionary efforts among the natives of the Sandwich Islands. Proud of his nautical skill, he at length boasted that he could do any thing that could be done by a sailor.

"I doubt it," said the young man.

"I can," answered the hardy tar, "and will not be outdone, my word for it."

"Well, when a sailor passes his word, he ought to be believed. I know a sailor who resolved that he would stop swearing; and did so."

"Ah!" said the old sailor, "you've anchored me; I'm fast—but I can do it."

"I know you can," said the young man, "and I hope you will anchor all your shipmates safely with yours."

Not a word of profanity was afterwards heard on board the vessel. During the day, as opportunity presented itself, he conversed with each sailor singly on the subject of his soul's salvation, and gained the hearts of all.

After supper he requested of the captain the privilege of attending worship on the cabin. His wishes were complied with, and soon all on board, except the man at the helm, were assembled. The captain Bible was opened, and he read was given him in early life by his father, with a request that he would never part with it. We learned that our friend read Mathew's account of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection, and then looking round upon us he said, "He is risen, Jesus lives! I am a living witness."

It was a melting scene. Knees that seldom bowed before now knelt at the altar of prayer, while the sublimities of eternity seemed hanging over us. After prayer we went on deck and sang a hymn. It was a happy piece, *Rejoicing Faith*. Instead of confusion and wrath, there was sweet peace and solemnity. We ceased just as the setting sun was fringing upon us his last cheering rays.

The captain, deeply affected, went into the cabin. He, too, took his Bible, and it was engaged in reading till we had retired to rest.

After this, for three days, we regularly attended Christian worship, and had many interesting conversation on various subjects; for there was nothing in the religion of the young stranger to repulse the cheerful and social intercourse. From his familiarity with the Bible, his readiness in illustrating its truths and presenting its motives; and from his fearless but judicious and preserving steps, we concluded that he was a minister of the gospel. From all he saw, he gathered himself he cast at his Master's feet, and in all his movements aimed to show that eternity was not to be trifled with. A few hours before we arrived in port we ascertained that he was a *mechanic—a village carpenter*.

Before we reached the wharf, the captain came forward, and with much feeling bade him farewell; declared that he was resolved to live as he had done no longer—his wife, he said, was a Christian, and he meant to go and live with her; and added, "I have had ministers to passengers on my vessel Sabbath-days and week-days, but never before have I been so touchingly reminded of the family altar where my departed parents knelt." As we left the vessel, every countenance showed that our friend had, by his decided, yet mild and Christian faithfulness, won the gratitude of many, and the esteem of all.

We soon found ourselves in a canal boat, where were about thirty passengers of various ages and characters; and my curiosity was not a little excited to learn how my companion would proceed among them. The afternoon had nearly passed away, and he had conversed with no one but myself. At length he inquired of the captain if he were willing to have prayers on board.

"I have no objection," said he, "if the passengers have not, but I don't attend."

At an early hour the passengers were invited into the cabin, and in a few minutes the captain was seated among them. After reading a short portion of Scripture, our friend made a few appropriate remarks, and earnestly commended to God.

As soon as he rose from prayer, a gentleman, whose head was whitening for the grave, said, "Sir, I should like to converse with you. I profess to be a Deist. I once professed religion, but now I believe it all delusion."

"Sir," said the young man, "I respect age, and will listen to you; and, as you proceed, may perhaps ask a few questions; but I cannot debate, I can only say that I must love Jesus Christ. He died to save me, and I am a great sinner."

"I do not deny that men are sinners," said the old man, "but I don't believe in Christ."

"Will you then tell us how sinners can be saved in some other way, and God's law be honoured?"

He waited in vain for a reply, when my friend proceeded;—"Not many years since, I was an infidel because I did not love the truth, and was unwilling to examine it. Now I see my error; and the more I study the Bible, the firmer my conviction of its truth; and that there is no way of salvation but through a crucified Redeemer."

As the passengers sat engaged in conversation, one of them at length turned to our young friend, and related the circumstances of a murder recently perpetrated by a man in the neighbourhood, while in a fit of intoxication. To this all paid the strictest attention. The captain joined them to hear the story, the conclusion of which afforded an opportunity for the stranger to begin his work. He was the advocate of temperance as well as religion, and here gained some friends to the cause.

"But," said he at length, "though intoxication occasions an immense amount of crime and misery in our world, I recollect one instance of murder with which it had no connection." He then related, as nearly as I can remember, the following story:—

"In a populous city of the East, was a man who seemed to live only for the good of others. His daily exhibited the most perfect benevolence towards his fellow-men; sought out the poor and lonely, and relieved their wants; sympathized with and comforted the sick and the afflicted; and, though he was rich, his sparing beneficence clothed him in poverty. He deserved the esteem of all, yet he had enemies. He took no part in politics, yet many hated that his generosity was a cloak of ambition, and that he was making friends in order to secure to himself the reins of government. Others feared that his religious views, connected with his consistent life, would expose their hypocrisy. At length a mock trial was held by an infuriated mob, and he was condemned and put to death.

"Where was that?"—"When was it?"—"Who was it?" was heard from several voices.

"It was in the city of Jerusalem, and the person was none other than the LORD JESUS CHRIST. By his enemies he was hung upon the cross, and for us, guilty sinners, he died."

Every eye was fixed upon the young man, and a solemn awe rested on every countenance. He opened a Bible that lay upon the cabin table, and read the account of Christ's condemnation and death; the captain nodded to him as a signal for prayer, and he all again fell on our knees, while he wept over the condition of sinners, and, for the sake of Christ, brought God's mercy upon them. Here again was a bearing Bethel.

In the morning, the stranger was not forgotten; and he evidently did not forget that there are immortals around him, hastening with him to the bar of God. During the day he conversed separately with each individual, except an elderly gentleman who had followed him from seat to seat, and showed much uneasiness of mind. The subject of eternity were set before us, and the Holy Spirit seemed to be striving with many hearts.

As the hands of evening was drawing around us, our friend requested an interview with the aged man.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I have been wishing all day to see you, but you were talking with others."

He acknowledged that he had tried to be a Unitarian; and though he could not part with that belief, he never, until the previous evening, saw his lost condition. "And now," said he, "what you to tell me what I shall do?"

The young man raised his eyes to heaven as if imploring the Spirit's influences, and then briefly explained the nature and necessity of repentance and faith, accompanied by a few striking illustrations in proof of the justice of God in condemning, and his mercy in pardoning sinners.

The old man saw the plan of redemption so clearly, that he heartily embraced it, exclaimed, "Oh, my soul, my soul! How have I sinned against God! I see it—I feel it; yes, I have sinned all my days."

"But Jesus died to save sinners," replied the young man, "will you, my friend, give him your heart?"

"O yes, yes! if I had a thousand hearts he should have them all," was the answer.

The young man turned away and wept. For some minutes silence was broken only by the deep sighs of the aged penitent. There was consequently, in an hour like this, cheerfully towards Heaven was rejoicing. I doubt not, over a returning prodigal. As he stood alone and wept, he reiterated again and again, "Yes, I will to God; I will, I will." After a time, his feelings became more calm, and lifting his eyes towards heaven, with both hands raised, he sang,

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

And then again he wept, and said, "Yes, O Jesus, precious Saviour!"

The time had come for our young friend to leave us. By his zeal in his Master's service he had stolen our hearts, and all pressed forward to express their friendship in an affectionate farewell.

Such was the influence of one individual, whose unwavering purpose it was to live for God. Not only for driving sinners; and, relying on the help of the Holy Spirit for success, laboured for the salvation of souls around him.

Will not the reader solemnly resolve, in God's strength, that henceforth, *whether at home or abroad*, he will make the glory of Christ, or the salvation of men, the one object of his life? When Christians universally shall do this, we may expect soon to hear the song of Zion flow on every breeze: "Alleluia! The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

BEGIN RIGHT.

If you are about to do a piece of work, you will be careful to begin right; otherwise you will have to undo what you have done, or it never again. If you are going on a journey, you will be careful at first to get into the right road; for, if you start wrong, you will be continually going farther and farther out of your way.

Now, you are starting in life, and life is a journey. If you start wrong, as I said, you will be all the days of your life out of the way. You have a life work to do; but if you begin it wrong, all your labour will be worse than lost. Not only will you have to undo all over again, but to undo what you have done.

God hath given a man two ears, but he has one tongue to hear; but he hath but one mouth, and if that end be lost, he is undone forever.—CHRYSOSTOM.

THE SWISS FARMER AND THE SABBATH.

In the fertile valley of Emmenthal, in Switzerland, lived a farmer, who cared for neither God nor man, and who washed in everything to have his own way. One Sabbath afternoon, having a large quantity of hay still in the field, and observing the clouds gathering round the tops of the mountains, and the spirits betoming full of water, he called his domestics and said, "Come, let us go to the field, gather and bind, for towards evening we shall have a storm. If you house a thousand sheaves before the rain, you shall be well rewarded for so doing."

He was an overseer of eighty years of age, who walked supported by two crutches. She appreciated with difficulty her grandson. "John, John," said she, "dost thou consider? As far as I can remember, in my whole life, I have never known a single ear of corn housed on the holy Sabbath day, and yet we have been always blessed with blessings! We have never wanted for anything. Grunting that it might be done if there were a famine, John, or appearances of a long continuance of bad weather; but thus far, the year has been very dry, and if the grain get a little wet, there is nothing in that; very alarming, John. God who gives us the rain, gives the grain also, and we must take things as he sends them. John, do not violate the rest of this holy day. Are ye ready beneath that."

At these words of the grandmother, all the domestics came around her; the oldest endeavored the reasons of her grandson, but the young treated it with ridicule, and said to the overseer, "Old customs are out of date in our day; prejudices are abolished; the world now is altogether altered."

"Grandmother," said the farmer, "everything must have its season, and as to the rain, I know it is quite indifferent to our God whether we spend the day in labour or in sleep, and He will not altogether be much pleased with a people who con-forth as to see it exposed to the rain; that which we get under shelter will nourish us, but what does God will what sorts of rain shall be to-morrow." "John, John, within doors and out of doors, all things are the Lord's disposal, and the days of the week are not fixed; yesterday, John, I thought, we should have had rain, and yesterday we spent the day in prayer, and God who gave us the rain, gives the grain also, and we must take things as he sends them. John, do not violate the rest of this holy day. Are ye ready beneath that." At these words of the grandmother, all the domestics came around her; the oldest endeavored the reasons of her grandson, but the young treated it with ridicule, and said to the overseer, "Old customs are out of date in our day; prejudices are abolished; the world now is altogether altered."

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A long conversation ensued: the man spoke with the guileless simplicity of a child, told all his history past and present: enlarged with

A DRUNKARD I NEVER WILL BE.

TUNE—*Ye hope, dull soul.*

"COME on, John Brown,
To the Wagon and Horses with me;
My comrades will meet there to-night,
And the fun you will enjoy with their glee.
With such jovial companions to keep us alive,
To be happy we cannot—we only half live.
For they all drink when there to the drowning of care,
In bumpers of old Burton Ale."

"No, no, Jamie Bond,
The fourness are useful and bad!
The hole at my elbow, and sunshine in rage,
Get a drink that makes me mad.
Thy staggering gait, and thy big red nose,
And thy pimples are warnings to me,
And I will not be one of thy idle and vice,
For a drunkard I never will be."

"You're wrong, John Brown,
For while Time is fast waning his wings,
If we drink Burton Ale,
We shall all be as happy as kings.
Come water and sugar, and one of you will,
But I hate such a pitiful plan,
So I'll go to the Wagon and Horses to-night,
And have pleasure, and drink while I can.

"Alas! James Bond,
For your end must be anguish and woe,
And then, when you're cold and in one to die,
To what place do you think you shall go?
With each shadow o'erhooding your pain,
Your cankering fears to be,
So with water to drink, and with God for my guide,
A drunkard I never will be."

G. MOGRIDGE.

A CONGREGATION OF "NAVVIES."

At the close of an address delivered in a by street of Islington last Sunday evening, which had been patiently listened to by a numerous audience, some standing inside their houses, and others on the pavement, as the preacher had uttered the last word, he was touched on the elbow by a man behind him, and accosted with the words, "I heard his to speak to you, sir." The white smock in which he was clad, the thick muscular hand, the cap set jauntingly on one side of the head, the rolling chuckle, and hearty tone of voice, free but not familiar, showed at once that the speaker was a "navvy."

"I want to speak to you, sir! you see I am a navvy: passing down the end of the street, I saw you preaching; and I always likes to hear that that's good: and, sir, you see, there's 400 or 500 on us, wot's going to the Crimea, and we have preaching every day at four o'clock, and I want you to come along with me down to the station, [establishion] to-morrow to preach: you, I think, you are just the gentl'n to preach to me and my mates!"

A long conversation ensued: the man spoke with the guileless simplicity of a child, told all his history past and present: enlarged with

with upon the kindness of an excellent lady, the daughter of Dr. Marsh, at Beckenham,—he had talked with them, and visited them, and, he said, even preached to them. "Ay, sir, he beautifully terrified them! I heard it in my life." A request to address a few parting words to a body of men, when made by one of their betters, is, I fear, not easily to be refused; and, in this case, the navvy could make no; he did not seem to understand the request. "Well, sir," said I, "I want you to convert to the 'bition; 'cos, you are just the man to preach to me and my mates." Ay! he'd a promise that given; and with a hearty shake of the hand, and exclaiming, "I shall meet you,"—away he went.

The day came, and the preacher repaired to the appointed rendezvous, viz., Penge Bridge, under the Croydon Railway. On arriving, he there discovered one hut, to say, "I fear you ll be disappointed, for the men have been called to the Crystal Palace to sign their articles, but we will wait awhile."

One by one, however, the men began to come in; each had a civil—nay affectionate—greeting for the stranger; each had held to his hand for a tract, and then sat down on a fence, or by the wayside, to read. Soon the had presented a spectacle such as had never been seen before. Below were fifty or sixty navvies sitting in silence; and above, as many more sickening their pace to get a trace before sit down given away.

After waiting some time and conversing freely th the different groups, "Now, my lads, I will ead a hymn." "Here's the place, sir, over into this ot of ground. You stand in the middle and ewill get all round, and I'll warrant, you will ake us hear."

It was impossible not to remember the scene escribed in John, when the multitude sat down n the green grass; and as the preacher stood in es midst of 150 or 200 navvies, lying and sitting n the grass in the bright summer sunshine, in ll the variety of attitude, but all equally attentive, e could not but lift up a prayer that His Master ould himself give the portion for his servant to ak to the souls of the Bethesda scene around im. His heart warmed towards them, and he lt, as never before, the force of the Apostle's nguage, "I long after you in the bowels of esus Christ." The fifteenth of Luke was read; nd just as the preacher was about to begin his ddress, another large party appeared turning ut the corner of the road, and on catching sight of e, they set off running to the place. As they ame up to us, one huge fellow who seemed to be n his brawny bulk over the fence by a mere act f volition, like a bird, shouted out "Hallo! you n't our regular parson; but wait till we get up ere!"

For forty minutes they listened to the preaching of the word, in silence and attention. Not only was there no other remark, he was not quite ober, and *he was instantly stopped by an indignant murmur from all the rest*. At the close of the address, they rose to their feet, every head was uncovered, and they joined audibly in a few words of prayer.

With a cordial farewell, and many a "thank you, sir, I wish you would come again," from the whole party, the preacher withdrew. Shortly afterwards appeared the same party behind him, and a man came up hastily, saying, "Sir, I hope you will not be offended, but there is one thing I want, my little boy has been taught to take the mark as a man ought to be, as I consider; but if you will give me a Bible, I will try and shape my life according."

Mr. Editor, no doubt you are very clever in diagnosis, and understood symptoms: will you be so good as to inform your readers whether we think those navvies belonged to the "*dangerous classes?*" X.

June, 16, 1855.

We are indebted for the above interesting fact from *The Islington Intelligencer*, a monthly publication which deserves an extensive circulation. Ed.

THE HEROIC PEASANT.

THE following generous instance of heroism in a peasant, has somewhat been of the sublime in it. A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive rise of the tell gatherer, who with his whole family thus reduced impelled by the waves, and in momentary expectation of certain destruction. They were discovered from the bank, stretching forth their hands, screaming, and imploring succour, while fragments of the only remaining arch were continually dropping into the impetuous torrent. In this extreme danger, the Count of Pulverini, who was a spectator, held out a purse full of rewards of sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat and save this unhappy family; but the risk of losing horse down the rapid current of the stream, and being dashed against the fragments of the bridge, and of being crushed by the falling of the heavy arch, or being drowned in the waters of the torrent, a number of lookers-on had courage enough to attempt such an exploit. A peasant passing along was informed of the promised reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he by amazing strength of oars gained the middle of the river, and brought the boat under the pile, when the whole terrified family safely descended into it by means of a rope. "Courage," cried he, "now you are safe!" By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to shore. "Brave fellow!" exclaimed the count, handing the purse to him; "here is your promised recompense." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant; "my labour affords a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and my children; give the purse to this poor family, who has lost its all!"

SABBATH-KEEPING FISHERMEN.

A GENTLEMAN who resides in a fishing-town, and who has made extensive inquiries, remarks, "Those who fish on the Sabbath do not ordinarily take any more, during the week, than those who keep the Sabbath. They do not make more money, or prosper better for this world.

"One man followed fishing eighty years. The first four he fished on the Sabbath. The next four he strictly kept the Sabbath, and is satisfied that it was for his advantage in a temporal point of view. Another person, who was accustomed, for some years to fish on the Sabbath, afterwards discontinued the practice, and found that his profits were greater than before. Another man, testifies that, in the year 1827, he and his men took more fish by far than any who were associated with them, though he kept the Sabbath, and they did not. It was invariably his practice to rest from Saturday till Monday; and though it was an unfavourable season for the fisheries, he was greatly prospered in his efforts, and to such an extent, that many regarded his success as almost miraculous.

"Examples like the foregoing might be multiplied to almost any extent. So far as I can learn by diligent inquiry, all who have left off fishing on the Sabbath, with one exception, think the change has been for their temporal advantage."—Dr. EDWARDS.

A GENTLEMAN belonging to a fishing town, which sends out more than two hundred vessels in a year, writes as follows: "I think it may safely be stated that those vessels which have not fished on the Sabbath have, taken together, not with *more than ordinary success*. The vessel whose earnings were the highest, the last year and the year before, was one on board which the Sabbath was kept by refraining from fishing, and by religious worship. There is one firm which has had eight vessels in its employ this season. Seven have fished on the Sabbath, and one has not. That one has taken almost two hundred and fifty pounds more than the most successful of the six! There are two other firms employing each three vessels. Of each of the three, in each case, have kept the Sabbath, and in each case have earned *more than two-thirds of the profit*.—Dr. EDWARDS.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

COME, messmates! 'tis time to hoist the sail;
Come, lads, for our fare to-day!
And the ebbing tide and the northerly gale
Will carry us out to sea.
So down with the cork from the bench so sturdy,
We must part with the setting sun;
For ere we can spread our nets in the deep,
We're a weary way to run.

As, through the night-watches we drift about,
We'll think of the times there are fled,
And of Him who once call'd other fishermen out
To be fishers of men instead.
He is guarding us still with his arm.

They had toil'd all the night, and had taken nought;
He commanded the stormy sea,
They had toil'd all the night, and not a single fish
An hundred and fifty-three.
And good success to our boat he will send,
If we trust in his power and grace,
For he pitieth those who at home depend
On what we shall take to night.

And if ever in danger and fear we are tossed
About on the stormy deep,
We'll call to Him our once thought that all was lost,
When their Lord "was fast asleep;"
He saved them then—He can save us still—
For he are the winds and the sea;
And if He is with us, well fear no ill,
Whatever the danger be.

Or if He see fit that our boat should sink,
Or if we be cast on a lee,
Yet still of the glorious day we'll think,
When the sea shall yield her dead;
For they who depart in his faith and fear
Shall find that their passage is short,
From the troublesome waves that beat life here,
To the everlasting port.

NEALE.

A RECIPE FOR HEALING DIFFICULTIES.

A PERSON came to Mr. L——one day, and said, "I have something against you and I am come to tell you of it." He waits in, sir," he replied, "you are my best friend. If I could but change all my friends to be faithful with me, I should be sure to prosper; but if you please, we will talk over it the first point, and at the blessing of God on our interview." After they rose from their knees, and had been much blessed together, he said, "Now I will tell you, my brother, to tell me what It is that you have against me." "Oh," said the man, "*I really don't know what it is; if we all go out, and I believe I was in the wrong.*"

TO MAKE WATER COLD IN SUMMER.

THE following is a simple method of rendering water almost cold as ice. Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel used for the purpose, be provided with one or more folds of coarse cotton, or other material wet. The evaporation of the water will cool the water within the inside, and reduce it to a freezing point. In India, and other tropical climes, where ice cannot be procured, this is common.

AM I NOT MY OWN MASTER?

WHEN we hear these words coming boastfully from the lips of a young man just entering upon his majority, we cannot forbear recalling the reply of a French prince to a stranger, whom he questioned in one of the rooms of his palace.

"Tread, sir," said the prince, "to whom do you belong?"

"To myself, truly!" replied the stranger.

"Ah, my dear sir," was the ready retort, "what a pity it is you have such a stupid master!"

"Wo man proves," says Baron Liebig, "with astonishing certainty, that as much flour of meal as can be made into a pound of bread, is more nutritious than five measures (about eight or ten quarts) of the best Bavarian beer; that a person who is able only to consume that amount of beer obtains from it in a certain year, in the most favourable case, exactly the amount of nutritive constituents which is contained in a fifth half of bread, or three pounds of flour."—*Letters on Chemistry.*

Let kindness and forbearance govern all your actions. If tempted to forget and reply unkindly, think that God will be displeased, and you will be in a certain way the instrument of your own wickedness. Ed.

COLUMNS FOR MOTHERS, WIVES, AND DAUGHTERS.

THE MIDNIGHT SUPPER.

A MARRIED woman became an exemplary christian, but her husband was a lover of sinful pleasure. When spending an evening, as usual, with his jovial companions, at a tavern, the conversation happened to turn on the excellences and faults of their wives; the husband just mentioned pronounced the highest encomiums on his wife, saying she was all that was excellent, only she was a methodist. "Notwithstanding which," said he, "such is the command which she has of her temper, that were I to take you, gentlemen, home with me at midnight, and order her to rise and get you a supper, she would be all submission and cheerfulness!" The company regarded this merely as a vain boast, and dared him to make the experiment, by a considerable wager. The bargain was made, and about midnight the company adjourned, to proceed. Being admitted, "Where is your mistress," said the husband to the maid-servant who sat up for him. "She is gone to bed, sir." "Call her up," said he. "Tell her I have brought some friends home with me, and that I desire she would get up, and prepare them a supper." The good woman obeyed the unreasonable summons; dressed, came down, received the guests with perfect civility, and told them she happened to have some chickens ready cooked, and that supper should be got as soon as possible. It was accordingly served up, when she performed the honours of the table with as much cheerfulness as if she had expected company at the proper season.

After supper the guests could not refrain from expressing their astonishment. One of them particularly, more sober than the rest, thus addressed himself to the lady: "Madam," said he, "you certainly fills us with astonishment. Our unreasonable visit is the consequence of a wager, which we have certainly lost. As you are a very religious person, and cannot therefore approve of our conduct, give me leave to ask, what can possibly induce you to live with such an uncouth husband as I?" "Sir," replied she, "when I married, my husband and myself were both unconverted; it has pleased God to call me out of that dangerous condition. My husband continues in it. I tremble for his future state. Were he to die as he is, he must be miserable for ever; I think it, therefore, my duty to do all I can to make him as happy as possible in *this life*."

This wise and faithful reply affected the whole company. It left a lasting impression on the husband's mind. "Do you, my dear," said he, "really think I should be eternally miserable? I think you for the warning. By the grace of God, I will change my conduct." From that time he become another man, a serious christian, and consequently a good husband.

ARVINE'S ANECDOTES.

TWO GOOD THINGS.

PART II. (*From page 10.*)

A WORD TO A SERVANT IN HER PLACE.

You are now in your place; you have found a situation likely to suit you, and you have just entered your new home. What are you thinking about? Are you not thinking a little (or perhaps a great deal) about what you will gain in your new place? You think about your wages. Perhaps they are high and you are glad and grateful, or, may be, you consider them low, and are sorry and discontented. Some servants think so much about gain, that they forget what belongs to their master, and fancy it belongs to themselves; and actually take it themselves. But I hope you are not one of these servants; if you are, you have entered on a course which will, sooner or later, most surely, bring you misery and disgrace in *this* world, besides ruin and punishment in the next. But let me tell you what the Apostle Paul writes to Timothy, and what he says is "great gain."

Look in your Bible, I Tim. vi. 6. "Godliness with contentment is great gain."

Great gain! this is not what the world calls great gain. When a man has gained wealth and honour, people say he has gained a great deal. When a servant gets a better place with higher wages, people say she has gained a great deal. St. Paul did not say these kinds of things were gain; he says, "Godliness with contentment is great gain."

Let me tell you a little what is meant by these two words, *Godliness* and *contentment*. They are very good things; they are the best things any one can have; they are GREAT GAIN, not only in this world, but in the world to come. "*Godliness*." What does this mean? I will tell you in a few words. It means to remember that God is with you in every thing, and to remember to see God every every thing. If you do this, you will then learn to glorify God in every thing.

First, remember always, "Thou God seest me." This is a short sentence which many of us were taught when we were children; but how few of us really think of it. How different our lives would be were we constantly to remember God SEES ME. In my bed, *God sees me*; when I get up, *God sees me*; when I kneel down to pray, *God sees me*; when I go to my work, *God sees me*; at my meals, *God sees me*; when alone, *God sees me*; when I am with others, *God sees me!* What a wonderful thought it is! I cannot be too low, too mean, too small for the great God of heaven and earth to see. *God sees me!* What deep meaning in these words. How useful it would be for us did we often repeat them to ourselves.

Secondly, we are to try to see *God in everything*. God orders all things, God knows all that happens to each of us, nothing in our lives is too mean for Him to take notice of. What a thought this is, again! I am in sorrow, *God knows it*: I am perplexed, *God knows it*; I have much uneasiness to bear from others, *God knows it*; I am in pain and suffering, and in sickness, *God knows it*. Then again, I am very happy, *God knows it*; I am in prosperity, in what I am doing, *God knows it*. This is a sweet thought in joy, and a comforting thought in sorrow. It is a thought that we should constantly dwell upon.

Thirdly. As we remember that God sees us and as we see God in everything, so we shall learn to *glorify God in everything*. We can glorify in the very smallest thing you do; yes, you are a poor servant girl, but you may *glorify* the great God of heaven and earth. God once chose a "little maid" to be the means of bringing salvation to her master and his family. Will you find out in your Bible the beautiful story of it?

A godly young woman; what higher title could we give? A beautiful young woman; ah! the wisest of men said of Hagar, it was a rich young woman! riches make to themselves wings and fly away. A clever young woman! "Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" But a godly young woman, that is a "great gain;" that will last for ever. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." A godly young woman. Look at her dress, it is suited to the station in which God has placed her. Listen to her words; "the law of kindness is in her lips" to her equals, and to those who are placed over her by God, she is humble and obedient, respectful and modest.

My friends, is not Godliness a good thing in itself! But Paul tells us it has another good thing in its *contentment*. Is not this the best thing we can say of any one is a "godly young woman!" the pleasantest thing we can say of her is that "a godly young woman." Contentment must follow godliness; for when we know that God sees us and orders everything for us, we can be thankful and satisfied with arrangement. Suppose a dear kind friend had procured your place for you; suppose she had been to your mistress and talked kindly of you to her, and promised to your fellow servants and spoken favourably of you to them; and that this dear friend had been to see the room and the bed-clothes and have every thing ready for you, would you feel very happy and comfortable in your place, and often think with pleasure, "My kind friend has got me this place?" Well God is our best friend, not only has He ordered the *place* which each of us occupies, but He is with us constantly, and has arranged everything that happens to us. Surely we must be contented. We cannot think of God and be discontented. We cannot be unfriendly with what is more important than anything else. How are you to know God? Only by Christ. Out of Christ God is your enemy, you cannot approach God, you cannot think of God, but through Christ. One sin unwashed by the blood of Christ will keep you as far from God, as heaven is far from hell. Do you know this? if not, pray, "Lord, give me the Holy Spirit to teach me of Jesus, that I may know Him, and be reconciled to God by Christ." Jesus is the way to God, and then to "Godliness with contentment, which is great gain."

CAROLINE.

A MOTHER'S EARLY INFLUENCE.

How startling the thought, that the babe, lying in its mother's arms, is silently, yet powerfully, exerting great influence which will go to form the character of the future man or woman! The pious mother may be ever exerting an agency, which, unknown to herself, may cause a child to "perish in glory; and the mother, without God, though not positively irreligious, as the world judges, may be unknowingly exerting an influence on her helpless babe to endless perdition.

If all women were the christians they ought to be, how quickly would the world be filled with the knowledge of God, and of his son Jesus Christ. The coming generation might live in a new earth, and celebrate the triumphs of the cross. It was when the sons of God married the daughters of men, that the world was so quickly deluged with crime. But as they give their earliest impressions in favour of the world, and nurture their children in the principles, maxims, and fashions of the world, they defer the time of Jesus reigning from the river to the ends of the earth, just so much longer. O, when will they consider! When will they awake to the worth of the soul, and to the immensity of eternity!

HARVEST SONG.

"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches." Psalm civ. 24

"Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice. Thou visitest the earth and waterest it. . . . Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly. Thou settest the furrows thereof: Thou makest it soft with showers: Thou blessest the springing thereof: Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness; and Thy paths drop fatness: they drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn: they shout for joy, they also sing." Psalm lxv. 8—13.

"All the earth shall worship thee and shall sing unto thee; they shall sing to thy name. O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard: Which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved." Psalm lxvi. 4, 8, 9.

GIVE me the [illegible] that our [illegible] God in all; the [illegible] which our [illegible] serve God with all; and hear [illegible] which cau[illegible] bless Ge[illegible]

A HAPPY PARISH.

THE Garrock correspondent of the Stonehaven Journal writes "In the past twelve months only two deaths have occurred in this parish, numbering, as it does, 600 souls. The parishioners boast that they are without [illegible] rulers."

WORTH MAKES THE MAN.

ROBERT BURNS, on his way to Leith one morning, met a country farmer; he shook him cordially by the hand, and stopped to converse awhile. A young Edinburgh "Blood" took occasion to task for this defect of taste. "Hey, you fantastic gomeril," said he, "it was not the great-coat, nor the cocked bonnet, and the tassel-shoot hose I spoke to, but the man that was in them; and the man, for true worth, could weigh down you and me, and tram[illegible] such, every day."

FATHER DOES IT.—Then it's no wonder if sons do it too. If father reads the newspaper on Sabbath, John will be likely to read his toy-book. If father drinks a dram, or holts out an oath, the little ones are on a fair path to do the same. If father pollutes his lips with an ugly word, so will they.

A GENTLEMAN was walking down a lane near a town in Norfolk, when he found himself in company with the following gentlemen—an ass, with great awkward and of inventions or quarters; and a boy of eleven or twelve, also with a sack, cutting horse and there as opportunity offered. The animal was kicking, trotting round and throwing his feet on the raised foot-path, at the same time resolutely refusing to go on the path, having discerned the gentleman, he would try what he could do, and we can't, trying the tie-nuts, and the old man is no longer to get him on, and we cannot, Sir, in advance." "Don't this miserable brute, we have been trying the gentleman, "Don't this animal with kindness instead of an hour to get him on the path, commenced the of kindness, and he would try what he could do

BRITISH WORKMAN

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CELEBRATED SHOEMAKERS.

Robert Bloomfield, the celebrated Poet, was born at Hornington, near Bury St. Edmunds, in 1766. When eleven years of age he was employed as a farmer's boy, and shortly afterwards was apprenticed to a shoemaker in London. With no advantages of education and with no assistance or stimulus, beyond the reading of a newspaper, and a few borrowed books of poetry, (of which his favourite was Thomson's "Seasons," he composed his beautiful rural poem, "The Farmer's Boy," in a poor garret in Bell Alley, Coleman St. This poem was so popular that within 3 years after its publication in 1800, more than 26,000 copies were sold.

Prior to the death of this amiable man, which took place at Shefford, Bedfordshire, in 1823, he had attained a world-wide fame as one of England's best poets.

Gifford, the talented editor of the "Quarterly Review," was originally a poor *shoemaker*. When an apprentice, he had, it is stated, but one book in the world, a treatise on Algebra. Of paper, ink, slate, or pencil, he was utterly destitute, nor had he a penny to buy any. The truth of the old saying, "Where there is the *will*, there will be found the *way*," was never more fully exemplified than in the case of Gifford. Night after night did the enthusiastic shoemaker's apprentice pursue his mathematical studies, and using *leather clippings* (which he beat out, so as to secure a smooth surface,) in lieu of a slate or paper; and on these this noble son of Crispin contrived to work out his Algebraic Problems! Notwithstanding sundry scoldings from his master, and the gruff order "Mind your Cobbling," Gifford went on, reaching step after step in the ladder of knowledge, until he gained a position in the literary world which secured for him the friendship of the nobles of our land. He died in 1826.

Benedict Baudouin, one of the learned men of the sixteenth century, worked for several years of his life as a *shoemaker*.

Thomas Shillito, of Hitchen, who gained access to nearly every crowned head in Europe, and whose faithful remonstrances with George the Fourth, stayed that monarch in some of his wrong doings, was a working *shoemaker*. The memoir of this extraordinary man, a member of the Society of Friends, is one of the most remarkable illustrations on record of the influence possessed by a pious working man.

Winckelman, one of the most distinguished writers on classics, antiquities, and the fine arts, that modern times have produced, was the son of a *shoemaker*.

Lackington, the once celebrated bookseller of Finsbury Square, London, and proprietor of the Temple of Muses there, who by his industry and perseverance realised profits of full £5000 a year, was a *shoemaker* in Shropshire.

Dr. Morrison the eminent translator of the Holy Scriptures into Chinese, and one of the most devoted christian missionaries that the world has ever known, was originally *a clopper*, or maker of men's wooden shoes, in Newcastle.

George Fox, so well known and highly esteemed, as the founder of the English Quakers, who was born at Drayton, in Leicestershire, in 1624, and died in 1681, was brought up a *shoemaker*, and followed his trade at Nottingham.

Rev. W. Huntingdon, the once celebrated and popular minister of Providence Chapel, Gray's Inn Lane, London, informs us in his interesting "Bank of Faith" that he was originally a "coalbeaver," and a "*cobbler*."

David Pareus, the eminent German Protestant Divine who afterwards occupied the honourable and responsible office of *professor* of Theology at Heidelberg, was originally a *shoemaker's apprentice*.

William Sturgeon, the celebrated lecturer on electricity, and magnetism, was born of humble parents, and in early life apprenticed to a *shoemaker*. In his leisure hours, he acquired an excellent knowledge of mathematics, and also made considerable progress in the Latin and Greek languages. He then entered on the study of Natural Philosophy, of which he obtained a complete knowledge. The phenomena of electricity and magnetism had ever the greatest charm for him. In 1836, he commenced a periodical entitled, "The Annals of Electricity, Magnetism, and Chemistry," of which he issued 10 volumes.

He ultimately rose to the high position of professor of Natural Philosophy in the Military Academy at Addiscombe.

Ralph Finlet was a poor but clever *shoemaker*, who died in 1789. Lackington mentions him as "one who had not dignity of birth, or elevated rank in life to boast of, but who possessed what is far superior to either, a solid understanding, amiable manners, a due sense of religion, and an industrious disposition: amongst other acquisitions, entomology was his peculiar delight; his valuable cabinet of insects, both foreign and domestic, all scientifically arranged with peculiar neatness, and in the finest preservation, is supposed to be the most complete private collection in the kingdom, and will remain a monument of his knowledge and application."

Dr. John Kitto, the celebrated biblical writer, whose works have already proved a blessing to the world, was in early life a *shoemaker*. His parents were very poor, and in the year 1819, they had to apply to the guardians for parish relief. John was admitted into the Plymouth Workhouse, and was there set to mend shoes. In 1821 he was bound apprentice to a *shoemaker* in Plymouth.

Jacob Boehmen, the celebrated German writer, usually called the Teutonic Philosopher, was originally a *shoemaker*.

Rev. John Thorpe, for many years pastor of an important congregation at Measbro', was originally a *shoemaker* in that neighbourhood.

Linnæus, one of the greatest naturalists the world has ever produced, was on the *point of being* apprenticed to a Swedish *shoemaker*, when Providence opened the way for him to follow his favourite study of Botany. He however had to combat with trying poverty and opposition. On many occasions he had to depend upon the benevolence of his countrymen for a meal, and was thankful for their cast-off clothes wherewith to cover himself. His biographer states that on one occasion imperious necessity compelled him to have recourse to the trade which his father had once resolved to bind him to. He put cords in the worn-out shoes which were given him by his comrades, and stitched and mended them with the *bark of trees*, to enable him at least to go and collect plants.

DR. SIBLEY the famous Occultist, or Eye doctor, and writer of many ponderous works on astrological science, was the son of a *shoemaker*.

JOHN PARKHURST, the compiler of a noted almanac in the seventeenth century, was originally a poor *shoemaker's apprentice*. He, however, found means to procure a Lily's Grammar, a Gouldman's Dictionary, Cole's Metamorphosis, and a Latin Bible. By the help of these he acquired a knowledge of the Latin language. He then studied Greek, Hebrew, and Physic, at the same time continuing his trade as a *shoemaker* in Cornhill Garden, Leadenhall Street. Parkhurst's perseverance and talents that in the year 1662 he was actually appointed physician to Charles II.!

DR. CAREY, he who rose from humble life and became the celebrated professor of Sanskrit and Bengalee in the college of Fort William, at Calcutta, and the able and unfortunate translator of the Scriptures into many of the eastern languages, was originally a *shoemaker* at Cheshunt. The Rev. Wm. Arthur, author of the "Successful Merchant," in a recent speech at a public meeting, paid the following tribute to the labours of this eminent missionary to the Hindoos. "A day will come when the nations of a regenerated East will write in letters of gold upon the first pages of their christian history the name of WILLIAM CAREY the *consecrated cobbler*."

WILLIAM PARSONS, a noted mathematician and surveyor-general of Philadelphia, was brought up a *shoemaker*.

JOHN STROTHER, the author of the "Poor Man's Sabbath," "The Peasant's Dream," and other poems, was a *shoemaker*.

SAMUEL DREW, M.A., was born of poor parents in the parish of St. Austell, Cornwall, March 3rd, 1765, and at the age of ten years was apprenticed to a *shoemaker* at St. Blazey. The following trifling circumstance laid the foundation of his future greatness. He says: "When I began business, I was a great politician. My master's shop had been a chosen place for political discussion, and there, I suppose I acquired my fondness for such debates. For the first year I had too much to do and to think about, to indulge my propensity for politics; but after getting a little ahead in the world, began to dip into these matters again. Very soon I entered as deeply into newspaper arguments as any of my neighbours; and in a little time my shop was often filled with loungers, who came to converse on public measures; and now and then I went into my neighbours' houses on a similar errand. This encroached on my time, and I found it necessary sometimes to work until midnight, to make up for the hours I had lost.

"One night, after my shutters were closed, and I was busily employed, some little urchin who was passing the street, put his mouth to the keyhole of the door, and, with a shrill pipe, cried out, 'SHOEMAKER! SHOEMAKER! *work by night, and run about by day!*'

"Had a pistol been fired off at my ear, I could not have been more dismayed or confounded. I dropped my work, saying to myself, 'True, true! but you shall never have that to say of me again.' I have never forgotten it; and while I recollect anything I never shall. To me, it was the voice of God; and it has been a word in season throughout my life.

"I learned from it not to leave till to-morrow the work of to-day, or to idle when I ought to be working. From that time I turned over a new leaf.

"Thanks, a thousand times, for that piece of midnight mischief!"

HORTON BENTLEY, a Manchester *shoemaker*, deserves to be mentioned with honour. The ponderous skeleton of an elephant which for many years has graced the Museum of the Manchester Natural History Society, was put together by this clever cordwainer. It is regarded as one of the best specimens of skeleton architecture in the world.

NATHANIEL ELLIOTT, a poetical *shoemaker*, author of "Food for Poets," and other pieces, resided in Oxford at the latter end of the last century.

SIR SIMON EYRE was originally a *shoemaker* in Leadenhall Street, London. Hearing that a vessel laden with leather from Tripoli, was wrecked on the coast of Cornwall, he thought that he might profit by purchasing it. He collected as much money as his confined means would permit and departed from London for Penzance on *foot*. He purchased the leather, returned to London, commenced as a leather dealer,—and in the course of a few years amassed a fortune sufficient to build Leadenhall. He was then knighted and afterwards elected

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

* If our readers can forward us any additional notices of celebrated shoemakers we shall be obliged. We have under collection by various friends, also the Sunday Magazine, the Cottage Annotator, and the Biographical Magazine, for many of the above.

MESSRS. MARSHALL'S FLAX MILL LEEDS.

MILLS IN YORKSHIRE.

ONE of the largest establishments for the manufacture of woollen goods in all their varieties, is located in the Hessie Gott and Sons, Wellington-road, Leeds. All the processes of sawbinding, carding, spinning, weaving, milling, dyeing, bleaching, brushing, and packing, are carried on in these works. During our recent visit we observed, in all its stages, cloth sufficient, one would imagine, to clothe the world for many years to come, and that too of every shade of colour and gradation of price. From the fine broad cloth intended for the prince, down to the frieze, to purchase which Paddy is now toiling and looking forward to the possession of as the one thing needful to his felicity—from the gaudy red and blue, of peculiar thinness and texture, made for, and by order of, the Afghan chief, to that to be worn by the vagabond fakir—from the splendid robe of the mandarin to that of the jugeler to whom he tosses the alms—all classes are clothed by the productions of these works. To an observingly reflecting visitor we cannot suggest a greater treat than the wandering through the several departments. We can fancy his astonishment at beholding for the first time the gigantic looms—ten in number—in the spinning-room, and he will be gratified, as we were, at hearing the cheerful singing of the young girls who assist the men employed in taking charge of these willing and obedient animals; but how will that wonder be increased when he passes into another room, running the whole length of one hundred and twenty feet, containing mules over 100 feet long, each having 600 spindles, and guided by only one man and two girls! We stood for a moment—stood again—yes, nearly; and what a rich clear voice that girl appears to have! We just hear the mellow cadence above the whirr of the machine, and catch the words, "Holy, holy, holy." Why, she is singing the "Te Deum Laudamus"; how rapidly the 17th verse of the 3rd of Malachi rushes to our remembrance as we turn away! And a word here of thanks to the noble-hearted proprietors, who, "while they have time, are doing good unto all men," meekly spending the talents entrusted to their care, building the church and establishing the school, that the people in their employ may have the right way made clear before them.

And are our remarks to be confined to this firm? No; think Heaven, others are doing likewise, and none to a greater extent than the Messrs. Marshall, the owners of the great flax-mill, shown in the engraving, and into which, by the courtesy of the proprietors, we now propose to conduct you. The beautiful and imposing exterior is so admirably rendered by our artist that description is unnecessary, therefore we will sign our names in the book kept for that purpose, and at once pass into the wearing-room, crowded with neatly-dressed, healthy-looking girls and women; in these works there are no less than 2250 hands constantly employed; the building is 123 yards long and 72 yards wide, measured on the inside; the roof consists of 72 brick arches, supported on 72 iron pillars, secured together by strong ironwork; this roof has a thick coating of composition, and is covered with earth, from which which has sprung up a beautiful green sward; there are 66 glass domes, each 48 feet in circumference, in the roof, containing 10 tons of glass, the entire weight of the roof being 4000 tons; the area is 9564 square yards, or nearly 2 acres. The machinery is driven by a pair of 100-horse engines, besides several of smaller power. The large room or mill of one floor would contain 80,000 spindles. Upwards of 70,000,000 yards of linen yarn are spun daily, a portion of which is made into damask table-cloths, another portion into linen cloth, and the remainder sold to other manufacturers.

It is clearly impossible for us to enter into details connected with this stupendous establishment, to do full justice to which several pages of our limited space would have to be devoted; we will therefore pass out on the opposite side of the building from that at which we entered, and have a glance at the beautiful church, erected at the solo cost of this munificent firm, and then step into the schools, also built and set in motion by them. In these latter we shall observe over 400 boys, and about 300 girls, most of them employed in the mill, but *all* of them being trained up in the way they should go, at the expense of the Messrs. Marshall, who, for this purpose, have engaged the services of competent teachers.

During our many journeys over the London and North-Western Railway we have met with nothing so interesting or more suggestive than our visit to this mill. When the Order of Merit, concerning which people are now talking, is established, the claims of the liberal firm, whose good deeds we have lightly touched upon, will not be passed over—claims that will exist after the noble building we have so imperfectly described shall have crumbled away and be for ever lost.—*From Messon's Illustrated Guide of the London and North Western Railway. Sold at the Railway Book-stalls, price* 1s.

A HAPPY HOME.

"SIX things," says Hamilton, "are requisite to create a happy home. *Industry* must be the architect, and *kindness* the upholsterer; it must be warmed by *affection*, and lighted up with *cheerfulness*, and *industry* must be its ventilator, removing the atmosphere, and bringing in a fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the *Blessing of God*."

TRUE KNOWLEDGE.

He nothing knows who knows not this,
That earth's best joys yield vexed bliss,
No lasting portion give;
He all things knows, who knows to place
His hopes on Christ's redeeming grace,
Who died that we might live.

DR. HUIE.

FRUITFUL CAUSE OF INSANITY.

A DISTINGUISHED merchant, who for twenty years did a vast amount of business, remarked to Dr. Edwards, "I have not been for the Sabbath, I have no doubt I should have been a maniac long ago." This was mentioned in a company of merchants, when one remarked, "That is the case exactly with Mr. ——." He was one of our greatest importers. He used to say that the Sabbath was the best day in the week on which to plan voyages; shewing that he allowed his mind no Sabbath. He has been in the Lunatic Asylum for years, and will probably die there. Many are there, or in the maniac's grave, because they had no Sabbath. They broke a law of nature, and of Nature's God, and found the way of transgressors to be hard." Such cases are so numerous that a celebrated British writer remarks, "I never knew a man work seven days in a week who did not kill himself."

Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary: I am the Lord.—Lev. xix. 30.

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.—Exodus xx. 8.

Keep the Sabbath day to sanctify it, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee.—Deut. v. 12.

Six days shall work be done: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, an holy convocation; ye shall do no work therein: it is the Sabbath of the Lord in all your dwellings.—Lev. xxiii. 3.

It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days.—Matt. xii. 12.

The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.—Mark ii. 27.

This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.—Ps. cxviii. 24.

My Sabbaths they greatly polluted: then I said I would pour out my fury upon them.—Ezek. xx. 13.

SWIFT AND HIS SERVANT.

DEAN SWIFT, while on a journey, and stopping at a tavern, desired his servant, John, (who by the way, was as eccentric as his master) to bring him his boots; John brought up the boots in the same state as they were taken off the evening previous.

"Why didn't you polish my boots?" said the Dean.

"There's no use in polishing them," said the man, "for they would soon be dirty again."

"Very true, said the Dean," and he put on the boots. Immediately after, he rang down to the hostlery, and told her to an account to give his servant any breakfast. The man breakfasted and then ordered the horses out. As he was ready to start, John ran to him in a great hurry, and said—"Mr. Dean, I haven't got my breakfast yet."

"Oh!" replied the witty divine, "there's no use in your breakfasting, for you would soon be hungry again."

NEVER forsake a friend when enemies gather thick around him. —When misfortune falls heavy upon him,—when the world is dark and cheerless; this is the time to try friendship. They who turn from distress to offer means of relief should be excused from entering into friendship and all, before their sympathy, and prove that within malevolence only prompt and move them. If you have a friend who loves you,—who has studied your interests and happiness,—defended you when persecuted and troubled, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his kindness is appreciated, and that his friendship was not bestowed upon you in vain.

"WHOLLY then know," said a good man, "whether thy name be written in the book of life? Thou read what thou hast written in the book of conscience. If I write nothing in this book but the black lines of sin, I shall find nothing in God's book but the black lines of wrath, but if I write God's word in the book of conscience, I may be sure God hath written my name in the book of life."

"OUR glasses of light from God's word gives more true light than all the visions of man."

WHEN thou discovered any faults in others, make the right use of them, which is, to correct and amend the like failings in thyself.

SWEARING REPROVED.

AN American planter had a favourite domestic negro, who waited at his table. His master was a profane person, and often took the name of God in vain. Whenever he did so, the negro made a low and solemn bow. On being asked why he did this, he replied, that he never heard this great name mentioned, but it filled his whole soul with reverence and awe.

His master took the hint without offence, and was reclaimed from a very sinful and pernicious practice, by his pious slave. The poorest christian may thus be encouraged in the faithful discharge of duty. "A word fitly spoken, how good is it."

THE annual consumption of tobacco is on the average considerably more than a pound weight to every man, woman, and child throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

He that refraineth his lips is wise.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

EXODUS XX. 7.

Keep thy mouth with all diligence.

TRUE GREATNESS.

"The written is that sacred page,
Which guides our childhood, youth, and age;
And sheds its lustre on the gloom,
That wraps the silence of the tomb;
"The warrior who has stormed a town,
Has only purchased his renown;
But he's a greater hero still,
Who conquers his own stubborn will!"

DR. HUIE.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE watchman of the Calais Lighthouse was musing of the brilliancy of his lantern, which can be seen ten leagues at sea, when a visitor did to him, "What if one of the lights should happen to go out?" "Never! impossible!" with a sort of consternation at the bare hypothesis. "Sir," said he, pointing to the ocean, "yonder, there nothing can be seen, there are ships going by to every part of the world. If to-night one of my burners were out, within six months would come a letter—perhaps from India—perhaps from some place I never heard of before, that such a light, at such an hour, the light of Calais burned him; the watchman neglected his post, and vessels were in danger. Ah, Sir! sometimes on dark nights, in the stormy weather, I look out to sea, and I feel as if the eye of the whole world were looking at my light! Go out! burn dim! no, never!"

JAMES WATT; OR, KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

THE baddling thought, the teeming brain,
Although they can wise seem,
'Tis no romance to call the child
The father of the man.

A little boy had often sat
Beside the parlour fire,
To see his mother's kettle boil,
And never seemed to tire.

But when the steam came rolling forth,
He watched it by the hour;
And when it lifted the kettle's lid,
Had wondered at its power.

That little boy became a youth,
And in his fond day dream,
As in his childish schools, his thoughts
Would ruminate on steam.

And still to his expanding mind,
The same idea clung,
As o'er each bold experiment,
His form and spirit hung.

He tried and failed, but in vain
No failure could repress,
He tried again, and yet again,
Determined to succeed.

At length the glorious fruit of all
His toil he could disclose;
That BRIGHT, which to STEAM its name
And mighty power owes.

That musing boy, that dreaming youth,
That man of earnest mind,
WAS WATT, the greatest friend our age
Has given to mankind.

And let each parent, as he reads
My lay, this lesson learn;
To cherish genius in his child,
When he can it discern.

Oh! if your son prefers a book,
Or prefer it not,
Or loves to muse alone, be sure
There's something in the boy.

That little head is hard at work,
And, on some distant day,
It will to you and to the world
The bright result display.

Your son in fame and influence,
Will or his fellows vie,
FOR KNOWLEDGE is, and ever was,
The real source of POWER!

BR. HUME.

DOING WHAT I LIKE WITH MY OWN.

CROSSING Hampstead Heath, Erskine saw a ruffianly looking man unmercifully pummelling a miserable bare-boned pack-horse, and on remonstrating with him received this answer:—"Why, if my own property, I mean, I mean, I mean, I use as I please." The fellow spoke, he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of the poor beast. Erskine, much irritated by this brutality, laid two or three sharp blows of his walking stick over the shoulders of the cowardly offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked how it was that business he had to touch him with his stick. "Why," replied Erskine, "my stick is my own; may n't I use it as I please?"

AMERICAN STATESMEN.

DANIEL WEBSTER was the son of a New Hampshire farmer in very moderate circumstances. Henry Clay, was the son of a poor backwood preacher. Martin Van Buren was too poor in youth to obtain a tolerable education, and it had been said of him in reproach, that he had sold cabbages round the village of Kinderhook. Andrew Jackson was an orphan at an early age, and was left penniless, with nothing but his own efforts to aid him. Governor Nance, of Ohio, had been a plain farmer through life, and entered that state as a pioneer with an axe on his shoulder and very little in his pocket. John Ritner, formerly governor of Pennsylvania, served his time with a farmer as a regular bound apprentice, after which time he for several years drove a waggon from Philadelphia to Pittsburg.

LABOUR, want, and pain, are the beaten paths to greatness.—CECIL.

STAND upon the edge of this world, ready to take wings,—having your feet on earth, your eyes and heart in heaven.—WEBLEY.

THE CHURCH AND THE TAVERN.

In the year 1703, when Louis XVI. was beheaded, and the French Revolution was in full blast, I was through going mulled. With seventeen more of our club, I was marched, under a guard of the king's officers, and lodged in Edinburgh jail. After a summary hearing, I got liberty to banish myself, and accordingly took passage in the good ship Providence, and landed at New York in 1794. I was then in my twenty-second year. When the ship cast off from the wharf, in Scotland, and swung round with the breeze, my father stood upon the shore. He waved a last adieu and exclaimed, "Remember the Sabbath-day." I arrived at New York on a Saturday, and the next day being the Sabbath, at nine o'clock a.m. three young men of our company called at my lodgings.

"Where are you going to-day?" they inquired.

"To church," I replied.

"We have been ten weeks at sea, our health requires exercise. Let us walk out to-day, and go to church next Sabbath," they replied.

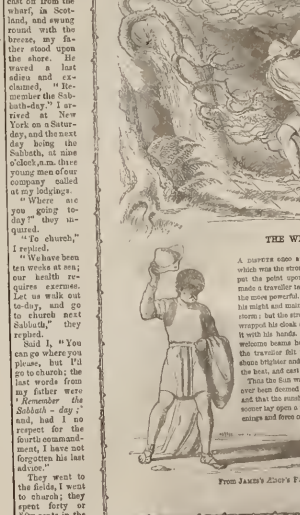
Said I, "You can go where you please, but I'll go to church; the last words from my father were *'Remember the Sabbath-day;'* and, had I no respect for the fourth commandment, I have not forgotten his last advice."

They went to the fields, I went to church; they spent forty or fifty cents in the tavern—I put a one penny bill in the plate at the morning, afternoon, and night service—total, three pence. They continued going into the country, and in process of time the landlady's daughter, and the landlady's niece would join their company. Then each couple hired a gig, at two dollars a-day, wine, cake, and ice cream on the road, fifty cents each, dine at Jamaica, one dollar each. They got home at eight o'clock, p.m., half tipsy, and, having been caught in a thunder shower, their coats, hats, and muddles were damaged fifty per cent. They rose the next morning at nine o'clock, a.m., with sore heads, sore bones, muddy hearts and an uneasy conscience, besides twelve dollars (£2 10s.) lighter than when they started. I went to church, at five o'clock, with a head sound, heart light; rose, looked refreshed, conscience quiet, and commenced the labours of the week in peace and plenty. They went to a mechanics; some of them could earn twelve dollars a-week. My business, that of a wrought nail maker, was poor, the cut-nail machines had just got into operation, which cut down my wages to a shaving. With close application I could only earn five dollars and fifty cents (£1 3s.) per week. Never mind—at the end of twelve years, my Sabbath-riding shopmates had fine coats and hats, powdered heads and ruffled shirts; but I had 100 hard dollars (upwards of £20) piled in the corner of my chest. Having lived fast, they died early. Nearly forty winters are past, and forty summers ended, since the last was laid in the Potter's, or some other field; while I, having received from my Maker a good constitution (and common sense to take care of it), am as sound in mind, body, and spirit, as I was on this day fifty-six years ago, when first I set my foot on shore at Governour's Wharf, New York. Besides, it's a fact (for which my family are proud), I have been only one day confined to the house by sickness during that period.

Now, I dare say you think that one, that the church on the Sabbath is better than the tavern for the labouring man.—*Grant Thorburn.*

A GOOD THOUGHT.

JOHN HOWARD, having settled his accounts at the close of a particular year and found a balance in his favour, proposed to his wife to make use of it in a journey to London, or in any other amusement she chose. "What a pretty cottage for a poor family it would build!" was her answer. This pleased him with his cordial approbation, and the money was laid out accordingly.



THE WIND AND THE SUN.

A DISPUTE once arose between the Wind and the Sun, which was the strongest of the two, and they agreed to put the point upon this issue, that whichever soonest made a traveller take off his cloak, should be accounted the more powerful. The wind began, and blew with all his might and main a blast, cold and fierce as a Thracian storm; but the stronger he blew, the closer the traveller wrapped his cloak around him, and no together he stamped it with his hands. Then broke out the Sun: with his welcome beams he dispersed the vapour and the cold; the traveller felt the genial warmth, and, as the Sun shone brighter and brighter, he sat down, overcome with the heat, and cast his cloak on the ground.

Thus the Sun was declared the conqueror; and it has ever been deemed that persuasion is better than force; and that the sunshine of a kind and gentle manner will sooner lay open a poor man's heart, than all the threatenings and frown of blustering authority.

FROM JAMES'S ÆSOP'S FABLES.

ROWLAND HILL AND THE CAPTAIN.

ONCE when I was returning from Ireland, (says Rowland Hill) I found myself much snapped by the reprehensible conduct of the captain and mate, who were easily given to the scandalous habit of swearing. First the captain swore at the mate, then the mate swore at the captain, then they both swore at the winds, and I collared them, with a strong voice for his pay.

"Stop, stop," said I, "if you please, gentlemen, let us have fair pay, it's my turn now."

"At what is it your turn, pray?" said the captain.

"At swearing," I replied.

"Well, they waited and waited, until their patience was exhausted, and they wanted me to take hands and take my turn. I told them, however, that I had a right to take my own time, and swear as my own convenience. To this the captain replied, with a laugh,

"Perhaps you don't mean to take your turn?"

"Pardon me, captain," I answered, "but I do, as soon as I can find the point of doing so."

My friends, I did not hear another oath on the voyage.

I use in this world two hours, of human happiness and misery. Now if I can take the smallest in from the hour-hand, add to the other, I carry a point. If as I go home, a child has dropped a halfpenny, and it, by giving it another piece, I can restore the worn, I feel I have done something; I should be ashamed to look at my fellow creatures, but I will not neglect this.—NEWTON.

By was the practice of Vespasian, the Roman emperor, to call himself to an account every night for the actions of that day; and as often as he did slip one day without doing good, he charged upon his diary this memorial.

"I have lost a day."

Count that day lost, whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

LET man toil to win his living,
Work is not a task to sigh;
Pure's the gain of others' giving,
To the sinner that we save.

COLUMNS FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS.

SPEAK GENTLY.

"I AM entirely at a loss to know what to do with that boy," said Mrs. B. to her husband, with much concern on her face, and in an anxious tone of voice. "I never yield to his imperious temper; I never indulge him in anything; I think about him and care about him at all times, but see no good results."

While Mrs. B. was speaking, a bright active boy, eight years of age, came dashing in to the room; and, without heeding any one, commenced beating with two large sticks against one of the window-sills, and making a deafening noise.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed his mother, going quickly up to him, and jerking the sticks out of his hand; "can I not teach you either manners or decency? I have told you a hundred times, that when you come into a room where any one is sitting, you must be quiet. Go up-stairs this moment, and do not let me see your face for an hour." The boy became sulky in an instant, and stood where he was, pouting and sullen. "Did you hear what I said? Go up-stairs this moment."

Mrs. B. spoke in a very angry tone, and looked quite as angry as she spoke.

Slowly moved the boy towards the door, a scowl darkening his face that was but a moment before so bright and cheerful. His steps were too deliberate for the over-excited feelings of his mother; she sprang toward him, and seizing him by the arm, pushed him from the room, and closed the door hardly after him.

"I declare I am out of all heart!" she exclaimed, sinking down upon a chair. "It is line upon line, and precept upon precept, I find no good purpose. That boy will break my heart yet.

Mr. B. said nothing, but he saw plainly enough that it was not all the child's fault. He doubted the use of speaking out, and saying this unequivocally, although he had often been down on the point of doing so. He knew the temper of his wife too well, and her peculiar sensitiveness about everything that seemed like reflecting any fault upon her; that he feared more harm than good would result from an attempt on his part to show her that she was much more than half to blame for the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice the little fellow showed himself at the door, but was driven back with harsh words, until the hour for tea arrived. The sound of the tea bell caused no instant oblivion of all the disagreeable impressions made upon his mind. His little feet answered the welcome summons, with a clatter that stunned the ears of his mother.

"Go back, sir," she said quickly, as he burst open the dining-room door, and sent it swinging with a loud concussion against the wall, "and see if you cannot walk down stairs more like a boy than a horse."

Master H. withdrew, pouting out his rosy lips, as far as he could. He went up one flight of stairs, and then returned.

"Go up to the third story, where you first started from, or you shall not have a mouthful."

"I do not want to," whined the boy.

"Go up, I tell you this instant; or I will send you to bed without anything to eat."

This was a threat that former experience had taught him might be executed; and so he deemed it better to submit, than pay so dearly for having his own way. The distance to the third story was made in a few light springs, and then he came pattering down as lightly, and took his place at the table quickly, but sullenly.

"There, there; not too fast: you have plenty to eat, and time enough to eat it in."

It settled himself down to the table as quickly as his mercurial spirits would let him, and tried to wait until he was helped; but, in spite of all his efforts to do so, his hand went over into the bread basket. A look from his mother caused him to drop the slice he had raised; it was not a look in which there was much affection. While waiting to be helped, his hands were busy with his knife and fork, making a most unpleasant clatter.

"Put down your hands!" harshly spoken, remedied this evil; or rather, sent the entire movement from the little fellow's hands to his feet, that commenced a swinging motion,—his heels striking noisily against the chair.

"Keep your feet still!" caused him to cease. After one or two more reproofs, the boy was left to himself. As soon as he received his cup of tea, he poured the entire contents into his saucer, and then tried to lift it steadily to his lips. In doing so, he spilled one-third of its contents upon the table. A box on the ear, and a storm of angry words rewarded this fact.

"Have I not told you over and over again, you incorrigible, bad boy, not to pour the whole of your tea into your saucer? Just see what a mess you have made with that tea. I declare I am out of all patience with you. Go away from the table this instant!"

He went crying away, not in anger, but in grief. He had spilled his tea by accident. His mother, with so many reproofs and injunctions to make, that the bearing of them all in mind, was a thing impossible. As to pouring out all his tea at a time, he had no recollection of any mandate on that subject, although it had been made over and over again, very often. In a little while he came creeping back, and resumed his place at the table, his eyes on his mother's face. Mrs. B. was angry that she had sent him away for what was only an accident; she felt that she had hardly been just to the thoughtless boy; she did not, therefore, object to his coming back, but said, as he took his seat, "Next time, see that you are more careful. I have told you over and over again not to fill your saucer to the brim; you never can do it without spilling the tea upon the table."

This was not spoken in kindness.

A scene similar to the above was enacted at every meal; but instead of improving in his behaviour, the boy grew more and more heedless.

Mr. B. rarely said anything to H. about his unruly manner; but when he did, a word was enough. That word was always mildly, yet firmly spoken. He did not think him a bad boy, or difficult to manage; at least he had never found him so.

"I wish I knew what to do with that child," said Mrs. B., after the little fellow had been sent to bed an hour before his time, in consequence of some violation of law and order; "he makes me constantly feel unhappy. I dislike to be scolding him for ever; but what can I do? If I did not curb him in some way, there would be no living in the house with him. I am afraid he will cause us a great deal of trouble."

Mr. B. sat silent. He wanted to say a word on the subject; but he feared that its effect might not be what he desired.

"I wish you would advise me what to do, Mr. B.," said his wife, a little petulantly. "You sit and do not say a single word, as if you had no kind of interest in the matter. What am I to do? I have exhausted all my own resources, and feel completely at a loss."

There is a way, which, if he would adopt it, I think might do good."

Mr. B. spoke with a slight appearance of hesitation. "If you would speak gently to H. I am sure you would be able to manage him far better than you do."

Mrs. B.'s face was crimsoned in an instant; she felt the reproof deeply; her self-esteem was greatly wounded.

"Speak gently, indeed!" she replied, "I might as well speak to the wind. I am scarcely heard now at the top of my voice."

To be honest did not argue the matter with her, nor say anything that was calculated to keep up the excitement under which she was labouring. He sat quietly in a little while quieted down, and her thoughts became active. The words "speak gently" were constantly in her mind, and there was something in support in them. On going to bed that night, she could not go to sleep for several hours; her mind was too busily engaged with the subject to allow of her sleeping. The words were ever coming over and over again, turning restlessly upon her pillow.

"I will try and do better," she said to herself, as she rose in the morning, but little refreshed from sleep.

Before she was ready to leave her room, she heard H—'s voice calling her from the top of the stairs in great eagerness. The tones were fretful; he wanted some attendance, and was crying out for it in a manner that instantly disturbed the even surface of the mother's feelings. She was about telling him ungrily to be quiet until she could finish dressing herself, when the words "speak gently," seemed whispered in her ear. The effect was magical; the mother's spirit was subdued.

"I will speak gently," she said to herself; and went in to H—, who was still crying out fretfully.

"What do you want, my son?" she said, in a quiet, kind voice.

The boy looked up with surprise; his eye brightened, and the whole expression of his face was changed in an instant.

"I cannot find my stockings, mamma," he said.

"There they are, under the chair," returned Mrs.

B—, as gently as she had at first spoken.

"O yes, so they are," *cheerfully* replied H—, I could not see them anywhere."

"Did you think crying would bring them?"

This was said with a smile, and in a tone so unlike his mother, that the child looked up again into her face with surprise, that was, Mrs. B— plainly saw, mingled with pleasure.

"Do you want anything else?" she asked.

"No, mamma," he replied obeyfully, "I can dress myself now."

This first little effort was crowned with the most encouraging results to the mother: she felt a deep peace settling in her bosom, from the consciousness of having gained a true victory over the perverse tendencies of both her own heart, and that of her boy. It was a little act, but it was the first fruits; and the pottering of even so small a harvest, was sweet to her spirit.

For the first time in many months, the breakfast-table was pleasant to all. H— never once interrupted the conversation that passed at intervals between his father and mother. When he asked for anything, it was in a way pleasing to all. Once or twice Mrs. B— found it necessary to correct some little fault in manner; but the way in which she did it, did not in the least disturb her child's temper; and, instead of not evening to hear her words, as had almost always been the case, he regarded all that was said, and tried to do as she wished.

"There is a wonderful power in *gentle words*," remarked Mr. B— to his wife, after H— had left the table.

"Yes, wonderful indeed, their effect surprises me."

"Love is strong!"

Days, weeks, months, and years went by; during all this time, the mother continued to strive very earnestly with herself, and very kindly with her child.

The happiest results followed; the fretful, passionate, and disorderly boy, became even-minded and orderly in his habits. A word gently spoken was all-powerful in its influence for good; but the least shade of hardness would arouse his stubborn will, and deform his fair young face.

Whenever mothers complain to Mrs. B— of the difficulty they find in managing their children, she has one piece of advice to give, and that is, "Command yourself, and speak gently."

VALUE ALL USEFUL THINGS—It is always of great consequence to that children be brought up to set a just value upon all useful things, especially upon all living things. One of the greatest faults of servants in their management or care of animals committed to their charge; this sometimes arising to the servant not having been brought up to feel an interest in the well-being of animals.

Cobbett's Cottage Economy.

"I never go to church," said a country tradesman to his parish clergyman. "I always spend Sunday in setting accounts." The minister unexpectedly replied, "You will find that the day of Judgment will be spent in the same manner."

PLATO being told that he had enemies who spoke ill of him, said, "I will live in such a manner, that none shall believe them."

NEVER be afraid to step out of the way to do good.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE SCOTCHMAN.

A PLEASING incident recently transpired in one of the Scotch Law Courts, which will secure for our Queen many a hearty cheer from British hearts. It appears that a mason from Balcanes of Coll, in a witness before the jury, when the presiding Judge spoke rather sharply to the hard-toiling Scotchman, who, although probably very expeditious in *dressing* stones, was somewhat slow in *addressing* the Court. In reply, the man said, "Just allow me to tak' time, my lord, I'm no accustomed to sic a company." On leaving the box, the mason said to the bystanders, "The QUEEN has been to my hut, and she speaks pleasantly, and draws pretty pictures *for the bairns*. I would far rather speak to the Queen, than to you chap wi' the big wig."

Long live Queen Victoria! who, although swaying the sceptre over dominions in every part of the world, is not above leaving the gaiety of palace life, and, entering the cottage of a working man, is found drawing "*pictures for the bairns*."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. E. SUNDOR.—We shall at all times be glad to receive such literary publications.

PEDESTRIAN.—A gentleman enquires whether it is possible for the man called PEDESTRIAN to perform their laborious work to the most intense heat, in summer, without the use of intoxicating drinks. Can any of our readers enable us to reply to this enquiry?

We beg to return our best thanks to our numerous correspondents for their expressions of good-will. If each of our present readers will procure THREE new subscribers, we shall be able to prosecute our labours with comfort.

NEW AND CHEAP POSTAGE.

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CELEBRATED TAILORS.

HENRY WILD was born in Norwich, in the year 1684, and, after attending the grammar school of that city, was bound apprentice to a *tailor*. Being attacked by a lingering illness, he took to reading, and meeting with some Hebrew quotations, he was inspired with the determination to learn that language; accordingly he struggled with Latin, and then proceeded to Hebrew. After regaining his health, he used to sit up reading for a great part of the night, and in this way, within seven years, he had actually made himself master of the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, and Persian languages. His extraordinary attainments seem not to have been generally known, till, very singularly, he was introduced to Dean Prideaux, a distinguished proficient in oriental learning. The Dean, who also resided in Norwich, was one day shown some Arabic manuscripts in a bookseller's shop, which upon inspection he wished to purchase; but the bookseller would not dispose of them for the price offered by the Dean. Some days after, regretting that he had not secured the manuscripts, the Dean called again at the bookseller's intending to give him what he asked; when he learned to his consternation, that they had been sold to a *tailor!* Not doubting that they were destined for the scissors, if not already in shreds, he requested that the tailor, who was no other than Henry Wild, might be instantly sent for, that they might yet, if possible, be saved. Upon Wild making his appearance, the Dean had the gratification of learning that the parchments were still uninjured; but to his great surprise, Wild refused to part with them. "What can you mean to make of them?" asked the Dean. Wild told him he intended to read them; and the Dean found upon examining him, that this was no vain boast, as when the manuscripts were produced, the tailor immediately read and translated a portion of them. Dean Prideaux soon after exerted himself to raise a small subscription for this poor and meritorious scholar, by which means he was sent to Oxford, that he might have access to the libraries, and find a more appropriate occupation for his extraordinary talents, in teaching those oriental tongues with which he had in so wonderful a manner contrived to make himself acquainted.

ANDERSEN, a celebrated Danish poet of the present century, the author of "Improvisatore" and several other works, was the son of a poor shoemaker, and in early life had to struggle through poverty and obscurity. His apprenticeship was served to a *tailor*.

HANNIBAL CARACCI, a great Italian painter, amongst whose celebrated works are the "Dead Christ," "The Resurrection," and the paintings in the Farnese palace in Rome, learnt the trade of a *tailor*. He died in 1609.

ANDREW DEL SARTO, an Italian painter, was the son of a *tailor*. He was at first placed with a goldsmith, and afterwards entered the service of a painter, whose reputation he soon far surpassed. He died in 1530.

GENERAL ELLIOTT, the celebrated defender of Gibraltar at the latter end of the last century, though descended from a family much distinguished for their military exploits, was when a boy, apprenticed to a *tailor*.

SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD, who died at Florence in 1394, having gained amongst the Florentines the character of the bravest soldier of the age, was originally a *tailor's apprentice* in London, his father being a farmer in Essex.

JOHN CHRISTIAN TREDEN, who rose step by step through his extraordinary talents, until he became chief surgeon to the Prussian Army, under Frederick II., was in his youth apprenticed to a *tailor!*

JOHN JACKSON, R.A., a successful portrait painter, and a native of Lastingham, in Yorkshire, was the son of a *tailor*, and was himself brought up to the same business. Very early in life he evinced a taste for drawing, and some of his sketches having attracted the notice of Sir George Beaumont, he was released by that gentleman's means from his apprenticeship, and encouraged to devote himself to painting. He afterwards removed to London, and studied at the Royal Academy; and he then commenced portrait painting. On the fifth November, 1815, he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and on the 10th February, 1817, a Royal Academician. Jackson was noted for his extreme rapidity in painting, and it is related that on one occasion he began and finished the portraits of five gentlemen in one summer's day. By each of these he earned 25 guineas, thus making no less a sum than 125 guineas in a day. He died in 1831.

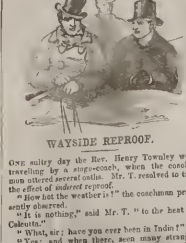
GELLI, a celebrated Italian writer, even after he had obtained so much distinction by his writings as to have been elected to the high dignity of consul of the Florentine Academy, and appointed by the Grand Duke to deliver a course of lectures on Dante, still continued to work at his original profession of a *tailor*, which he had inherited from his father.

ROBERT HILL, a native of Hertfordshire, was a poor *tailor*, who with scarcely any education, by laborious application made himself master of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, and wrote several works on theological subjects. Although of a weakly constitution, he had accustomed himself to do very well with only two or three hours of sleep in the twenty-four; and he lived to be seventy-eight, dying in 1777.

HENRICH JUNG STILLING, who died in 1817, for a long time had to struggle against poverty; he was successively a *tailor*, schoolmaster, private tutor, physician, professor of political economy at Lautern, Heidelberg, and Marburg, and closed his career as Privy Councillor to the Grand Duke of Baden. He left an interesting autobiography which we recommend to the perusal of our readers.

LET the Working tailors who read these lines be stimulated to improve what Dr. Huie appropriately calls "*Corners of Time*," (see next page); let them be careful to spend their Sabbaths and their Mondays in such a way as will bear a Tuesday morning's reflection, and many of them will, we doubt not, become valuable and influential citizens of the world.

WE are collecting notices of celebrated Barbers, Stonemasons, Blacksmiths, Bricklayers, Shepherds, Sailors, &c., &c., and shall feel obliged by any assistance which our readers may be able to render us in this task



WAYSIDE REPROOF.

One sultry day the Rev. Henry Townley was travelling in a stage-coach, when the coachman uttered several oaths. Mr. T. resolved to try the effect of *indirect* reproof.

"How hot the weather is!" the coachman presently observed.

"It is nothing," said Mr. T. "to the heat of Calcutta."

"What, sir; have you ever been in India?"

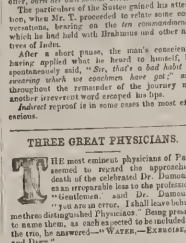
"Yes; and when there, seen many strange sights. I saw a Hindoo girl goaded on by the priests, and in spite of every remonstrance I could offer, *burn her own mother alive*."

The particulars of the Suttee gained his attention, when Mr. T. proceeded to relate some conversations, bearing on the *ten commandments*, which he had held with Brahmins and other natives of India.

After a short pause, the man's conscience having applied what he heard to himself, he spontaneously said, "*Sir, that's a bad habit of swearing which we coachmen have got;*" and throughout the remainder of the journey not another profane word escaped his lips.

Indirect reproof is in some cases the most effectious.

THREE GREAT PHYSICIANS.



The most eminent physicians of Paris seemed to regard the approaching death of the celebrated Dr. Dumouhin as an irreparable loss to the profession.

"Gentlemen, said Dr. Dumouhin "you are in error. I shall leave behind me three distinguished Physicians." Being pressed to name them, he each expected to be included in the trio, he answered.—"Water,—Exercise,—and Diet."

A SAVINO OF FIVE PENCE A DAY.

At a meeting in Birmingham, of a total abstinence society, the following statement was made by a working printer, who was induced to turn to speak on the subject of temperance. He said he had made a few calculations which he wished to communicate, with the view of showing the pecuniary benefit he had derived during the four years he had been a pledged member. Previous to that time he had been in the practice of spending, on an average, in intoxicating drink, five pence per day, or £7 12s. 1d. per annum, which in four years would amount to £30 8s. 4d. He would now show how this sum had been expended during the four years he had abstained from all intoxicating drinks.

First, it had enabled him to allow an aged father £3 5s. per annum towards rent, or for the four years £13.

Secondly, he had entered a benefit society, and paid 1s. 7d. per week, or £4 2s. 4d. per annum, or £16 9s. 4d. for the four years. For this payment he secured the following advantages: in case of his being disabled from doing his accustomed work by illness or accident, the society will pay him eighteen shillings per week, until restored to health; in case of death, his widow or rightful heir is entitled to a funeral of £9, besides ball the amount paid into the society by the deceased up to the time of his death, with the interest due thereon.

Thirdly, it left him four shillings and nine-pence per annum, or nineteen shillings for the four years, to be expended in temperance and other periodicals. It might further be added that when the sum of £34 had been paid into the society's funds, no further payment would be required, and the contributor would be entitled to all the benefits before enumerated; medicine and medical attendance being included in the arrangement. Reader, how much may be done with evidence a day?

THOMAS PAINE SILENCED.

A Gentleman of New York, who personally knew Thomas Paine, and was repeatedly in his company during the last years of his life, gave the following account of a conversation with him respecting the Bible:—

"One evening I found Paine haranguing a company of his disciples, on the great mischief done to mankind by the introduction of the Bible and Christianity. When he had finished, I said, Mr. Paine, you have been in Scotland; you know there is not a more rigid set of people in the world than they are in their attachment to the Bible: it is their schoolbook; their churches are full of Bibles. When a young man leaves his father's house, his mother always, in packing his chest, puts a Bible on the top of his clothes. He said it was true. I continued, 'You have been in Spain, where the people are destitute of the Bible, and there you can hire a man for a dollar to murder his neighbour, who never gave him any offence.' He assented. 'You have seen the manufacturing districts in England, where not one man in fifty can read, and you have been in Ireland, where the majority never saw a Bible. Now you know it is an historical fact that in one county in England, or Ireland there are many more capital convictions in six months than there are in the whole population of Scotland in twelve. Besides, this day there is not one Scotchman in the almshouse, state prison, bridewell, or penitentiary of New York. Now then, if the Bible were so bad a book as you represent it to be, those who use it would be the most wretched of mankind. The contrary is the fact; for our prisons, almshouses and penitentiaries are filled with men and women, whose ignorance or unbelief prevents them from reading the Bible.' It was now nearly ten o'clock at night; Paine answered not a word, but taking a candle from the table, walked up stairs, leaving his friends and myself staring at each other."

SELF-RELIANCE.

If we were to go to the mart or the exchange, to the university or the church, to the bar, or the senate, and select the names that are marked for distinction in their respective annals, we should discover that fortune and fame had encircled their chosen honors around the heart of those men who were distinguished for self-denial and self-dependence. The distinctions amongst men are not natural and compulsory; they are in a great measure voluntary and self-determined. Fate does not bind us in fetters that cannot be broken, nor place us in the bondage of unconquerable circumstances. We are slaves or men by an act of our own will. When Demosthenes harangued, captivated, and controlled the fierce democracy of Greece," many of his auditors would presume that the charms of his eloquence were owing to some superior endowments of nature. But we are told that he had a weak voice, a thick way of speaking, and he was so short breathed that he could not utter a whole period without stopping. His first attempt to speak in public was rewarded with hisses; and he withdrew, hanging down his head and in the utmost confusion. He was cast down, but not discouraged; a friend met him, and having ascertained the cause of his dejection, he assured him that the evil was not without remedy, nor the case so desperate as he imagined. He gave him advice, and Demosthenes, like a true Philosopher, resolved either to remove the difficulties that environed his path or perish in the attempt. Then the result was one of the noblest efforts of an indomitable will. By the use of small pebbles he corrected his pronunciation; by mounting or climbing steep hills, he improved his respiratory organs; by pronouncing harangues at the sea side, he increased the power of his voice and the inflexibility of his nerves; by reading Thucydides, his favourite author, he gave grace and vigour to his style; and by exercise before the mirror, he acquired propriety of gesture and demeanour. So that he became such a master in the rhetorical art, that his appearance at the forum he was the delight and wonder of his fellow countrymen.

Councillor Wilkinson.

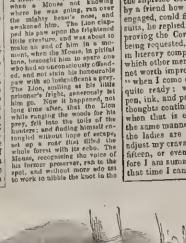
Mr. Rogers, a Puritan Divine, was styled the Enoch of his day. Bishop Kennet said of him, that England hardly ever brought forth a man who walked more closely with God. He was always remarkable for gravity and seriousness in company. Being once addressed by a gentleman of rank:—

"Mr Rogers, I like you and your company well enough, but you are too *precise!*"

"Oh, Sir," replied Mr. R. "I serve a *precise* God!"

The most useful lesson in the school of life is that which teaches us to be content.

THE LION AND MOUSE.



A Lion was sleeping in his lair, when a Mouse not knowing where he was going, ran over the monarch's face, and awakened him. The Lion enraged at this upon the frightened little creature, and was about to make an end of him in a moment, when the Mouse, in pitiful tones, remonstrate with the sovereign who had so unconsciously offended, and said that if he would only spare him at liberty, he would requite the prisoner's fright, generously let him go. Now it happened, not long time after, that the Lion while ranging the woods for his prey, fell into the toils of the hunters and finding himself entangled without hope of escape, let up a roar that filled the whole forest with its echo. The Mouse, recognizing the voice of his former prisoner, ran to the spot, and without more ado set to work to nibble the knot in the net that bound the Lion, and in a short time set the noble beast free. The Mouse then said, that their kindness is seldom thrown away, and that there is no creature so much below another, but that he may have it in his power to return a good office.

From Aesop's Fables.

A COTTAGER'S ROOM.

It is pleasant to observe the charming effect which it is often in the power of a poor labourer to give to his cottage, by making some of the most simple productions of nature subservient to the decoration of his home. That home may be small, and yet the sources of great comfort and refinement to him, who, following the indication of the taste for beauty, and being an unsophisticated lover of Nature, calls here and there, as often as the blessed opportunity offers, from the minute variety of the vegetable kingdom,—

"Gems for the beautiful in every place,
In vocal, uncorrupt, by breathing grace,
Where the sun-weed grows,"

and, by a little ingenuity, taste, and the enjoyment of that peaceful mind which has benefit of a crowded city or hall forbids, he can bring into the cottage his search, that gratifies his eye, expands him at well-spent time and pure pleasures. We have seen the walls and ceiling of a peasant's home thickly studded with shells of all kinds and colours, displayed in agreeable forms; and by contrasting with flowers, dried plants, seaweed, and mosses, the whole had a most delightful appearance. F. L.—*Builder.*

A SHORT ARGUMENT.

A gentleman was railing, at a public table, against the law of the nation, as depriving men of their natural rights to buy and sell, and act great, and turning to his neighbour, asked him, if he did not think it high-handed oppression. The gentleman replied—

"Sir, call it oppression if you please; I will tense one fact well known to myself. A tax bill was recently brought to me on my city property, of 900 dollars, for which I pass my cheque, I carefully looked into the subject, and found that 300 dollars of it was for the support of drunkards. Now, what do you call oppression? But, I suppose, I have no right! Remember have all That they may use no support criminals and drunkards, I make no pay 300 dollars, and I must be silent."

"Sir," said the gentleman, "Make it right. It is the best argument I ever heard. It has overthrown all my theory about free-trade. I will go no more, but go with you for a Maine Law in New-York."

American Paper.

We cannot hold too confidently on the merits of Christ, as our only hope; nor can we think too much of the mind that was in Christ, as our great example. Gurd.

CORNERS OF TIME.

A celebrated author, who was also a judge in the supreme Court of Scotland, being once asked by a friend how he, who was otherwise so much occupied, could find any leisure for literary pursuits, he replied that he accomplished all his work during the Corners of Time. An explanation being requested, he went on to say that he spent in literary composition those seasons of leisure which other men lost, because they thought them not worth improving. "For instance," said he, "when I come down to breakfast, I find it not quite ready; well, I step into my study, take pen, ink, and paper, and write a few lines; my thoughts continue to flow during my breakfast, in which that is over I finish the paragraph. In the same manner when I come home to dinner, the ladies are not dressed; I step into my study, take my cravat, and step into my study. Ten, fifteen, or even twenty minutes will elapse before I am summoned to the dining-room, and in that time I can do a great deal. Similar intervals often occur in the evening, and these I call the Corners of Time."

The time of the labouring man is at the command and disposal of his employer, and yet the most fully occupied of the sons of toil will see from the foregoing anecdote, that even his time has Corners which he can make his own. In fact, without detraining fully the master of a single minute which is his due, the sober and well-disposed labourer or mechanic will find, upon reflection, that there are short intervals in almost every day, which are spent by himself in merely lounging, and by his companions (it may be) in drinking or smoking; but which, if watched for and improved might be turned into precious seasons of mental and spiritual advancement. By rising a quarter of an hour earlier in the morning, ten minutes would be gained for reading the Bible, and five for communion with God in prayer. By a little effort twice that length of time might be set apart in the evening for the same exercises, in which his wife (if he has one) and his family might join. From the breakfast and dinner hours also ten or fifteen minutes might in most instances be spared, for reading the "British Workman" or the "Leisure Hour," or some other useful and entertaining publication. By putting these Corners of Time together and using them for any precious remarks would find, that he had spent from an hour to an hour and a quarter in a profitable and edifying manner; and that while his employer had not suffered to the value of a farthing, he himself had gained what is more valuable than rubies.

And if the habit were once formed of thus improving the Corners of Time throughout the week, and turning them into seasons of mental and spiritual advancement, how delightful would it be to a labourer or mechanic would the weekly return of the Sabbath be! when, instead of spending a few minutes in communion with his God and Saviour, and in promoting the spiritual interests of his household, he could pass the whole day, (and that day one of rest,) in the public and private exercises of devotion, and in the use of those other helps to moral and religious progression, which in this highly favoured country are within the reach of all!

It is a common saying, that "a penny saved is a penny gained." In the same manner a minute saved is a minute gained. "See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time." "Father up the fragments that remain, that nothing may be lost."

Dr. Heine.

SPEAK NO ILL.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Nay, speak no ill!—a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And oft to breathe such tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.

Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if bad fruit be gathered
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's fault efface;
How can it please, how can it please
To prove humanity but base?

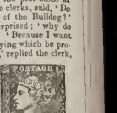
No: let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler estimate of man;
To discover in the worst some good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill,—but lenient be
To others' failings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.

For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then, oh, the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the *best* we can.

JACK AND THE FIVE SHILLING POSTAGE STAMPS.

"A few days since, a man-of-war's man, a native British tar, stepped into the post-office at Cork, and addressing one of the clerks, said, 'Do you know Jem Jenkins, A.B. of the Bulldog?' 'Not I,' replied the clerk, surprised; 'why do you ask?' The sailor replied, 'Because I want you to give a letter to Jem Jenkins,' having which he produced an epistle. 'Very well,' replied the clerk, 'the letter will be sent to him, but you must give a stamp on it.' 'How in the world can you send a letter to Jem without knowing how him?' inquired the tar. 'Oh, that does not matter,' answered the clerk; 'I can send the letter, but it will cost you a penny for the stamp.' 'Stamp!' cried the sailor; 'show me one. A stamp was accordingly shown to him, when he exclaimed, 'No, shiver me, if I put ten pence off with a penny, for he often spun a crown upon me; haven't you got anything better than this?' The clerk replied in the affirmative, and showed him a twopenny stamp. 'Well,' cried the other, 'this looks decenter; but haven't you got anything better?' The clerk showed him a shilling stamp, which Jack inspected with an expression of approval, saying, 'All right! put five of them on the letter; shiver my timbers! I will stand Jem Jenkins less than five shillings' worth.' Saying this, he threw down five shillings on the counter, took up the five shilling stamps, and stuck them on the letter, which he then threw into the letter-box with expressions of satisfaction at having spent a crown's worth on Jem Jenkins."—*Cork Constitution.*



☞ We are preparing a No. of the "British Workman" particularly adapted, being desirous not only of inducing "Jack" to take care of his money when on shore, and lay up some thing against a rainy day; but also to lay up treasure for a better land. We shall be glad to receive any interesting facts suitable to our purpose.—[Ed. B. W.]

MERCHANT TAILORS.

The first charter of the Merchant Tailors was granted by Edward III., and is addressed to the "Tailors and Linen Armourers of the city of London." In 2 Henry IV. the company received a new confirmatory charter by the name of the "Sciscons and Fraternity of St. John the Baptist." And in the sixth year of the reign of the same monarch, another charter was granted, addressed to the "Sciscons or Louzenges, and of the Fraternity of St. John the Baptist."

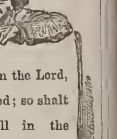
The Cosser, or Tailor, anciently made both the men's and women's apparel.—*History of the twelve Livery Companies of London.*

It appears that in olden times, besides making clothes, the Merchant Tailors' Company always dealt in cloth. In the Mocrfield or Finsbury Manor, were extensive Tenter grounds and gardens possessed by the Merchant Tailors. The Old Survey of London mentions "Certain gardens and tenters belonging to the Merchant called the 'Moor,' in the tenure of the Merchant Tailors of London, on the South."

As the present time there are very few of the "Sciscons" of London members of the Merchant Tailors' Company, the bulk of the members being of other trades or professions!

A HALE OLD AGE.

A few weeks ago Isaac Plumb, now in his hundredth year, walked half a mile to see his son reaping on the farm of Mr. Murfit, of Outwell, Norfolk, when the sight of the crops made age relax, and the youth of a hundred harvests, with a sharp hook, began reaping in a style so neat and easy, that all who saw him said, "Well done." He was born in the adjoining parish of Upwell, but has lived in Outwell eight years, and been a very hard-working man; he always rose early, and rises now at six o'clock in the morning, and is very healthy.



"Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

Psalm xxxvii. 3.

A WORD TO HUSBANDS.

GENTLEMEN, there are two ways of governing a family: the first is force, the other is by mild but vigilant authority; the first is brutal, and you certainly lose your happiness in adopting it; the second will occasion you to be respected, and your dominion to be obeyed. A husband deserves to lose his empire altogether, by making an attempt to force it by violence.

2. Never contradict your wife; you never did so before marriage, and the best begin it now. There is something so harsh about contradiction in a man, that it always generates an unkindly feeling. It prevents the confidence which ought to exist between married persons; and confidence destroyed, we cannot hope for much good afterward.

3. Be cautious ever to have a trustier confidant than your wife. She will always advise for the best, and very safely too. Trust her wholly.

4. Be strictly moral in your conduct, how can you pretend to be a guide to your house, if you are not? Consider what you would think if your wife should become immoral in *her* conduct.

5. Be an attentive in reason after marriage as you were in courting. Attention to your wife is respect to yourself. It is her due, and shows clearly that you do not regret your choice.

6. Pride yourself only on those qualities which a man ought to possess, and give your wife credit for hers. You ought to have a manly understanding, but remember that infers no superiority over the wife's.

7. Be careful in your choice of friends; you have one that will never desert you; cherish *her*.

HARVEST HOME SUPPERS.

We are glad to learn from "*The Times*" of the 20th Sept that a second attempt has been made this year in the parish of Brooke, to put an end to the system of public-house harvest feasts; and that it has proved eminently successful. On Friday the 14th, after Divine Service, when the church was crowded in every part, about 400 men, women and children sat down to a substantial repast. A good band of music enlivened the scene, and the happiness and decorum of the whole party will not, says the report, soon be forgotten. Copies of the "*British Workman*" had been procured for distribution at the party and at table, and as the shades of evening began to close a display of fireworks terminated the festivities.

What a contrast is this to former meetings; let our friends strike the balance.

Formerly	Now
Absence of women and children.	The joyous presence of women and children.
Beer, Wine, Brandy, Beer.	Beef, and other substantial fare.
Drunkenness.	Intellectual Enjoyment.
Quarrelling.	Harmony and Union.
Profanity.	A band of Music.
Intoxication.	Gobbets of Gooseberries.
Headache and Remorse.	Renewed Health and a clear head.

THE WATCH AN EMBLEM OF SOCIETY.

I HAVE now in my hand a gold watch, which combines embellishment with utility, in happy proportions, and is usually considered a very valuable appendage to the person of a gentleman. Its bands, face, and chain, are of chased and burnished gold. Its gold seals sparkle with the ruby, the topaz, the sapphire, the emerald.

I open it and find that the works, without which this elegant chased case would be a mere shell, these bands motionless, and these figures without meaning, are made of *brass*. I investigate further, and find that the main-spring, by which all these are put in motion, made of? I am told it is made of steel. I ask, what is steel? The reply is, that it is iron which has undergone a certain process.

So then I find the main-spring, without which the watch would be motionless, and its hands, figures, and embellishments but toys, is not of gold; that is not sufficiently good—nor of brass, that would not do—but of iron. Iron is therefore the precious metal; and this watch an emblem of society.

Its hands and figures, which tell the hour, resemble the master spirits of the age, to whose movements every eye is directed; its sparkling seals, with their sapphires, topaz, rubies, and other bellishments, the aristocracy; its works of brass, the middle class, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the master spirits of the age are moved; and its iron main-spring, shut up in a box, always at work, but never thought of, except when it is disordered, broken, or worse winding up, symbolizes the labouring classes; which like the main-spring, we wind up by the payment of wages; which classes are shut up in obscurity, and through constantly at work, and absolutely as necessary to the movements of society as the main-spring is to the watch, are seldom thought of except when they require their wages, or are in some want or disorder of some kind or other.

HON. EDW. EVERETT.

A MODEL COTTAGE AND A MODEL IRISH WIFE.

IN Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's valuable book on IRELAND there is the following interesting passage:—

"We entered one day a cottage in the suburbs of Cork; a young woman was knitting, stocking at the door. It was as neat and comfortable as any in the most prosperous district of England. We tell her brief story in her own words, as nearly as we can recall them:—My husband is a wheelwright, and always earned 4 guineas a week; he was a good workman, but the love for the drink was strong in him, and it wasn't often he brought me home more than five shillings out of his one-pound-one on a Saturday night, and it broke my heart to see the children too ragged to attend to school, to say nothing of the starved look they had out of the little I could give them. Well, God be praised he gave up the drink, and the next Saturday he had twenty-one shillings upon the chair you sit upon. Oh! didn't I give thanks upon my bended knees that night; still I was fearful it would not last, and I spent no more than the five shillings I used to, saying to myself, may be the money will be more nextend time it is now. Well, the next week he brought me the same, and the next, and the next, until eight weeks had passed; and glory be to God! there was not any change for the bad in my husband; and all the while he never asked me why there was nothing better for him out of his earnings; so I felt there was no fear for him, and the month when he came home to me, I had the table bought, and these six chairs, one for myself, four for the children, and one for himself, and I was dressed in a new gown, and the children all had new clothes, and shoes and stockings; and upon his chair I put a bran new suit, and upon his plate I put the bill and receipt for them all; just the eight sixteen shillings, the cost that I had saved of his wages, not knowing what might happen. And he cried, good lady gentleman, he cried like a child, but 'twas with thanks to God, and now where's the healthier man than my husband in the whole county of Cork, or a happier wife than myself, or decenter or better fed children than my own?

THE POOR MAN TO HIS WIFE.

My dearest Kate, be not distressed,
Nor let thy heart despair;
Infinite Wisdom knows what's best,
And what we best can bear.

Weak human reason cannot scan
His providential law;
Or comprehend the amazing plan
By which he rules below.

Tho' poverty be now our lot,
And gloomy prospects rise;
Contentment in a humble cot,
The want of wealth supplies.

Tho' coarse our fare and scanty too,
Our clothes of humble kind;
If to His will we humbly bow,
Sweet peace o'erflows the mind.

Our real wants are very few,
These few He will supply;
Who clothes the flowers in glorious hue,
And hears the raven's cry.

And is a raven's ravenous hread
An object of his care?
Sure, he'll provide our children food,
Oh! why should we despair.

Let anxious care which rends the heart,
For ever banish'd be;
His voice will heal the painful smart,
"Oh! cast your care on me."

"I, O, every heart's at my command,
The chief shall liberal prove,
And open his exhaustless hand
To feed the man I love."

He'll be our God, he'll be our guide,
The lonely desert through;
There let us never leave his side,
But all his steps pursue.

Soon shall we reach the heavenly goal,
Where saints no more complain;
Where Christ shall be our "all in all,"
And we with him shall reign.

CHEER UP!

Way that look of sadness,
Why this dim eye?
Has no thought of gladness
Lit by gold or light?
O then look at heaven,
Think of Jesu's love,
Write to thee is given,
Let his grace to prove.

Is the burden's spirit,
Bowed down thee?
Think of Jesu's merit,
He can make thee cheer.
Think of Calvary's mountain,
Of the Lamb's sacrifice,
Is that precious fountain,
Wash away thy guilt.

Is the spirit drooping?
Is the troubled heart
Sigh in Jesus' bosom,
Pour out thy sorrow before him,
Let the grief before him,
Gird thy armour on,
Hero of grace and glory,
Struggle for thy crown.

THE TALLYMAN.

"HAVE your money before you spend it" is a good maxim for all, but for none more so than the Working Man's Wife. Many severe home troubles and sorrows and some heinous sins and trouble by yielding to the solicitations of the Tallyman, and buying "Cheap Bargains" on credit. The husband has perhaps been thrown out of work and the weekly instalment could not be paid; the amount has swelled up to several shillings. The Tallyman applies to the County Court—Law expenses increase the debt fourfold, and the better pension of the poor man's furniture goes to satisfy the demand.

One Monday morning not long ago, a Tallyman appeared at one of the London County Courts upwards of twenty summonses against Working Men for debts then contracted by the wives! Well may it be said "Have your money before you spend it."

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

Some years since, a fine young man, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," on becoming of age, and receiving his patrimony, entered into company, and indulged in the dissipation of genteel society. Her wounded eye saw his danger. She pointed out its tendency to ruin of body and soul. She used every argument, persuasion, and entreaty in vain. One day she listened he was in close with a large and jovial party, and she spent the forenoon in persuading him to reinvestment, but all in vain. "Mother, I will go." "Then John, I will retire to my closet, and pray for you, till I see your face again." He went to the party but could find no enjoyment; the thought of his mother lying on her knees, wrestling with God in prayer for him, formed such a contrast to the scene before him, that he slipped away—found his mother in the act of prayer—knelt down by her—fell on her neck,—and from that day became the delight of his pious mother's heart,—a brand rescued from the burning—A religious parent's prayers are never offered in vain.

God's mercy and Christ's merit should bear up our faith and hope when a sense of our sins is ready to cast us down.

Cradock.

THE MECHANIC'S WIFE.

In England, every mechanic is supposed to have, or to be about to have a wife. The many thousands of these spouses are divided into sorts. There are good and bad; very good and very bad; unspeakably good and unutterably bad; and as a sort of *par expression*,—*tolerable*. It is not every good woman who is a good wife; nor is it every good wife, who is a good wife for the mechanic. A working man needs a working wife; but as to qualities of mind, manners, and morals, she cannot run too high in the scale. There is an error prevalent concerning this.

Gilds says, "I do not want a wife with too much sense." Why not? Perhaps Gilds will not answer; but the shrug of his shoulders answers, "Because I am afraid she will be an overmatch for me." Gilds talks like a simpleton. The fortunate man who has their tyrants at home are never married to women of sense. Genuine elevation of mind cannot prompt any one, male or female, to go out of his or her proper sphere. No man ever suffered from an overplus of intelligence, whether in himself or his own head or his wife's.

Hedge says, "I will not marry a girl who has too much manners." Very well, Hedge: you are right; *too much of any thing* is bad. But consider what you say. Perhaps you mean that a fine lady would not suit you. Very true; I should not desire to see you joined for life to what is called a fine lady," to wit, to a woman who treats you as beneath her level, sneers at your friends, and is above her business. But this is not good manners. Real good manners and true gentility are equally at home in courts and farm houses. The noble quality springs from nature, and is the expression of unafforded good will. Even in high life, the higher you go the simpler do manners become. A brade and "fuss" of manners are the marks of half-breed people. True simplicity and native good will, and kind regard for the convenience and feelings of others, will ensure good manners even in a kitchen; and I have seen many a vulgar dame in a fashionable party, and many a gentlewoman in a humble shed. Nay, your wife must have good manners. RALPH declares, "I hope I may never have a wife who is too strict and moral." Now my good Ralph, you talk nonsense, I perceive you do not know what you mean. Are you afraid your wife will be too virtuous?

"Bless me! no."

Then you rather prefer a moral wife to an immoral one?

"Surely."

Are you afraid then, of a religious wife?

"Why something like that was in my head; for there's neighbour Smith's wife, who gives him no peace of his life, she is so religious."

Let us hear how she behaves herself.

"Why, she is for ever teaching the children out of the Bible."

Indeed! and you, Ralph, are an enemy to the Bible?

"O, no! But then,—there is reason in all things."

Yes, and the reason you have just given is that of a child, and, like the child, *because*, is made to do hard service. But let me understand you. Does Mrs. Smith teach the children anything wrong?

"No! But plague it all! if one of them hears Smith let fly an oath, it brings to preach at him."

Then you wish, when you have children, to have liberty to teach them all the usual oaths and curses, and obscene jokes that are common?

"Dear me, Mr. Quill, you want understand me."

Yes, I understand you fully; it is you, Ralph, who do not understand yourself. Look here; Mrs. Smith is so religious that if she proceeds as she has begun, her children will break the pitcher of her love blasphemies. I hope you may get just such a wife.

Out then, Smith can't spend a couple of hours at the tavern for fear of his wife!"

Ah! what does he go to the tavern for?

"Just to sit and chat, and drink a little."

And how does his wife interfere? Does she fetch him home?

"No."

Does she scold him then?

"No."

What is it then that disturbs him?

"Why, she looks so solemn and mournful, and shuts herself up so and cries, whenever he is a little merry, that the man has no satisfaction."

Good! And I pray he may have none till he alters his course of life.

A proper respect would teach every noble hearted Briton of whatever class, that he cannot set too high a value on the conjugal relation. We may judge of the welfare and honor of a community by its wives and mothers. Opportunities for acquiring knowledge, and even accomplishments, are happily open to every class above the very lowest; and the wise mechanic will not fail to choose such a companion as may not shame his sons and daughters in that coming age when an ignorant Briton shall be as obsolete as a fossil fish.

Away with flaunting, giggling, dancing, squandering, peevish, fashion-hunting wives! The woman of this stamp is a poor comforter when the poor husband is sick or bankrupt. Give me the *house-wife* who can be a "help-meet" to her Adam—

"For nothing brother can be found
In woman, than to study household good;
And good works in her husband to promote."

I have such a mechanic's wife in my mind's eye: gentle as the antelope, unturing as the bee, joyous as the linnet; sent, punctual, modest, confiding. She is patient, but resolute; aiding in counsel, reviving in troubles, ever pouring out the brightest side, and concealing nothing but her own sorrows. She loves her home, believing with Milton, that

"This wife, where danger and dishonour lurks,
Safest and soonest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures."

The place of woman is eminently at the fire-side. It is at home you must see her to know who she is. It is less material what she is abroad; but what she is in the family circle, is all-important. It is bad merchandize, it, any department of trade, to pay a premium for other men's opinions. In matrimony, he who selects a wife for the applause or wonder of his neighbours, is in a fair way towards domestic bankruptcy. Having got a wife, there is but one rule—*honour and love her*. Seek to improve her mind and manners. Strive to make her more and more such as one as you can cordially respect. Shame on the brute in man's shape, who can affront or vex, or to say neglect, the woman who has embarked with him for life, "for better, for worse," and whose happiness, if secured from his neglect, must be unnatural and monstrous. How can two walk together except they be agreed?

CHARLES QUILL.

God's mercy is abundant over all his works; it is man only that dares to limit its operation.

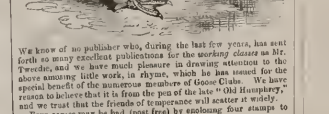
READ THIS IF YOU WANT A GOOD WIFE.

PUBLISHED BY W. TWEEDIE, 337, STRAND, LONDON.

Price One Penny. With 8 Illustrations.

THE GOOSE CLUB,

BY X. Y. Z.



We know of no publisher who, during the last five years, has sent forth so many excellent publications for the sum of twopence as Mr. Tweedie, and we have much pleasure in drawing attention to the above amusing little work, in rhyme, which he has issued for the special benefit of the numerous members of Goose Clubs. We have special benefit of the numerous members of Goose Clubs. We have reason to believe that it is from the pen of the late "Old Humphrey," and we trust that the friends of temperance will scatter it widely.

Four copies may be had (post free) by enclosing four stamps to Mr. TWEEDIE, 337, Strand, London.

THERE, perhaps, never was a time when the people of these realms were more loudly called upon to

BE GRATEFUL

to an over-ruling Providence than at the present. Two months ago the hopes of the most sanguine were be-clouded by the long continued and heavy rains, which seemed to threaten us with an unfavourable harvest. But He who ruleth over all, graciously caused the rain to stay, and the sun to shine, and now the bounteous crops of golden grain have been safely gathered. Whilst grateful, let us also

BE CAREFUL,

for we have, in all probability, a trying winter before us,—not only to the working classes, but to many in the middle and higher ranks of life. The blighting influence of a desolating War will come still nearer to our doors, for there will probably be more widows, orphans, and helpless poor, than England has ever known. Let those whose lands have *yielded their increase*, and to whom God has given much,

BE BOUNTIFUL

to those who are in need; ever remembering that "he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and "he that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it." Thus whilst grateful, careful, and bountiful, let us above all

BE PRAYERFUL.

Let young and old, rich and poor, high and low, join in one earnest supplication to Heaven for a return of the blessings and bounties of PEACE; and that the day may be hastened when they shall "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn War any more."

HARVEST SONG.

"Tun God of harvest praise
In loud thanksgiving raise
Your voices, ye who sow
The valleys teach and sing,
Ye vales and mountains ring,
Ye plains their tribute bring,
Ye streams rejoice.

Of food for man and beast,
Jehovah spreads a feast,
Above, beneath;
Ye birds and flocks draw near,
Fowls, be ye gathered here,
His goodness, ye enjoy with the Year
For all that breathe.

Garden and orchard ground,
Autumnal fruits have crowned
The vintage plant;
Ye fleecy flocks, ye horn,
Have the full ears of corn,
Sway'd by the breath of morn,
The land goodness.

The wind, the rain, the sun,
The actual work have done,
Ye ploughs, then be fed!
Man, to thy labour bow,
Thrust in the sickle now,
Heap where thou wilt, thou
God sends the bread, lightness,

Thy few seeds scattered wide,
He hath so multiplied,
Thou then may'st find
Christ's miracles renewed,
Thy bread, thy daily food,
He feeds a multitude—
He feeds mankind."

The God of Harvest praise,
Hands, hearts and voices raise
With sweet accord;
Ye fowls, ye fish, ye swine,
Bearing your thanks to shrine,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

Yes, bless his holy name,
Let your sweet thanks proclaim
Through all the earth
To glory in your lot
Is comely—but be not
God's benefits forgot
Amidst your mirth.

Montgomery.

ALL the back numbers of the "British Workman" have been reprinted, and may be had through any bookseller; or they may be had (Nos. 1 to 9) post free, by sending sixpence in postage stamps to S. W. Partridge, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of the following amounts:

	£	s.	d.
— Malcolmson, Esq.	1	1	0
Mrs. Bramley-Moore	0	10	0
E.	0	15	0
C. K.	0	5	0

for which the value has been sent in copies of the "British Workman" to the London City Mission, as requested. Also

	£	s.	d.
Capt. Hodgson, Skelton	1	0	0
Mr. G. H. Fulcher	1	0	0

for which copies have been transmitted to the SCOTTISH FRIENDS SOCIETY. The secretary of this Society in acknowledging the receipt, says "You will be glad to know that the *Band of Hope Review* and the *British Workman* are received and read with great pleasure by the soldiers in the different Barracks where our agents are stationed both at home and abroad. Had you sent us as many thousands as you have hundreds, we should have found abundant opportunities of distributing them to advantage.

Yours, &c.,
W. A. BLAKE, *Sec.*

BENJ. AGAR, Esq., of York, has sent £1, for which 300 copies have been sent to the British and Foreign Sailors' Society.

We have also forwarded a parcel to the Crimea through Messrs. Hayter and Howell of Mark Lane. For every 6*s.* sent to us 100 copies of the British Workman will be forwarded to any Society in London.

PURDEREN.—Several interesting communications have been received. As we expect others, we defer any notice.

ANONYMOUS communications cannot be attended to.

NUMEROUS communications are acknowledged with thanks.

THE "British Workman" has been registered at the General Post Office for transmission abroad, so that single copies may be sent within *fifteen days* of publication in almost any British colony for a penny postage stamp. Further information may be had at any post office.

We hope that our friends will kindly do what they can to extend the circulation both at home and abroad. Our monthly issue is gradually rising, but we are far from the paying point.

BRITISH WORKMAN

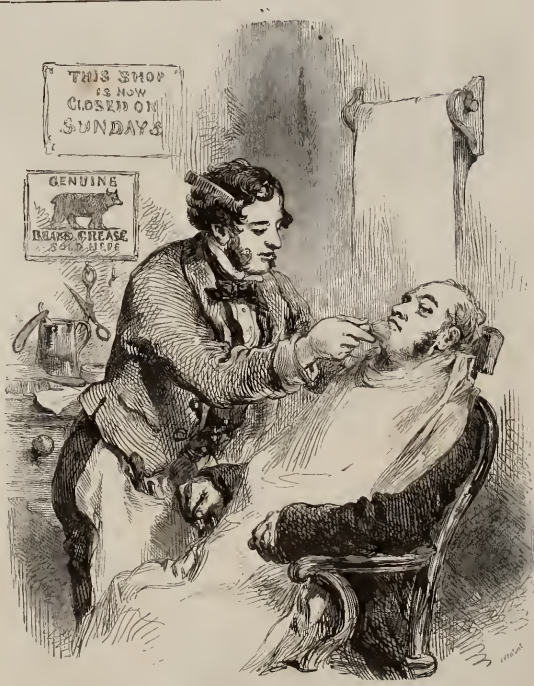
No. 10] PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & CO.; A. W. BENNETT; AND W. TWEEDIE, LONDON. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

CELEBRATED BARBERS.

SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT, the celebrated patentee of the Spinning Jenny, was originally a poor *barber*.

From that valuable work, "*Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*," we gather the following condensed account of this noted character. His parents were very poor, and he was the youngest of a family of thirteen children; so that we may suppose the school education he received, if he ever was at school at all, was extremely limited. Indeed, but little learning would probably be deemed necessary for the profession to which he was bred. The business of a barber he continued to follow till he was nearly thirty years of age. About the year 1760, however, he gave up shaving, and commenced business as an itinerant dealer in hair, collecting that commodity by travelling up and down the country, and then after he had dressed it, selling it again to the wig makers, with whom he very soon acquired the character of keeping a better article then any of his rivals in the same trade. He had obtained possession, too, of a secret method of dyeing the hair, by which he doubtless contrived to augment his profits; and perhaps, in his becoming acquainted with this little piece of chemistry, we may find the germ of that sensibility he soon began to manifest to the value of new and unpublished inventions in the arts, and of his passion for patent-rights, and the pleasures of monopoly.

It would appear that his first effort in mechanics was an attempt to discover the perpetual motion. In connection with this project he formed an acquaintance with a clock-maker, which had a powerful influence on his future career. In 1766 the two friends appeared together at Preston, and immediately began to occupy themselves in the erection of a machine for the spinning of cotton-thread, of which they had brought a model with them. At this time, Arkwright was so poor, that, an election contest having taken place in the town of which he was a burgess, it is asserted that his friends or party were obliged to subscribe to get him a decent suit of clothes before they could bring him into the poll-room. He shortly afterwards left Lancashire with his model, through fear of the hostility of the people, and went to Nottingham, where Messrs. Reed and Strutt were so well satisfied with his new machine as to take him into partnership with them. It required great energy, determination and tact, however, to overcome the multiplied difficulties that lay in his way, and for a long time the speculation was a hazardous and unprofitable one. It did not begin to pay, he tells us, till it had been persevered in for five years, and had swallowed up a capital of more than twelve thousand pounds. In time, however, his ingenuity and perseverance were rewarded, and he found himself raised to a position of rank and affluence, and now he is regarded as the founder of a new branch of national industry, which occupies the first place among the manufactures of our country.



JEREMY TAYLOR, a theologian of high reputation, Bishop of Down and Connor, and author of several valuable and well-known works was the son of a *barber*. He entered Caius college as a sizar, or poor scholar, when thirteen years of age, and was admitted to holy orders before he had attained the age of twenty-one. Though he suffered many changes of fortune during the civil commotions of the 17th century, yet his talents and work attracted regard, and he received the honours which were his due. He died in the fifty-fifth year of his age, in the year 1667.

JOHN TAYLOR, LL.D., a very learned philologer, was a native of Shrewsbury, and died in 1766. His father followed the trade of a *barber*, and tried to bring up his son to the same occupation; but such was the lad's unconquerable love of books, that his father was in utter despair of making *Jack* a good shaver, when his strong predilection for literature recommended him to the patronage of a gentleman of fortune, to whom he was chiefly indebted for the advantages of an academic education. For many years he gave his attention to law and classic literature, but in his forty-seventh year he took orders, and became rector of Lawford in 1751, archdeacon of Buckingham in 1753, and canon residentiary of St. Paul's in 1757.

LORD CHARLES ABBOTT TENTERDEN, Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, who died in 1832, was the son of a Canterbury *Barber*. His father is described as a "tall, erect, primitive-looking man, with a large club pig-tail, going about with the instruments of his business, and attended frequently by his son CHARLES, a youth as decent, grave, and primitive looking as himself."

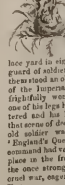
LORD ST. LEONARDS, the Ex-Lord Chancellor of England, who is regarded by the "bar" as one of the most talented lawyers that ever occupied the woolsack, is the son of a *hairdresser*.

JOHN KERSHAW, of Leeds, deserves a place in our list of celebrated barbers. When he commenced business for himself thirty years ago, he announced to his customers, "*This shop is closed on Sundays.*" Some predicted his speedily having to close altogether. John became a Sunday-school teacher and employed his "day of rest" in doing and getting good. Being fond of reading, he purchased a few good periodicals and laid them in his shop for customers to read whilst waiting to be shaved. Some expressed a desire to purchase the papers monthly, and John undertook to supply them. This small beginning has led to important results, for at the present day there are issued from the barber's little shop in Meadow Lane, from 70,000 to 100,000 periodicals and tracts yearly!

The Sabbath-keeping barber has prospered, for he has recently opened a printing establishment, and JOHN KERSHAW AND SON now appear in the list of publishers in the town of Leeds!

A BARBER is one who makes a trade of shaving or trimming the beards of other men for money. Anciently a lute, viol, or some such musical instrument, made part of the furniture of a barber's shop—which then used to be frequented by persons above the ordinary level of the people, who resorted to the barber, either for the cure of wounds, or to undergo some chirurgical operation, or, as it was then called, to be *trimmed*, a word that signified either shaving, or cutting and curling the hair;—these, together with letting blood, formed the ancient occupation of the *barber-surgeon*. The instruments in his shop were for the entertainment of waiting customers, and answered the end of a newspaper.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.



DURING the Queen's recent visit to France, a touching incident occurred in the Palace of St. Cloud. The royal party, which comprised Queen Victoria, the Emperor and Empress of France, Prince Albert and the royal family and suites, were about leaving the palace yard in eight carriages for the Chateau of Saint Germain, and amongst guard of soldiers was an attendant, and the second aid veteran on crutches, a veteran of the Imperial Guard, who had been frightfully wounded before Sebastopol, one of his legs having been terribly shattered and his head severely injured in that scene of desolation and death. This old soldier was very anxious to see England's Queen, and the officers in command had very kindly allowed him a place in the front rank. There stood the once strong man, now crippled by great war, eagerly looking out for Queen Victoria.

As the royal party approached, this soldier arrested the Emperor's eye. He made enquiries of one of his officers as to the services which the poor man had rendered. The Emperor then desired that the man should come to him. The soldier was trembling advancing on his crutches, when the Emperor, with a consideration which even his enemies cannot but admire, stepped forward, and, unfastening from his own uniform the cross of the Legion of Honour, placed it on the left breast of the wounded veteran, who was so overcome with the gracious condescension of the Emperor, that he burst into a flood of tears. The incident was witnessed by the Queen and Empress, and all present were much affected by it.

Reader, do you admire this act of the Emperor? Remember that a greater than Napoleon III. left the angelic ranks in glory to give you a more enduring treasure than the cross of the Legion of Honour, even a CROWN OF GLORY which never fadeth away.

The poor soldier was overpowered with feelings of joy and thankfulness on receiving a slight token of regard from his earthly monarch, and shall not we render to our Lord and Master the homage of our hearts for what He has done for us?

Do you think that the soldier is careless about his medal, careless where he puts it, careless as to whether it is kept *brightly* shining or not? On his many times in a day, we doubt not, he looks at his medal, and, showing it to some comrade, exclaims exultingly, "The EMPEROR gave it me."

And shall we be careless about God's good gifts to us? Day by day—hour by hour—he visits us with the bounties and blessings of his providence and grace. Let us then bless the Lord at all times, and let His praise be continually in our mouths.

THE SABBATH, THE WORKMAN'S CHARTER.

No circumstances of life can hinder us from being examples of piety and goodness, and making our lives a lesson of instruction to all that know us; and he that lives an exemplary life shall be ever so poor and mean, life, though his state be ever so humble, is largely contributing to the salvation of others, and proving himself the best follower of his Lord and master.

The most beautiful flowers soon fade, and droop, and die: this is also the case with man; his days are uncertain as the passing breeze. This hour he glows in the bloom of health and vigour; but the next he may be counted with the number no more known on earth.

TO-MORROW.

I WILL TO-MORROW, that I will,
I will be wise to-day,
To-morrow comes, to-day is gone,
And still does NIL to-day.

Thus still experience is deferred,
From one day to another,
Until the day of death is come,
And judgment is the chief.

The depths of misery are never
Beyond the depths of Divine
mercy.—*Sibbes.*

We should live to such a holy
habit and frame of mind as to
be at all times in a fit state for
prayer, and that as we are bound
in duty to God, so frequent
prayer will be one act our daily
labour.—*Rev. R. Hill.*

THE SABBATH.

SABBATH, hall divinely blest,
With the seal of God impress't;
Holy day, in mercy given!
Foreshown of a future heaven.
Early would we sing to thee,
When thy dawn illumes the skies;
Heart and home alike prepare
For the day of praise and prayer.

Be ours to hail the holy day,
In cheerly garb, with cheerful smile;
With joyful heart to put away
The care and toil of life awhile,
And to the house of God repair,
For Jesus meets His people there.

THEY that sow too high often fall hard, which makes a low and level dwelling preferable.

NOVEMBER NIGHTS.

THE dark, wet, and wintry days, and the long dismal nights of this season are favourable to fireside enjoyments and occupations. In large farm-houses many useful avocations may enliven the evening fireside. In some districts the men mend their own clothes and shoes; in others, various repairs of smaller implements, as flails, sieves, &c., are done; and it has now become a laudable custom in many superior farms, to encourage reading and other means of mental improvement, which, the continued engagements of a rural labourer preclude during the summer. The promotion of this spirit is highly to be desired; as part of our working population having been so lamentably deficient in common knowledge as that of farmers' servants. Through the summer they have toiled from morning till night, and from day to day incessantly; and their only intervals of rest, Sundays and winter nights, have been lost in drowsiness. The cottager may usefully, by his winter fire, construct bee-hives, nets, mole-traps, bird-cages, &c.: with any of these employments I have more sympathy than with the last, however.

Of all men who pursue rural occupations, the bird-catchers, especially the summer bird-catchers, they who do not capture birds when they have congregated in winter, when they have no mates or young ones to feel the effect of their loss, and are ready for the table of the epicure,—but who take only singing birds, and take them too wherever and whenever they can, without regard to their having young, which may perish by their absence, or to that bird's change, from the full enjoyment of summer sunshine and pleasures to the captivity of the cage;—when I see their nets spread in the fields, where linnets, goldfinches, &c. resort to the seeds of grass, plantain, sow-thistles, &c., I wish them all manner of ill-luck; and I never omit a favourable opportunity of derenging or destroying lined twigs when they fall in my way.

There are none of our customs which more mark our *selfishness* than that of keeping singing birds in perpetual confinement, making the pleasure of our ears their misfortune, and that sweet gift, which God has given them wherewith to make themselves happy and the country delightful, the curse of their lives.

WM. HOWITT.

OPENING OF THE LECTURE ROOM AT THE KESWICK LIBRARY AND INSTITUTE.

OMNIBUS INCIDENTS.

"THERE are some very decent fellows amongst the London Omnibus men," said a Bellman Gentleman not long ago. "I rode with one of Wilson's men the other day, who astonished me by stating that he does not touch grog of any kind, but pays for a glass of toast and water at his 'call houses.' He said that he was both better in health, and in pocket, and had fewer scrapes by so doing. He was certainly one of the healthiest and happiest looking drivers I have ever seen. Not long ago I met with another of the 'Favourite' men, who, whilst waiting at the 'Angel,' expressed his regret on hearing some one utter an oath. 'It degrades a man,' said he, 'to swear; as well as being an insult to his maker.' 'I consider, Sir,' continued the driver, 'that every one who swears or utters blasphemous language in the street, commits an outrage upon Society, and ought to be put in the stocks.'"

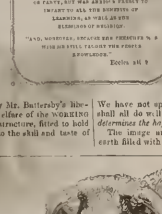
SAY what men may, this is a beautiful world,—despite the murky shadows which pass over it, and the blots which human crime and care make on its face, it still has features of Divine loveliness.

We had been spending a short time in Paris—the city so brilliant without, and foul within, when we determined a visit to the Lakes of Cumberland. Our centre was the quaint little town of Keswick, which stands at the head of the Derwent Lake, nestling under the protection of the lofty Skiddaw. On our arrival "the landscape lay as if created in all the freshness of childhood," and we soon began to feel deepening affection for English scenes and English homes.

The first evening we spent in Keswick, was at a soiree, to celebrate the opening of a New Lecture-room, adjoining the handsome library, with which christian wisdom and munificence have endowed the town. Of the origin and aims of this library we cannot tell better, than by inserting the annexed copy of an inscription from a chaste tablet which has been placed inside by the parishioners, in memory of the founder.

Through the watchful care of H. C. Marshall, Esq., whose summer residence is on a beautiful island in Derwent water, a devoted successor to Mr. Myers, has been secured in the Rev. T. D. H. Batterbay, the present incumbent of St. John's, who from the love of God, has learned to love and to labour for men.

The lecture-room has been erected by Mr. Batterbay's liberality, with a view to the educational welfare of the WORKING CLASSES of the town. His unique structure, fitted to hold about 500 people, and does great credit to the skill and taste of the architect, Mr. George Watson.


THIS
PAROCHIAL LIBRARY OF GENERAL
LITERATURE
WAS FOUNDED AD 1849,
BY THE REV. FREDERIC MYERS,
IN ENCOURAGING
THE STUDY OF AGRICULTURE, AND TO PROMOTE
THE CONTINUANCE OF MORAL AND
SPIRITUAL INSTRUCTION
TO THE RESIDENTS.
THOSE WHO READ AND
"ARE DILIGENT IN LEARNING" HERE
WILL RECEIVE THE WISDOM OF A CURIOUS
MAN WHO KNEW NO MAN BY NIGHT, OR EVEN
IN PRAYER, BUT WHO ARDENTLY WISHED TO
IMPART TO ALL THE BENEFITS OF
LEARNING, AS WELL AS THE
BLESSINGS OF WISDOM.
"AND, MOREOVER, BECAUSE HE PREACHED UNTO HIM
HIGH AND STILL, THEY THE PEOPLE
REMAINED."
Eccles xii. 9

When we remember, that amidst all our British grandeur

"The richest crown-pearls in a nation
Hang from labour's reeking brow,"

we may be glad to notice *efforts* that are being made by the clergy and wealthy laity, to illustrate and to teach the great lessons of mutual dependence of rich and poor.

Whatever may become men of toiling hands and brains, from the stupifying atmosphere of tap-rooms and gin-palaces, and allure them to agencies which may educate the heart, enlarge their sympathies, and elevate their tastes, so that home shall become to them a more holy and beautiful house,—this we hail with deepest joy.

By the kindness of a valued friend, we give a sketch of this lecture-room, during a supper given to the workmen engaged in the erection by the Rev. T. D. H. Batterbay.

We looked on this scene with intense interest, and wished that it were more in the custom in this country, for the rich to make feasts for their less favoured brethren, at which temperance, wisdom, and mirth should mingle with the guests.

After supper, the president gave some sound and kindly hints to his guests, and then requested a friend from London, Mr. T. Henry Tarlton, the honorary secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association to respond to the sentiment, "*Success to the working men of Keswick*." The topic of his speech was "HEARTS AND HOMES."

We have not space for what he said, but the burden of it we shall all do well to remember, "*The disposition of the* HEART *determines the happiness of the* HOME."

The image and representation of Heaven, is a home on earth filled with renewed and loving hearts, and serving hands.

T.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

How much more happiness there is in the world when kind words are used instead of angry words and blows. How powerful is *kindness*. some years ago a little calf was born just as its poor mother died. The calf was taken care of by a young lady, who made a pet of it. When it became an heifer, for some reason it was parted with, and she lost sight of it for about two years. At the end of that time as she was walking with a friend in a lane, she met a herd of cattle, when one of them came up to her, showing evident symptoms of pleasure. The lady immediately patted her old acquaintance, who, after being satisfied by these marks of favour quietly turned back to the herd.

Let parents encourage their children in note of kindness to the Dumb Creation.

An illustrated edition of the celebrated "OX SERMON," has been published by Partridge and Co., price 1d. It this discovery woman tract be widely circulated it will probably prevent scores of cruelty to men, women, and beasts of burden.

PUBLIC HOUSES AND POOR RATES.

At a meeting of the Edinburgh Town Council, held on the 23rd Oct., 1849, James Gray, Esq., a member of the council, stated that there were thirty-four parishes in Scotland where there were as yet no pubhe-houses, and in these parishes there was not a penny of poor's rates. In some parishes where twenty years ago there were no public-houses, the poor's rates, now that public-houses were introduced had increased from 10d. to 2s. 6d. per pound.

THE SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

IN the year 18— there were, in the rector's class of the High School of Edinburgh, two boys, very different in their physical constitution, in their mental endowments, and in their worldly prospects.

At the top of the class—a position he never lost, even for a day—was John S——, a tall and athletic youth, of commanding aspect, herculean strength, and great powers both of intellect and memory, which he had sharpened and improved by assiduous application. The daily lessons of the class he mastered as if by intuition; and when any additional task was imposed, or any difficult question propounded, he was always the first to accomplish the one, and to reply to the other. With the worthy old rector he was an especial favourite, and all his class-fellows looked up to him with respect, not unmixed with admiration.

Considerably above the middle of the class, and yet at some distance from the top, was Richard H——, a diffident and retiring boy, two years younger than John S——, and altogether unlike him in *every* respect. His body was not robust, and he took little share in the athletic sports of his companions. His mental endowments were

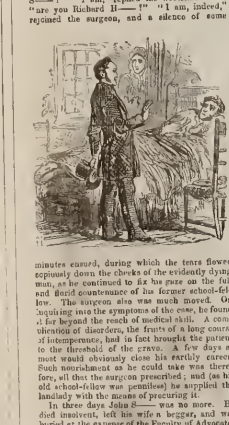
considerable, and he was conscientious and steady in his preparations for the class; but his constitutional shyness made him less alert in the performance of his tasks, than many who were his inferiors both in talent and information; and he often gave place to the forward and conceited dunce, who, by answering at random, sometimes hit the mark, whilst his more considerate competitor was weighing his reply. Nevertheless Richard H—— was also a favourite of the rector, who, in his quiet deportment, or in his careful preparation of his lessons, saw something which attracted and retained his regard.

Had any one at this period been asked his opinion of those two boys, and of their probable success in life, he would at once have predicted that John S—— was sure to arrive at eminence, in any profession to which he might devote himself—that he possessed all the elements of an energetic and shining character, and would outstrip all his class-fellows in the race of honour and celebrity. Of Richard H——, he would probably have foretold that, in so far as industry and good conduct could ensure success, he might calculate on some measure of prosperity; but that his distinction in life would be as moderate as his endowments, and so far eminence, it was far beyond his reach.

The year rolled on. At the annual examination, John S—— carried off the gold medal and other marks of successful scholarship. Richard H—— bore away a little volume, of some five shillings' value, coupled only with the consciousness of having done his best. John S—— went to college, where, after maintaining a distinguished place in the literary and philosophical classes, he devoted his mature and acknowledged talents to the study of law. Richard H—— remained at the High School for another year, after which he also went to college, and spent one session in the literary classes, preparatory to entering on the study of medicine.

Twenty-four years afterwards, a rising member of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh was wanted upon by a tailor's wife, residing in the Abbey; who was in the habit of doing out the county gentlemen, served by her husband for his family, by letting one or two humble apartments to such hapless debtors, as necessity had compelled to seek refuge from their creditors in that ancient sanctuary. The surgeon had often visited herself and family in sickness; but her request on this occasion was, that he would come to see a poor gentleman who had been her lodger for a few days—who seemed to be in great distress, both of body and mind, and along with his wife, who was his only attendant, appeared even to be in want of the necessaries of life. She did not mention and did the surgeon enquire the name of her lodger; but, as the case seemed an urgent one, he promised to attend on him immediately.

He accordingly went, and was ushered into a narrow and obscure apartment, where, on a miserable bed, too short by several inches for his gigantic frame, lay the emaciated figure of a man apparently more than six feet high, in whose hollow eyes and shrunken features the surgeon thought he recognised a countenance which he had looked upon before. As he was endeavouring to recollect where and when he had seen the wretched object before him, he perceived that the sunken eyes of his patient were regarding his own face with the same eager scrutiny. At length the painful truth flashed upon his mind, and sent the blood back to his heart in an almost overpowering tide. Taking the cold clammy hand in his, he said with deep emotion, "Are you John S——?" "I am," replied the wretched man; "are you Richard H——?" "I am, indeed," rejoined the surgeon, and a silence of some



minutes ensued, during which the tears flowed copiously down the cheeks of the evidently dying man, as he continued to fix his gaze on the full and florid countenance of his former school-fellow. The surgeon also was much moved. On enquiring into the symptoms of the case, he found it far beyond the reach of medical skill. A combination of disorders, the fruits of a long course of intemperance, had in fact brought the patient to the threshold of the grave. A few days at most would obviously close his earthly career. Such nourishment as he could take was therefore, all that the surgeon prescribed; and (as his old school-fellow was penniless) he supplied the landlady with the means of procuring it.

In three days John S—— was no more. He died insolvent, left his wife a beggar, and was buried at the expense of the Faculty of Advocates to which he had belonged.

His melancholy story is soon told; and it is told now, because it is believed that there are more of his relatives alive to whom the recital might give pain; and because it is thought that the sad history may be useful in warning others of the fearful, the degrading, the fatal consequences of intemperance.

It has been already stated that after passing with much credit and approbation through the usual literary course at college, John S—— devoted himself to the study of Law. On that pursuit he entered with all his natural energy, overcame its difficulties with his accustomed ease, one in due time admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates, and commenced the duties of his new profession with the fairest prospects of success. Soon afterwards, however, a circumstance occurred which had an important influence on his future fortunes. His uncle, who had been for many years the manager of a large and lucrative manufactory, in which he was also an extensive proprietor, began to feel himself becoming too infirm to take a sufficient superintendence of the works; and having no children of his own, urged his nephew to relinquish the legal profession, and become his assistant and deputy, promising that if he did so, he would make him his heir. This was a tempting bait to the young lawyer, who saw on the one side a handsome fortune already made to his hands, and on the other a tedious and uncertain struggle with the difficulties of life. After a brief period of hesitation, therefore, he bade adieu to the Parliament House, and became the inmate and assistant of his uncle. His new occupation unfortunately left him too much leisure time, at the same time introduced him to society of a lower grade than that to which he had been accustomed. The consequence was the formation of idle and dissipated habits, for which his uncle often, in his turn, reproved him. At length, in a fit of indignation, he insulted and struck the old man, who forthwith dismherited and turned him out of doors. From that period his decline was rapid, and having married a person with habits similar to his own, his health, strength, and substance were speedily wasted, and his career, after many vicissitudes, terminated as we have seen. Of his feelings in the prospect of dissolution, nothing satisfactory could be ascertained. When his old schoolfellow saw him he was too weak to talk, and when his last hour came, "he died and made no sign."

Of his former classmate, it is sufficient to state in this place, that, at the end of eight years more, he was unanimously elected president of the College to which he belonged; and still lives to enjoy the ample extent the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens.

Here, then, we have another victim self-immolated to the Moloch of intemperance. Here the young reader sees a youth of the richest endowments, the highest promise, and the fairest prospects, sacrificing all to the unclean rites of a disgusting and degrading vice. Here the reader, whether young or old, sees a powerful communication on the words of the wise man, "Look not upon the wine when it is red." Prov.

Many will perusa this narrative who are themselves temperate, and perhaps flatter themselves in no danger of becoming otherwise. To such we would say, "Be not high-minded, but fear." If John S—— had been dead, when he first trod the floor of the Parliament House, he would become a not, and die a miserable bankrupt, in no obscure lodging-house in the Abbey, he would have been a smile of contempt and merriment. He would have thought as you do, that such a thing was impossible, and yet he came to it. Where, then, you will perhaps ask, is your safety? We answer, in the grace of God. You may possibly rejoin, that you are a member of a temperance society. Again we answer, it is well that you are so; but being a member of a temperance society will be no security against intemperance, unless you also be a member of God, and believe in his Son. "They who are Christ's," and they alone, "have crucified the flesh, with its affections and lusts." And if there is salvation in no other," so there is security against intemperance, as well as against other sins, in his grace alone.

Perhaps some one may read these remarks, who is conscious that, although far from being intemperate, he rather relishes a glass of wine or spirits and water, especially when in company. To such a one we would whisper, that he is on the brink of a precipice, and that his danger is imminent. But he may reply, that he never exceeds a certain quantity, just enough to produce a cheerful flow of spirits, and always knows when to stop. Our rejoinder is that he will not always know when to stop; for as his frame grows accustomed to the stimulus, the same quantity will cease to create the pleasurable sensation which he relishes, and he will soon be tempted to increase it. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." His only safety therefore is in retreat; and if he believe in Christ, and on the aid of the Holy Spirit, that retreat he will be able to accomplish. But let him not tamper with the enemy, otherwise he will assuredly fall before it. A man is never so truly weak, as when trusting in his own power of resistance—never so strong as when leaning on the arm of Him, whose "strength is made perfect in weakness." DR. HOLE.

The ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers. Though the hearts have undergone a great change, ungodly marriages, the chief cause of drunkenness, are a great hindrance, that the good will be perverted, thus of hope that the bad will be converted

"Why, he said, "can ma thy cause, I brought that I am sight, I will all thy sorrows bewail, I will all thy wants supply.

Happy fellow as I lead, Happy fellow as I believe Call on me in Alleg'ry day, Thou shalt thy help receive.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

A Wolf had got a bone stuck in his throat, and in the greatest agony ran up and down, beseeching every animal he met to remove it, at the same time bleating at a very handsome reward to the successful operator. A Crane, moved by his entreaties and promises, ventured her long neck down the Wolf's throat, and drew out the bone. She then modestly asked for the promised reward. To which, the Wolf, grinning and showing his teeth, replied with scending indignation, "Ungrateful creature! to ask for any other reward than that you have got your head into a Wolf's jaws, and brought it safe out again!

Those who are charitable only in the hope of a return, must not be surprised if, in their dealings with evil men, they meet with more jaws than thanks.

From JAMES'S FABLES OF ÆSOP.

God is pleased sometimes to make choice of those as his messengers, who have lost of the ardentness of art or nature, that his grace in them may appear the more glorious.

The commandments of God are so reasonable, equitable, and salutary, that if we were not blinded by Satan, a wise regard to our own interest would induce us to obedience.

To imitate the best, is the best imitation; and a resolution to excel, is an excellent resolution.

COLUMNS FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

WHO CAN TELL! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT!

Not long ago we heard the following story told at a public meeting among very poor people in a miserable part of London.

"When people instead of putting their names and occupations over their shops as they do at present, only used signs or mottoes, there was a poor costermonger who got written for him over his door

"Who can tell?"

By degrees the costermonger's little barrow grew into a cart, for he was sober, frugal, and active, and feared God, and wasted nothing. Then instead of a wagon, and at last the costermonger drove about in his carriage, and then he wrote up

"Who would have thought it?"

Well "who can tell" how soon, if you set to work the right way, the miserable one room may become a comfortable house of two stories—how soon the staggering husband or the unhappy wife and the crying children may be changed into the sober, diligent, affectionate companions, and dutiful sons and daughters — how soon the wretched pallet of dirty straw, and the broken chairs, and the windows mended with old hats and rags, may be turned into a comfortable four-post beds and mahogany chairs, and bright glass panes, and then "who would have thought it." Never lose heart and never lose hope, there is no saying how prosperous you may become.

It has been said that "murmuring is a block greatness," and moreover a useless one, for nothing so effectually prevents exertion. Two gardeners had crops of peas killed by the frost. One of them fretted and grumbled, and said nobody was so unfortunate as he was. Visiting his neighbour some time after, he called out in astonishment, "What a fine crop of peas! What are these?" "These are what I sowed while you were fretting," answered the other. "Why, don't you ever feel anywhere in it?" "I have repaired the mischief." "Why then, there's no need to fret at all." "True, that's the reason I put it off!"—*From "Sunbeams in the Cottage," by* MISS BREWSTER.

INDIAN WOMEN.

THE treatment of woman is one of the distinguishing features of savage and civilized life.

When an Englishman travels he is more concerned about his wife's comfort than his own. When an American Indian travels, his wife is regarded more as a beast of burden than as "man's best half."

Our engraving gives an every day scene in Indian life. The husband rides, while the wife tramps on foot. She is not allowed to cross the path of her husband—it would be "unlucky" if she did. She must not use the same cup or bowl as her husband!

Wherever the gospel has been preached the condition of woman has been improved. Let every Englishwoman feel for her Indian sisters, and cheerfully aid the cause of missions.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

"I LOVE winter nights," said a happy looking lad. "Father comes home early, and he always has something good to read to us." Dame Nature does not look so lovely in winter, as in summer, but it is the privilege of Fathers and Mothers, Husbands and Wives to plant their homes with "evergreens of domestic peace," which shall flourish all the year round. Let such Working Men strive to make home the happiest place on earth. "The curse of the Lord is in the home of the wicked, but he *blesseth the habitation of the just.*" Prov. iii. 33.

A CHEERING PROMISE.

"BLESSED is every one that feareth the LORD, that walketh in his ways. For thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands; happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee. Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children like olive branches round about thy table. Behold, that thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the LORD. The LORD shall bless thee out of Zion: and thou shalt see the good of Jerusalem all the days of thy life. Yea, thou shalt see thy children's children, and peace upon Israel."—PSALM CXXVIII.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

A FABLE.

A PIN and a needle, being neighbours in a workbasket, and both being idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?" "What is the use of your head," replied the needle rather sharply, "if you have no eye?" "What is the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?" "I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the needle. "Yes, but you will not live long." "Why not?" "Because you have always a stitch in your side," said the pin. "You are a poor crooked creature," said the needle. "And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back." "I will pull your head off if you insult me again." "Pull your eye out if you touch me; remember your life hangs by a single thread," said the pin. While they were thus conversing, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin, and attempted to sew with it; she soon pulled off its head and threw it into the dirt, by the side of the broken needle. "Well, here we are," said the needle. "We have nothing to quarrel about now," said the pin; "it seems misfortune has brought us to our senses." "A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the needle. "How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their brethren till they lose them, and never find out they are brethren till they lie down in the dust together, as we do."

HARVEST HOME SUPPERS.

THE thanks of the working classes are due to the Earl of Albemarle, Earl of Leicester, Hon. and Rev. E. S. Keppel, Rev. W. Beal, Charles Buxton, Esq., and other landed proprietors of Norfolk, for the efforts they have recently made in seeking to break up the ruinous drinking customs associated with the Harvest Home Suppers of that county. Instead of the public-house scenes which have annually disgraced this county, the year 1855 has to record various interesting open-air festivals, tea meetings, and fruit soirées, at which not only the agricultural labourer, but also *his wife and children* have not only been regaled with an excellent repast, but also gratified with the sweet strains of music, and various excellent speeches from titled and talented visitors.

There is something pleasing in this blending of the wealthy with the workmen of our country, and we trust the good example set by Norfolk, will be followed in other counties. We hope that a somewhat similar movement will be made at the approaching christmas relative to "boxing suppers," which have, too frequently, proved an annual curse to the working man's family.

"IT WAS TOO BAD OF YOU, JACK."

On the evening of September 20th, a terrific explosion was heard in Sebastopol. In a few moments there was a cry of "Fire! Fire!" The long white building known as the Barwell Building, which had escaped the general conflagration when the Russians deserted Sebastopol, was in flames. Large quantities of timber and furniture had been found by the Allies in the bomb-proof vaults of this immense building. An order had been given by General Simpson for the emptying and pulling down of this building with the view of procuring planks, flooring and roofing from it, for the purpose of constructing huts, and cooking places in the camp, so that the poor soldiers might be saved from some of the horrors which they had to undergo last winter. Forty or fifty men were busily at work removing the wood, when, as we learn from the Correspondent of the "*Times*," of October 16,—"Some drunken sailors who were rambling about were determined to enter, and one of these, it is asserted, set fire to some loose powder by *the lighted ashes of his pipe*." The explosion to which we have referred, took place; the most sentry belonging to the 21st Regiment of Fusiliers was killed on the spot, the other men had difficulty in escaping with their lives, and the umpires persons for the poor soldiers was burnt to ashes. Not a scrap could be saved. The building shortly presented the appearance of a large Lancashire Cotton Mill burning from the bottom to the top. It was too bad of you, Jack!

THE QUEEN AND THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

On the arrival in England of Miss Stanley, one of the Ladies who so kindly offered their services to assist in the Hospital at Scutari, where our wounded and sick Soldiers and Sailors are sent, (but who was obliged to return home on account of her health,) she was closely interrogated by the Queen as to the state of the Hospital where she had been employed, and she was particularly desired to say whether everything was provided for the poor sufferers that they required. Miss Stanley answered that they had everything they wanted, and that the Hospital was well supplied with all that was necessary. It appeared, however, that this answer was not quite satisfactory to the Queen, and further inquiry was made as to whether the poor men never expressed a wish for any articles of diet that the Hospital did not furnish. In reply to this close examination, Miss Stanley said that certainly there were a few things occasionally asked for, and she added "your Majesty will be amused to hear that one man told me he thought he should soon recover if he could but have some treacle and bread for breakfast—and another said the same about gingerbread nuts." The Queen, who seemed much affected at this recital, made some compassionate remarks about the sufferings, and the conversation ended. In the week following this interview with Miss Stanley, when the account of expenses at Windsor Castle was submitted for payment to the Comptroller of the House-hold, there appeared to the astonishment of this Gentleman two articles of unusual consumption, namely, several hundred weight of gingerbread nuts, and a similar quantity of "Best Treacle," with a note of explanation, saying "they had been *sent to the Hospital at Scutari, for the use of the sick and wounded, by Her Majesty's special order!*"

E. H.

READING FOR SOLDIERS.

WHATEVER views may be entertained by our readers relative to the lamentable war in which this country is engaged, all will rejoice to learn that by a recent postal regulation, four ounces of printed matter can now be sent to any soldier or sailor in the Crimea, Turkey, or the Black Sea, for 1d.; 8 ounces for 2d.; and 16 ounces for 4d. We have reasons to believe that packets of the "British Workman" will be most acceptable of the poor soldiers during the approaching winter, and we trust that many of our readers will send out a supply. For One shilling we will send a packet of 12 copies POST FREE. A Liverpool lady has just forwarded us £2 for forty packets which are to be sent to the care of Genl. D'Acre, at Sebastopol. We shall be glad to forward a few thousand packets.

"SOMETHING MUST BE DONE."

AT a recent agricultural meeting in Norfolk, the Earl of Leicester delivered a most powerful and touching address, and whilst mourning over England's besetting vice, he called upon his hearers and the country at large to take action. "Something must be done," said the noble Earl, "to put a stop to intemperance."

"Something *shall be* done," said the brave Earl of Albemarle, recently, and he forthwith struck a blow at the drinking customs of the harvest home suppers, which has resounded through every part of the land.

Oh yes, *something* must be done, and done quickly, or England will sink in the scale of nations. Our police reports daily bear lamentable evidence of the increase of intemperance amongst females. And with so many drunken mothers, what can be expected of their children?

There are societies and individuals who for years past have been striving to stay the fearful torrent, but gin palaces and beer shops rise up as if by magic at nearly every corner of every street, and now the giant evil hide is defiance. Christians of England, Fathers and Mothers, "*Something* must be done," or many of your church members and children will assuredly fall a sacrifice to the modern Moloch.

We think God that much *has* been done, and much is still being done for the suppression of intemperance, by men who love their country and their kindred. But there is a loud call for more labourers.

Perhaps there is no christian minister whose unwearied labours in this work during the last twenty years have been more signally blessed of God than the Rev. Robert Gray Mason. Although but few newspaper reports may have told of the efforts of this good man, he has gone from town to town, and from village to village throughout the three kingdoms proclaiming not only Temperance, but Christ the Sinner's Friend, without whom no more moral reformation can avail. Many, we doubt not, will in the great day of account, rise up to call him "blessed."

Endowed with a strong constitution, and an energetic mind, he appears to have devoted his time and talents, to battling with this master vice of our land, and we rejoice to learn that from the pulpits of upwards of 300 Scotch churches Mr. Mason's voice has been heard. If every county would assume the services of a labourer in this great work, like Mr. Mason, temperance, frugality, and domestic peace, would in thousands of cases, soon supplant intemperance, profligacy, and domestic misery.

"*Something* must be done," and done quickly. Let each one be ready to bear his share of toil and cost in the conflict with the Hydra-headed monster—Intemperance.

WHATSOEVER THY HAND FINDETH TO DO, DO IT WITH THY MIGHT.

Eccles. ix. 10.

Robert Gray Mason.

THE WORKMAN'S REST-DAY.

A SABBATH stillness—how grateful to the eye, the ear, and the soul! Earth's feverish throb is hushed into quietness. Nature seems to rest, and her fields and woodlands assume a brighter green, the sun shines with a milder light, and the very breeze whispers more softly as it moves by. The clear toned bells break out upon the still atmosphere, and the waves of sound chase each other away in undulating melody. The hum of busy life has ceased for a moment, and wearied men turn to their homes for rest. Welcome the Sabbath! It comes like a calm haven after a week's stormy passage on the ocean of life; and with the sails of care all furled, the toiled spirit is content at the hearth. Even the ox in the pastures, and the sheep upon the hill-side seem to rejoice. The streams flow more stilly, and the lakes are like mirrors. As much as the Sabbath is trampled upon and disregarded, it is a blessed day for the world.

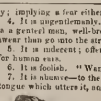
THE religion will show its influence in every part of our conduct; it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates even to the most distant boughs.

THE sweetest revenge is to do good to our enemies.

SWEARING.

I CAN conceive no reason why a man should swear, but ten reasons why he should not.

1. It is mean. A man of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.
2. It is vulgar; altogether too low for a decent man.
3. It is coward-



ly; implying a fear either of not being believed or obeyed.
4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man, well-bred, refined. Now we will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a sweep.
5. It is indecent; offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.
6. It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense."
7. It is abusive—to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed.
8. It is venomous, showing a man's heart to be like a nest of poisonous snakes, and every time he swears, one of them sticks out his head.
9. It is contemptible—forfeiting the respect of the wise and good.
10. It is wicked; violating the divine law and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who takes His name in vain.

Z.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANONYMOUS communications cannot be noticed.

WE have to thank numerous correspondents for their interesting communications. If we have not replied to all requisite cases, it is because we cannot possibly do so for want of time.

All the back numbers have been reprinted.

NEW AND CHEAP POSTAGE

Packets of the "British Workman" may be had every week, by remitting in advance postage stamps as under to the publishers, Partridge, Oakey, and Co., Paternoster Row, London.

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AN OFFER.

We are glad to find that many Sermons and others in workshops are commencing for new subscribers. To encourage such efforts we will forward to any person procuring twelve new subscribers, (for not less than three months,) an extra copy gratis—i.e. a packet containing thirteen copies will be sent post free, on the amount being remitted in advance as earlier, by post office orders or postage stamps to Partridge, Oakey, and Co., Paternoster Row, London.

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JOHN JASPER
AS HE WAS, AND AS HE IS.

BY THE REV. ALEX. WALLACE.

IT was on a dark, rainy, cold evening, towards the close of the autumn of 18—, that I passed, for the first time, through the village of Lowmoor, in the neighbourhood of Bradford, Yorkshire. Long before I approached the confines of this smoky region, I was very much struck with the appearance of the clouds that seemed a perpetually heaving mass of flame, as if all the furnaces in England had been planted in this part of the country. As the omnibus on which I was seated from a neighbouring railway station passed through the village, seen doubtless to greatest advantage at night, the belching flames from the numerous chimneys that stood all around, formed the grandest

Display of real fireworks

I had ever seen. Then came the all-important questions which I could not help revolving in my own mind, as the omnibus proceeded at a rapid rate towards Bradford: How many men must be employed in these works? What is their social condition? Can total abstinence be introduced into such a fiery atmosphere as this? Is not this a place where it would be impossible to adopt such a principle? Can men engaged at such an occupation ever be led to cultivate refinement of thought, or a taste for reading? Such questions as these, and many others of a similar nature, were passing in quick succession through my mind, when the omnibus entered at a rattling pace,

The smoky town of Bradford;

and I had already resolved, before I dismounted, that I would pay an early visit to this modern Pandemonium of Yorkshire, and satisfy myself as to some of these inquiries.

True to my resolve, an early day found me in the midst of the furnaces, and forges, and sheds of Lowmoor, where there is certainly work performed of which Old Tubal Cain, or even Vulcan himself, or the ancient Cyclops had never dreamed. I was

2,030. 9-61.

more than astonished, I must confess I was not a little alarmed, as the hammerers, (by request,) well dexterous cunning, intentionally made the sparks fly like showers of fire about the head of any luckless stranger like myself, and made the large

Red-hot balls of iron

roll amongst his feet. Men wielded long rods of red-hot iron with as much ease as a cricketer his bat, or a coachman his whip; and sheets and rods of iron were cut with as much ease as so many pieces of calico or coarse paper. And then the fearfully hot work of the furnace—the fires—the fiery men, all their faces scorched and drenched all over with perspiration, and the horrid din, compounded of clashing machinery, roaring flames, and sho-ets, and rods, and bars of iron tossed with thundering noise all around—verifiesou shouts in the throat of unmodified form of

The Yorkshire dialect,

intended for directions or commands, forced me to pause frequently, and to contemplate with not a little nervous sensation, this scene of what seemed "confusion worse confounded." It seemed to me entirely hopeless to seek for total abstinence in such a place. In fact, I felt almost ashamed to ask if there was a teetotaler in the work. Summoning courage, however, I at length asked

A furnaceman

who was enjoying a few moments of a breathing time, if there were any total abstainers connected with this work. The man whom I had thus addressed had scarcely time to reply, when out jumped a little active man, all drenched with perspiration, from the side of a furnace, from which he was drawing long rods of red-hot iron, and grasping my hand as if he were laying hold of a bar of iron, and with a pressure which my fingers seem to feel at the moment when I write this, he exclaimed, with a voice which fairly rose above the horrid din of the place, "Yes, yes! I am a teetotaler—the only one in the whole place, and there is not a healthier man in it." Relaxing his grasp, and raising

His right hand aloft

in the air, he said, "The best thing this hand ever did, was to sign the temperance pledge." Then darting to his furnace or his forge, (I am not sure of the technical phrase,) he drew out another rod of iron, and was again at my side, extolling with a volubility and enthusiasm equal to the heat of the atmosphere, and the fire-motion which rolled over his scorched face, the virtues of

Total abstinence.

I could not but feel a deep interest in such a man, and such a place; and shortly after this, at his urgent request, I agreed to give a lecture on total abstinence to the inhabitants of this smoky region.

Previous to my second visit, John, who was all life and fire on the subject of total abstinence, had actually succeeded in forming a small society; and when the meeting, which was a densely-crowded one, assembled in the school-room, all was the greatest

Yorkshire enthusiasm;

and it was very evident, that to many in that village, a new era of thought, feeling, and action, had come at last. That night was the 12th of the following circumstances will abundantly testify. A few weeks after this meeting, I was agreeably surprised on Sabbath morning, when I was just commencing the public services of the day in my own place of worship at Bradford, to see between thirty and forty well-dressed men enter the church, all at once, with

John Jasper

at their head. Although John had not been present, there could have been no mistake as to the place where the men came from—their earnest face, the fiery glow of their neckcloths, which, for the most part, consisted of red worsted cravats, the bright shining buttons upon their coats; and, in short, the whole contour of the worshippers who now entered, and quietly took their seats, spoke very plainly of the

Village of Lowmoor,

and announced also the cheering fact, that a great improvement was going on there, on some day at least. At the close of the service, and when the congregation had retired, the men from Lowmoor gathered together in front of the pulpit, and presented me with a written address; and John Jasper, in name of the rest, expressed the thankfulness which they all felt for the last visit, and for my lecture in the school-room; and also, at the same time, the gratitude which they felt to God for the benefits which they had derived from his own plan of abstinence, as they called it. They followed several short remarks of gratitude, and congratulation, and earnest prayer resolve, whilst some admitted with an evident feeling of deep sorrow, that they had not been within the walls of a place of worship for a long time before, and that drinking had been the means of keeping them away from the house of God. I could not but regard that scene as one of the

Noblest moral trophies

of the temperance cause. Here were men labouring at an occupation, which all will admit to be the least favourable to the temperance movement; many of them had been habitual drunkards, unmindful of domestic comforts, and of the house of God; and now they admitted that their homes were happy, whilst they themselves were meekness, and seated at the feet of Jesus, and in their right minds.

As to John Jasper, he had formerly been, to use his own words, a "habitual sot." He was a hard drinker in early life; and he led others, as it happens many others, to the card-table, and to the dancing room, and drove him from the home of his parents; cost him many a good situation, forced him to live a wandering life for many years, and kept him always bare. He has mentioned to myself, that at one iron-work where he worked, he has seen some of the foremen take their master's coal, and carry it to the public house and sell it for drink; and he has seen them go to the

Storehouse for tobacco,

and take it to the publican and exchange it for drink. In the midst of such companions, John went from bad to worse, and led a roving dissipated life, during which time he visited nearly all the iron-works in England. He was not, however, without remorse of conscience at his conduct, or affection for friends; and when he heard of the death of his father, who used *drunkenness* when in a *state of intoxication*, he was deeply moved, and resolved henceforth to be better. John was true to his resolution for some months; but as yet he had not heard of teetotalism, neither did he think it possible, at this time, that any foreman could do without strong drink. He soon became as bad as ever. He married, and was blessed with a sober, industrious, and prudent wife, who could earn good wages, as a boot and shoe binder. They might have saved money, had John but given up his drinking habits; but this he could not do, and

Debt and misery

were the result. A season of great depression in trade came, and instead of having a few easy pounds to fall back upon, as they might have had, they were obliged to sell any little furniture they possessed, and to take their clothes to

The pawn-shop.

Their house was broken up for a season, during which, poor Jasper travelled the whole of Wales twice over in search of work. At length he got a situation but he was not yet weaned from his drinking practices. He continued to drink as hard as ever, and of course, he

Always in debt,

and had a wretched home. Jasper's account of his becoming a teetotaller, is so graphic, that I must give it in his own words—"The first time I began to reflect, was at the end of the second year and a half I was at Lowmoor. My first thoughts were these: Well, I have a wife and four children, and I should like to live in the world with them as long as I can; and if I am to live long, I must give over this drinking, for I feel many aches and pains in my body, which, I believe, are brought on by drinking. But another thought crossed my mind, how am I to stand my work without a little drink? So I said to my wife, Fanny, I will not go to a public-house any more, and you shall brew at home the old way, then we shall get some strength in us, not the way they brew in Yorkshire, where they brew one day, and drink it the next. So my wife brewed seven gallons of

Old Stingo,

as I called it. After some time, when we thought it was ready to tap, we agreed to tap for supper. On that very night there was going to be a temperance lecture, and I was going to hear it. I went to the lecture and I saw a book of diagrams, and I imagined I saw my stomach, and the ravages alcoholic drinks had made there. I said, then, by the help of God, I will never taste again, not knowing I could do my work without it. When I got home, Fanny had tapped our drink, and she had got a pint ready for me. I said to my wife, what have you got there warming? It is a pint of our drink. I have tapped it. Then you can go and turn it out into the pond if you like, for I will never taste it again, by the help of God. She said to me, "Oh, John, I have often heard you talk in this way." Well,

A GROOMY NEIGHBOUR.—An unhandsome geologist was troubling that every rock was as famous as him as the alphabet. A lady who was present declared that she knew a rock of which he was totally ignorant. "Name it, Madam!" said Cuvier in a rage. "It is rock the cradle, Sir!" replied the lady.

NOTHING can be more proper for a creature that borrows upon credit, to be most ready and coming to its final audit, than to retire scarcely from the table of labour in order to consider and adjust the items that belong to his eternal account. To do this, and to begin in the chief opportunity of performing that necessary and by-and-by, the day should never be passed without investigating his spiritual condition, and estimating his advances in the way that conduces for the purpose of God.

THE REV. John Newton, when his memory was nearly gone, used to say that, forgot what he might, he never forgot two things, Sin. That he was a great sinner—And. That Jesus Christ was a great Saviour.

ADVICE TO A WIFE.

A wife must know how to form her husband's happiness, by seeking to know in what directions the secret of his comfort lies; she must not cherish his weaknesses by working upon them; she must not humbly run counter to his prejudices. Her motto must be, never to irritate. She must study never to drive irresolute upon the small stock of patience in man's nature, but to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him, never if possible, to have "access." I doubt much if a man (generally, I mean, of course, he does not loosen the bond between man and wife) and sometimes, unless the affection of both be very sincere, lastingly. Irritation should cease, a woman must expect to have from man more a strength and vehemence of language for more than the occasion requires. Mind as well as stern men are prone to the exaggeration of language. Let not a woman be surprised at or say anything unreasonable or violent in retaliation. The bitterness of opposition must needs follow if she, who is the weaker party, what they have themselves said, but another what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, if they are not ashamed, to such women, for whilst asserting most loudly that they are right, they are nothing conscious that it is the wrong. Give a little time, as the greatest virtue of a wife is to be the grateful feelings of your husband. Let me especially recommend to a wife a considerate attention to whatever may be required well or ill, when he comes home, before the home home; in order that on his return she may have nothing to do, but to turn to the comfort and enjoyment of what she has provided, and may not be running about after his wants and grumbling at disappointments exposed to his resentment for her negligence, and to the loss of her own convenience, if she has any—Mrs. Ellis's Wives.

"AS I WAS CONVERSING, says a writer in the "New York Observer," with a pious old man, I observed that he was the seems of his conversation. For a moment he paused, I perceived it and touched a tender string, always guided from his eyes while with deep emotion he replied, "My wife was brought in God some years before myself. I persecuted and abused her because of her religion. She however continued suffering but cheerfulness; constantly manifesting an anxiety to promote my comfort and happiness; and it was her invisible guide, who at last overcame me. I resisted from me, that first and the arrow of God sunk in my soul. "Thus," he added he "is everything."

LOW MOOR IRON WORKS.

I replied, by God's help I am now in earnest; and strong drink was never set before my eyes by my wife after that time, and she signed the pledge with me and my children likewise.

A new era was dawned upon Jasper's dwelling.

Debts were paid.

Many different articles of furniture were added to his dwelling, and although he was much taunted by his fellow-workmen, he still persevered; and when I saw him, for the first time at Lowmoor, he had been seven months without tasting strong drink. Warring had been for some years total abstinence, and he was able to use his own words, "warring with all his ransomed powers against strong drink," he said to his wife, "I tell thee what, lass, thou hast been the greatest sufferer—and I have made up my mind that you and the children shall have the first teetotal fruits—and we shall all go and see my poor old mother

In Staffordshire,

and let her know my happy change of life." Great preparations were made for this journey. It was as rare in Jasper's family—the children got new clothes—Jasper himself got a bran new suit, and Mrs. Jasper looked twenty years younger, as she appeared at the railway station with the old Jasper in his best polish, and the shining young Jaspers about her. It was a happy day, and never did railway train carry off a happier family than the Jaspers were that morning, when they all got out on a visit to their old grandmother. And then when they did reach Jasper's native place, the old mother's joy was beyond all bounds. Every one was amazed at the change in Jasper's appearance. To every inquiry as to the reason of this, he had but one reply, and it was this, "You see what abstinence has done." There was no one more astonished than the landlord of the

"Tumble-down Dick,"

where Jasper, in former years, had spent much of his earnings. John told the landlord very plainly that he was now a teetotaller, and that he owed all his better appearance to the simple fact that he was so. The landlord, of course, shrugged his shoulders, and predicted a very speedy death to poor Jasper; but John kept poking all manner of temperance arguments into the fat sides of "mine host," till he got red in the face with anger, and was glad to encounter himself within his own bar. Jasper lectured all his former pot companions on the evils of drinking; and Mrs. Jasper kept telling all and sundry that she had had

Two husbands in one man,

the former a drunkard, and the other a thorough going abstainer—the former had brought her misery and debt, the latter had brought her peace and plenty. The Jaspers returned home, and they had now a happy and a comfortable home to come to. Compared with former times, what a change! John is now secretary to the Lowmoor Total Abstinence Society, and is making himself useful by getting others to follow his example. If there is a more unpopular soil for total abstinence than another, that place is Lowmoor—if workmen require strong drink any where it is at the

Forges and Furnaces of Lowmoor,

and yet John Jasper boldly declares to the world, in the name of his brother abstainers in that place—"We are all without intoxicating drinks, and with water for our beverage, we are healthier, stronger, more successful, and more useful; better husbands, better fathers, better neighbours than ever we were while drinkers; *there are facts*, tell them to the world from John Jasper. If I cannot advocate these principles as I ought to do, I am determined, by God's help, to *live them*."

From No. 87 of the TRACTS OF THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE. "The whole series of which we will notice in one of our reviews. We have just received a letter from John Jasper, which we shall refer to in a future number. (Ed. B. W.)

OLD MR. THEYSAY

HE and he are between any those who have not heard of the world-renowned "Theysay!" His name is familiar with all men everywhere. The high as well as low, rich and poor, bond and free, honoured and despised, civilized and barbarian, Protestant and Catholic, Mussulman and Christian, all nations, kindreds, tribes, and tongues, have heard of Mr. Theysay. He is almost a household word. But who has ever given the world a history of this eminent personage? Numerous as he everywhere are, no one has ever written and published the life of Mr. Theysay. Pardon me if I undertake the task of writing a brief history of him.

HIS PARENTAGE.—His father's name is Sinderer; his mother's, Tattle; of his genealogy, nothing more is known. He was born in the town of Evil-Report, in the kingdom of Sin.

HIS AGE.—It is not known in what precise age of the world Mr. Theysay was born. It is my opinion that he was born soon after Adam and Eve were expelled from the garden of Eden. If I am correct in this opinion, he must be very far advanced in life, and we should naturally expect to witness in him all the evidences of feeble old age, gray hairs, sunken eyes, and palsied limbs. But he is really as strong and active, as fresh and fair, and hale and hearty as he ever was. Remarkable old man!

HIS EDUCATION.—Mr. Theysay's education is very limited. What knowledge he has obtained is principally from hearsay; hence he does not have any correct knowledge of anything. His deficient education has ever been a serious embarrassment to him, for he never dares to make a positive assertion, but guesses it is so, fears it is so, and so on.

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—I have spoken of him as being as strong, as active, &c. as he ever was. But who has ever seen Mr. Theysay? Have you? Have you? If any one has, I know not the man. But we know he exists, because everybody is talking about him. And I have come to the paradoxical conclusion that he exists and does not exist; is everywhere and nowhere; is responsible and irresponsible; a sort of "will-o'-the-wisp, jack-with-the-lantern" kind of being, whose personal appearance can never be described.

HIS CHARACTER.—He is distinguished for wickedness.

1. He is a slanderer.
2. A deceiver.
3. A liar.
4. A pence-breaker.

5. Everything that is bad, without possessing one redeeming quality.

Reader, is Mr. Theysay in your family? Drive him hence. Harbour him not a moment. Listen not to his vile slanders. He will involve you in trouble, while he will escape.—A FRIEND.

VESSEL SAVED BY A DOLPHIN

MR. COLSTON, an eminent merchant of Bristol, who lived a century ago, was remarkable for his liberality to the poor, and equally remarkable for his success in commerce. The providence of God seemed to smile in a peculiar manner on the concerns of one who had made so good a use of his affluence. It has been said that he never insured, nor ever lost a ship. Once indeed, a vessel belonging to him, on her voyage home struck on a rock and immediately sprang a leak, by which the water was so much let in as threaten speedy destruction. Means were instantly adopted to save the vessel, but all seemed in vain, as the leak increased so rapidly. In a short time, however, the leak stopped without any apparent cause, and the vessel reached Bristol in safety. On examining her bottom, a fish said to be a dolphin, was found fast wedged in the fracture made by the rock when she struck, which had prevented any water from entering during the expansion of the vessel. As a memorial of this singular event, the figure of a dolphin is embodied on the badges and buttons worn by the boys, and a dolphin painted on the banner which is carried in procession on public occasions, by the children who are educated at the charity school founded by Mr. Colston.

PUNISHING A WIFE-BEATER.

THE quillers of Penywaun, in South Wales, have recently adopted a novel mode of punishment which will, perhaps, be more effectual than the legal "six months," in repressing wife-beating. A collier having struck his wife, a number of his fellow-workers seized him, set him astride a plank, and paraded him round the neighbourhood, while an accompanying crowd cound him. He was then admonished on the wickedness of his conduct and induced to fall on his knees and promise never to beat his wife again.

PAGE FOR WORKING MEN'S WIVES.

HOW THREE OF MY NEIGHBOURS KEPT CHRISTMAS.

By Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour.

"Christmas will soon be here, Ma'am," said my little maid Letty, in a tone of voice that told me she had a favour to ask.

"Well, Letty, and what then?"

"Oh, nothing Ma'am, but, if you please, I should be glad to have a trifle of money; I know my wages don't due, but please I want my mother to keep Christmas comfortable like, now she's got a houses and lodgers."

"I like you to think of your widowed mother, Letty," was my reply; "but how is it that her taking a house, and having your eldest brother's shopmates to board and lodge with her, should make it doubtful that you should lend her money to keep Christmas?"

"Oh, Ma'am, some of the lodgers don't pay till just after Christmas day, and she has many things to buy to make them comfortable, that she'll be paid for afterwards, and then she'll pay me if I lend her anything. This seemed so feasible a story that I cheerfully advanced Letty's wages, and with a joyful heart she went off to her mother, Mrs. Lazly, who I found was determined to keep "Christmas comfortably."

I was interested in widow Lazly and her family of six. The eldest son was a skilful mechanic in good employment, an intelligent, industrious young man. The eldest daughter was she before mentioned Letty, the next daughter was an active assistant to her mother, and the other three, boys of six, eight, and ten years. The mother had been five years a widow; she had kept a little shop and failed, and then suffered much distress for two years, until her son, being out of his time, and in good work, she had taken a decent house, furnished it partly on credit and obtained five single men lodgers, work-mates of William Lazly; and, as she was a kind and motherly woman, she had every reasonable probability that she would prosper and be able to bring up her little boys decently.

I have said that Mrs. Lazly was a kind, motherly woman—indeed, she never knew when to refuse a request, and this yielding of her's was the cause of some anxiety to her friends. Men, the young boys tugged at her heart with their coaxing ways, and ruled their mother far more than she ruled them. The girls were always letting her herself, and clung to their mother, heading every way as she inclined.

I often thought the poor woman had no peace, for her lodgers were sometimes exacting, her children troublesome, and her eldest son impetuous; but she washed to pray and hope for the impossibilities—to keep peace in a house without law and order. Her lodgers came home at what time they liked, and she was wearied letting up for them; her children did pretty much as they chose, only caring to hide their doings from "big brother William." Expensive things came home, and there were scenes of misery, which, if the mother had been firm, as well as loving, might have been prevented.

Such was my neighbour Lazly, who determined to please her son and to gain the favour of her lodgers, and give them a capital Christmas dinner, to celebrate the first year of her new house keeping. At first she had thought of a good joint and a pudding—of course, every one to provide his own drink. But William Lazly said, she must certainly give them some drink, or it would "look mean," and he could not bear that. Mrs. Lazly had a great dread of strong drink; in her quiet way, she had noticed its evils and she would have signed the pledge and joined the temperance society, but she was afraid, it might make her "look strange," and William and the children might think her "going too far," as she was content with but long strong drink herself, knowing well she could not afford it, and that she could do without it. However, after some faint scenes and hints and doubts, William said, "Well! Mother, give up the thing altogether, or do it liberally; I don't care which it is: I can go to Dick Bertram's, where there's to be a regular tip-top concern."

"Oh no, William, you and our friends shall have every thing I promise you." So "tip-top" Letty's money was borrowed, and a stock of spirits was laid in, and a cask of Burton ale ordered. William, who liked anything monster, invited several of his shopmates, who were not lodgers; and some of the lodgers asked a friend or two, on the understanding that Mrs. Lazly should be at least at the long end. As the day drew near, it became plain to Mrs. Lazly that she and her daughter Anne would never be able to manage the dinner, cooking, and table as they wished, so she looked about among her neighbours for help, determined only to employ some decent, respectable woman. There were one or two lived near, who had been in struggling circumstances some time previously, in consequence of the sickness of their husbands, and had to work for the maintenance of their homes: these women, both of whom I knew, were Mrs. Grippard and Mrs. Cleary, both the industrious wives of working men. Widow Lazly preferred asking her neighbour Cleary first, she was such a cheerful, active little body, with a laughing face, and a ready hand, and a good word at all times. There was one obstacle, she was a teetotaller, and would be sure to say some strong things about the strong drinks, yet if she could only be got to help, her method and arrangement would be invaluable. So Mrs. Lazly called upon her to make enquiries, but she found, and her kind heart was pleaded at the sight, that Mrs. Cleary had quite surmounted her difficulties; her one next rooms were picture of comfort, her little girl at a good school, her husband restored to health. "I never have known cause to tell," said the happy wife, "if I can earn a little by my needle at home I do it; but making the best of John's wages, and taking care of his comforts is my plan: what a wife saves is as good or better than what she earns; and we mean to ask a few friends to spend Christmas Day with us. We've poor old aunt that nearly alone in the world, that's coming; and the sickly young dressmaker that lives opposite, working her fingers to the bone to keep herself respectable, and no relations or friend's house to go to for a little cheerful change and comfort, we've asked her; and poor Crab, the crankard's orphan girl, that's now in the workhouse, we've applied for her to come and see us, and I think I know a lady that will take the child into her service, so you see I have provision to make for them; and John brings home the apprentice that the men used so badly at first because he's a teetoteller."

"Why, neighbour Cleary, you seem to have only the poor and friendless coming!" said Mrs. Lazly, with a little bit of a toss of her head.

Mrs. Cleary looked hard in her face a moment, and after a pause and sadly, "When thou makest a feast call the poor, and then shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee, but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.—You're a widow, and should feel that passage."

As Mrs. Lazly left the house, I have no doubt she felt her worth greater and stronger in the love of our fellow creatures, when the love of God is shed abroad in the heart. However, she hurried on to Mrs. Grippgard, and found that hard-working busy busy ironing—her room hung with lines and every chiffonier covered with clothes, and a sizzling heat filling the little room. Joe Grippgard, the husband, was on the landing, looking in at the door. "Oh, Joe, how early you're home," said his wife in a shrill voice, "I didn't expect you yet. I thought I should get done afore you came home; goodness me! I don't know no how, where you're to sit down."

"What, bothering over thy steamy things still, Nancy! a fellow's no comfort here, that's certain, I'll go and have a lock at the paper for an hour."

"Well! only on hour, Jos, mind you ain't longer," said the flustered wife, banging down a pan on the stand, vexed she had not done, and vexed her husband must go out; when, just as Joe turned from the door, in walked Mrs. Lazly, wondering, as she said others had often done before, how it was that neighbour Grippard lived in one room, and was always at work, and had a tolerably good sort of husband, and yet was never seen to look happy. However, she said nothing but about Christmas-day: could neighbour Grippard come and help her with the feast to be provided for her lodgers?—"Yes, she would come."

"The contentions of a wife are a continual dropping."

A Cleaning in Wiltshire, walking near a brook, observed a woman washing wool in the stream. This was done by putting it in a sieve, and then dipping the sieve in the water repeatedly, until the wool became white and clean. He enquired in conversation with her, and from some expressions she dropped, asked her if she knew him.

"O yes, sir, she replied, and I hope I shall have reason to bless God to eternity, for having heard you preach at W——, some years ago: your sermon was the means of doing me great good.

"I rejoice to hear it; pray what was the subject?

Ah! sir, I don't recollect that, my memory is so bad.

Hey, then, can the sermon have done you so much good, if you don't remember even what it was about?

Sir, my poor mind is like this sieve; the sieve does not hold the water, but as the water runs through, it cleanses the wool; so my memory does not retain the words I hear, but as they pass through my heart, by God's mercy, they cleanse it. Now I no longer love sin, and every day I contend my darkness to wash me in His own blood, and to cleanse me from all sin.

Truly a practical memory is the best memory.

> Let every man of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the WIFE see that she reverence her husband.
>
> Ephesians v. 33

"I should be sorry if you had meant to stay at home and make yourself and husband comfortable." "As to comfortable," said the woman, "we can't afford to be comfortable; I work and he works—but he takes a deal to keep him—I go out day after day, and I do these clothes at home, and he spends I don't know what at cock-shops and beer shops.—He sin't a drunkard—least ways he don't often get drunk, but somehow there's nothing left over his wages for me, and I must work: I can't keep Christmas, not I."

Mrs. Lazly never nourished hard thoughts of any one, but she fancied as she left,—"If neighbour Grippard made her home look more, and laid out her husband's wages in dinners for him at home, instead of at the cook-shop, it would be a greater saving than her working out, or ironing at home."

I need not tell all the chopping, and cutting, and mixing, and stirring, that took place the day before Christmas—how the little boys messed the house as fast as it was cleaned—how they made free with the pleasant smelling rolls—and some of them, showing how far he could jump, alighted on a basket of eggs, and broke his fall by catching at the tenband and smashing its contents, and all the mishaps which boys unused to obedience and order certainly would produce in a house where cookery was going on, on a larger scale than there was quite room for. Mrs. Lazly was worried and jaded until she looked fit to drop.

"Never mind, Mother!" said Annie, "Christmas comes but once a year."

"It hadn't need. I feel as if it came once too often for me," she said, with a weary sigh.

Her lodgers were nearly all late on Christmas eve. Some, she thought, stumbled rather than walked up stairs. Only two hours of disturbed rest was taken by the widow. At four o'clock came Mrs. Grippard, sharp as the winter morning and as hard. She was of course immediately comforted with a glass of "something neat," which went down Mrs. Grippard's throat as though it was a brass funnel—and the toils of the festive day began. There was breakfast, and no one assembled to take it at any set time. Tired, dull, and cross, one after another, came the lodgers. They grumbled at the weather, at the fire, at each other. "Give 'em a drop of something short,—We'll set 'em to rights," said Mrs. Grippard, wiping her dry lips in expectancy.

"Well! If you really think it needful," said poor Mrs. Lazly. So the glass went round and the dull eyes began to gleam. Another round must be taken, and then they were awaken, and get boisterous. One or two quarrels were nearly avoided: in vain Mrs. Lazly hinted, she wished they would go to Church or take a walk, and leave room for the table to be laid. In vain she sent, after a great tussle, her own three boys, a feat she never could have accomplished but that she hailed John Cleary as he passed the window on his road to his place of worship, and he kindly took the boys out of her way. At last dinner was served, but somehow it turned out badly. The two tables that had been put together did not fit, and there was jogging and upsetting. Every body was more thirsty than hungry, and though they drank the ale, they most of them in an undertone grumbled that it was not stronger. Then came something stronger, and loud talking, and boisterous jokes, that the poor widow did not wish her daughter to hear, followed. From this the change to angry words was not slow. William Lazly was good tempered, but all he could do would not keep peace. The children gave offence, and were, much to their mother's grief, packed off to another room. Some lodgers set to get some spirits to play at snap-dragon, when, in a struggle between them, as to who should pour the spirits into the dish, the bottle went over the shoulder of the fighters, and broke on the lob of the grate, making a blaze that set the chimney on fire with such a roar and flame, that in less time than we have taken to write it, and while quarrellers in the larger room were yet unaware of the mischief, a dozen boys had gone off for the engines. When the shouts of the boys and the shrill squall of Mrs. Grippard told the tidings, the widow's stock of strong drink was rescued from every body rushing about, and no one doing the right thing. Some in their zeal went up to the top of the house and threw down buckets of water that flooded the room, and spoilt the furniture, but did not put out the fire. William shook and shivered, his little brothers—their mother naturally ran to their rescue. Meanwhile, the engine came and plied, and, after an hour's mischief, riot, and confusion, the house was left in a sad state of desolation. Then Mrs. Grippard mixed what she called some stiff glasses of grog, that soon exhausted the widow's stock of strong drink, when, none of them sober, and all wearied of the wreck around, they determined to go out and make what they called "a night of it." Just then a discovery was made.

Some thief, while the house was surrounded by the mob, had made off with one of the lodgers' great coats that hung in the passage, and a silver watch from the mantel-shelf. Reproaches and angry followed, and the rest of the lodgers departed, saying they never would enter the house again, and the poor worn-out widow fell into hot and spasms so severe, that my servant Letty was sent for, and found the poor woman in a long illness. During my visits to the sick-room I heard all the particulars I have related, and also how neighbour Cleary came to her with Mrs. Grippard and Mrs. Cleary. The former did not leave the widow till late at night, and then returned, to find that her neglected husband had gone to the public-house, drunk hard in the morning of the day, and then, while under the influence of drink, had returned to the room and thrown a drunken, at which his grasping wife had hid her board; it was far more than he dreamed of, and he was off to some place where he could help him to spend it. In vain his enraged wife went to the public-house. The landlord concealed his victim, well knowing the length of his purse, and laughed the wife to scorn; from that time there never more was peace between that man and woman. Hard words, hard blows, and hard hearts took place between them. The husband, weak to begin with, became first a drunkard, then a brute, and "I had become the wife a wretched drawling wimpy.

Mrs. Cleary, who kindly came to help in tending widow Lazly, said, she had enjoyed a very quiet Christmas day. "We had no strong drink, Ma'am," she said, "but we had good fare and plenty of it, and our young friends were as gay and pleasant as ever, the time passed away before we were aware of it." As she spoke, I thought of the poet's sweet description:—

> "Twas good to see the honest sixth
> Which made small contribution most its pleasure,
> And hear the gift recounted with
> Of honest tricks and happy days."

Oh, dear reader think of these three neighbours as Christmas approaching. Do not bring waste and riot into your dwelling. Do not neglect the comforts of your home: but strive by every means in your power to make the day one of peace, joy, temperance, and plenty, and thus show your gratitude to Him whose advent to this world, as Christians, you profess to celebrate.

THE SONG OF THE HUMBLE.

Thatched lowly my cottage, and frugal its fare,
Affection, and truth, and devotion are there;
And when evening arrives, and the day's toil is over,
My husband comes home, and I hasten to the door.

He goes to the crib where our little ones lie, [sep:
And I know the sweet light that there beams in his
Then he turns to his supper, thought humble it be,
A kindness of heart that is found in no feast!

I love him too well to repine at my fate,
Frugality still keeps the dun from our gate;
And I hope that his children may rise to repay
The toils and the sorrows that wear him away.

Oh, innocent, upright, and pure be their youth!
May they hear from my lips only kindness and truth!
And when Mercy's mild messenger bears my fond
Leave my memory dear as a woman and wife! [wife,

From Working Man's Friend.

THINK OF THIS.

> The kindest and the happiest pair
> Will find occasion to *forbear*;
> And something, every day they live,
> To *pity*, and perhaps FORGIVE.
>
> Cowper.

Good precepts, backed by good example, are the surest means of encouraging virtuous habits.

MOTHERS' MEETINGS, OR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

We rejoice to learn from The Mothers's Friend,* that these valuable associations are being formed in various parts of the country, and we hope that the day is not far distant when there will be one in every parish in the land. These weekly or monthly gatherings, at which ladies of high rank and title are in some cases found taking an active part, are calculated to produce the most beneficial results. Several of our ability have recently been zealously labouring to bring about a great change in the harvest suppers, and they have been signally successful. A great work yet remains to be done. The "home" of thousands of our toiling sons of labour want a change, and that change must to a great extent be effected by the Wives.

We earnestly recommend the wives of all working men to avail themselves of every opportunity of attending these Mothers' Meetings. We feel assured that many will not only thereby be the better enabled to make "home" more attractive to their husbands than the public house, but that they will gain valuable counsel in that most difficult and responsible of mothers' duties—the training up of their children *in the way they should go*. We shall say more about these Meetings shortly.

* An excellent penny monthly Magazine, published by Ward & Co.

"NOW I HAVE MY SUNDAYS."

MR. EDITOR,

Will you let me say a few words to my fellow cab-drivers. I've been driving folks about London for the last ten years, and, until that first-rate Act of Parliament was passed that made a difference between six and seven-day cabs, I never knew what it was to have a Sunday. It was "work, work, work, till you die, and then great." I scarcely ever saw my children except when the poor things were asleep, and as for going to church or chapel, *why, that* was about the last thing I ever thought of.

Now I have my Sundays, thank God, for I have got a *six-day* plate, and I'm another man now that I can have a *rest-day* once a week. Why Sunday is now the happiest day in the week to me and my family. My poor wife looks quite a new woman, as we walk arm in arm to a place of worship. If you want any proof, Sir, that cabmen are glad to have a Sunday like other folks, you have only to look for the cabs numbered 10,000* and upwards, and you will find that *already* there are above 1100 cabs that do not come out on a Sunday, and if my fellow-cabmen take my advice, a good many *seven-day* plates will be exchanged for *six-day* plates at the earliest date.

I make as much money in the 3 months as I did when I ran on Sundays, besides being much happier to boot.

Your obedient servant,

A SIX-DAY CABMAN.

N.B.—I forget to tell you that my horse can get over the ground all the faster for having his Sunday, and in this way gains me more money.

* All cabs numbered from 1 to 9999 are licensed to run on all days. Those numbered 10,000 and upwards do not run on the Sabbath.—ED. B. W.

We shall shortly publish an interesting account of ——— one of the most remarkable cabmen ever known in London.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.

WHATEVER *can* I do towards stopping some of the drunkenness in this street?" said a kind-hearted butcher, who resides in one of the most dissipated districts of London. Not long after, the butcher was passing the shop of Messrs. Cash, the publishers in Bishopsgate Street, when he observed in the window one of George Cruikshank's excellent Temperance pleasants, entitled "A MAN AND A THING." It immediately occurred to the mind of the worthy butcher, "If I cannot talk to the folks about this drinking, that paper shall for me." A copy was purchased, and within a few minutes it was seen, fastened by skewers to the carcase of a sheep, at the butcher's shop door!

Thousands, perhaps tens of thousands weekly read that paper! Many who would not receive a friendly hint through the ear, receive it through the eye.

At a time like the present when our national vice is assuming a most fearful aspect, it behoves every lover of his country to enquire, with the butcher, "What can I do towards stopping some of this drunkenness?" Those who are in earnest in this enquiry will not be long in finding out as the butcher did, that, "Where there's a will there's a way."

BREAD FOR WHISKY.

At a time like the present when the quarters loaf of 4 lbs. is sold by the London bakers for 10d. and the Scotch whisky which is one of the most relentless physicians in existence, are peculiarly appropriate.—ED. B. W.

At the time when the illicit distillation of ardent spirits was carried on to such an extent in the Highlands of Scotland, the fertile district of Glenisla, in Perthshire, was particularly noted for the superior quality of its whisky. So great, however, was the quantity of grain on that account consigned to the still, that for four months in the year the inhabitants of the district would have been without food, if they had not imported a supply from other parts of the country. But now that illicit distillation has been put down by the legislature, the inhabitants of Glenisla *export* so much grain as they *formerly imported*.

Bread for whisky! Happy exchange! If the legalized distillation from grain were also put down, what a blessing would be conferred on thousands of families in Britain—sober Fathers, sober Mothers, cheap bread, cleanly and comfortable Homes!

But although the legislature may defer as act fraught with such benefit to the community, every reader of the "British Workman," may, if he chooses, immediately convert his own house into a little Glenisla. Let him resolve (God giving him strength) to devote the money, which he now spends on intoxicating liquors, to the purchase of bread, better clothing, better lodging, and better furniture for his family; and he will not only lie down on Saturday night a healthier and a happier man, but will awake on Sunday morning with a heart more full of gratitude than ever to the Author of all his mercies. And if, duly sensible of the high and holy privileges of the Christian Sabbath, he goes accompanied by his wife and children to a place of worship, and enters with all his heart and soul into the solemn services of the sanctuary, he will learn in his happy experience, how much the pleasures and possessions of this world are increased and elevated and enhanced by the hope which looks beyond it.

Edinburgh. DR. HUIE.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

READING FOR THE SOLDIERS.—Several correspondents having called our attention to the melancholy accounts in *The Times* of the drunkenness now prevalent in the Crimea, we addressed a letter to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, stating that it was the intention of some friends to send out a supply of copies of the *British Workman*, but that we provided His Royal Highness *first*, thought the publication adapted to interest and benefit the troops. By return of post we received the following reply:—

St. James's Palace, November 5th.

SIR,

I am desired by the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, together with the enclosed copies of the *British Workman*, and to inform you that His Royal Highness considers the publication well adapted for the purpose intended.

Your obedient servant,

F. CLIFTON, *Major.*

We are glad to add that the Committee for the gratuitous distribution of *The Band of Hope Review* having had several contributions handed to them for the special purpose of forwarding parcels of the *British Workman* to the soldiers; they dispatched, on the 10th November, through Messrs. Hayter and Howell of Mark Lane, *five thousand* copies to the Rev. R. P. Wright, Principal Army Chaplain, Scutari. This Committee will be glad to forward as many thousands *every* month, if the needful funds are subscribed. Contributions will be received by the Treasurer, Henry Ford Barclay, Esq., Walthamstow, Essex. If more contributions sums above £1 can be paid to Messrs. Barclay and Co., Bankers, 54, Lombard Street, *London.*

The following sums have been received for packets of 12 copies of the *British Workman*, for the Crimea. Mr. Dyer, *5s.*; Mr. Whiteside, 5s.; Captain Hodgson, £1; J. B., 5s.

PENSIONER.—In answer to the inquiry made by a gentleman in No. 9, as to whether it is possible for pudders in breweries to perform their very laborious work without the use of intoxicating drinks, we have received numerous letters, from some of which we make the following extracts: J. B. St. Matthew's St., Wolverhampton, says, "I feel sincerely thought that she was the best thing I speech the continual thirst we pudders are subject to, but I find that coffee, herb tea, or oatmeal and water, answer much better." William James, of Kidsgrove, writes, "I am a puddler, and I can perform my labour better without intoxicating drinks, than with them." John Buckland, of Longdon Forge, same firm, says, "I have been working at puddling for many years, and have worked a tolerable deal heavier, and I can do work with less fatigue, and attend it more regularly since I left intoxicating drinks, and was nothing stronger than water." John Jasper, and Matthias Bywater, of the Low Moor Iron Works, state that John Kirter, Richard Holdroyd, John Jones, and James Walker, have been puddlers there from four to six years, and have never tasted a drop of intoxicating drink—that they are healthier and better in every respect for so doing.

The following publications for the SUPPRESSION OF INTEMPERANCE will answer the purpose required by some of our correspondents.

1 The Cocoa Club, 2 *Illustrations*	1d.
2 The Man in the Well, 1 *Illustrations*	1d.
3 The Leather Almanac, 1 *Illustrations*	1d.
4 The Sailor's Home, 2 *Illustrations*	1d.
5 The Hour in the Heart, 1 *Illustrations*	1d.
6 The Ox Sermon, 2 *Illustrations*	1d.
7 The Tree-Guard, 1 *Illustration*	1d.
8 Water is Best, 1 *Illustration*	1d.
9 The Unfaithful Steward	2½.
10 Let every Man mind his own Business	2d.
11 Two Christmas Days, 4 *Illustrations*	6d.

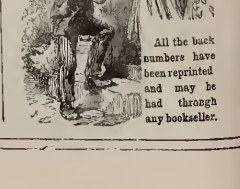
A packet containing a copy of each of these 11 attractive publications sent POST FREE to any part of the United Kingdom, or to any soldier in the Crimea on the receipt of 18 postage-stamps, by S. W. PARTRIDGE, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London.

NEW AND CHEAP POSTAGE.

Tracts of the "British Workman" may be had ever year, by remitting the postage stamps, to order, to the Publisher, or to the Editor, 12, Bernaby Square, London.

4 Copies for	6d.	Or for one year	4s.
8 "	1s.	"	8s.
12 "	1s.	"	12s.
16 "	1s. 6d.	"	16s.
20 "	1s. 6d.	"	20s.
24 "	2s.	"	24s.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.



All the back numbers have been reprinted and may be had through any bookseller.

CELEBRATED STONEMASONS.

DAVID DOUGLAS, the great Botanist, was the son of a *working mason*. In the pursuit of his favourite study he travelled in various parts of the world, and almost all the new hardy plants of our gardens were introduced by him.

JAMES TASSIE, the celebrated modeller and maker of paste gems, commenced life as a *stone-mason*, in Glasgow.

BESSNARD, the Cornish sculptor, was originally a *stone-mason*.

WILLIAM EDWARDS, a self-taught *mason*, built the Pontypridd-Bridge over the River Taff. It is a perfect segment of a circle, the chord of which is 140 feet, and the height at low water 36 feet.

HUGH MILLER, who has in our day as wide a celebrity as almost any of Scotland's sons, was in early life a quarryman and mason. Though he received as good a school education as his father, who was a sailor, could give, and the neighbourhood would afford, he must be reckoned in the honourable list of *self-educated* men; whilst he eagerly read all the *books* that he could obtain, he learnt much by *conversation* and *observation*; the rocks on the sea-shore, the *lochans* in the Highlands, and the manners and customs of his fellow-men were the interesting pages that he daily studied. Under the tutorship of Nature and Providence, he has risen from his native obscurity, and, as editor of the "Witness," the organ of the Free Church of Scotland, exercises a powerful influence on his countrymen. Amongst his graphic and instructive works are "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland," "The Old Red Sandstone," "Footprints of the Creator," and "My Schools and Schoolmasters," the last of which we particularly recommend to those of our readers who are striving to rise in the world.

The REV. WILLIAM JAY, one of the late highly esteemed ministers of Bath, and author of many valuable religious works was originally a stonecutter and *mason*. He was working with his father in the erection of Fonthill Abbey, at Tisbury, Wilts, when the Rev. Cornelius Winter came to preach at that place, to whom William Jay was introduced after the service. That good man was so pleased with him, that he invited him to join his Academy of young men for the Ministry. Wm. Jay commenced preaching very early in life, but, though very popular, never lost his simplicity of character. As the minister of Argyle Chapel, Bath, which office he held for more than fifty years, his piety and eloquence made him honoured and useful; and in his long list of intimate friends were many distinguished characters, among whom were Mrs. Hannah More, William Wilberforce, and Earl Gueie. Mr. Jay died in 1853, aged 84 years.

We shall be obliged by additional notices of Stonemasons.—ED. B. W.

BRITISH WORKMAN

No. 2. Published for the Editor by Messrs. Partridge & Co.; A. W. Bennett; and W. Tweedie, London. Price One Penny.

CELEBRATED BRICKLAYERS.

Ben Jonson, one of the most distinguished dramatic poets of England, was originally a *bricklayer*. His father (who was descended from a Scotch family) dying before Ben was born, and his mother marrying a *bricklayer* for her second husband, Ben was taken from school to work at his father-in-law's trade. Not liking this employment, he went into the low countries, and enlisted as a soldier. After this he turned actor, and Shakespeare is said to have first introduced him to the notice of the world. His "Alchymist" gained him such reputation that, in 1610, he was made poet laureate to King James Ist., and master of arts at Oxford. As a dramatist, he is regarded by many as second to Shakspeare, the many intellectual excellencies for which this celebrated man was distinguished, his wit, observation, judgment, memory, and learning, gained him unbounded applause. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and on his tomb is this inscription,—"O, rare Ben Jonson!"

Thomas Croker, of Gloucester, who, like good Bishop Hooper, suffered martyrdom for his testimony to the truth, was a poor working bricklayer.

Henry Lee, of London, who built the Dover Refuge or Harbour, the New River Company's Works, &c., and who now ranks as one of the largest contractors in Europe, was originally a journeyman *bricklayer*.

Samuel Grimsdell, one of the largest builders, not only in London, but in the world, is the son of a working *bricklayer*.

Jas. McCurry, a well known London Builder, the owner of valuable property in Pimlico, and an active and highly esteemed member of the London Temperance League, was only a few years ago a poor friendless, and almost penniless *bricklayer*. The history of this prosperous builder affords one of the most striking illustrations of what a man, by true sobriety and industry, may, under the divine blessing accomplish. We trust that Mr. McCurry may be induced to comply with our request, and favour our readers with his Autobiography. A narrative of deeper interest, not only to bricklayers, but to working-men generally, was perhaps never issued to the world. Its publication would, we doubt not, prove a blessing to many who are now "friendless and forlorn."

"He who hath builded the house hath more honour than the house. For every house is builded by some man; but he that built all things is God." Hebrews iii. 3—4.

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a *building* of God, an house *not made with hands*, eternal in the heavens." 2 Cor. v. 1.

"He (Jacob) looked for a city which hath foundations, whose *builder* and maker is God."—Heb. xi. 10.

A CELEBRATED "PADDY."

Bricklayer. I say, Pat, did you ever know such a thing as a bricklayer's Paddy rising to eminence!

Paddy. Sure an' I do, and isn't it meself that's doin *that* all the day long? And it's me that would be likin to know where a journeyman bricklayer ever rose so high on the ladder of *larning* as Doctor John Kitto, the great Bible scholar; and wasn't he once a brother Paddy? Sure enough an' he was! an' I'm afther thinkin that when your great Ben Jonson has long been forgotten, the good works of Dr. Kitto will live, and shew what a Paddy *can* do.

MORAL MUSIC, OR THE SOUNDS OF LABOUR.

By the late G. Moonbor, Esq.*

While music of different kinds, from the simplest to the most complicated sounds,—from the soothing murmur of the Œolian harp to the sublime diapason of the pealing organ,—is spreading its influence around, sometimes moral, sometimes immoral, there is a music of another kind, and this we would call *moral* music.

This music requires no orchestra of performers, nor gathered throng of enthusiastic listeners, for its display; and is in itself so simple and unobtrusive as almost to escape the notice of mankind in general.

It spreads a grateful influence round,
And plays its gentle part;
Sets honest industry to work,
And wakes the sluggish heart.

By this moral music we mean, no more nor less than those sounds that of necessity accompany honest labour in its varied pursuits.

Let us, for example, illustrate this by the ringing of the

Bricklayer's Trowel.

Who has not awoke early on a summer's morning, and heard while lying in bed this pleasant music. Some buildings near are being erected, and the bricklayers are early at their work; the ear is suggestive to the imagination, and thus a busy scene is presented to the eye; we see a building before us, with its tall scaffold poles and the scaffolding; masons are making their mortar; and

Irish labourers

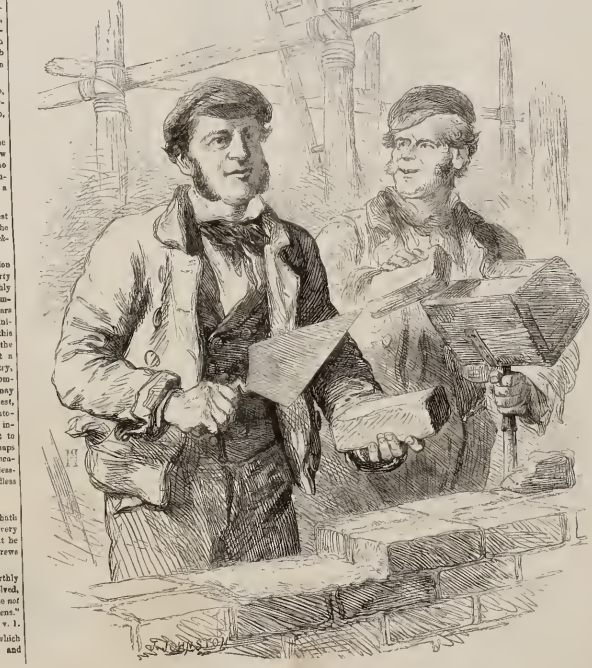
with their hods are ascending and descending ladders that bend beneath their weight; some workmen are using their plummets, while one high above the rest is shortening a brick with his trowel; loud and shrill is the ring that echoes from the building. The whole scene thus presented to the ear and the eye is full of life, animation and cheerfulness! it speaks of lusty labour, and honest industry. Oh, there is much morality in the ring of the

Bricklayer's Trowel!

Again, walk abroad on a Spring morning, approaching Summer-time, and among other sounds that may reach the ear, listen to the whetting of the mower's scythe. What could be more unwelcome than the harsh discord of a rugged stone being rubbed against the rough edge of a crooked scythe? And yet the sibilant sound, softened by the distance, becomes absolutely musical; and why? in a great measure because it is a necessary accompanying symbol of honest industry. It speaks of something being done and something to be done, and we think well of the distant labourer, and wish him God speed. Yes; there is morality in the music of the

Mower's Scythe!

* Now better known as "Old Humphrey."



With a satisfaction of the same kind, we have all of us been influenced with the music made by the tools of the carpenter. The plane whistles by turns, with his white apron and paper cap, up to his knees in the dry shavings, it driving his nails, or sawing his materials into proper proportions. Anon comes the ribbon-like shavings from the dry planks. We revert to memory our boyish works in wood, when we made our first little box, and built our first rabbit hutch behind the coal house. This is another exhibition of honest labour that we cannot but respect, and we feel kindly towards the carpenter. There is morality in the whistling music of the

Carpenter's Plane

When the wind is blustering around the farmyard and outhouses, and the drenching shower is descending on the earth, how pleasant to listen to the sturdy strokes of the thresher's flail! Safe from the wind and the rain, all alone in the dry barn, with his blue coat and red waistcoat hanging from a pike in the corner, the old man steadily pursues his occupation. With age on his brow, he is not without vigour in his limbs; the song of his flail is a proof of his progress; truly may we say there is morality in the monotonous music of the

Thresher's Flail!

A common circumstance it is on a market day, or amid the mingled sounds in the streets on a Saturday night, to hear the merry catch of a shoemaker's voice. We turn our heads to see our humble friend in his little cellar-like stall, working with all his might; now he is shaping out a boot, now cutting out an upper leather; now with lusty arms making his waxen thread thrum again, as he spreads out both his hands. Now he holds a piece of stiff leather on his knee, stone; all this time he is blithely singing, as happy as a king, and diffusing cheerfulness around. Truly, there is much morality in the sound of a

Cobbler's Hammer

and lapstone!

How pleasant, how cheerful, how animating it is, on a rough winter's night, when snow lies on the ground, and the pitiless storm is descending in showers, to hear upon the ruddy glow of a blacksmith's shop, and to listen to the blast of his bellows, as he blows up his fire kindling! Men pursue his labour, reckless of the storm. The influence of the whole is great, and there is indeed, morality in the music of the blast of the

Blacksmith's Bellows.

A Bible reader will not fail to enrich this chapter, with the remembrances of Holy Writ. The *beetleizer* will not fail to remind him of Behemoth made with hands, eternal to the heavens. The *mower* with his scythe will bring before him the fair man springing up as a flower and be cut down, and continueth not in one stay. The *carpenter* will set before him the axe of olden times a striking emblem of our redemption; and he will not forget that the reputed father of our blessed Lord was a carpenter. The *thresher* will raise present to his memory the striking fully of that man who would add house to house, and barn to barn, without considering how much he might be required of him. The *cobbler* may call up the desire in his mind, that his feet may be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, and his heart be engaged in heavenly pursuits, and the hasty smith may remind him of those who of olden times shaped themselves spears in the fire, and fell down and worshipped them. You will see my object in this paper is to show that there is a true morality in honest labour: true diligent man shall stand before kings." Apply this principle spiritually, as well as temporally, adopting the motto, *"not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."* Rom. xii. 11.

ARE YOU "JACK OF ALL TRADES?"

We working men are *often* in one respect like children. During their holidays children become weary for want of lessons to learn, and work to do, and with them the case is somewhat similar. When daily work is over, or when a holiday is given, for want of knowing how to employ their time better they turn into public-houses, and waste it in idleness and gossip. Can this be remedied? I think it may. Let the workingman become animated with a desire to make his home comfortable, and that will supply him employment in his leisure hours. Change of occupation affords recreation to the mind just as a succession of *different* kinds of vegetables allows a cow to feed instead of improvishing it. There are many little repairs that require *dressing* in the labourer's cottage. Let him supply himself with a kettle of glue, and a few tools, and turn *joiner*, and mend his broken tables, repair his broken chairs, and cracking bedsteads; supply the place of the lost handles of his drawers, fasten the door-latch, put up convenient shelves, and make wooden boxes for domestic use. Or let him become *painter* and colourer, and make his house look clean and comfortable by a fresh coat of paint on the chimney-piece and window-seats, and by whitewashing the ceiling and colouring the walls, or let him try his hand at cobbling, and by his bright house-fire turn up and sole the shoes of his house-hold with drs, wax-ripped gutta percha soles; or let him practise the art of *soldering*, very likely his wife has candlesticks and pans bad, and beside because they have been broken, and so to repair these will be a useful and pleasant employment for an evening or two. Then he may turn *plaster*, and mend or replace the broken panes of glass in his house; or he may sit down to the task of *book-binding* and mending; he may have several jobs that will be a profitable and pleasant employment. Then, if he be a *tailor*, and stitched together and fastened with a cover, will make a durable volume; or some of his children's school-books have got sadly dog'eared, and knocked to pieces, and a new job of it will be to restitch them; he may also collect the wood-cuts and engravings that come in his way and make a nice picture-book for his young children, or newspaper scraps, which he can paste into a book for his own use. He may become for the time a *book-smith*, a *tailor*, and a *cobbler*; in fact, though every working man should be an adept at one particular trade, or branch of trade, by which he earns his livelihood, he may very properly be a "Jack of all Trades" at home. We know a gentleman, who, after the business of the day is over, takes a pleasure in performing any necessary repairs in his house, and also is competent to many jobs which other persons are apt to think themselves unable to do; and though we would always wish those who are able, to encourage and employ the industry of their poorer neighbours, we would say, be the one or our friend a useful individual. The workingman who spends his evenings at home, and keeps his cottage in repair, not only makes his wife and children comfortable, but fosters within himself a spirit of self-dependence which will lead him to be useful, and render him honoured by those who know him.

J. E. B.

BEGINNING THE DAY WELL.

There is a large law warehouse in Nottingham, belonging to Messrs. Adams, Page, & Co., in which has been established now, for some months, a very pleasing commencement of the morning service by a paid chaplain of the Church of England. At eight o'clock all the outer doors are closed, and within a manner of an hour the workers are all assembled in a beautiful little chapel neatly fitted up in the basement story, which has lately been licensed by the Bishop of Lincoln. Service commences by singing two verses of a hymn, then a few select prayers are read, then a psalm, and it closes with a short extempore prayer. The attendance at the service has very greatly increased within the last few weeks, and generally numbers from 150 to 200 persons. At half-past eight every person is in his or her proper place, and the work goes on as usual.

The workpeople have lately subscribed about £150 for a new organ for this little chapel, and it has been presented to the masters by them. It is usually played by one of the workmen. A more goodly sight cannot present itself to the eye than that of masters and workpeople thus assembled in domestic worship together as one family, whose temporal and spiritual interests are thus bound up in one; for it adds greatly to the value of the service, and to the observance of the public ordinance, that though Mr. Adams resides some distance from his work, he is almost always present, sometimes even on Saturday afternoon he is found in his place, worshipping among those who are dependent upon him for employment.

Would that there were more houses like Adams, Page, & Co., more chaplains like the Rev. Ed. Davies, and more congregations like that which meets in the chapel so kindly fitted for the past, and to seek his favour for the future.

HAPPINESS NOT SECURED BY RANK.

Pope Adrian VI. had this inscription on his monument:—

"Here lies Adrian VIth, who was never so unhappy as any period of his life as at that in which he was a prince."

THE THREE SOLDIERS.

The following interesting fact showing the good effects of scattering profitable reading amongst the soldiery, is related by a London gentleman. He says "When I was residing in Hounslow some years ago, I was one morning on my way to my place of worship, in the Croft, near the door of which I found three soldiers standing. I saw, on hand on the shoulder of one of them, I said, 'come in, soldiers, we can tell you that is the way to heaven and leave the whole lump.' One of the soldiers said they were going to the barracks, and had not time. I however pressed them with some religious tracts. Two years after, on going to Lincolnshire, I passed a large assemblage on the parade, and soon after recognising finally I alone, a soldier called. He did not stop in haste, to say that the regiment was ordered to see me. I told him that he must be labouring under some mistake, as I was just arrived at Lincolnshire, and had never been there before. He replied, that no error had occurred for I had been recognised whilst passing the crowd.

On enquiring further into circumstances with him I found the one object was to procure an extended supply of tracts. I supplied the following day for the regiment, and with two to each, he was overjoyed at getting one, for, he informed me that I had supplied one of his men with a tract, which was the instrument of leading to his conversion, before he recognised and surprised me. Thus! Thus! I was not forgotten, but every tract, at Hounslow, addressing three soldiers nothing, "come in, soldiers come in, who can tell but we may be saved" was the winter lump. The barrack room was crowded, allowing no time sufficient to gather the soldiers, for one of them, I believe, called for a tract. I have taken to them the Bible book, for Christ truly is an universal regiment, through every life-time. Here I am now among a dress parade, with a tract in my hand, the sergeant with a fresh commission of a non-commissioned officer, I was just arrived at Lincolnshire, and

THE MILITARY CULPRIT.

The following affecting details are extracted from the Memoirs of Lieutenant Shipp, of H.M. 67th Foot. He says, as to one of the soldiers, "I shall not mention the name of ——, lest my narrative should by possibility meet the eye of some dear relative who still lingers on earth, and drops under the recollection of the and event. Through the whole course of his drills and military exercises, I ever found this young man active, obedient, and willing to learn; and he promised to be an ornament to the army. He fulfilled through the commencement of his career with the smile of joy on his youthful countenance. There were indeed days, which were not long to pass, the poisonous cup of inebriety seduced him from the paths of duty, and he drank deep of the baneful cup. Sorrow followed in intemperance and he fell from one error to another; on account of which, from time to time, he incurred serious displeasure, and at length, for the commission of a more aggravated offence, he fell under the displeasure of his superior officers, and

was severely punished. Irritated by the infliction of a supposed wrong, enfeebled with liquor, and smarting under the disgrace, the unhappy youth, in a fatal moment, yielded to the insinuations of revenge, and in the frenzy of intoxication, made an attempt on the life of the officer, (a quarter-master in the same troop,) by whom, as he supposed, he had been injured. This dreadful attempt was unavailing and unprovoked, as it was unjustifiable. The chastisement which the young man had received, was such as he would manifestly, in his sober moments, have submitted to he had justly deserved. He fired at the quarter-master; the shot did not take effect as intended, but the crime was that of mutiny, and punishable, by military law, with the heavy penalty of death.

"The culprit was immediately dragged to the guard-room, and then confined in none. Imagine the feelings of this unhappy wretch when he awoke from his intoxicated slumbers, and the first objects that met his eyes were the fetters by which he was secured! I was sergeant of the guard at the time, and had the melancholy task of informing the offender of the dreadful crime for which he was fettered. The painful countenance which at first he displayed, showed a double paleness, he closed his eyes, clasped his hands, and exclaimed, 'Good God, what have I done?' He seemed, now, not that he was unconscious of every intention of committing the crime he was charged with, so the child still unborn; but he acted unwillingly and reluctantly for the crime of mutiny and attempt to murder. The culprit was, a short time afterwards, sentenced before a general court-martial, to trial for his life, without having a single vote to offer in the defence, except the plea of drunkenness, which was aggravated by offence. He stood before the court-martial a sad monument of what the use of it may bring the most docile and humane quarter to.

"This melancholy instance will, I trust, show the absolute necessity of guarding, more particularly in a hot climate than that of India, with this crystal tank place, (or when in an excited state of mind, or heated state of body,) against the use of spirituous liquors. If a person but drink is once allowed to gain dominion, it is seldom, or never gradatated. Cup will follow cup, and one accord crime, till the unfortunate drunkard brings his soul century to some sudden and calamitous end. Could I but impress this fact upon the minds of my fellow-soldiers, and every pipe from that degrading vice, I should think myself amply rewarded.

"The criminal was, of course, found guilty. He was ordered for public execution—to be shot. On the latter morning, the chaplain was early with his charge; he prayed with him, and tied a piece of black crape round his arm. He took some pains in the adjustment of his clothes and hair, and then went to prayer, in which every one of the guard joined him though in a separate room, for the last time. When the first trumpet sounded for the execution parade, the men seemed to linger on the morning breeze, and a death-like stillness to predominate over the atmosphere, which chilled the blood of all assembled. Not a voice was heard; all was hushed and quiet, save the warblings of the loud beauons of his pitying comrades. These plainly bespoke the horror they felt in the contemplation of the approaching scene. The prisoner effectionately took his leave of all the guard, warning them by his and fate to beware of that accursed liquor which had seduced him down. He seemed composed and calm, and said he would submit to the offended laws of his country, as the just reward of his crimes. The soldiers formed out with resolute reluctance, each head resting on a sorrowing bosom; but they at last reached the place of the sad entertainment.

"The regiments, both of which were European, then formed three sides of a square, of which the firing party, with the coffin formed the other side. Scarcely was this accomplished, when we heard the dismal sounds of the muffled drum, and the doleful notes of the band, playing the "Dead March in Saul." The procession turns moved on:—Provost sergeant in front, on horseback, followed by a party of soldiers; the chaplain in his sombre robes, with the prisoner, both in deep meditation and earnest prayer. After them followed the firing party—next the sergeant, one corporal, and twelve privates—the twelve next men for general duty in the whole regiment. They entered on the parade at the signal, and passed along the front of the line to the left; the soldiers resting upon their arms reversed, the sad music, and with their heads bent upon the bottom of the butt. The sobbing of many of the men could be distinctly heard, and some could not restrain the good fellow, as he passed along the front of the weeping lines. Some of his comrades, who had been more intimately acquainted with the prisoner, wept without restraint, and calling upon Divine mercy to receive the soul of a penitent sinner. The criminal's eyes were then bandaged, and the death-warrant read. During the reading he exhibited an unshaken firmness, clasping his hands, and holding them high against his breast. Scarcely had the last word of his death-warrant vibrated on his ear, when the signal was given. When the firing party came to the "present," every eye was turned from the dreadful scene; but at the well understood signal, six or more of the men fired, and he instantly fell, with a slight shudder, holding up his hands. The troops then moved, and every man passed him singly, marching at slow time. This was a certain mode of stretching the left of the line, what a sight was before him? His place of execution, his coffin, or roughly wrought shell, and his sentence—the prisoner of his comrades! He knelt down by the side of his coffin, and prayed for a short time. He then embraced, and bade farewell to his executor, who wept aloud

COLUMNS FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS.

SCOLDING.

A GREAT deal of injury is done to children by their parents' scolding. Many children have been nearly or quite ruined by it, and often driven from home, to become companions of those who do not scold. It sours their temper, so that one thorough scolding prepares the way for two or three more. It sours your own temper, provided it is sweet, which is a question. The more you scold, the more you will have to scold; because you will become crosser, and your children likewise. Scolding alienates the hearts of your children. Depend upon it they will not love you as well after you have beaten them, as they did before. The way approach them with firmness and decision, you may punish with severity adequate to the nature of their offences, and they will feel the justice of your conduct, and love you notwithstanding all; but they hate scolding. It stirs up the bad blood within them, it displeases your neighbours, it makes your children ashamed of you, especially at night, when they are about to retire, their hearts should be melted and moulded with voices of kindness, that they may go to their rooms with thoughts of love steaming around their souls and whispering peace.

Christian Treasury.

A VERY clever physician asserts that the words, tones, and actions which infants see and hear in the first two or three years of their lives do actually form the ground-work and foundation of their future character, and so indelibly are they impressed that it will be difficult to new-mould them in future years. How careful then should the mother be to train the mind of wonder babe hence, and the kind of actions he sees! How wise should she herself be! How perfect too!

NURSING MOTHERS.

"I HAVE seen with the deepest concern, several instances of women, otherwise amiable, who have fallen victims to the now consuming passion of spirituous liquors, secretly conveyed by nurses or servants, into the lying-in bed-chambers of the patient, under the pretence of their use as cordials."

DR. LEAKE.

ANOTHER medical authority says, "*Nursing mothers, by drinking intoxicating liquor, infect serious evils upon their children.* That the loss of the infant partaker of the nature of whatever is eaten or drunk by the mother, is a truth so obvious, as to need no confirmation. How wrong, then, it must be, to poison the very fountain of human life, by the use of liquors, whose influence and irritating effects upon even adults, have driven thousands upon thousands from the comforts and endearments of the domestic and social circle, to a mad-house. The *children of this country are known, almost universally, to be distinguished by their feeble constitutions and trembling.* Vast numbers of them die of different inflammatory complaints, which are far more certainly the results of a too stimulating diet, than of any other cause. It has been proved, by the London Bills of Mortality, for the last hundred years, that in proportion as the drinks of adults have increased, with the increased consumption of intoxicating liquors, the *deaths of infants, under two years of age, have also increased;* and that in the same proportion as the deaths of adults have decreased, with the decreased consumption of intoxicating liquors, the deaths of infants have, in like manner, decreased; thus clearly proving, that such liquors, when taken by nursing mothers, are the principle of destroying their off-spring. I am personally acquainted with females, who never tasted their intoxicating liquors, but become total abstainers, but now they have fine, healthy, and thriving children. The course of all animals on creation, except of the human species are reared without the assistance of intoxicating stimulants; have always been thought to suppose they are necessary to the rearing of human beings; but if they are not wanted by them, they are of too active and virulent a character, to be harmless. *The mothers of Greece and Rome, in the purest period of their country's history, drank no intoxicating liquors; but they produced and reared a shrewd, free and incorruptible race.*

The mother of Samson was commanded by the Angel of the Lord to "drink no strong drink," and the Roman women were forbidden by law to taste these liquors.

* See Judges xiii. 4, 7, 14.

J. HODGINSOTTOM, Esq., of Nottingham, one of the most intelligent surgeons in the country, stated at a public meeting some time ago: "I once met with a woman ninety-three years of age, who, in the course of her life had worked twenty-four children, of her own and other people's, some of the principal families in the place. She was a fine, tall, stout, healthy old woman. I often greatly regret to find females, who according to their age, ought to be in the prime of life, worn out, in consequence of their taking stimulants so freely, to the ruin of their constitutions, and the misery of their families, as they engrossed in suckling their families. I earnestly advise mothers not to take another drop; they may feel a little low at first but a little barley broth, and good beef and mutton will prove most effectual restoratives."

THE LANCET.—The number of attempts to kill human beings recorded in the last than six hundred million years. According to Dr. Fitchner Weber, the discovery very between the 19th and the 20th of an inch. Now, estimating the internal surface of a single cell at about equal to that of a hollow globule of equal internal diameter, then by adopting the measurement of Haller, we find that one millionth of such cells would possess sufficiently a surface of not less than 144 square inches; but by having our calculations on the measurement of Weber, we must, remember, which the scientific world confirms, the facts we arrive at are still more astonishing. Supposing that the human brain possess thousands of one hundred and eight six millionth parts of respiratory surface, every cell of which is in intimate and immediate contact with the atmosphere, we ask, is it not wonderful, then, to inquire on the minutely hidden mechanism of our general air, the air inspired is over in intimate contact with at least of vital surface amounts enough for the creation of two or three brain masses.

A Liverpool surgeon, was asked some time ago, "How do you account for the great mortality amongst infants in this country?" He replied, "One of the chief causes is the use of drugs, by nurse and mother." Such a few of our distinguished remarks into those three matters, the *nursing, the needs of their children infancy.*

FOR WORKING MEN'S DAUGHTERS.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

POOR Margaret Trip! who would have thought when she was playing about her father's garden in merry, rosy-cheeked innocent child, that she would live to be a sorrow and a disgrace, and end her days in a prison? But so it was. And yet she was so hard-and-fast. The steps by which she fell were so easy as to seem almost imperceptible. Render! a dancer is often all the greater and all the quicker when we are unconscious of it; as the following short, true narrative may prove.

Richard Trip was a market gardener, living near London; he had a large family, and some of the younger children were sickly, so that the elder sons and daughters were obliged as they grew up to go out to earn their living, rather sooner than their industrious parents would have chosen, if they could have afforded to keep them longer at school. One son—the eldest, a fine lad, had gone years before our story commences, to Canada, and was doing so well there that his sweetheart and mother followed him. The fourth child of the family work-d with his father, and the fifth, Margaret, the favourite of all, from her lively disposition, and sweet temper, had been taken by Lady while as yet quite a child, and was thought fortunate in having a comfortable situation.

Margaret had an easy, plant nature—loved to please and to be pleased; and as long as she was with good people who led her right, all went well and prosperously. She never remembered about God's eye being on her at all times. He was not in all her thoughts. So her good conduct arose sometimes from a kindly impulse, and not from a strong right principle. As she grew up her circumstances became altered, and in the course of years, instead of being as at first employed only at the light tasks of a lady's attendant, she gradually had to perform the whole domestic work. The house, has before for the Lady's altered fortune, was in part let to another family. It was the fact of having lodgers in the house that caused Margaret's mistress to leave her in town in the autumn, when she made her annual visit to her relations in the country.

A young servant left in charge of a house needs to be very prudent and conscientious, for in most districts there are prowing vagrants who come down when a house is so left. To be sure, in this case Margaret was not alone, for there were the lodgers. Yet an old woman who hawked haberdashery and trinkets called one morning early, and displayed her finery to Margaret, who knew very well that articles both better and cheaper might be bought at the shops—but yet he did not like to tell the old woman plainly she did not mean to buy. So she weakly let all the finery be turned out, and then heard a long persuasive story about high wages, some servant-maids were paid, and what holidays they had, and how cheerful and well, Margaret rather inclined to think she had a hard, dull place of it—a thought she never had before. And when, as she could not afford to buy anything, the old woman gave her a pair of pink combs, the poor girl believed she had never seen such a nice good natured old woman; and as the acquaintance began, and in a very few days after, Margaret finding it very dull to be always alone, "a downright shame," as the old woman said, she invited her new friend to take a cup of tea; taking care to let her in at the back door, in case, as the old woman whom we will call Bridget Crafty, said "the lodgers might be spies, and tell her mistress." After tea the old hawker pulled out a great quantity of gin from her pocket, and began to spread them in rows upon the table to tell Margaret's fortune. The silly girl at first did not like this, but she could not say "no"—and looked on half vexed and half amused, and then at last interested and pleased; for the fee was to a fine fortune promised to Margaret—she was to "see the person who would make a lady of her, if she went where a lord flew among the gaslights in a great road at the north side of London." "Oh dear, where could that be?" "How should she find it?" "How could she go out?" "Also, only on Sunday evenings to Church did she ever go out at night." Her scruples were soon quieted, and she agreed to meet Mrs. Crafty the next Sunday night in the City Road, only a mile from where she lived at Pentonville. That was the road, and they would find the place the cards indicated.

So she went.—No one making any comment, for Margaret always attended evening service. It was a rainy night, and she was obliged to take a cab to meet Old Crafty, but then there was the curiosity; and the excitement, and the poor girl was "struck all of a heap," as she said, when Mrs. Crafty, in a large house lit with gas, and a great lord at the top—sure enough the era was lord among the gaslights, and a young man and a young lady and a lord her father had read the cards had told her he would utter. She refused to go into the garden, but it proved heavily, and she had pulled up to take shelter, and in her fright and surprise she dropped her hatch-key, and though they all three looked for it, no key could be found, so she for once was frank and would go home. The young man returned with her, she had to ring for admission, and the one of the lodger evenings on the spot, at the same time, said, "Oh Margaret, was that your brother who just left you?" The frightened girl, glad of an excuse, at once answered "Yes," little her heart smote her for the lie.

This was the beginning of evil to Margaret. The end came very speedily. Bridget Crafty was always stopping about at early morning or at twilight, offering second-hand finery for sale, or bringing foolish letters from the stranger. As to buying, Margaret had no money; but her new friend promised to lend her some, until her wages were due; and produced a five-pound note, which she said she had saved to pay for Jerry; and Margaret went to a draper's near to change it, and borrowed ten shillings. The day after there was a disappointment in the lodger at not receiving a letter she expected in answer to one of importance sent days before; and Margaret's face was observed to change, and the lady in question remembered that instead of posting the letters herself, she had given them to old Bridget. "Surely the old woman would not lose them?" The great was her concern to find the letter which caused uneasiness contained a five-pound note. The look and manner of Bridget when she next came, the following day, who wrote off for her Lawyer to come to the following day. Oh what a tone of query did Margaret pass; for her mind misgave her, and she was not instantly certain her suspicions, but went early to bed to mind being seen and questioned, leaving the lodgers to finish on the table. That night before the house was usually secured for the night, a thief entered, with a passkey, broke open a cupboard where the plate was kept, and was discovered to steal unstolen and bear off a desk of the lodgers, containing money and valuables; and escaped before the return of the lodgers from the building of the outer door. The robbery was not discovered until breakfast-time, next morning, when the Lady missed her desk; and running down stairs met Margaret, who, pale as death had only a few minutes before found out the cupboard was robbed, and had now thrown on her bonnet and shawl, and was hastening off to tell her father. To stop Margaret, who was thought to be escaping—and call the police, was the work of a few minutes to the Lady and her son; then come the Lawyer, and Margaret, ready to call on the houses to fall on her, feeling every look a stab, was taken to the Police Office, a rate rabble following. How clear was the chain of evidence—the key found to the one City flood. Her giving the hatch-key—no one believed she had dropped it—her saying she was the man who walked home with her was her brother—her changing the note—the Draper's evidence that it, the very note that the lodger had sent in the letter, and told her to post—and then going to her father's, and leaving the house clear for the robber. Her agonizing protest that she did not know the man she met, was treated as another lie. She named Bridget Crafty, and a neighbour bore testimony to seeing the old woman enter the back door and stay at the house; this only made matters worse, for this woman

LOSSES FOR RELIGION.

An aged couple, in the vicinity of London, who in the early part of life, were but poor, but who, by the blessing of God upon their industry, have been enabled to live independently in their old age, were called upon by a Christian Minister, who solicited their contributions to a charity.

The aged husband and wife had to make out some excuse, and to answer in the negative, both for her husband and herself, and their force replied, "Why, sir, we have been a religious people since we began; my husband knows that very well;" and being wishful to obtain her husband's consent to the subscription, said, "Husband, do we, Thomas?"

Thomas, after a long and solemn pause, said, "Yes, Mary, we have had a deal to our religion! I have had a deal of it, and I have had a deal of it, Mary, I have had a good put in which I carried water, and that you know I lost many years ago! And then I had an old stone to hit, and knocked out, and my rolled shoes and stockings; but I have lost them also, long ago. And Mary, you know that, poor as I was, I had a hundred and fifty pounds, put out in the funds with you; and that you know I have lost. And then I had a hardened conscience and a wicked heart; yes, Mary, when I had ten thousand pounds, sighs and tears; but all are lost, and like a substance, cast into the deep at sea. And, Mary, you have been a brave lot, though not so great a loser as myself. Before we got religious, Mary, you had a washing-tub, in which you washed for hire; and that Almighty blessed your industry, but now we get religious, we don't get your washing-tub. And you had a gown and bonnet much the worse for wear, though they were all you had to wear, but you have lost those long ago. And you had many an aching heart concerning me, at times, but those you happily have lost. And I could even wish that you had lost as much as I have lost and even more; for what we lose by religion, Mary, will be our eternal gain. We need not add that the minister did not go away without substantial proof that Thomas deemed his losses for religion, his most weighty obligations to the goodness of Almighty God, as the richest book of grace on earth, and the most unbroken pledge of glory in the world to come.

LIFE, and particularly the married life, is generally made up, not of great sovereign or dainty, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses, and little attentions are the things that win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort. Little attentions are the breaths of all union—unite they are which lead to mighty products. They are deep bind souls after marriage; but when this is the case there is some danger of the decline and fall of love's empire.

Mother's Friend.

In affliction we obtain clear views of the insufficiency of all earthly things. A dark shade is thrown over the fleeting scenes of busy life; and we learn to estimate above all treasures an assured interest in Christ.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS, OR THE RUINED POSTMAN.

In the village of ——, there lived a steady industrious labouring man and his wife, whose cottage was noted for its clean and tidy appearance.

The village postman having died, Robert, was by general consent elected as his successor.

All went on well until Christmas Day, when on going his rounds, a lady handed him a shilling and a glass of rum, as his "Christmas Box."

Unfortunately for Robert he was not a pledged abstainer, and although he would rather have declined the liquor, yet, when the glass was so smilingly held out to him by the hand of a fair lady, it was no easy task to refuse it.

At many other houses, particularly the farm-houses, glasses were handed to Robert, and he was urged to drink them off,—"It will do you good," said Customs. Reader! do what you can to abolish these injurious

Before the postman had got half through his rounds, he was so tipsy that he fell into a ditch, and was carried home in a sad plight.

He never looked up afterwards; he was so ashamed of his conduct that he took to constant drinking to drown his sorrow. Poor fellow, his heart-broken wife and child have often had to go out late at night to search for him, and on more than one occasion have found him laid by the road-side, so drunk as to be quite unable to move, and there is reason to fear that Robert went down to a drunkard's grave.

Thousands of families are every year plunged into distress through our Christmas Drinking Drinking Customs.

[From *Illustrated Week-Bills*, No. 18. W. R. T. O. Dept. Sold in packets of fifty copies, price Sixpence.

was well known to the police as belonging to a gang. Margaret has fairly committed before her mistress had heard of the robbery; the lodger being bound over to prosecute. On her second examination old Bridget stood at her side, strong and hard in sin, denying all that could tell in favour of her victim; she even said Margaret had wanted her to disarm the note, and she refused to do it. To tell the misery of the wretched girl's heart, and the distraction at her parents' home would take a volume. The interval between her commitment and trial she spent in the infirmary of the prison; so ill in mind and body, that the doctor, used to see cases of great suffering among criminals, for Satan is a hard master, feared for her life.

Then came the trial. The man had not been taken, but all was clear against Margaret, and her companion. In vain, when asked for her plea, she said, "I meant no harm;" and kept repeating the words like one in a dream. She had done harm,—harm to her mistress, harm to her parents, harm to herself, harm to society, harm in the sight of God.

When sentence was pronounced she could not stand up, but rested against old Bridget. Well might she shrink and faint, for in the court, looking up to her with sympy was her elder brother come from Canada, to take them all back, for God had prospered his industry and piety. Yet this sore affliction—the once gay, lovely, innocent Margaret, a convicted felon! struck him to the heart, and made all seem bitter. That dear good brother; oh, to meet him thus!

Old Bridget was sentenced to seven years' transportation, and in consideration of Margaret's youth, and her mistress with tears recommending her to mercy, she had two years' imprisonment.

One moment, but one, her grey-headed old father, and her agonized brother caught her hand as she was hurried away. "My poor child!" "Oh dear Margaret!" was all they could say amid stifling sobs.—"She's well off," said her tempter, "it's only two years for her." "It's enough," said Margaret, pausing for breath: and so it proved, in five months afterwards there was an inquest in the House of Correction, on a young woman who had pined away; she died penitent and resigned, and her last effort was to write to her parents the words, "Forgive your unhappy daughter." But long before that, she had prayed from her heart, "Father I have sinned, and am no more worthy to be called thy child," and those words no one ever uttered from the heart in vain.

FIVE OF THE BEST THINGS.

A FIRM faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

A WORD TO EMPLOYERS.—"There is a limit to toil set by God. He who has given bounds to the ocean—who has placed the durations of light and darkness under rule—who has put all things under law—whose universe is an embodiment of order, has made it impossible to continue toil beyond a certain limit without detriment. And if that limit be passed—injury succeeds.

. . . . The man made rich by the long-hour system may be a murderer of men—the destroyer of morals and happiness—the adversary of souls; and may hold riches as Judas held the thirty pieces of silver—his gains may be the price of blood!"—REV. S. MARTIN.

WORKING MEN'S LIBRARIES.

THIS establishment of libraries in connection with large business firms conducts not more to the benefit of the workpeople employed then to that of the firm itself. The young men employed by Messrs. Millington and Hutton, Wholesale Stationers, have lately exerted themselves to form a library in their place of business: and it has already been productive of good. "This library is a saving to me," said one of the young men: "how much do you think, it saves me?" "I cannot say," was the reply. "It saves me three shillings a week," said he, "for I used to go to the public-house, and smoke and drink; but now, I spend my evenings in reading, at home." G. D., *London.*

AN ANCHOR TO THE SOUL.

IN a gale off the coast, a vessel was driving ashore. Her anchors were gone, and she refused to obey the helm. A few moments more, and she would strike. If any were saved, they must be rescued by the waves on the beach. In the midst of the general consternation that prevailed, there was one man calm. He had done all that man could do to prepare for the worst when the wreck was inevitable; and now that death was apparently near, he was quietly waiting the event. A friend of his demanded the occasion of his calmness in the midst of danger so imminent. "Do you not know that the anchor is gone, and we are drifting upon the coast?" "Certainly I do, but *I have an anchor to the soul.*"

On this was his trust. It entered into that within the veil. It was the ground of his confidence in the storm, and enabled him to ride securely, in view of instant and awful death.

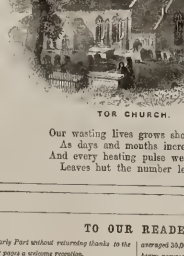
This anchor, every man should have. Life is in vain. It is often stormy. The soul needs an anchor in the hour of danger. Reader, have you the anchor of Hope? Can you say "Christ is mine—I am his?"

FIDELITY OF THE DOG.

IN Dr. Duncan's "Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons," recently published, is the following interesting anecdote of Burns "While yet a schoolboy, I enjoyed an opportunity of hearing, in my father's manse, a conversation between the poet Burns and another poet, my near relation, the amiable Blacklock. The subject was, the fidelity of the Dog. Burns took the question with all the ardour and kindly feeling with which the conversation of that extraordinary man was so remarkably imbued The anecdotes by which it was illustrated have long escaped my memory; but there was one sentiment expressed by Burns, with his own characteristic enthusiasm, which, as it threw a new light into my mind, I shall never forget. 'Man,' said he 'is the god of the Dog: he knows no other; he can understand no other And see, how he worships him!—with what reverence he crouches at his feet—with what love he fawns upon him—with what dependence he looks up to him—and with what cheerful alacrity he obeys him. His whole soul is wrapt up in his god; all the powers and faculties of his nature are devoted to his service; and these powers and faculties are ennobled by the intercourse. Divines tell us, that it ought just to be so with the Christian, but the Dog puts the Christian to shame! The truth of these remarks, which forcibly struck me at the time, have since been verified by experience; and often have events occurred, which, while they reminded me that 'Man is the god of the Dog,' have forced from me the humiliating but just confession, that 'the Dog puts the Christian to shame!'"

THE CLOSING YEAR.

THE year rolls round and steals away,
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.



TOR CHURCH.

Our wasting lives grows shorter still,
As days and months increase!
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

TO OUR READERS.

We cannot complete our First Yearly Part without returning thanks to the numerous friends who have given our pages a welcome reception.

Our desire has been to promote the HEALTH, WEALTH, and HAPPINESS *of the Working Classes, and whilst conscious of many imperfections we are thankful to learn from one course that we have not laboured altogether in vain.*

We require a circulation of 100,000 to cover the outlay, but we have not yet averaged 50,000, and therefore the publication has hitherto been attended with heavy pecuniary loss. The circulation of the November Number has reached 70,000, so that if each of our readers will secure two new subscribers, we shall not be under the painful necessity of discontinuing our labours.

With the earnest desire that all our readers may have a "Joyous Christmas and a Happy New Year," we look forwards to the coming year of 1855.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A WORKING-MAN writes from Hollingwood Common, that "In No. 8 of the "*British Workman*," it was said that it circulated 50,000, and could not be carried on without a circulation of 100,000; and if *each subscriber* could persuade *four* others to follow his example, the circulation required for its continuation would be secured. I thought it would be a *good thing* if so valuable a publication as the "*British Workman*" was likely to be to the Working Classes, could not be carried on, and I therefore determined that I would try what I could do; since that time I have obtained thirty subscribers, and I hope that all the subscribers to the "*British Workman*" will co-operate with me, and then we shall soon be able to relieve the Editor of the heavy load that has been lying on him throughout the Best Cost Cash is nearly gone, and give him our *hearty support* for the time to come. I do believe that this will be a valuable work for the industrious classes." If the good example of our Derbyshire Correspondent be followed by other 2000 working-men, we shall then be enabled to go on.

CRIMEA. A packet containing Nos. 1 to 12 will be sent *post free*, to any soldier in the Crimea, on the receipt of twelve postage stamps, by Messrs. Partridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London.

READING FOR THE SOLDIERS. Packet of printed matter, not exceeding 4 oz. in weight, can be sent *post free*, from any part of the country, to the Army in the Crimea for *one penny* postage; not exceeding 8 oz. for 2d., not exceeding 1 lb. for 4d.

A HINT. A Correspondent who appears to be troubled on account of some of his fellow labourers being so forgetful as to shun the payment of various debts, and who has found their word of promise repeatedly broken, asks us to give them a gentle reminder. The request is a very novel one, but we have endeavoured to comply with it, and hope that this notice may be of service to others as well as to the debtors of our correspondent.

PAY YOUR DEBTS.

DON'T TELL LIES.

PUBLICATIONS FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF INTEMPERANCE.

1. The Goose Club, *5 Illustrations* ..... 1d.
2. The Man in the Well, *3 Illustrations* ..... 1d.
3. The Leather Almanac, *4 Illustrations* .... 1d.
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5. The Deer in the Heart, *1 Illustration* .... 1d.
6. The Old Sermon, *3 Illustrations* ..... 1d.
7. The Prompting, *1 Illustration* ..... 1d.
8. Water is Best, *1 Illustration* ..... 1d.
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11. Two Christmas Days, *4 Illustrations* ..... 6d.

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OPINIONS.

"The "*British Workman*"—admirably suited to its purpose."
REV. CHARLES KEMEYSON, Vicar of CHURCHDOWN.

"I heartily approve of the recommendations which have been bestowed on the "*British Workman*."
REV. C. ABERNETHY.

"Admirably calculated to produce the best effects among the operatives of this place."
REV. W. CARTWRIGHT.

"The excellence of your publication,—the "*British Workman*."
REV. AND HON. MONTAGUE VILLIERS, M.A.

RESIDENTS IN THE BRITISH COLONIES

(to whom specimen copies are this month extensively sent) are respectfully requested to promote the circulation of the British Workman.

Packets can be sent (postage PREPAID in England) to nearly every British Colony, at the rate of 6d. for every half-pound weight, (to India, 8d.,) in addition to the cost of the paper. No Foreign orders attended to unless payment is remitted, or order for payment in London.

All the Back numbers may be had.

Publishers—Messrs. Partridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London.

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☞ *The "British Workman" being "Registered" at the General Post Office, for transmission abroad, a single copy can be forwarded within fifteen days of publication, (subsequent to the British Colonies and various other foreign parts, for a postage of 1d. In some cases copies can be sent* FREE, *&c., without any prepayment of postage. See the large sheet of rates for* COLONIAL AND FOREIGN POSTAGE, *which may be inspected at any post office.*

Messrs. Partridge and Co. will forward packets of the "British Workman," PREPAID *to*

West Indies	*St. Helena*	*Newfoundland*
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New Scotia	*Prince Edwards Island*	*New South Wales*
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For a postage of 6d. per half-pound in addition to the cost of the papers.

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BRITISH WORKMAN

No. 13.] PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & Co.; A. W. BENNETT; AND W. TWEEDIE, LONDON. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

TO OUR READERS.

ENTERING on a new year, we feel called upon not only to offer to our readers the usual friendly congratulation of "a happy New Year to you," but also to lay before them a few facts connected with the origin and continuance of the *British Workman*.

For some years we have felt that such a periodical was desirable, and have frequently, but unsuccessfully, urged others more competent than ourselves to undertake the task.

The subject and the object at length pressed heavily on our mind as a matter of *duty*, and feeling that a higher than human voice called us to make the attempt, we determined to issue *a few* numbers, and then decide how far we were justified in proceeding further. These numbers were issued at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, which almost deterred our proceeding further; but so many appeals to our sympathies by WORKING MEN and their friends, reached us from all parts of the country, urging us to "go on," that we determined to continue until the close of the first year; but in so doing we were reluctantly compelled to incur obligations which in ordinary life we have scrupulously avoided.

When we state that the circulation of our first No. was 10,000, of the second No, 15,000, and that we have not yet reached half the necessary issue to cover expenses, our readers will perceive that we have incurred a serious responsibility.

As named in our last, we require a circulation of at least 100,000 monthly, to render the publication self-supporting, and if each of our present readers will procure two additional subscribers, this desirable object will be at once secured. To those friends who have so zealously exerted themselves in attaining the present circulation of 30,000 we offer our best thanks, and earnestly solicit a continuance of their valuable help. To our numerous correspondents whose letters have had no reply or attention, we beg to apologize. We are engaged in business during the day, and having only our leisure hours for literary matters, we have had no *alternative* but to leave—and this we have done reluctantly—many important letters unanswered. We must in all such cases solicit the indulgence of our friends, and ask them to accept the *will* for the *deed*.

We need scarcely say that our object has not been pecuniary; our desire being, by God's help, so long as health and strength will enable us, to promote (as mnemonic our first Number) the HEALTH, WEALTH, and HAPPINESS of the Working Classes; and if, to any extent, we succeed in this desirable object, we shall feel amply rewarded. This is the only compensation we seek.

JACK AND THE YELLOW-BOYS.

"HALLOA, Jack, you look very *yellow*," cried a landlord to a Jack Tar, who had once been a good customer.

"No, no! Old Timber-toes," cried Jack, "it's my POCKET that's turned yellow since I gave up drinking." Jack, suiting the action to the word drew about twenty sovereigns from his pocket, and placing them on the palm of one hand, pointed with the other, saying, "See here. Old Timber-toes, it's my *Pocket* that's yellow with these *yellow-boys*."

A NOBLE-HEARTED CAPTAIN.

A few years ago, while travelling through Pennsylvania, I was a witness of one of those scenes of genuine kind-heartedness, which, contrasting so much with the common selfishness, gladden the soul and waken up its better feelings.

At a point on this side of the mountains, where occurred the trans-shipment of passengers from the west, was moored a canal-boat, waiting the arrival of the train before starting on its way through to the east. The captain of the boat, a tall, rough, but noble-looking, sun-embrowned man, stood by the vessel, superintending the labours of his men, when the train drew up, and a few minutes after, a party of about half a dozen gentlemen came out, and, deliberately walking up to the captain, addressed him something after this wise:—

"Sir, we wish to go to the east, but our further progress to-day will depend upon you. In the car we have just left a sick man, whose presence is disagreeable; we have been appointed a committee by the passengers, to ask that you will not give that man a passage in your boat. If he goes, we remain; what say you?"

"Gentlemen," replied the captain, "I have heard the passengers through their committee; has the sick man a representative here?" To this unexpected interrogatory there was no answer; when, without a moment's pause, the captain crossed over to the carriage, and entering, beheld, in one corner, a poor, emaciated, worn-out creature, whose life was nearly eaten up by the canker-worm, consumption. The man's head was buried in his hands, and he was weeping. The captain advanced and spoke kindly to him.

"O, Sir!" said the shivering invalid, looking up in his face, with trembling expectation, "are you the captain—and will you take me? God help me! The passengers look upon me as a breathing pestilence, and are so unkind. You see, sir, I am dying—but O! if I am spared to reach *my mother* I shall die happy. She lives in Burlington, sir; and my journey is more than half performed. I am a poor printer, and the only child of her in whose arms I wish to die."

"YOU SHALL GO!" replied the captain, "if I lose every passenger for the trip."

By this time the whole crowd of passengers were about the boat, with their baggage piled upon the path. They were waiting for the decision of the captain before engaging their passage. A moment more and that decision was made, as they beheld him coming from the railway carriage with the sick man cradled in his stout arms. Pushing through the throng with his dying burden he ordered a mattress to be spread

in the noisiest part of the boat, where he had the invalid down with the care of a parent. This done, the captain directed the boat to be prepared for starting.

But a new feeling seemed to take possession of the astonished passengers, that of shame and mortification at their inhumanity. With one common impulse they walked on board the boat, and in a few hours after, *another committee* was sent to the captain, entreating his presence among the passengers in the cabin. He went, and from their midst arose an aged, white-haired man, who, with tear-drops starting in his eyes, told that rough sun-embrowned man, that he had taught them all a lesson, that they felt humbled before him, and that they asked his forgiveness. It was now one of the most touching scenes I ever witnessed. The fountain of sympathy was broken up in the heart of nature, and its waters welled up, choking the utterance, and filling the eyes of all present. On the table was parse was made up for the sick man, including a generous contribution from the captain, and the poor invalid printer was started with a "God speed" on his way home to die in the arms of his Mother.

The noble-hearted captain of that boat was Samuel D. Karns, and this pleasing incident in his life is worthy of being remembered.

A.

THE SAILOR'S TREASURE.—For, the martyrologist, informs us of an English sailor, who, being shipwrecked, lost all his property except his Bible, which he valued more than his money and was determined to save. Having clung to the wreck until all the others on board had perished, he commended himself to the sea, with his Bible tied round his neck, and after floating upon the water for a long time, supported by a piece of the mast, was happily discovered and rescued by the crew of another vessel, when thus almost miraculously delivered from starvation and death he was sitting upon the broken fragment that preserved him from a watery grave, reading his Bible.

THE YOUNG SWEARER REBUKED.—A ministerial young man, the Hudson River in a sloop, some forty years ago, was pained by the profaneness of a young man. Seeking a favourable opportunity, he told him he had wounded his feeling by speaking against his best friend—his Saviour. The young man showed no relentings and at one of the landings left the boat. The minister was pained, and feared that his labours were in vain. Seven years after, as this minister went to the general assembly at Philadelphia, a young man accosted him, saying, he thought he remembered his countenance, and asked him if he was not on board a sloop on the Hudson River, seven years before when a profane young man. At length the circumstances were called to mind. "I," said he, "was that young man." After I left the sloop, I thought I had injured both you and your Saviour. I was led to him for mercy and felt that I must preach his laws to others. I am now in the ministry, and have come as a representative to this assembly.

MARINER'S HYMN.

Launch thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose thy rudder-bands—
God speed thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian, steer home.

Look to the weather bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail there!
Hold fo helm fast!
So let the vessel wear,
There swept the blast.

"What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?"
"Cloudy—all quiet,
No land yet—all's right."
Be wakeful, be vigilant,
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How gains the leak so fast?
Clinr out the hold,
Hoist up thy merchandize,
Heave out thy gold!
There, let the ingots go,
Now the ship rights;
Burrah! the harbour's near,
Lo! the red lights!

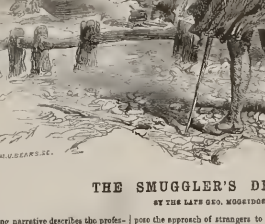
Slacken not sail yet,
At inlet or island;
Straight for the haven steer,
Straight for the highland;
Crowd all thy canvass, or
Cut thro' the foam;
Christian! cast anchor now,
Heaven is thy home!

MRS. SOUTHEY.

COTTAGE CHARITY, OR TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

WALKING one day in one of the more private thoroughfares in Leeds, I saw at some distance before me, a poor woman carrying an infant in her arms; and presently, stopping at the door of a cottage, she gave a gentle knock, which was responded to by the labourer's wife who resided there. When I arrived at the spot, how great was my gratification to see that the good woman had heard with compassionate interest the tale of sorrow, and was engaged in feeding the beggar's infant with warm milk and bread, having in one hand the tin-can which held the nourishing aliment, and in the other the spoon with which at suitable intervals she relieved the hungry babe. "Best of blessings rest on thee," thought I, this is charity. However small might be the value of the gift, it was such benevolence as will not fail to be noticed by the great Father of all,—and it will not be unrequited; for "a cup of cold water," given from a right principle, "shall not lose its reward."

J. N. B.



THE SMUGGLER'S DEATH-BED.

BY THE LATE REV. MOGRIDGE, ESQ.

THE following narrative describes the profession, the sins, the errors, and the penitence of one, who, for a great part of his life, was employed in the unlawful disposal of ardent spirits to his countrymen. It is committed to press in humble hope that the

> Wise "plants his footsteps in the sea
> And rides upon the storm."

will apply it to the conscience of many a sinner, compelling him by the force of truth to exclaim

> "Take my heart, 'tis all thine own,
> To thy will my spirit frame:
> Thou shalt reign and then alone
> Over all I have or am."

The real names of the parties concerned, are withheld to avoid giving unnecessary offence to many persons connected with the narrative. The whole account is written from notes penned at the time, and though it is not asserted that every sentence is word for word correct, yet all the sentiments and scenes are truthfully stated, so that nothing is set forth but what occurred; nothing pretended to be said, the substance of which was not spoken. With this statement the narrative is introduced to the reader, to whom it will at least present another proof that God is no respecter of persons.

It was November, murky dump November, in the year 1830, when walking along the beach of ——, I was accosted by a friend, who informed me that a man lay dying at a cottage, and that he expressed a wish to see me. Having an evening lecture to deliver seven miles off, in which distance it was necessary, besides walking and horse exercise, to cross an arm of the sea, I sought to avoid the interview as one likely to occupy more time than I could spare, and to exhaust my powers of mind and body so as to unfit me for my duty elsewhere. But in a most expressive tone my friend said, "Sir, the man is dying." There was no difference in the matter of this and the former message, but there was a vast difference in the manner; so much so, that as once I said, "Show me the house." "It is the first of those two, close to the beach," was the direction given.

The house pointed out to me, were the most miserable in the place, and their decayed walls, and dirty and broken windows showed that the tenants were either careless or dissolute. As I approached the cottage door of the man, my entrance was disputed by two dogs, whose surly manner, and savage growl, made me hesitate, well knowing that they had been trained as watch dogs. They were animals of a breed peculiar to the coast, neither Newfoundland nor Spaniel, yet something of both. These dogs are employed, principally, by smugglers to give for the line by which sinkers take are fastened together, and are often used to convey that line ashore, so that without launching a boat, which might excite the suspicions of the coast guard, or preventive men, they effect a landing of goods. These dogs are also employed for the nobler purpose of saving life, by swimming out to vessels in distress, and bringing a line ashore, and thus many a ship's crew has been saved. To oppose the approach of strangers to their master's dwelling, formed another part of their duty. I had, therefore, to call out; but as wind and waves were boisterous, there appeared but little prospect of my being heard, until the dogs, changing their growl for a bark, added my useless efforts, when the smuggler's wife, for such she was, at once silenced the dogs, and admitted me. She was a tall, slight built woman, of agreeable appearance, if I except an expression of distrust which her hasty, overshadowed eye conveyed. She looked as if the level in fear of surprise and detection, a sort of countenance not uncommon in those who follow unlawful pursuits.

On entering the cottage, I found everything that showed poverty; not only were the windows and the chairs broken, but the tea things also, which stood on an old table. The sick man was in an upper room; to ascend the ruinous stairs required caution, and to the tenants of the cottage such it necessary to crouch in going up. When I had made my way to the bed side, I found a fine young man above the common stature, and seemingly of great muscular powers, writhing under much pain, but whether of body or mind I could not tell. The way in which he received me was most strange, for on his wife saying "Here is the Rev. Mr. —— come to see you,"—he replied, "Ah, his him come, no doubt he will make me worse! Go away! sir! go away! you can be of no use to me! I must be damned! I must be damned." When I inquired what his complaint was his wife said, "We cannot tell, he has been home ashore a week and has done nothing but turn himself about in the bed and groan and talk about the devil. "The doctor," and here she whispered, "says he is mad." There the doctor is on a wrong tack," cried out the man, "I am not mad, sir, but I am damned; I am going to hell as a just punishment for my sins," and as he spoke he sprung up and looked as I suppose Cain must have looked when he said, "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

It may be asked what had this man done to make him so miserable? How had he sinned? He had broken the sabbath; sworn by the holy name of the Lord, and followed the lusts of the flesh; and these things he saw to be great sins, against a great and holy God, who is of too pure eyes to behold iniquity. Bitterness had been his dying men, attended with all its terrors was in his view, and he was troubled. Reader! are you one of those, who think sin a little evil? Do you tremble at the thought of seeing sin's real character on a bed of death, or at the day of judgment. Be assured by an unknown friend to repent of sin and fly to Jesus Christ the friend of sinners.

The man's words and looks were such as almost to freeze me. I wished to leave the cottage, and I suppose the feelings of my mind were visible in my face, for he said—"Don't leave me, sir, until you have told me what you think of my chance to weather this gale." I knew that he meant to inquire if I thought that he would get better, so I asked the question, as compostedly as I could, "Where are you ill?" "All over, sir; I feel in hell before I am there, and then, that thing, that devil!" and he hastily lay down to cover his face with the bed-clothes. The man's case was strange to me. I concluded he was really mad; and said to his wife, "Give me a Bible, let me read and pray with him." "We have no bible, there is the mischief, sir," said the sick man; again raising his body, and elevating his voice; "I once had a Bible, but we have long sailed without chart or compass, and now God has left us to become a wreck." Here again he sank back on his bed to give vent to a flood of tears. I sent his wife for a Bible, and she returned, bringing also a few pious neighbours. The fifty-first psalm was read; when we came to the third verse, "For I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me," the sick man groaned most intensely, but at the following verse which commences, "Against thee only have I sinned," he cried, "Avoat, master! that man's do for me, I have sinned against man as well as against God. I have taught Jack to swear, Stephen to drink, and Bet to become a bad woman." I allowed him to accuse himself for some time, and then proceeded with the Psalm, which concluded with but one other interruption, this occurred at the 17th verse. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." After prayer, in which a petition was put up for his reason, I arose to depart, and on shaking hands, he grasped so hard as to make me cry out with pain. "I ask your pardon, sir," was his exclamation, "but I wish you not to go, for this Devil has only shown himself once since you have been here. You think I am out of my mind, I never was so much in my mind since my poor mother used to take me on her knees and teach me to repeat

> "There is beyond the skies,"

by Watts. Oh, my Mother! You are gone to that heaven, I am going to ——" and again he sunk on his pillow.

The reflections with which I left his abode of misery could but be of one kind, I felt gratitude to God for a more comfortable home, and praised His name for more comfortable hopes than those of the smuggler. What he considered his mad, or only troubled in his mind, I did not know; it was, however, only too clear, that he was very miserable, ignorant of God, without Christ, without hope in this world, and so indeed are all, who are living without a knowledge of Jesus Christ as their Redeemer. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Isa. xlviii. 22.

On the following morning his wife came to my house, and requested that I would again go to see her poor man, who had passed another dreadful night, I wished her to tell me a little of the early life and present history of her husband, but she said that she must not stop; all she knew about his illness, was that he said he had seen the devil, whom God had sent to take him away. She further stated that she did not think him quite mad, as he had never talked strangely except about his soul.

(*To be continued.*)

WAY TO LENGTHEN LIFE.

EARLY rising has been often extolled, and extolled in vain; for people think that an hour's additional sleep is very comfortable, and can make very little difference, after all. But an hour gained or wasted, every day, makes a great difference in the length of our lives, which we may see by a very simple calculation. First, we will say that the average of mankind spend sixteen hours of every twenty-four awake and employed, and eight in bed. Now, each year having 365 days, if a diligent person abstained from sleep one hour daily, he lengthens his year 365 hours, or twenty-three days of sixteen hours each, the length of a *waking* day, which is what we call a day in these calculations. We will take a period of forty years, and see how it may be decreased or added to by sloth or energy. A person sleeping eight hours a day, has his full average of 365 days in the year, and may therefore be said to enjoy complete his forty years. Let him take nine hours' sleep, and his year has but 342 days, so that he lives only 873 years; with ten hours in bed, he has 319 days, and his life is thirty-five years; in like manner, if the sleep is limited to seven hours, our year has 388 days, and instead of forty, we live 42½ years; and if six hours is our allowance of slumber, we have 411 days in the year, and live forty-five years. By this we see that in forty years, two hours daily occasion either a loss or gain of *five years*. How much might be done in this space! What would we not give at the close of life for another lease of five years! And how bitter the reflection would be at such a time, if we reflected at all, that we have wilfully given up this portion of our existence merely that we might lie a little longer in bed in the morning!

TRUE KINDNESS.—The following paragraph from an interesting account of a visit to De Quincey, one of the greatest living writers of English prose, offers an example to be imitated.

"There was a moment's pause in the 'table-talk,' when one of the daughters asked us our opinion of Scotland and the Scots. De Quincey had been in the habit of avoiding from such the question crossed him. Turning to us, he said, in a kindly, half parental manner, "The servant that has waited on us at tea is a Scotch girl. It may be that you have something severe to say about Scotland. I know that I hate the Presbyterian Scots, and have many things about the Puritanical Scotch; but I never utter any thing that might wound my servant. Heaven knows that life is a hard one for a poor servant girl is hard enough, and if there is any person in the world of whose feelings I am especially tender, it is that of a female compelled to do for us our drudgery. Speak as freely as you choose, but please reserve your censure, if you have any, for the moments when she is absent from the room."

British Messenger.

THE CHRISTIAN MARINER'S HYMN.

O WHY should sinful man below,
To wild delusions given,
Beneath their feet the Gospel throw,
And thus their hopes of peace forego,
And all the joys of Heaven?

Too long, indeed, with love divine,
My soul was in them led sirrion;
Now, changed by grace, this heart of mine
Can all the charms of earth resign,
And seek its rest in Heaven!

No more, with mercy's seal at war,
On yonder sin-sick shore I dwell;
From sin's dark shoals I steer me far,
My Saviour's smile my polar star,
My home the port of Heaven!

DR. HUIE.

THE LABOURER'S REST.

REST, weary labourer, rest,
The night is here to thee;
The toil was one of pleasant sort,
Makes rest so sweet to thee.

Rest, weary labourer, rest,
When sin days' work is done;
That day of days the best,
For thee again comes on.

Rest, weary labourer, rest,
When life's hard toil is o'er,
Remains for thee, more sweet
Than that best known before.

True rest is only known
Where peace abides within;
That peace that's found alone
In souls redeem'd from sin.

DR. JOHNSON said, "Young man, attend to the voice of one who has possessed some fame in the world, and who will shortly appear before his Maker; read the Bible every day of your life."

PAGE FOR FATHERS, MOTHERS, STEP-FATHERS, AND STEP-MOTHERS.

PERSEVERANCE
or
SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

READER, have you ever thought or felt what it is to be a friendless child—regarded as one too many in a bad man's home? to have your bread thrown with a grudge, and your feeble services repaid with a blow, your heart-wrung cries answered with a curse? If such sorrows can touch your heart, you will feel an interest in the hard life-struggle of poor Patty Grant.

On a wet dark November night, some thirty years ago, a little ragged child was pattering with naked feet along a muddy road, in the outskirts of the manufacturing town of W——. She seemed to be looking for some place or street, as length making a sudden turn, she began groping about the porch of a Doctor's house, trying to find the bell, and failing to do that, she jumped up to reach the knocker, but only succeeded in hanging herself upside down by the door. Her odd noise she made, however, brought the servant, who angrily told her to go round the corner to the surgery, and clapped too the door—the child meanwhile bursting into loud weeping and passionate cries of "Mother's dying—mother's dying, oh! what shall I do—mother's dying!" "What a pretty this hubbub, little one? stop crying and tell me," said a gentleman, who was just alighting from a gig. "Mother's dying!" again sobbed the child. "Jump up then, be quick, and show me where to drive to," said the doctor, letting the child as he spoke, into the gig. A bottle in the folds of the little girl's tattered shawl fell down with a crash, and shivered to pieces on the wheel. "Oh dear, that's the gin bottle!—I'm next for you, sir! Granny sent me to the Grapes for some gin—but mother looked so bad I ran on here."

"Well well, poor little wet bit of misery; where do you live?"

"In Carter lane." A few minutes brought the doctor's chaise to the door of a dark lane, where alighting he left his quiet horse to his common task of patient waiting, and plunged down the lane, followed by the frightened child of the night. At an open door, an old woman was leaning out, and having in a coarse voice, husky with drink "Patty! you Patty, that thieving screaming imp limb, shall the plague of my life. Patty!—Well here she is, woman—and what now? Where is the sick person, this poor child's mother? he added, entering the dirty hovel. "Sick! a sad sick, not a bit of it, she's only lazy—and that artful young jade deserves to be skinned alive, for going and crying to you, and a troubling a gentleman such a night as this." As she spoke, she backed towards the foot of the stairs, as if to prevent the doctor ascending, while her eyes glared on the child, who cowered behind."

"Let me pass"—said the medical man in a mild firm voice—and in an instant after the foot of the stairs creaked under his tread, and the child keeping close crept up by his side, and both stood in a low room like a loft. A rush was heard, followed by a blacking pot full of fat, and by its light a dark heap could be discerned in a corner—the child ran forward with a wild cry, and fell on the ground. "Mother! here's the doctor! Mother speak! oh dear!" she gasped as she groped amid the clothes, and tried to lift a ponderous heavy head—and then a shuddering silence fell upon her like a pall. The doctor bent down, removed the tattered wraps that covered the sick pallid sufferer, and with a strong grasp lifted the wasted form of a woman. As he did so, the head fell on the shoulder, the jaw dropped, the glassy eyes were wide open—she was dead!

It was in vain to call the old hag from the lower room; she was stupefied into drink the maize, but she still kept shouting "Patty" and threatening vengeance.

It added to the ghastly horror of this chamber of death that in another corner huddled together to keep each other warm, were two little boys, under seven years of age, fast asleep on a heap. Another boy hipped on the floor, a little two years younger, came scrambling up to the room—a bold rude young savage, who, running up, struck Patty a blow on the face, and said, "It's all your fault, being so long fetching the gin."

To call in the police was the first work of the medical man, then to ascertain that the death was natural. There was no mark of violence, but the wasting of long disease—brought on by bad living, hard work, and we may add, heart-ache—alas! no medicine, and no law can cure that complaint. This poor mother had been married twice; her first husband, John Grant, a Scotchman, was killed by a fall from a building two months before Patty—or rather Patience was born. In an evil hour she had married again, upon very short acquaintance, a man who worked in an iron foundry, and earned large wages. But if his earnings were large, the poor wife soon found that his spendings were equally large, and a weary life of poverty she constantly led from the very first day of her marriage. To add to her troubles, her husband's mother was a drinking woman, and, though she contrived to earn a good deal of money as a nurse, yet she made her home as her son's in the intervals of her nursing, and having taken a violent dislike to her daughter-in-law, was never so happy as when making mischief and promoting strife in the lowly home. As years passed on and the family increased, the drink grew more and more the mother more sickly, the father more dissolute, the home more wretched, until three months before our story commences, the family had been turned out of the little house they had long inhabited—the goods were seized for rent, and all appearance of comfort was at an end; the family took possession of the level deserted; the children to battle with rage and wretchedness, the worn-out mother to drop and die.

In this dreary household, little Patty was a perpetual bone of contention. The Granny's Norse Tozy, as we will name her, detested the child from the first moment of seeing her. "To think my Willian, the finest young man in the week, should ha' married a widder with a lumbermance!" was her remark to her gossips, and so the poor child was always considered an encumbrance. As the other children came, Patty was felt to be still more an intruder, "one too many" in the house. The poor mother, secretly clung to the child but dared not show it, for every act of kindness would have brought strife and blows to herself and Patty. The little girl learned to shrink away into corners, and to shun observation as much as she could. But all the mischief done in the house was laid at her door; on her had devolved the nursing of the children, who as they gained strength became her tyrants. They had seen Patty so scolded and thumped that they soon considered her their slave. All the lessons that the wicked human heart learns with ease, there is none so easily learnt as cruelty. Such had been the trials amid which little Patience Grant had struggled up to her eleventh year, and now from a neck of two years, crouched between an old box and the slanting wall to sit in the way, she watched in a kind of stupor the scene that was passing. The policeman was there; the Grandmother too, partially sobered by the presence of death; the eldest boy helping lady-like had run for his father, who was just then at a raffle at a neighbouring beer-shop, roaring the chorus of "Britons never shall be slaves," when the cry came "Mother's dead! come home, father, mother's dead, came home and see; Granny sent Patty for some gin to warm mother, and Pat stand so long, mother died."

"Dead!" hiccupped the man in answer to his child, "I'll be the death of that Pat if I'm hanged for it," he added, not exactly comprehending what had happened, but knowing well it must be a something more than common for the boy to venture to fetch him, for one and all feared him, Patty of course the most.

Staggering and swearing he returned to the dwelling, some companions following him, and from Patty beheld the boastful creature gazing with stupid eyes upon the corpse and muttering. "Taint my fault." Suddenly his eyes fell upon Patty, and his whole face changed at once to a look of hate and rage. "What's that young plague been a doing? why didn't she come for me?" he said, as he stretched out his hand to grasp the shrinking child; but the doctor putting aside the uplifted hand, said—"Man, be still! this child is the only person in this family that has acted with common sense and feeling. Look at her! she is nearly as miserable a subject as your dead wife, I shall not have her here. She's one too many in this place, she'll be better off in the Union." The child who had been paralyzed with the previous scene, comprehended his last words and vehemently clinging to him with a great cry, gasped, "Oh, sir! dear sir! did you say I should not be left here? oh pray take me away; now mother's gone there's none to love me; oh, take me anywhere, anywhere." "Hush, hush! child, and follow me." Then turning to the man, he said, I know this poor girl is not your child, and I know also how you have neglected your wife and children. I shall keep an eye on you, and if you want to know anything of Patty, you will hear of her at the Union," and so saying he departed just as some rough women crones of Nurse Tozy came crowding round the corpse.

Little Patty, with a long last tearful gaze at her dead mother's face, followed her protector, and was for that night sheltered in his house. Her next abode was the workhouse; and what befell her there will be the subject of our next chapter.

(To be continued.)

MOTHERS have a solemn, yet delightful duty to discharge. The impressions produced upon the mind, by a mother's teachings are those which abide with us the longest in life. How important then that every mother should seek earnestly for those divine teachings, which will enable her to "train up her child in the way he should go, so that" when he is old he will not depart from it."

CHEAP BREAD.

At a time when bread is so dear, the following, as further advances is not impossible, the following receipt, which we have received from a friend who is a chemist in the metals, is of practical importance to all classes.

"Take a pound and a half of white meal, boil it gently over a slow fire, in three quarts of water, about five hours, stirring it occasionally, and afterwards beat it up into a smooth paste. Mix this (while warm) into four pounds of flour, adding to it, at the same time, the usual quantity of yeast, or baking powder. Allow the dough to work a certain time near the fire, after which divide it into loaves, and will be found, when baked, to produce twenty-eight or thirty pounds of excellent bread. "Our correspondent writes: "It answers perfectly. The quantity is doubled, you will perceive. I have tried it several times in different quantities of flour, but it has not once failed. I have had it weighed each time, and the proportion was the same on every occasion. The bread is remarkably light and wholesome. The poor are all delighted at the saving which it causes to their consumption of flour.

English Churchman.

Early Closing Association.

"In addition to the hundreds in this metropolis who are engaged in commercial business, there are perhaps thousands *who have children whom they hope to see engaged in them.* Let such persons remember, that in abolishing the late-hour system, they are *conferring a boon upon their children,* and leaving a legacy to society at large more valuable than all the wealth that can be given, ten times told."—*From a Speech by Lord* FARNHAM.

READER!!—The Young Men and Young Women engaged as Assistants in Houses of Business, entreat you to

AVOID EVENING SHOPPING.

Heads of Families are also earnestly solicited to afford their Servants opportunity of Shopping in the day time. You will thus greatly assist in abolishing that great enemy of the Trading Classes, the late-hour system,

NEVER SHOP AFTER SEVEN.

(Signed) JOHN LILWALL,
Hon. Secretary.

Offices of the Early Closing Association,
32, Ludgate Hill, London.

After reading this Bill, please give it to some one else.

An extensive distribution of the above bill has been made in the metropolis, by the Early Closing Association, and we trust that the appeal will not be made in vain.—(*Ed.* B. W.)

A HAPPY HOME.

THE first year of married life is a most important era in the history of man and wife. Generally as it is spent, so almost all subsequent existence. The wife and husband then assimilate their views and their desires, or else conjure up their children, adding fuel to their prejudices and animosities for ever afterward.

"I have somewhere read," says Rev. Dr. Wise, in his British Gleanings, "of a bridegroom who gloried in his eccentricities. He requested his bride to accompany him into the garden, a day or two after the wedding. He then threw a line over the roof of their cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he retreated to the other side and exclaimed:

"Pull the line!"

She pulled it, at his request, as far as she could. He cried—

"Pull it over!"

"I can't," she replied.

"Pull with all your might!" shouted the whimsical husband.

But in vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull over the line, so long as the husband held on to the opposite end. But when he came round, and they both pulled at one end, it came over with great ease.

"There," said he, as the line fell from the roof, "you see how hard and ineffectual was our labour when we pulled in opposition to each other; but how easy and pleasant it is when we both pull together. It will be so, my dear, through life. If we oppose each other, it will be hard work; if we act together it will be pleasant to love. Let us, then, from a separate meal, is bad; tea and supper should be one.

HOW TO LIVE LONG AND LIVE WELL.

Suggested by the perusal of Hufeland's Work on the Art of prolonging Life, edited by Benjamin Wilson.

HEALTHY PARENTAGE; a healthy stock makes a strong and healthy race; as you could not select your parents, get health yourself, that you may give it to those who follow you.

GOOD MORALS preserve good health.

OWELLINGS on high ground in a dry situation and away from the town, are more healthful than those on low ground in damp situations and in close streets.

GOOD VENTILATION and good drainage are of the first importance to health.

PREVENT BAD SMELLS, which are unpleasant and dangerous to life.

TEMPERATURE from 60° to 65° most healthful.

EXERCISE is necessary to the health, both of body and mind, and both should be actively employed. If your business confines you to the house, endeavour to obtain exercise in the open air, either before your labours begin or when they have ended; gardening combines profit with exercise; cricket and manly games exhilarate and strengthen the mind as well as the body.

AIR is to the lungs what food is to the body; therefore, breathe as much air as you can.

RISE EARLY and retire early to rest; let your bed-room be as clean as possible, and as free from bedbugs, cockroaches, and fleas. It is most healthful to imitate the birds, they roost above the reach of the vapours of the ground.

WASH WELL; let your flesh working act be to wash your body, teeth, face, hands, and feet; use plenty of soap, rub it on your skin with your hands or a piece of flannel, then rinse it off well with fresh water, and dry the skin well with a clean cloth; if your occupations be dusty or dirty wash before you sleep.

FOOD; be regular with your meals and eat them slowly; three meals are enough for every one, breakfast, dinner, supper; the tea, as a separate meal, is bad; tea and supper should be one.

WORK for two hours before breakfast; rest two hours before sleep.

EAT AND DRINK moderately; to be light and bright at your work, carry a light heel. Take nothing between meals, if you be thirsty drink water.

SPIRITS are wholly unnecessary; the Indians call them fire-water, for they burn up the vital organs.

TOBACCO is very injurious; its use a wanton waste; waste of health, waste of time, waste of money.

CLOTHING should be clean and sweet; cool and dry in winter, cool in summer. To keep your head cool and your feet warm is a wise maxim.

THE CHEST should not be exposed to damp and cold, for in it are the lungs and the heart. For the same reason the chest should have free play; and the clothes should be hung from the shoulders and not from the waist.

PRESSURE ROUND THE WAIST of any kind is injurious to health and life; this custom is as injurious to women as tobacco is to men.

BE CHEERFUL. Laugh and grow fat is a good adage; cheerfulness begets health, and health begets cheerfulness; and both, thankfulness for God.

TO BE ANGRY is to be contemptible, it destroys self-respect and spoils digestion.

OCCUPATIONS that compel close confinement, stooping, twisting, &c., and those that injure the breathing, or expose to unhealthy influences, must be counteracted by a strict observance of the rules of health.

VALUABLE BOOK FOR FAMILY READING.

By MRS. BALFOUR

NEW EDITION.

Price 8s. 6d. Gilt 4s. 6d., post free.

Morning Dew Drops,

ON

THE JUVENILE ABSTAINER.

"No Library should be without Mrs. Balfour's 'Morning Dew Drops.' Every Parent should, if it be an admirable specimen of the best method of conveying instruction."—Rev. Newman Hall, B.A.

"'Morning Dew Drops' is in my judgment an admirable book, very attractive from its lively and eloquent style, and its numerous and valuable anecdotes."—Rev. Andrew Reed, Esq.

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"A book full of truths well told"—Mother's Friend.

"Admirably adapted for a juvenile birth-day gift, while it is good reading for the young, it is also highly profitable reading for the old."—Lady's Newspaper.

DOMESTIC MELODY.

THOUGH my lot has been dark for these many long years,
And the cold world hath brought me its trials and tears,
Though the sweet star of hope scarcely looks through the gloom,
And the best of my joys have been quench'd in the tomb;
Yet, why should I murmur at Heaven's decree,
While the wife of my home is a solace to me?

Though I toil through the day for precarious food,
With my body worn down and my spirits subdued:
Though the good things of life seldom enter my door,
And my safety and shelter are less than secure:—
Still, still I am rich as a peer can be,
For the wife of my heart is a treasure to me.

Let the libertine sneer, and the cold one complain,
And turn all the pursuit of pleasures to pain;
There is nothing on earth that can cheer go beyond
A heart that is faithful, and feeling, and fond:
There is but one joy of the highest degree,
And the wife of my soul is that blessing to me!

—Patience, patience, patience.

An afflicted mother at the grave of her dead child is wont to say, "There was once a shepherd whose tender care was ever his flock day and night. One sheep would neither hear his voice nor follow him; so he took up the little lamb in his arms, and then the sheep came after him."

THE EMANCIPADOS,

OR THE LOVE OF "LIBERTY."

DURING the month of September last, a large and interesting party of emancipated slaves from Cuba, after waiting five weeks for a ship, sailed from Plymouth, in the mail packet "Gambia" on their return to their native land—AFRICA; their passage from England to Africa having been paid for by themselves, with the aid of the Church Missionary Society, Thomas Farmer, Esq., and other friends. Some short account of them cannot fail to be interesting to the friends of Africa and the human race. The party consisted of fourteen men, twelve women, and twenty-two children.

Some of them had been carried into slavery more than *forty years* ago; others had been slaves twenty-five or twenty years. All the children had been born in slavery. One great motive of their migration from Cuba to Africa appears to have been the fear that their redeemed or freeborn children might be stolen and again sold in Cuba; no documents testifying their freedom being accorded to them, and Negro evidence, whether of their parents or others, not being available in the Spanish colonial courts of justice.

The men were respectable-looking and intelligent; some of them were porters or carriers; others of them skilled workmen, as builder, cook, coachman, stone-worker, &c. Many of them were able to read, and received with eagerness the tracts and New Testaments in the Spanish language which were kindly furnished to them by friends in Plymouth.

One man and two women had purchased their liberty by prizes in a lottery. With these exceptions, by dint of hard labour, each man had first emancipated himself. He had then laboured on until he purchased the freedom of his wife; and afterwards by combined efforts they had effected the purchase of their children. They left two thousand of their countrymen in Cuba, who had, in like manner, worked out their own freedom, and were waiting to find their way back to Africa.

Their desire for freedom and for their return to their own country may be estimated from the fact, that they had in the aggregate paid thirteen thousand dollars for their liberty, and that they had also paid the British Consul in Havannah a large sum for their passage from the West Indies to this country.

It appears providential that Mr. Maxwell Bon Ouel, from Gibraltar should have been in Plymouth during their stay at that place; no other person there had sufficient knowledge of the Spanish language to be able to communicate with them freely. They received his religious visits on three successive Sundays; and on other days with lively gratitude; they listened with marked attention to his Spanish readings and addresses, and responded most deeply to the prayers he offered up; and appeared to have an habitual trust in God, and a constant sense of their entire dependence on His Providence.

The Rev. Mr. Townsend, Church Missionary (of the Abbeokuta Mission,) subsequently paid them a visit. He found them an interesting party of the Yoruba Tribe, many of them speaking their own language, which they were delighted to hear from his lips.

They were several times visited by Dr. Tregelles, and by Mr. Brown, the Iowa Missionary; Mr. Thomas Nicholson and Mr. J. Friedeau, of Plymouth, were very liberal in supplying the wants of these interesting strangers.

It may be devoutly hoped, that the Christian attentions these African strangers received, and the many prayers offered for them, will result in some favourable and religious impressions, which will not be lost or forgotten when they arrive in their own country. May God's blessing attend the return of these captives to their native home!

We are indebted to the Church Missionary Intelligencer, and the Wesleyan Missionary Notices, for the above interesting particulars, and refer our readers to these publications for further details.

LORD NELSON.

"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY,"

Was Nelson's celebrated signal to his fleet. Let both Seamen and Landsmen remember that GOD also expects every man to do his duty. It is thus signalled to the world, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." This is the *first* and great commandment. And the *second* is like unto it. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." *See the Seaman's spiritual chart*, Matt. xxii. 37, 39.

MEETING OF THE EMANCIPADOS AND THE REV. MR. TOWNSEND, AT PLYMOUTH.

TWO PRIZES OF

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Each, kindly offered by a friend of the Working Classes, for the best Essays on two important subjects, will be announced in our next. The competition is to be limited to WORKING MEN exclusively.

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ANONYMOUS communications cannot be attended to.

NUMEROUS communications are acknowledged with thanks.

THE *British Workman* has been registered at the General Post Office for transmission abroad, so that single copies may be sent *within fifteen days* of publication to almost any British colony for a penny postage stamp. Further information may be had at any post office. We hope that our friends will kindly do what they can to extend the circulation in the Colonies.

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We are glad to find that our sketches of Celebrated Mechanics have met with general approbation. We are now preparing brief Notices of Celebrated Blacksmiths, Sailors, Shepherds, Gardeners, Miners, Peasants, Printers, Weavers, &c., and we shall be obliged by any assistance which our readers can afford, in rendering the list as complete as possible.

SEVERAL contributions for packets of the *British Workman* for the soldiers in the East will be acknowledged in our next.

BRITISH WORKMAN

AND FRIEND OF THE SONS OF TOIL

Published for the Editor by S. W. Partridge, at the Office of the "British Workman," No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. [Price One Penny.

THE MARRIAGE FESTIVAL
OF,
THE USAGES OF WORKSHOPS.

Mr. Backhouse, Esq., the well-known African and Australian traveller, ted on his return to England some years ago, that during his sojourn in n Diemen's Land he converted with several hundreds of convicts, and s surprised to find that a very large proportion of these poor fellows, who l been transted from their ire laxd, referto the "fines l footings" of glish workshops the *first steps* in ir ruin.

This and other timonies stimued the unitiring otch Philanropist, John unlop, Esq., in important iinigations in the anufacturing tricts, and rested in one of e most surpris g conspirations have ever read. ie perusal of Mr. ulop's extraorary book on the inking customs various trades, e *fines*, the *footgs*, and the *wetgs*, excites the reat surprise; e at there being much intempence amongst the orking classes, t that *any apentice* who had d to pass such a ry ordeal he ought proper being ajrot.

We rejoice to ate that in many arts of the country, and particularly in Yorkshire, th men and masters are heartily uniting in reaking up these ajurious drinking austoms; adopting i lieu thereof, ew and more raional workshop usages.

We have just een informed of a manufactory in Barnsley, where or many years the new apprentices have had to furnish drink as heir "footing," (a ourse which has ock only inflicted evils upon the workmen themselves, but has been in many cases a cruel tax upon the poor parents of the apprentices), where now the drinking has been abolished, and the hands, by subscribing a trifle from each workman, purchase a *box of tools* for the new comer. An example worthy of imitation.

At the brass and iron works of Messrs. Guest and Chrimes, Rotherham, when a workman gets married, a subscription is made through the works, to which the firm contribute, for the purchase of some useful articles of furniture, to be presented to the newly married couple. A tea meeting is held, at which the employers, the workmen and their wives, and the apprentices employed at the works are present. After the removal of tea tables, the festive occasion is enlivened by the singing of pieces of music by the singing class, performances on the pianoforte, harmonicon, accordion, &c., with recitations and occasional addresses. About the middle of the entertainment the articles of furniture are presented in due form to the young couple.

On Saturday evening, November 3rd, 1855, the sixth festival of the kind, during that year, was held in the large room of the Mechanics' Institute, when about 200 sat down to a plentiful repast, after which, the usual course of music, &c., as set forth on a printed programme, ensued.

About nine o'clock the articles of furniture, consisting of a clock and mahogany dining table, were presented to the young married couple by Mr. Guest, who, as spokesman for the workpeople delivered the following short address. "I have once more the great satisfaction of being the mouthpiece of your fellow workmen and their wives in presenting you with the articles of furniture now before you, as a testimony of their good will and kind feeling towards you as the outset of your married life. I cannot but congratulate you both, on what seems to me the favourable circumstances under which your married life commences. Under other circumstances, and in other places, you, the husband, might on your marriage being made known to your fellow workmen, have been coerced by them into parting with the greater part of your week's wages to be spent in a drunken spree, ending perhaps in a bloody brawl, which might have sent you home to your young wife an object almost of loathing, instead of fond expectant love. I congratulate your fellow workmen on the truly manly, ay, noble usage they have substituted for these selfish, bad, and brutal drinking customs, which yet degrade and disgrace the working classes in some parts of our country—*with us I trust they are for ever extinct.* I congratulate you, the wife of a sober husband, on the happier surprises which introduce you into the responsibilities and duties of the married state, inasmuch as the good will and kind feeling which is evinced towards you and your husband by his fellow workmen and their wives on this occasion, must be a pleasant assurance to you, that he is, in the midst of his daily toils, amongst those who are not likely to mislead or injure him; in short, that he is surrounded by safe associates, who now give a gratifying proof that they mean him good, and not harm; and it must be a solid satisfaction to you, in the midst of your household duties, with these articles of furniture before your eyes, to feel that such is the case, and that your husband is amongst those who will rather help than hinder him in the path of life. I can now only wish that you may long live happily to use these articles of furniture which in the name of your fellow workmen and their wives I have now the pleasure of presenting to you. My remarks have as yet been confined to the promotion of your welfare and happiness in *this* life. It remains for me, on behalf of my respected partner, Mr. Chrimes, and myself, to present you each with a Bible, and I beg earnestly to recommend to you its regular and prayerful perusal, as a safe and sure guide to that higher happiness in eternal life, to which it is my prayer that you and all of us here may, through God's mercy, attain.

At one of these Rotherham marriage festivals, which was celebrated only a few weeks previously, the number of visitors was greatly increased in consequence of Mr. Guest having presented tickets to between sixty and seventy workmen, (and the wives of such as were married,) who had been employed in erecting two villa residences for him, at Moorgate Grove. This excellent course, founded upon truly philanthropic principles, and worthy of imitation by all employers under the same or similar circumstances, was adopted by him in lieu of giving them what is generally called the "*rearing supper.*"

PRESENTATION TO THE NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

LAW—though framed for the protection of society, for the individual benefit of its members, often admits of a construction adverse to the design of its framers, and, in its application frequently defeats the object which it was intended to attain. It is true, however, numerous instances wherein honest juries have given their verdicts conformably to the promptings of justice; and, happily, when such decisions have not been so widely different from the expressed rule, they have escaped from the pillory.

We take great pleasure in relating an incident, which greatly enlisted our sympathies, bid us spell-bound by its interest, and finally made our heart leap with joy at its happy termination.

A few years ago, we were spending a few days, during the spring, in a beautiful inland country town in Pennsylvania. It was same week, and, to relieve us from the somewhat monotonous incidents of a village life, we stepped into the court-house where the musics were being held.

Among the prisoners in the box, we saw a lad but ten years of age, whose mild and genuine countenance, his young and innocent appearance, caused him to look easily out of place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the box, and manifesting great interest in the proceedings, sat a tearful woman, whose attire, coming from the judge to the boy, left us no room to doubt that it was his mother. We turned with eager eyes from the scene, to inquire the offence of the prisoner, and learned that he was accused of stealing money.

The case was soon opened, and, by the interest manifested by that large crowd, we found that our heart was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed. How we pitied him! The bright smile of youth had vanished from his face, and he now seemed more to express the cares of the aged. His young sister—a bright eyed girl, had gained admission to his side, and, during the trial, was the whisperer of hope. But their sweet voices, which before caused his heart to bound with happiness, added to the misery of which his misdeed had brought upon him.

The progress of the case made us acquainted with the circumstances of the crime, the amount of which was but a shilling—no more!

The lad's employer, a wealthy, miserly, and unprincipled manufacturer, had made use of it for the purpose of what he called "testing the boys honesty." It was found, that from its very position, the lad would oftenest see it and least suspect the trap. A day passed, and the master to his intense delight, not pleasure, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. He, now, however, suspected that the boy should take it, and so let it remain.

The continued temptation was too much for the lad's resistance. The shilling was taken. A simple present for that little sister was purchased with it. But, while returning home to gladden her heart, he own was made heavy by his being arrested for theft, a crime, the nature of which he was ignorant. These circumstances were substantiated by several of his employer's workmen, who had been spies to the plot. A footman stepped upon the jury the necessity of making this "little regular" an example to others by punishment. His address had great influence upon all who heard it. Before, I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, his widowed mother and faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for, or expected, sought else than a conviction.

The accuser sat in a conspicuous place, smiling as if bent-like exultation, over the misery he had brought upon that poor, though once happy tine.

We felt that there was but little hope for the boy, and the youthful appearance of the criminal who had volunteered his defence, gave no encouragement, as we learnt that it was the young man's maiden plea, his first address. He appeared greatly confused, and reached to a desk near him, from which he took the Bible which had been used to solemnize the testimony. This movement was received with general laughter and taunting remarks, among which we heard "Let him follow, alone by us, my out. "He forgetee where he is, thinking to take hold of some ponderous law book, he has made a mistake and got the Bible."

The remark made the young barrister flush with anger, and turning his flashing eye upon the audience, he convinced them it was no mistake, saying, "Justice wants no other book." His confusion was greatly increased by he was as calm as the judge upon the bench.

The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him as he quickly and leisurely turned over the leaves, and amidst a breathless silence read to the jury this sentence, "*Lead us not into temptation.*" A minute of unbroken silence again followed, and again he read; "*Lead us not into temptation.*"

We felt our heart throb at the sound of those words. The audience looked at each other without speaking, and the jurymen mutely exchanged glances, as the appropriate quotation carried its moral to their hearts. Then followed an address, which, for its pathetic eloquence, we have never heard excelled. Its influence was like magic. We saw the guilty accuser leave the room in fear of personal violence. The prisoner looked hopeful; the mother smiled again; and before its conclusion, there was not an eye in court that was not moist, the speech affecting to that degree which causes tears, before its hearers spoke of mercy.

The little time that was necessary to transpire before the verdict of the jury could be learned, was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when their whispering consultation ceased and those happy words, "NOT GUILTY," came from the foreman, the effect of electricity from tip to tip; the austere dignity of the court was forgotten, and not a voice was there that did not join the acclamations that hailed the lad's release.

The barrister's first plea was a successful one. He became a favourite, and now represents his district in the councils of the nation. The lad has never ceased his grateful remembrance of him, by the affecting scene herein attempted to be described, have often been led to think how very much greater is the criminality of the tempter than that of the tempted.

T. S. ARTHUR.

BROTHER WORKING MEN! from a spirit of as pure regard for more worldly advantages, I ever instigated you to struggle for the maintenance of your trade privileges and political rights, and unite for their defence, he advised to watch with jealous care all encroachments upon the Sabbath-day, that, duly estimating the value of the gift, and solicitating, in all your conflicts with the despoilers, the rich—making blessing of the Great, you may be enabled to hold fast this great Charter of your inheritance, and transmit it, as a glorious heritage, even to your latest posterity.—DAVID MAXWELL, *Engine Fitter, Portsea.*

THE SONG OF THE SPADE.

BY J. BEDFORD LENO.

Give me the spade and the man that can use it:
A fig for a man with his soft silken hand;
Let the man who has strength never stoop to abuse it.
Give it back to the prince and his land, boys, the hand.
Give it back to the earth to deposit your labour—
The more you deposit the more you shall know;
If there's more than you want you can give to your neighbour,
And your name shall be dear to the true and the brave.
Give me the spade—Old England's glory,
That fashion'd the field from a dark barren moor;
Let us speak of its praise with ballad and story,
While 'tis brighten'd with labour, not tarnish'd with gore.

It was not the sword that won our best battle,
Created our commerce, and extended our trade,
Give food to the nation, and shelter to cattle—
But the queen of all weapons—the spade, boys, the spade.
Give me the spade, there's a magic about it
That turns the black soil into bright shining gold;
What would our fathers have done, boys, without it,
When the lands lay all bare, and the north winds blew cold?
Where the soil freezes hard, and the cold beasts were yelling,
Where our stout-hearted ancestors shrank back afraid,
The corn-stack is raised, and mankind chose a dwelling,
Then, hurrah for our true friend—the spade, boys, the spade!

THE SMUGGLER'S DEATH-BED.

BY THE LATE G. MORRIDOR, ESQ.

(*Continued from page 40.*)

As he was a very good husband and father he could not tell why he was so unhappy at times; he swore a bit, and liked a drop of drink, but all sailors did so.

True it is, all sailors used to do these things to great excess, but now, Britain may rejoice that through the influence of temperance and Christian principle, a good deal of sin, and of misery have been begun to acquire habits of sobriety, and to fear the taking of an oath. It used to be a sad reflection on the sailor, that sooner than British seamen were the most turbulent men that visited a foreign port, and the writer can bear witness to the fact, from seeing truth, that *he never remembers to have seen a drunken sailor abroad, who was not either an Englishman or Frenchman.*

I found the sick man much as he was the night before, and after remaining a short time, and saying a few words to him, I encouraged him to try to pray, I left him with the promise, that I would see him again during the day. Soon after this I found that there was a friendly call, and from him I learned that, though he had received some small improvement in his body, and his other respite was not quite well, yet a troubled mind was his principal complaint. In proceeding to his cottage, I was met by his wife, who said, "Sir, I think he is rather better, and he has been trying to make a prayer, but he says it seems to him, that he has been like a fool, is bewitched, and had not I better go to the Wire Men and have him conjured?" This question, I replied, that I did not believe in witchcraft, and as to Wire Men, those to whom God had given an ability to pray, I was not prepared to consider kindly.

I found the sick man sitting up in bed, certainly more composed than before, yet in a state of excitement. He had the Bible before him, which he grasped with both his hands, saying, as I entered, the room, "Sir, I have been down deep since his face while I build this book. I remember my dear mother saying, when a neighbour sent her a Bible, that it was a satan corruption. "Not out the devil and he will flee from thee." I often thought it strange that the devil was so much afraid of the Bible. Oh, sir, I have seen him! I did not know people ever saw the devil, till they were in hell. I think he was there, sir, since I made first to this book, and I'll not loose my mornings as long as I live. If I should live, I'll have a big mark, and have it round my neck, and if I die, they shall put it in my coffin, for then, perhaps, if my soul's lost, I shall save my body; what do you think, sir?" "If your body is saved," I replied, "your soul will be saved also, and if your soul is lost, it will not be because there was no Saviour, but because you would not accept that Saviour. You know the name of Jesus, the *Lord Jesus Christ* is a Saviour." "Sir, the Lord Jesus Christ is a Saviour! I will give you the text to the sermon. You may get into that life-boat, for there is room in Christ for you. Why do you stare? I speak the words contained in the book you hold in your hand; turn to where it is said, 'Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' See also in the St. Matthew, 28, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' In another place, the book says, 'All manner of sin and of blasphemy has been forgiven, and shall be forgiven unto men, except blasphemy against the Holy Ghost and then shall he be saved." "What, sir," said he, "do you think such a wicked wretch as I, can come from hell?" "Were you overboard," I replied, "and a boat were lowered, would you ask whether it would be safe?" What did Jesus Christ come into the world to do? Look at that scripture text, 'He came to seek and to save that which was lost.' Look at Matt. xi. 15, 'He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' Are you repenting of your sins?" "Now, sir, I know what you mean," and the sick man, "when I see they have made a berth for me in hell." "Then, my friend," I replied, "you must escape from the enemy by seeking Christ for your friend. Remember what we read yesterday, 'a broken and a contrite heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise.'" "What does *contrite* mean, sir?" he inquired. "I understand the word broken, but I feel as if my heart was broken." "Contrite," said I, "means, to use a sailors' explanation, turning pirate and then being chased until you are run down by a desperate enemy, of whom you are afraid, so that you bitterly repent of the crime you have entered on. If you are contrite you are sick of sin, not only because its wages are death, and its deserts hell, but because it was conceived against a merciful God, and a loving Saviour." "Then I am not contrite, sir, for all I regret is, that my sins are carrying me to hell." "My friend, you are ignorant, and therefore say you know not what—would you not like to escape the dreaded punishment, and also go where happy men are singing the praises of God; if you would this from the wrath to come, on which any soul is laid in the only ones in which I can run, I can't get out of this current of despair, I can't set a sail for a haven that I am a lost man." "Jesus came to seek and to save those that are lost, he invites you to come to him, and he will save you from the wrath to come, and be all forgiven. Tell me how you were brought into this present state of mind?" "I'll tell you, sir, you preached a fearful sermon for Ann ——, you told us about hor death bed, it was an awful scene. First, your sinnings came, and then her sinning, she never got up again, they say she died of a broken heart. Well, sir, I thought a great deal about your sermon, and about Ann's death, and the end of the old woman. We set out on a trip one night when the wind was foul, we could not make —— but we fetched Guernsey, where, being very much moped, I was persuaded to go to the play. While I sat there I kept thinking about the sermon, the old woman's death, the last night's gale, and my hoop of sins, for I could not count them, when a lad we had left to let us know if the wind shifted or fell, came on as and said, 'Master, the weather will do.' Just then I looked up and saw a figure of the devil on what they call the stage; he had long wings, and was bearing down, I thought, for me. On this I started from the seat, leaped over the companion rail, jumped down the companion stairs, got clear of the lower deck, ran up the poop ladder, crossed all and along the street and pier, now once stopped, or looked back, until I found myself safe in my cottage, and bar mornings. When I turned my head, I saw, as I thought clear enough, Satan flying after me with a pack of people who had joined him in the chase. I jumped overboard, and know no more than what they have told me, except that I dreamed, that God, and the Lord Jesus, that the bull sharks ran me down, and were tormenting me in the place where hope never comes."

This strange account of the smuggler requires to be explained. Contrary winds had prevented his return, when he liquor he went to the play-house, and sat in a state of stupor until summoned to put to sea. Just as he was about to depart, he saw on the stage a figure intended for a likeness of the devil; now, if in a play-house man laugh at such representations, it must be a bad place for a sinner to enter. The alarm of his conscience and his fears at the sight of what he took to be his tormentor, so startled the half-drunk sailor, that he leaped over the bandrail of the stairs, and jumping out of a window, ran down the street unobserved by his vessel. Even there, however, he was not safe, for he soon saw and heard his men pursuing and shouting after him. Believing himself to be pursued by Satan and his Angels, he leaped into the water, from which he was rescued by an old fisherman, just going out of harbour. His men, thinking he was in liquor, had him at the bottom of the ship, and sailed for Guernsey, where they removed him ashore, put him to bed, and sent for the doctor, who found him so violent, that he was at a stride unintoxicated. From this phrenzy he in part recovered, so as to be conveyed home, where the writer, as before stated, was sent for to visit him.

After he had given me his own account of the facts connected with his illness, he added, "I am much obliged, sir, to you, for your patience in hearing me. What you have said may all be true, but I can't find anything. I am very ignorant, and very wicked, and now feel so weak, that I can talk no more.

During this conversation, I had not observed any change in his countenance, for his face was so expressive that I feared to look on it, lest my mind should be drawn aside from the end I had in view, which was to point him to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world; he therefore surprised me when, at the end of his remarks he fainted. I called his wife, and went away to entreat God to give his blessing to the word sown in weakness.

(*To be continued.*)

PERSEVERANCE,

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER II.

HE child that was rescued by Dr. Trench from the hovel where her mother died, looked, when she reached, Wrencham Workhouse, as though she would not live before she shared the pauper grave, where her mother was speedily laid. All the energy left in her wasted little frame seemed exhausted with the effort she had made in rushing to the doctor's house and bringing him back with her to the heap of rags where her childish instinct told her the poor sufferer was in great extremity. The exertion had followed of death, drunkenness, and brutality, with her own escape from the protection of the friendly doctor, passed so quickly, that Patty was stupified with fear, wonder, and exhaustion.

Passively, as a kind of stupor, she was put into a bath—had her tangled hair cut short, for the first time in her remembrance, was wrapped in a hot blanket, though very coarse bed gown, and was laid panting with weakness on a bed in the infirmary of the workhouse; some gruel was offered her, but her sick stomach rejected it, and she laid unable to sleep or speak, her eager restless eyes looking wistfully on all the strange faces around, and hearing most neutely all that was said.

There was nothing very pleasant either to see or hear in Wrencham workhouse. A long narrow room with whitewashed walls, a range of little beds with only room between for a wooden stool; a few small windows so high up, they touched the ceiling, along one side—letting in light enough only, but preventing one from access to see even a glimpse of the blue sky. It was very clean, very cold, and very dreary to look at. Most of the beds had a sick occupant, in the others the patients were recovering, and sat, or lounged, on the side. Three in turn sauntered up to the bed of the new comer, and looked at looking at her, expressed their opinion aloud of her state. "Starved!" said one, "I wish you never was such a fool as to come here—I wish this tiresome brat of mine was as likely to lop the twig."

"For shame, Mrs. Bailey, for shame!" said the other matron, yet soft voice of an old woman who was seated by the hearth knitting.

"And why for shame, Modam Dark, it's the best wish I can wish the little cross-patch—what's before her—or what's before me, pray?"

"There's a God above all, trust in him and do his will and never mind what's before you?"

"Oh indeed! fine talking—and yet here you are, Modam Dark, in the workhouse so boting of, as I see, than twenty of us, with all your fine words."

"No better off—that you are"—oh! that's because you are as blind spiritually as I am bodily. If the eyes of your soul were open, you would see that though I am old, and blind, and deserted by my earthly friends, and nicknamed by poor thoughtless creatures like you, yet I am not left comfortless. I have a friend in my darkness."

There was a hush in the room as the faltering voice ceased, and one and another from their seats, "Poor thing—poor thing!" "Ah! I wish more of us were like you." While the virago turned off their reproaches by saying, "Fine sermon, of course."

Among the sufferers in the beds was one who moaned continuously,—a wife so beaten by a brutal husband, that she was in a state of pain. Her mind wandered, and when any question was put to her, she stilled her moanings for an instant, and vehemently repeated, "'Twas the drink! I don't accuse poor Ned—there ain't a kinder heart a going out—but he drinks, and it makes him a fiend, and—and so—you see 'twasn't Ae no more than I, 'twas all the drink." And then she relapsed into her moans—and the matron who had laid there with an inward brains, and no hopes of her recovery, still repeating the words she had said to the legal gentleman who came to take her deposition when it was thought she would speedily die—and never enough roused to consciousness to think of, or have anything else. And as the crushed frame was wearing away, every item there bringing nearer the dark hour, when the poor slandering soul would be left to take its long lonely journey. Oh how true of the workhouse me the words—

"Children are there, but not the parents' care.
Parents who know no children's love dwell there,
Heart broken matrons on their pillows bed,
Deserted wives, and mothers sorrow wed.
There wretched widows sleep unbroken rest,
And cripples are with more than childhood's fears.
The lame, the blind, and hapless far than they,
The maiden blind, and the maniac gay."

After two days and nights of fever and restlessness, our little sufferer fell into a deep

* Gaol

sleep for many hours and woke wonderfully refreshed. She noticed that the sunbeams were coming in through the high up windows, and were playing on the walls, and dancing like angels between the beds, and she put out her hand and tried to catch the ray—but she as her grasp went through it—and then frightened at the strange sound of her own laugh, hid her hand under the clothes and wept bitterly; for the face of her dead mother came before her thoughts, and for the first time she comprehended that she was alone in the world. Her weeping did her good, it was healthy and natural, and her young heart was stronger as she again knelt down, and said her Evening Prayer, and she spoke to him who he came to her bedside, and asked if she might get up. He seemed surprised at the approval, but gave her potmilsion—and shortly after with tottering steps she was making her way to a stool beside the seat of the old blind dame. As not ever forgot along it was noticed that though she was tall for eleven years old, yet she was crooked; unusual heavy children had completely twisted her shoulder out of place, and permanently deformed her. The face was pale and rapid, with bright dark eyes, which seemed too large for the pinched visage; and yet with all these great defects no one looked steadfastly in that face without being under the spell of it. There was such an appealing meekness in her timid yet intelligent glance—such a softness in her voice—such a tone of tones—that the very lips which had just pronounced her "a poor ugly creature"—"quite a fright"—became an instant after struck with a feeling that could not be defined, but which was very like sympathy.

Silently yet decidedly the child took her course amid that throng of infirmary inmates. In every promiscuous company, whether in the school, the workshop, the factory, the foundry, the market, or the hospital, there are some better, and some worse than others. To be civil to all is right, but to be intimate with none but the very best is true wisdom, and this course our little girl pursued.

"Shall I read to you, ma'am?" said she kindly on the second day of her recovery, to the blind woman.

"Can you read?"

"Yes! my mother taught me a long while ago, and I taught Tom, only he didn't like it much."

"What's your name, child?"

"Patience, ma'am, but Grace Grant, but they call me Patty for shortness."

"Patience," sighed the blind woman, "Oh poor child, I hope you'll deserve your name, you will more need of it—What can you read?"

"I hasn't had a many books, indeed we had but two, and they had a deal torn off, but I had what was left, they were The Psalter and The Pilgrim's Progress."

"And had you no Bible, dear?"

"No! yes! that is, mother had once a very big fine Bible with pictures, that had been my father's—my own father 'Grant,' you know, mother's had husband Benjamin Toxy (and the child looked round half frightened speaking in a whisper) wasn't my own father."

"Well, and what became of that big Bible, Patty?"

"Oh! mother hid it up a long, long time, but then it was found, and then she was obliged to part with it."

"Pledged?"

"Yes, poor mother said she paid pounds interest for it, and she lost it at last—and we had no other Bible, except once for a week, when a lady gave us one, but it was Christmas time, and father changed it away for a half-pint of Rum. But our dear Pilgrim's Progress was so torn, nobody wouldn't buy it, so I had thus to read in, whenever I could get away by myself."

"And did you like it?"

"Like it!" said Patty, her large eyes lighting up, and throwing a glow over her whole face, "O that I did, I quite loved it—I never felt cold or pinch, when I had that to read, it warmed me so all over."

"Well child, there's a 'Pilgrim's Progress' here, and you shall read me a bit now and then, if you don't laughs over it."

"Oh dear! you're very kind to let me," exclaimed the child in such a grateful tone that the old woman let her knitting fall into her lap, stretched out her withered hand outil it rested on Patty's head, and with emotion said, "Poor motherless child!—Poor stray child! it's a hard world for such as thee and me, but there's one who promised to carry the lambs on his bosom, and to lead the weary gently; do you know who that is, Patty?"

"Yes ma'am, it is Jesus Christ our Saviour!"

And thus it happened that amidst that motley throng of the idle, the weak, the wicked, and the unfortunate, the blind old woman who had known better days, and was now by the decorum of a drunken son his helpless, had the little destitute, child found a tender friendship; and such is the wise arrangement of a Providence that unconsciously human beings to be helpful to each other, these two feeble friendless creatures were of the very greatest mutual aid.

A troublesome cough that afflicted Patty, caused the doctor to decide on her remaining for the winter in the infirmary, a plan in all respects beneficial, for the child made herself so useful among the sick, that she was a favorite with the matron, the nurses, and the patients; while her strength was being gradually restored by regular hours, quiet rest, and food, which though very coarse, and grumblers said insufficient, was better and more ample than she had ever known in the wretched house where starvation and blows had been her daily martyrdom.

Meanwhile Patty improved in her sewing from a young dressmaker who was recovering from rheumatic fever, learned to knit of her blind friend, and read aloud for an hour every evening stand at her feet. This poor soul had been called in mock courtesy Madame Dark, until she was known by that name only, for she seemed not unwilling that her real name should be forgotten; and among a constantly shifting set of inmates none but the sister knew, and even she in the midst of many occupations did not care to remember, the blind woman's real name.

At first it was easy for Patty to make her soft voice heard by her friend and the constant hum of talk going forward, but at length one and another caught a sentence, and listened, and so it came to pass that after a little time they were silent, and the wondrous story of Christian's struggles, and sorrows, and success, was heard at intervals by all; and who knows but many a seasoned many have lingered in the ears, and some dropped into the hearts of the heavers, and brought forth fruit after many years. He who causes the birds of the air, and the winds of Heaven, to hear seed to distant climes for the support of generation of man, has often appointed very humble and very unlikely means of planting his truth to the waste places of the human heart.

As Patty read again and again the glowing words, their hidden meaning came fully before her. Then the book of books, the Bible was sought; and O that those who have lived with a Bible or two lying near them, that they have never opened with real interest in their lives, had seen how eagerly this child read the sacred page! how its lovely narrative won her attention, its grand poetry dented like strains of music through her mind, making her long to understand it; how its mild teaching struck to her heart and melted her to tears, and she was praying almost before she knew that the words were her prayer—"Lord, help me!" and feeble as the petitioner was, we shall see that the prayer was answered.

(To be continued.)

HOME TRAINING.

If there be one curse more bitter to men than another, it is to be the offspring of an irreligious home, of a house where the voice of prayer and praise ascends not to God, and where the ties of human affection are not purified and elevated by the refining influence of a religious feeling. Such homes send forth their sons unchecked in evil thoughts, unhallowed in their habits, uncontrolled in their passions, and untaught to love to God and affection to their nearest and dearest connections in life.

Those who are careful to avoid offending others, are not apt to take offence themselves.

Those who are the most susceptible of sympathy for the afflictions of others are not the most apt to complain of their own.

NOTICE TO LEAVE.

A young man who had lived in the service of Jate Edmund Thompson, Esq. of Armin, near Ugole in Yorkshire, hired himself to a master, who never had family prayer. The master, who valued his new servant, was surprised at the end of the first week, by his coming to him and saying, "I am very sorry, sir, but I must leave your service." On inquiring into the cause, he respectfully replied, that in Mr. Thompson's family there had always been morning and evening worship, and that he found it impossible to live where there was not prayer. The master was rebuked; he had known the way of righteousness, but through prosperity in life had forsaken the ways of the Lord. The family altar was now restored and the young servant retained.—*Life of E. Thompson, Esq.*

CONSISTENCY REWARDED.

A certain baronet was accustomed to make arrangements with his servants on the Sabbath, for the coming week's work. Having lost his accustomed builder, he was under the necessity of employing another, a man who reverenced the Sabbath. On one occasion, he desired him to attend on the Sabbath morning to make plans for a new building. This demand tried his principles, but he determined not to sin against conscience. Accordingly he mildly told the baronet that he would wait on him as early as he chose on the Monday morning, but durst not, for fear of offending God, do any secular work on the Sabbath. The courteous way in which he declined to comply with his employer's request, subdued the anger which would otherwise have risen; and for several years he worked for him, enjoying the respect not only of the baronet, but of many others. "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

"Them that honour me I will honour."

Dr. Fabri.

All men, of whatever class, who must necessarily be occupied six days in the week, should abstain on the seventh, and, in the course of life, would assuredly gain by giving to their bodies the repose, and to their minds the change of ideas united to the day, for which it was appointed by unerring wisdom.

Dr. Fabri.

THE LABOURER.—EVENING.

On the hardened soil of sun:
Thorns of evil to uproot.
Ere thou hearest holy fruit.
And the Spirit's gentle power,
Coming like a welcome shower.
God hath bid thee till the ground,
That the harvest may abound;
Bid thee work within thy soul,
Till His grace shall make thee whole.
Then, as evening shadows close,
Sending thee to claim repose,

Think upon the night of death,
When shall cease thy fainting breath;
Think upon thy rest above,
Given by the Saviour's love;
On an everlasting life,
Free from toil, and sin, and strife.
And as thou art drawing near
To thy house and comforts here,
Pray that heaven thy home may be
Through a bright eternity.

From "*Flowers of Sacred Poetry.*"

COLUMNS FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS.

MOTHERS THAT ARE WANTED.

It is a blessing and an advantage, utterly incalculable, to have for a mother a woman of sense, superiority, and goodness; with force of character; with talents and cleverness; of solid information; with tact, temper, patience, and skill fitted to train and mould the mind, to implant principles, and awaken a lofty and laudable ambition; and all this provided over and purified by religious faith, deep piety, and earnest devotion. These are the mothers that the church and the world alike want. The destinies of the race depend more on its future mothers than on anything else; that is to say, on the sort of women that young girls and young ladies are to be made into, or into which they will make themselves; and the sort of wives that young men will have the sense to prefer, the judgment to select, and the happiness to secure. There is nothing so little thought of by the young, and no sense slight that would do in its issues of such moment, as for the one sex to remember that they are born to be the makers of future men; and for the other to feel that what they want in marriage are not merely mates for themselves, but mothers for their children. Clever women are of more importance to this world than clever men. I refer, of course, not to illustrious individuals on whom society depends for advance in the arts, in legislation, or in science; who extend the boundaries of knowledge, who reveal and pass the torch of genius, perpetuate eloquence, or preserve truth. I refer to the culture and strength that may distinguish the general mind; the characteristics of the mass of men and women who constitute society, and from whom not only posterity, as a whole, will receive an impress, but among whom the individual hero, too, must be born and bred. On the two suppositions, that all men are clever, and all women weak, or that all the women were superior, and all the men fools, there would be by far the best prospect for the world on the latter alternative, both with respect to the general condition of the race, and the appearance of those who should be personally eminent for ability and genius. The mother has most to do with all that awakens the young spirit in its early brightness, and that makes that *child* that is to be "father to the man;" and she gives perhaps more of the impress of her whole being, physical and mental, to the original constitution and capabilities of her offspring. Weak men with superior wives have had some distinguished by very high intellectual endowments, but the greatest men with fools for their partners have collapsed into nothing but fathers of fools. The great Lord Bacon was the representative of one that would have been memorable and illustrious but for the gigantic and overshadowing genius of his son. His father, Sir Nicholas, was twice married: his first wife was a weak woman, and bore nothing but a mean and poor intellectual offspring: his second was distinguished and superior; a woman of capacity, of strong sense, mental culture, and great energy; *she was the mother of Bacon.*—T. Binney.

THE LAST WORD.

The "last word" is one of the most dangerous weapons. Husband and wife should no more fight for it than they would struggle to get possession of a lighted bomb-shell.

SUGAR.

Sugar is one of the substances most generally diffused through all natural products. Let wives and husbands take a hint from the provision of nature.

THE WIFE.

The wife is the sun of the domestic or social system. Unless she *attracts*, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies like husbands from wandering in space.—A wise wife will keep both herself and her house tidy and attractive.

MARRIAGE.

Dr. Fuller says of marriage: "Deceive not thyself by over-expecting happiness in the married state. Look out therein for contentment greater than God can give, or a creature in this world can receive, namely, to be free from all inconvenience. Marriage is not like the hill of Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds!"

EARLY TEACHINGS.

Mothers! be careful what you teach your little ones.

A striking illustration of the importance of inculcating *correct* sentiments in childhood, occurred some time ago, which proved that it matters much what is sung even at the cradle. A mother was reading to her little child from Mother Goose's well-known, and foolish Melodies about the "Mosey Gander," by which the old man was thrown down stairs.

"Naughty Jalin," exclaimed the child "naughty Jalin, to throw a man down stairs." It did not occur to the mother that she was thus giving her approval to a revengeful spirit, but the tender mind of the little child, at once detected the error of the lesson contained in the verse.

Mothers! you cannot be too careful as to what you teach your little ones!

FOR MOTHERS.

Let no mother suppose that her child's education does not begin before it is sent to school—the quick perceptions of children are more active and observant than we are often aware. Mothers, speak circumspectly, remember, truthful children. Never attempt to deceive them, but set them an example of honesty in all things. What is likely to be the effect of such a scene as the following on the mind of a child?

Child. "Mother, I want a piece of cake."

Mother. "I haven't got any;—it's all gone."

Child. I know there's some in the cupboard, I saw the cupboard door open."

Mother. "Well, you don't need any more; cake hurts children."

Child. "No, it don't; (whining) I do want a piece, mother, mayn't I have a piece?"

Mother. "Be still; I can't get up now, I'm busy."

Child. (Crying aloud.) "I want a piece of cake;—I want a piece of cake."

Mother. "Be still, I say; I shan't give you a bit, if you don't leave off crying."

Child. (Still crying.) "I want a piece of cake—I want a piece of cake."

Mother. (Rising hastily, and reaching a piece.) "There, take that, and hold your tongue. Let it stop quick. There's Ben coming. Don't tell him you've had some cake, now."

(*Ben enters.*) *Child.*—"I've had a piece of cake, Ben; you can't have any."

Ben. "Yes, I will;—mother, give me a piece."

Mother. (Very cross.) "There, take that, it seems as if I could never keep a bit of anything in the house; (to the child) you'll see, sir, if I give you any another time."

(*Another room.*) *Child.*—"*Tve* had a piece of cake."

(*Younger sister.*) "Oh, *I* want some too."

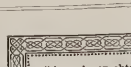
Child. "Well, you *boist*, and mother'll give you a bit—*I did*."

Did this mother love her children? No doubt she did; she is toiling early and late for their support and comfort; and yet she is thus thoughtlessly training them up in the practice of selfishness, greediness, falsehood, and deceit. Let every mother hear constantly in mind the injunction, "*Train up a child in the way he should go,*" for if she have no other motives, it will save her a world of trouble in her family, and repay her care a hundred times.

Every mother, on the birth of a child, should imagine herself addressed by the creator, in the words of Pharaoh's daughter, to the mother of Moses,—"Take this child, and nurse it for me."

THE GOAT'S CARE OF HER YOUNG.

THE devices of this animal to hide her young from the fox, are very remarkable. She discerns her enemy at a great distance, conceals her treasure in a thicket, and boldly intercepts the formidable marauder. He seldom dares to approach the place where the kid is concealing, but the dams, with their horns, receives him at all points, and never yields till spent with fatigue and agitation. If a high crag, or stone, should be near when she descries the fox, she mounts upon it, taking the young one under her body. The fox goes round and round, to catch an opportunity for making a spring at the little trembler, but the goat thrusts her horns into his flank with such force as to be often unable to withdraw them, and all three,—goat, kid, and fox, have been frequently found dead at the bottom of the precipice. It is a singular fact that the goats have their progeny to several generations. The various tribes herd and repose on the hills in separate parties. P. A.



"A good man obtaineth favour of the Lord: but a man of wicked devices will He condemn."—PROVERBS xii. 2.

DOING THINGS ON A LARGE SCALE.

BY THE LATE GEO. MORRISON, ESQ.

ZACHARY Bond and Alan Brook were neighbours. Bred and born in the village, they had climbed the same bulls, drunk of the same spring, learned to read the Bible as the same school, served the same master, and worked at the same farm; but though alike in these things, they were very unlike in disposition and character.

It is often the case that two flower-seeds of the same kind, set in the same soil, come up of different forms and colours, and not easy would it be to explain what the reason of this, but it was by no means difficult to explain what had occasioned the great difference between Alan Brook and Zachary Bond.

So much alike were Zachary and Alan when they were boys, both in temper and appearance, that some of the villagers used to say, one pea was not more like another, and this resemblance continued, in a degree, till they were young men, when both married and lived contentedly till, alas, Zachary, for some time, left the country for the town, and afterwards returned to his native village an altered man. He had mingled with those who had confused his head and poisoned his mind. Before he quitted the village he was simple in his manners and humble in his desires, but when he came back to it, he was far from being either humble or simple; every thing, then, was to be carried with a high hand; every thing was to be done on a large scale.

Alan and Zachary lived near each other. Each had a cottage and a small orchard, but with Zachary's new notions, these were not sufficient. He saw those around him with large houses and large farms, and this made him dissatisfied with his lowly life, when he beheld so many of the birds, his neighbours, disporting themselves in the clouds, and thinking that, if he could but once get up into the air, he could soar with the best of them, called one day upon an Eagle, and offered him all the treasures of the Ocean if he could only teach him to fly. The Eagle would have declined the task, assuring him that the thing was not only absurd but impossible, but being further pressed by the entreaties and promises of the Tortoise, he at length consented to do for him the best he could. So taking him up to a great height in the air and loosing his hold upon him, "Now, then!" cried the Eagle; but the Tortoise, before he could answer him a word, fell plump upon a rock, and was dashed to pieces.

Pride shall have a fall.

From Jones's Fables of Æsop.

THE TORTOISE AND THE EAGLE.

A TORTOISE, dissatisfied with his lowly life, when he beheld so many of the birds, his neighbours, disporting themselves in the clouds, and thinking that, if he could but once get up into the air, he could soar with the best of them, called one day upon an Eagle, and offered him all the treasures of the Ocean if he could only teach him to fly. The Eagle would have declined the task, assuring him that the thing was not only absurd but impossible, but being further pressed by the entreaties and promises of the Tortoise, he at length consented to do for him the best he could. So taking him up to a great height in the air and loosing his hold upon him, "Now, then!" cried the Eagle; but the Tortoise, before he could answer him a word, fell plump upon a rock, and was dashed to pieces.

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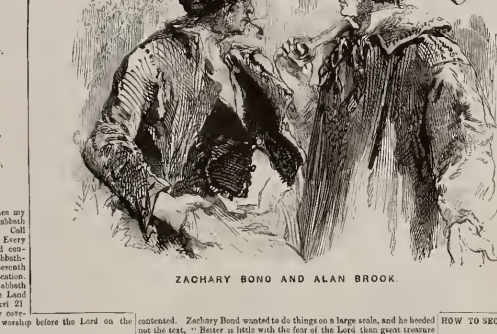

ZACHARY BOND AND ALAN BROOK.

THOSE who are brought up in the utter neglect of the Sabbath and its privileges are the characters who, from time to time, fill up the gaps made by death in the ranks of the profligate, and whose names form the majority in our criminal lists.—ISAAC HOUSES, *Shoemaker, Glasgow.*

THE SABBATH.

AGAIN our weekly labours end,
And we the Sabbath call attend;
Improve, our souls, the sacred rest,
And seek to be for ever blest.

This day let our devotions rise
To heaven, a grateful sacrifice;
And God that peace divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know.

This holy calm within the breast,
Prepares for that eternal rest
Which for the sons of God remains;
The end of cares, the end of pains.

In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet the Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To *that* our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

YE shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my Sanctuary.—Lev xix. 30. Observe the Sabbath for a perpetual covenant.—Ex. xxxi. 16. Call the Sabbath a delight.—Isaiah lviii. 13. Every Sabbath set it in order before the Lord continually.—Lev. xxiv. 8. Keep the Sabbath-day to sanctify it.—Deut. v. 12. The seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, and holy convocation.—Lev. xxiii. 3. The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.—Exod. v. 14. The Lord had enjoyed her Sabbaths.—2 Chron. xxxvi. 21 Keep my Sabbaths, and take hold of my covenant.—Isaiah lvi. 4. The people shall worship before the Lord on the Sabbaths.—Ezek. xlvi. 3.

contented. Zachary Bond wanted to do things on a large scale, and he heeded not the text, "Better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith." Prov. xv. 16.

"How is it, Zachary," said Alan one day as he passed by the cottage of his neighbour, "How is it that your garden is in such a plight?" You used to beat me in cabbages, and cauliflowers, and now you have neither the one nor the other?

Zachary replied, that he did not care a fig for his garden, for that he was determined to do things on a larger scale. Why should one man have but a small garden, while another had a large farm?

Alan reasoned quietly with his neighbour, and though he could not exactly answer the question put to him, he told him that as it pleased God to make one man taller and stronger than another, he supposed that it was his will that one should be richer than another. "At any rate, Zachary," said he, "you and I cannot alter it, and we had better bear in mind what is written in God's holy word, 'Godliness with contentment is great gain.'"

This way of treating the matter by no means fell in with the humour of Zachary Bond, who, day after day, became more and more discontented with his condition, and more and more determined to do things on a large scale.

There are some things in which we can hardly go upon too large a scale, such as fearing God, reading his holy word, loving our neighbour, acting kindly to all, forgiving injuries and setting an example of humility and thankfulness; but in these things Zachary's scale became continually less and less. He went upon a large scale, it is true, at the beer house; for there he lifted and drank, and wrangled, and made speeches about one man being as good as another man, and the poor being of the same flesh and blood as the rich, but such a course only added to his poverty and discontent. When once an unthankful and repining spirit gets firm hold of a man, he is in great danger.

The poorer and more wretched Zachary became, the less disposed was he to alter his course. Though the large scale on which he went deprived him of his cottage, but garden, and his orchard, it did not bring him to a better state of mind. On he went from bad to worse, from recklessness to ruin.

The present state of these two cottages speaks loudly in favour of piety, diligence, and contentment; for Alan Brook continues to do things on a small scale in his own little cottage, where he has every comfort, while Zachary Bond is still planning things on a large scale in the PARISH WORKHOUSE. "Better is a handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit." Eccles. iv. 6.

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To our numerous correspondents whose letters have led no reply or attention, we beg to apologize. Being employed in business, and having only our leisure hours for literary matters, we have no alternative but to leave, however regretfully, many important letters unanswered. We want in all such cases but the indulgence of our friends, and ask them to accept the will for the deed. When we state that we frequently have more letters than we can find time even to read, it will be readily conceived how utterly impossible it is in manner than.

Anonymous communications cannot be noticed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected articles.

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No. 15.

BRITISH WORKMAN

AND FRIEND OF THE SONS OF TOIL

Published for the Editor by S. W. Partridge, at the Office of the "British Workman," No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. [Price One Penny.

CELEBRATED BLACKSMITHS.

Thomas Cromwell, the Prime Minister and favourite of Henry VIII., was the son of a *blacksmith* at Putney. What education he received was in a private school, where all the learning he attained was only reading, writing, and a little Latin. When he grew up, he travelled through the continent and visited Rome, and in his journey to and from that city he learned by heart Erasmus's translation of the New Testament. Upon his return from his travels, he was taken into the service of Cardinal Wolsey, and afterwards into that of the king, by whom he was advanced in wealth and honour until he became Earl of Essex, and Lord High Chamberlain of England. He was so hospitable and bountiful, that about two hundred persons were served at the gate of his house in Throgmorton Street, London, twice every day, with bread, meat, and drink! From the time he acquired authority in the cabinet, he employed it in promoting a knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures, one of his injunctions in the king's name being, that a large Bible, in English, should be placed in every church, that the parishioners might have an opportunity of reading it. We are indebted to him, also, for the establishment of parish registers of births, marriages, and burials. He was accused by his adversaries of treason, and beheaded in 1546.

John Ray, one of the most learned naturalists of the 17th century, was the son of a *blacksmith* in Essex. He was first sent to the grammar school at Braintree, and in 1644 was admitted into Catherine Hall, Cambridge, whence he afterwards removed to Trinity College. His health becoming injured by intense application to study, he was obliged during his leisure hours to take riding or walking exercise in the fields, which led him to the study of plants. With his friend Willoughby, he travelled through various parts of England, Scotland, and the continent, in search of plants and other natural curiosities. He died in 1705, having written several valuable works, one of the most important of which was "The Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of Creation."

Bartholomew Arnioio, an Italian physician and poet, was born in 1523. His father was a poor *blacksmith*, with whom he worked until his eighteenth year. He then began to read such books as came in his way, or were lent to him, and with some difficulty was enabled to enter the university of Padua, where he studied medicine, and so was qualified to enter upon the literative practice to which he was introduced by an influential friend. He died in 1577.

Quintin Matsys was a *blacksmith* at Antwerp. When in his twentieth year, he became enamoured of the beautiful daughter of a painter. The damsel returned his passion, but the father was inexorable.

"Wert thou a painter," said he, "she should be thine; but a blacksmith!—never!"

The young man mused and mused; the hammer dropped from his hand; a thousand glorious conceptions passed like shadows across his brain.

"*I will be a painter*," said he. He applied to his new art with so much liking and perseverance, that in a short time he produced pictures which gave a promise of the highest excellence. He gained for his reward the fair hand for which he sighed; and rose ere long to a high rank in his profession. He died in 1529, and a monument was erected to his memory in the cathedral of his native city.

Some of Quintin Matsys' heads in a Descent from the Cross, at Antwerp, are declared by Sir Joshua Reynolds to be equal to any of Raphael's. His Two Misers, in the Windsor Gallery, is also much admired. The elegant stool work over the tomb of King Edward IV. in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is attributed to the workmanship of this celebrated man.

A Royal Blacksmith.—It was the custom of Peter the Great to visit the different workshops and manufactories, not only to encourage his people, but also to judge what other useful establishments might be formed in his dominions. Among the places he visited frequently, were the forges of Muller, at Istia, ninety versts from Moscow. The czar once passed a whole month there; during which time, after giving due attention to the affairs of state, which he never neglected, he amused himself by seeing and examining everything in the most minute manner, and even employed himself in learning the business of a *blacksmith*. He succeeded so well, that one day, before he left the place, he forged eighteen poods of iron, and put his own particular mark on each bar. The boyars and other noblemen of his suite, were employed in blowing the bellows, stirring the fire, carrying coals, and performing the other duties of a blacksmith's assistant. When Peter had finished, he went to the proprietor, praised his manufactory, and asked him how much he gave his workman per pood.

"Three kopecks, or an altina," answered Muller.

"Very well," replied the czar; "I have then earned eighteen altinas."

Muller brought eighteen ducats, and offering them to Peter, told him that he could not give a workman like his majesty less per pood. Peter refused the sum, saying, "Keep your ducats, I have not wrought better than any other man; give me what you would give to another; I want to buy a pair of shoes, of which I am in great need."

At the same time he showed him his shoes, which had been once mended, and were again full of holes. Peter accepted the eighteen altinas, and bought himself a pair of new shoes, which he used to show with much pleasure, saying, "These I earned with the sweat of my brow."

One of the great bars forged by Peter the Great, and authenticated by his mark, is still to be seen at Istia, in the forge of Muller. Another similar bar is preserved in the cabinet of curiosities at St. Petersburgh.

Rev. Samuel Marsden was born at Horsforth, near Leeds, towards the end of the last century; and, becoming an orphan at an early age, was taken by his grandfather, who was a *blacksmith*, to assist him in his employment. He was a thoughtful, lively, energetic youth, and adopted the habit of rising as early as 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning, in order to discharge his duties at the anvil, and gain leisure to attend school and study Latin. The school he attended was conducted by the Rev. Samuel Stones, of Rawden, who took great interest in his village pupil, and was the means of procuring his admission to the university. While there, he gained such approval by the excellence of his conduct, that he was selected by government as chaplain to the colony of New South Wales, whither he went about the year 1797. He gave himself heartily to his work, and as a clergyman, magistrate, and philanthropist, by his indefatigable labours in the colony, and his earnest representations to the government at home, introduced moral and political changes of which the present generation are reaping the fruits. He was also the honoured pioneer of missions to the savages of New Zealand, in the year 1814, and died in 1837, aged 72.

The Hon. H. W. Peppee, a circuit judge, of Tennessee, was once a *blacksmith*, and by way of joke made with his own hands an iron-shovel, which he presented to the governor, the Hon. Andrew Johnson. In return, Governor Johnson, who had been once a *tailor*, cut and made with his own hands a coat, and gave it to the judge.

Thomas Newcomen, a *blacksmith* of Dartmouth, in Devonshire, lived at the latter end of the seventeenth century, and the beginning of the eighteenth. To this worthy Devonshire blacksmith belongs the merit of having made the first great improvements in steam engines, by forming a vacuum under the piston, thus bringing into action the atmospheric pressure.

AARON ARNOLD AND THE TWO FATHERLESS CHILDREN. (See next page.)

DR. LYMAN BEECHER, the father of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the celebrated authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was the son of an American *blacksmith*, and for several years worked at his father's anvil.

A TORGATEE BLACKSMITH. A clergyman, a friend of mine, was recently walking towards Wiltshire Bradford, when he stopped at a blacksmith's shop and enquired the way to Wake. The blacksmith cheerfully left his work and directed the inquirer on the right way. Just as we found the right road, he cried, the blacksmith looked earnestly at him and said, "I think you are a clergyman, are you not, sir?" "Yes, why?" "Because I have been trying to learn the Greek grammar, sir, and I'm *stuck fast* with the verbs, and so you are a clergyman, I think you can help me." "I'll help you with pleasure," was the reply. The Greek grammar was brought, and the difficulty explained. "Thank you, sir, I think I shall now be able to get on," said the worthy son of the forge. "Are clergymen preceded on his way towards Wake, and the blacksmith returned to his anvil, both well pleased with this brief interview.—*Communicated by Robert Baker, Esq., Inspector of Factories.*

SAMMY HICH, the celebrated *writer-book-sender*, was born at *Alcester*, in the year 1758. He was deeply pious, and a remarkably benevolent man. On one occasion, when he visited an aged widow and gave her a sixpence, she appeared very grateful, and the thought suggested itself, "Hum, ma, can sixpence make a poor creature happy? How many sixpences have I spent on this mouth of mine, in feeding it with tobacco! I will give to the poor whatever I save from it." On another occasion, when a party of soldiers passing through Mickleficld, on a forced march in the height of summer, halted in the neighbourhood of his cottage, he brought out for their refreshment the whole of the provisions his dairy and house could supply—when, on his good wife coming down to prepare breakfast, she found that all had been prepared, and children but for giving "cream and all away." "Why, Sam, Sam," said she, "it would do them more good with the cream on."

Some of the officers, on hearing of his generosity, called upon him to remunerate him, but Sammy declined to receive anything, saying, that what he had given, he had *given freely* and that the men were welcome to the whole. On the field of Waterloo, the generosity of the Mickleficld Blacksmith was remembered, and many wishes were expressed for a further supply of "Sammy Hick's good milk."

The latter part of his life, when he had an income sufficient to maintain his family in comfort, he spent in doing good, by visiting and preaching Christ to the poor, so that many had to thank God for Sammy Hick, the poor blacksmith. He died in great peace to the 71st year of his age.

ELIHU BURRITT, the *learned blacksmith* was born in New Britain, Connecticut, December 8th, 1811. His father was a shoemaker, having ten children, of whom Elihu was the youngest. The only school education with which Elihu was favoured prior to being apprenticed to the village blacksmith, was about three months tuition at the district school. Such however was his thirst for reading that the few books which he could procure from the village library were read two or three times over. This stood for learning become so intense that on the completion of his apprenticeship, he actually became a student for half a year with his brother Elijah, who was a schoolmaster.

During these six months he acquired considerable knowledge of mathematics, Latin and Greek. Grappled with the progress he had made, he returned to his forgehand for work, withstanding he engaged himself to labour for 14 hours a day, he yet found time to pursue his irksome study of the learned tongues. The Spanish, Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Danish, and Bohemian Languages were from time to time added to the list. I will gratify your readers to have the following extract for one of the months of 1837 from the diary of this remarkable blacksmith:—

MONDAY.—June 10th, Hesiodotic; forty pages Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, sixty-four pages French, eleven *hours forging.*
TUESDAY.—Hesiodotic; three Hebrew, thirty pages French, ten pages Cuvier's Theory, eleven Syriac, ten ditto Danish, ten ditto Bohemian, nine ditto Welsh, *eleven hours forging.*
WEDNESDAY.—Twenty-five lines Hebrew, fifty pages of Astronomy, *eleven hours forging.*
THURSDAY.—Fifty-five lines Hebrew, eight ditto Syriac, *eleven hours forging.*
FRIDAY.—Hesiodotic, *twelve hours forging.*
SATURDAY.—Hesiodotic, fifty pages Natural Philosophy, *twelve hours forging.*
SUNDAY.—Leisure for little chaos.

GOVERNOR EVERETT, hearing of the extraordinary zeal of the young blacksmith, sent him an invitation to the Cambridge College. When arrived there, many kind offers were made to him, and amongst others that he should enter Harvard College, but he courteously declined them all, and returned to his forge at Worcester, where he laboured with his hands and his head even harder than ever. In 1842 he translated several of the Icelandic Legends, as well as a series of Papers from the Samaritan, Arabic, and Hebrew for the *American Ed. the Review.* During the winter of this year he delivered no fewer than 68 Lectures. In the spring of 1843 he commenced the study of the Ethiopic, Persian, and Turkish languages.

Whilst this working son of Vulcan was pondering over the pages of his Hebrew Bible, he was powerfully impressed with the declaration that God made of one *flesh* all the nations of mankind on the earth. Those discourses, war and slavery, stood out in bold relief before his benevolent mind, and he took up his pen to advocate the cause of peace, and the rights of the poor degraded slave. The former subject was popular with his countrymen, but the idea of proclaiming liberty to the captives in the poor southern slaves, was anything but palatable. In 1844, having collected a few hundred dollars, he commenced his paper *The Christian Citizen*, which he followed with great ability the furtherance of religion, peace, the anti-slavery, and the penny postage movements.

In June, 1845, Elihu Burritt visited England, and from that time to the present he has devoted his mighty energies in advocating the *common brotherhood* of the whole family of mankind. In addition to his American paper, he now publishes a monthly penny periodical, which contains, entitled, the *Bond of Brotherhood*, which ought to be subscribed for, not only by every *blacksmith*, but by every one who desires to hasten that happy day when the last link in the chain of slavery shall be torn asunder.

One of Elihu Burritt's favourite projects is the establishment of international courts of arbitration, to which any disputes that may arise amongst the various governments of the world shall be referred for settlement, instead of having recourse to the sword: this wise and benevolent project the friends of humanity will rejoice to see consummated. The Ocean Penny Postage movement was originated and has been ably advocated by Elihu Burritt. Year by year the English, French, and American governments have been gradually drawing nearer and nearer to this great boon, and although they have not yet consented to carry a LETTER across the seas for a penny, yet they have recently adopted a most glorious postal convention, whereby we can send a *registered* PAPER, or periodical, at the *almost* every part of the world for a *penny!* Last month we forwarded upwards of two thousand copies of the *British Workman* and *Band of Hope Gleaner* to two thousand American residents in Australia, India, Algeria, Africa, Canada, France, Switzerland, the United States, China, &c., for the postage of which we had only to affix to each packet a PENNY stamp!!!

Our readers will find by consulting the large sheet "of RATES FOR COLONIAL AND FOREIGN POSTAGE," which may be seen at any post office, that any *registered paper* may be sent to *almost any part of the world*, (if posted within fifteen days of publication, and if it be unsealed, open at the ends) for a Penny! To ELIHU BURRITT, the *learned blacksmith*, and HIS ROWLAND HILL, the best thanks of the civilized world are due for this great postal boon.

* A copy may be procured by ordering a postage stamp to the Secretary, General Post Office, St. Martin's-le-grand, London.

ELIHU BURRITT STUDYING HIS HEBREW BIBLE.

AARON ARNOLD,

THE BLACKSMITH.

THE blustering wind is howling among the high elm trees of the rookery, and the joyful blast every now and then drives the rain and sleet with violence against the large window-pane of Allerton Hall, where Squire Ringwood is pacing to and fro in the drawing-room, with a shadowy scowl upon his brow.

Hark! It is the heavy hammer ringing on the iron anvil of the blacksmith's smithy. Aaron Arnold is at his lusty labour. He has on his great leathern apron, with a fringe to it. His shirt sleeves are tucked up nearly to his shoulders, and you hear heavily he is hammering away at the horse shoe.

Close by Aaron Arnold's anvil are two little children, with rather pale faces, and yet they look happy. Aaron every now and then is speaking kindly and cheerfully to them, blessing their little hearts, and holding them fear nothing.

Aaron Arnold has no estate, no money in the bank, and no rent-roll to live on. He has neither carriage, horses, picture-gallery, library, nor servants, like Squire Ringwood; what is it, then, that makes Him so happy? The night is dark, wet, and stormy, and he has heavy work before him, and yet he looks as cheerful and seems as happy as the swift, as if he were keeping holiday.

Well may Squire Ringwood be ill at rest, for he has done a cruel deed. He has oppressed the widow and the fatherless. He has made them homeless and homeless, and, for aught that he knows to the contrary, they are now wandering about in this tempestuous night, without a roof to cover them, or lying down huddled together under a hedge or a haystack. Will any Aaron Arnold feel happy, for he has been a friend to the friendless, and assisted the widow and the helper. He has opened his heart to the cry of distress, and flung wide his door for the poor and the needy.

Luke Field, a poor, but honest and pious labourer, who had long lived in one of the little cottages by the Hall, was somewhat or other offended Mr. Ringwood, his purse-proud landlord, by whom he was never forgiven. Even after Luke Field had been carried to the churchyard, the Squire persecuted his poor widow; and now, in the hours of her poverty, he drives her from her home.

There is a gracious promise in the holy Scriptures, which says to all godly men, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive: and let thy widows trust in me." Jer. xlix. 11. Will not the poor widow Field that Aaron Arnold, who had long known her husband, and regarded him as a faithful friend, will come to her at the moment he knew of her extremity, he sent his wife to her. "Madge," said he, "go and fetch her and her children here at once, for never shall the widow and children of Harry Field be turned adrift in the world, without Aaron Arnold helping out a hand to help them." Widow Field is now sitting by the side of the kind-hearted blacksmith, talking over her troubles; while Aaron Arnold, thinking it would cheer up her children, has taken them into his workshop; he is working with his hammer, and they, and blowing up with his bellows his smithy fire.

It is midnight. The bangs and lights are extinguished in Allerton Hall; the family and servants are retired, and Squire Ringwood is restlessly tossing on his bed; at last his eyes are closed in slumber. He sleeps; he slumbers, he finds no rest, for a horrid vision is scaring away his repose. He dreams that he is standing before a tribunal, that the rolling thunder is clashing the foundations of his mansion, and that the winged lightning has consumed his ancient home. He sees the sickly form of Luke Field, such as it was ere the vital spark had fled, and he hears an angry address from him, "Thy days are numbered, for thou hast oppressed the orphan and the widow!" Hark! What a fearful crash! The ancient Hall has fallen; the roof is broken in; the mansion is in flames. He awakes and leaps from his bed, trembling, for he feels that what he had dream is true. What a tormentor is an accusing conscience!

All is still and peaceful at the blacksmith's habitation. The hammer and the anvil are no longer ringing. The widow and children are asleep. The Squire, tossing and tossing, after working an hour longer than usual, wearied with his labours, is enjoying a sound and sweet repose. No fearful visions are haunting him in his quiet slumber.

The night has passed, the weather is clouded, but the sun is struggling to shine through the fog that prevails. Squire Ringwood has sent his messengers in haste to find out where Luke Field, and Aaron Arnold are more in her little cottage, which he, in his fear and remorse, has stored with whiter comforts. How can he look out yet aside the wrath of man? What a light shine it is with Him to lift up the lowly, and to hid the countenance of the proud!

All rich men are not cruel like Squire Ringwood, for many delight in deeds of mercy; neither are all hard-working blacksmiths kind-hearted as Aaron Arnold, for the hearts of some of them are as hard as their anvils. "Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous," Prov. xxvii. 4. But, "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy," Matt. v. 7.—GEO. MOUNTBEN.

THE SMUGGLER'S DEATH-BED.

(*Continued from page 54.*)

As other duties called me from home, I saw him not again for some days, but left him in charge of my young friends, who informed me on my return, that though he was much the same in mind, his friends and family had fears that he would not live, as symptoms of decline had appeared. I remarked, when next approaching his cottage, that even the trees were impressed in the sad, sunken wards me, for now they came and beked my hands. B—— had been informed of my return, and was expecting me. That some great change had taken place him was very plain. He had a hectic flush on the cheeks of that face, which formerly was waxy white, his cheeks were fallen, and his eyes sunk. He looked, indeed, quite unlike a sailor, for his hair was bleached, and his nails were grown long. For a moment he seemed pleased to see me, but his pleasure soon passed away, and he looked a greeform worn and care-stricken man. The hardhood which had before marked his person was gone, and he was no creature of cold and tame. Often have I seen the ravages of consumption, but never have I witnessed so much close by disease in so short a space of time. A month's illness had reduced him fearfully. He had the Bible in his hand open at that part where the text is, "Let not your hearts be troubled," and our conversation went on thus. "Well, B——, you hold on then to the word of God." "Yes, sir, but the people to whom this book belongs are at, and I have to do with, I can't out with this, until I get one of my own. Can you get me a Bible, sir?" "Why, do you need it much?" "Yes, sir, I need it understand much, except such places as when I read, 'the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God.'" "But have you not also read, 'If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father?' "Yes, sir, and in I John ii. 1, I understand it clear, meaning to ask you what is an advocate." "When the three women were taken with scarlet fever, I thought I knew what they had a lawyer to try and get them off, and you remember the square spoke for the girls to the magistrate, trying to get him discharged. Jesus Christ is thus engaged before the bar of God's Justice, and he advocates, or takes up our cause, offering to place his own righteousness to our account. But remember how the girls employed the counsellor to be their advocate, I think it was squire to extract him to stand their friend. Jesus says, I will upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee. Do you ask, that we may receive: you must ask Christ to be your friend, and tell him see whether this storm of despair will not end in the calm of forgiveness." "Oh sir, if this should end in my being brought to God, and in the saving of my soul, I shall say with David, Psalm cxix. 71, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' "And Jesus, I hope you will be able to say with David, also, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word.' Psalm cxix. 67." "I mean to be a different man, sir, to lead a new life, to drop bad ways, bad company, bad words, and a bad trade." Just then his wife came upstairs to us, and hearing his last words, said, "But then shan't, if thee gets better. I'll make thee go in the free trade again." "But I wont, wife, I'll get a place in a coaster, and I am sure one honest pound will go further than three pounds in the old way." "Why?" I said the wife, "I suppose thee means to turn methodist. I'll tell thee what, thee may'st drink and swear, but thee shan't turn methodist, and I'll make thee a smuggler;"—so saying, she left the room and came in a rage. "Don't mind her, sir," said B——, "she means no harm, only a bit of a breeze, which the harder it blows, the sooner it's over. We have had some talk about the free trade to-day before, and she is a little up. She says religion will spoil me. I have no religion, I only want some, and to does she, it would make us both happy." "Ay, B——, "Godliness with contentment is great gain, I know it. Ay, and our blessed Saviour has said, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.' Matt. vi. 33. But are you any more concerned in your mind? or do your fears still stick to you?" "Yes, sir, they do stick to me like the limpets to the rock, like the pitch to the plank." "But, B——, you know the limpets are to be got off, and the pitch can be removed. If you can only see the Lord Jesus Christ dying for your sins, you will find comfort, but until then your fears will continue. I would therefore, leave you to think over a few passages of Holy Scripture, that I will fold down for you." "Had you not better stay, sir, and explain them?" "No, I can only point out the bearings. God the Holy Ghost must pilot you, therefore pray for his influences."

Reader, are you convinced of the truth now declared, that none but God the Holy Spirit can teach to profit? Want of Divine aid may be a doctrine humbling to human pride, but it is a truth of which any careless man may convince himself, by reflecting how little he has been affected by the word of God, when he has heard or read it.

I left B—— with a belief that the hand of the Lord was in the matter, and that his conviction of sin would end in his obtaining through grace, the glorious liberty of the Sons of God.

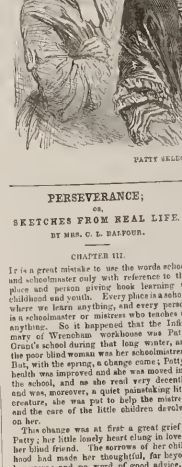
I go my way home. I made a few inquiries about B——'s earlier days, and found that his mother had been left a widow, when he was but two years of age. She was a woman of piety and trained up her children in the fear of the Lord.

H—— went on very well, till about seventeen, when he became acquainted with the woman he afterwards married, whom friends were all smugglers. By this connection, and to please the object of his choice, he took, as before stated, to that course of life, the results of which were, what we have seen. His mother, with her latest breath, said, "Bob, thee will leave this trade, I hope, I know thee can't be happy, thee art living in sin, thou knows better, and God says, 'The servant that knows his Lord's will, and does it not, shall be beaten with many stripes.' Give it up, and take to honest ways, thou I may hope to meet thee in heaven. Remember my words, *thou will never be happy as long as thou art living in sin.*" His mother left him a little property, and after her death he commenced in the business, his wife prevailed, and he ventured all he had in smuggling; thus his house became the resort of smugglers who in their drunken fits broke the windows, the chairs, and other articles of furniture. He long kept from swearing, but at last was in a state of stupidity and awful way drawn into that vice. A party were carousing at his house one evening, when some dispute occurred about a man that some said was a good sailor. "He'll never be a sailor," said an old man in the company, "he is not merely mounted, he won't swear, and you Bob, you'll never be good for any thing, until you open your mouth and swear." "Well! swear!" exclaimed a daring young fellow, "until he burns that book," pointing to a Bible, the one that had been his mother's. "I had no, and I could get on until I burnt mine." "Oh, is that the cause?" said a third, "then here goes," and seizing the Bible, he thrust it into the fire, while the rest held B—— struggling, entreating, and at last cursing when they would not release him to save his Bible. From this time he became a blasphemer, for his companions constantly taunted him with the loss of his mother's Bible, and teased him till they provoked him to repeat the sin, which when done, ended in a laugh against him. Satan first tempts men, and then accuses: and thus once sinning is often urged as a reason to sin again, until habit conquers fear and the sinner has become accounted for the very strong feeling shown by B——, when I, for the first time, asked for a Bible.

When I visited him again in a few days, and inquired if the passages I had marked had made any impression on his mind, he said, "I don't know, sir, only that I feel I am not troubled with those very awful fears I once was. I don't seem so near under the convoy of Satan, but sometimes I feel as I might weather the storm." "Do you mean that you think you will get to heaven?" "I do, sir; it will be a great wonder if I should; but I think there is so much love in the heart of Christ, that he may forgive me. I can't find any thing against smuggling in the Bible, sir, but I read that Christ forgave Peter when he swore; and he forgave all his friends who shared of when he was in trouble. Now, sir, I have sworn, and when I knew good, did evil, and yet if it was not for two or three things, I think Jesus Christ might forgive me. I have such a tale to tell you, sir," and he grasped my arm violently, "sir, I burnt my Bible," and his face was again lighted up by excitement to a painful expression.

(*To be concluded in the next number.*)

"REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY, TO KEEP IT HOLY." EXODUS XX. 8.



PATTY SELECTED AS THE NURSE.

PERSEVERANCE;

OR,

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. C. L. DALPOUR.

CHAPTER III.

It is a great mistake to use the words school and schoolmaster only with reference to the place and person giving book learning to childhood and youth. Every place is a school, where we learn anything, and every person is a schoolmaster or mistress who teaches us anything. So it happened that the Infirmary of Wyncham workhouse was Patty Grunt's school during that long winter, and the poor blind woman was her schoolmistress. But, with the spring, a change came; Patty's health was improved and she was moved into the school, and as she read very decently, and was, moreover, a quiet painstaking little creature, she was put to help the mistress, and the care of the little children devolved on her.

This change was at first a great grief to Patty; her little lonely heart clung in love to her blind friend. The sorrows of her childhood had made her thoughtful, far beyond her years; and no word of good advice, or kindness, was thrown away upon her. To love and to obey was not with her so much a study, as a delight, and it was a great grief when the doctor said, "This girl is well enough to go into the school."

Nor was it less a trouble to the inmates of the Infirmary; the child had ministered to many—her hands had smoothed the pillow and held the cup of water for many a sufferer. More than once, she had stood by the bed of the dying, and her gentle words and looks, and more than all, her power to read the Bible had been precious to the spirit just entering the valley of the shadow of death. The blessing of those ready to perish was upon the poor child, and even rough Bess Stamper and her cronies said, "Poor little crooked Pat, we shall miss her."

"Her ends straight," said the blind woman, wiping the tears from her sightless eyes, "and I hope her path in life will be straight, and lead her right on to heaven. Mind that, Patty, my dear," she called after the child, "and read about the narrow way, and pray for grace to walk in it."

It was a new trial for Patty, among the rough children, and with a very sharp schoolmistress; and for some days she felt quite lonely in mind and body than she had been for many previous weeks; but as soon as she cheered up, and tried to be useful, she became better. The twist in her shoulder became a greater trouble than ever, for the thoughtless children mimicked her "humpy," and a strong fire of anger was kindled in her heart against her tormentors, until Sunday came, and then she saw her blind friend, and told her troubles. "Never mind what they call you, Patty; better a crippled shoulder than a crippled temper." At these words of wise Madam Berk's, the child dried her tears with a laugh, for it struck her immediately, that some poor creature have to deformed body, and that's the worse hump, thought she.

And so in many daily cares among the workhouse children passed more than two years of Patty's life. In that time she had learned to write and cast accounts a little. Among the ever shifting throng who came and went, crowding the place in winter, and taking flight in summer, she had heard of the miserable people with whom her childhood passed. Her father-in-law, Tozy, and his old mother drank as hard as ever. He never worked more than three, or at most four days in the week at the foundry. He was very well paid, and he idled away Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, and sometimes Wednesday of every week, with drunken companions, and then worked like a slave the remaining time, without having a single comfort of house, clothing, or food. A feast or a fast, a wild revel and a furse tell was his life. The children fared now as Patty had once fared; the eldest boy, Tom, had run off to the sea, and literally picked up a living, always on the verge of beggary and a prison; when at length his father took him to the place. The two others were lighting in the gutters, or half starving in their home. Though Patty had no kindness to remember, yet she often thought of these poor neglected brothers, and wished she could help them. Once, after long desiring it, she had a holiday, and she went and watched to see that neither Tozy nor the Granny were there, and she set to work and washed the little boys, and cleaned up the place, and spent her own hard earnings, a sixpence some one had given her, in buying a loaf, and dividing it with them; and rough little Red said to the youngest, "Jim, they may call our Pat 'Humpy' if they like, but I shall call her 'Fairy,' for she's like the stories Bull Mattler tells."

It cannot be said that, during the two years, Patty was exactly contented. Madam Berk was kind to her, and so thankful for the food and shelter provided, but she also told her to work hard in return and try to earn her own living. She advised her to learn all as far as she could that would make her a good domestic servant.

"Living on charity, Patty," the blind woman would say on Sundays, when the child got leave to see her, "is a mean and wretched life to those who have got their limbs and faculties; and while the sick, the old, and the helpless, may and must, poor bodies! take the shelter provided, yet the young and strong should strive hard to get their own honest living by industry."

So by such words as these, Patty found out that contentment did not mean sitting down with folded hands, and eating the bread of charity, but it meant striving every way for better one's condition and thanking God for giving strength to strive.

Two vexations greatly tried Patty; one was, that two thirds of the girls who went out to place as servants, or as apprentices, came back to the workhouse giving a dismal account of their treatment. Some of these poor things had really been harshly used—but the most having been born and reared in the workhouse and accustomed to its routine did not like the poor places they were taken to, and did not try to succeed—wished in fact to return home back side, and sometimes dissolate. Her other grief was, that among the tall, strong, healthy girls, she stood no chance of being hired out. The matron and the schoolmistress once or twice had said she was the best girl there; but the people who came to look for "a stout girl always shook their heads and turned from her, saying, 'she's deformed—she wont be able for our work.'" Thus a great fear came over poor Patty that she should never get out to earn her own living—at least this very fear emboldened her. A decent motherly woman was brought one day by the matron into the school. Patty was hung some work for a little child beside her; but she looked up and saw that the stranger was gazing at two great girls who had been twice out, and had returned bitterly grumbling. It was evident that the visitor was not favourably impressed by the look of these, and her glance fell on Patty, who rose instantly and with a low courtesy said, "Try me, Ma'am, please try me—I'll do my best." Then suddenly recollecting that it might look bold to speak, she blushed at her own temerity and her eyes filled with tears.

Perhaps this petition would have availed nothing; for there was her crooked shoulder hunting matters against her. But a little child who had not long been in "The House," and was not quite subdued to its manner, burst into passionate weeping as she urged at Patty's pinafore, and said, "Oh no, Humpy, don't, don't go, you're the best of all, don't leave us!"

The inquirer was a poor mother who wanted help in tending her numerous family, and her heart told her that the child's grief at the thought of parting with Patty, was the best of all characters for a nurse girl; so she said, "You look weak, I'm afraid my husband wont think I've made a good choice, but I'll try you—that is for a month on liking." She turned to talk with the matron and schoolmistress, neither of whom looked very pleased, for Patty was useful and would be sorely missed; the poor girl fell in a strange flutter stammered out her thanks, and turned to hush and comfort the sobbing child who still clung to her.

So it was settled that Patty should go to live at a little sea-port town seven miles off, which we will call Blankhaven. Her employers were Mr. and Mrs. Jobleigh, who kept a small bookseller's shop and the post-office. It was Friday when she was hired, and on the following Monday she was in her new home.

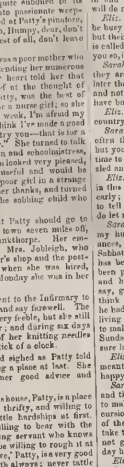
On Sunday Patty went to the Infirmary to see her blind friend, and say farewell. The child was getting very feeble, but she still sat in her wicker chair, and during six days of the week the click of her knitting needles was as regular as the tick of a clock.

She both smiled and sighed as Patty told the news of her having a place at last. She consoled all her former good advice and added—

"A small tradesman's house, Patty, is a place where people must be thrifty, and willing to put up with many little hardships at first. If your mistress is willing to bear with the awkwardness of a young servant who knows little, you must be willing to rough it at first. 'Strive and thrive,' Patty, is a very good saying; speak the truth always; never talk about the affairs of your master and mistress to any one; be honest even to a pin—and be sober, child! You know what strong drink did in your poor mother's home—and, my dear, as you can't do all this in your own strength, look up for help to One above."

Much more was added before the time came when, with many tears on Patty's part, and with her blessing in a faltering voice the two friends—one beginning life, the other nearly ending it—parted, the child hoping that she might sometime get a holiday and cheer her kind adviser with a visit. We shall see how it fared with Patty in her new home.

(To be continued.)



SUNDAY EXCURSION.

"If thou turn away thy foot from the SABBATH, from doing THY PLEASURE on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words.

"Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

ISAIAH LVIII. 14, 13.

COLUMNS FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

A SUNDAY EXCURSION.

BY MRS. CAMERON.

A Dialogue between ELIZABETH MARTIN *and* SARAH SMITH.

Eliz. What is the matter with you this morning, Sarah, you certainly look as bad as well may, but on a Monday morning; but you seem neither to-day.

Sarah. Why, I am rather tired, but come in and sit down, perhaps a talk with you will do me good—it always does.

Eliz. Old people, you know, ought not to be bothers about other people's matters, but their experience may be of use when it is called for; but what has happened to tire you so, is your husband unwell or the children?

Sarah. No, they are all pretty well, but they are tired like me, for my husband went home the night to his work this morning, and not in a working humour neither, and I have but just got the children off to school.

Eliz. Have you had bad news from the country, for I am sure something is wrong.

Sarah. Well, I will tell you all; I have often this last week been wishing for you, but your street is so far off I have not had time to call, and besides, I have been so puzzled and perplexed, I hardly knew what to do.

Eliz. I am glad then I happened to step in this morning, a little business took me out early; and once more, if you have anything to tell me about which I can be of any use, do let me hear it.

Sarah. Well, then, I must tell you that my husband has got some new acquaintances, who have strange notions about the Sabbath, and have left off keeping it, and he has been greatly taken with them, and has been pondering over them for some time, and has been so silent, and as some would say, glum, that I could not tell what to think of it, till last week he told me that he had in his mind, and he said we had been living in the dark, and he was determined to make a change in his way of keeping the Sunday, and have a little freedom and pleasure like others.

Eliz. Well, and did you ask him what he meant; I thought you always did spend a happy Sabbath, at least, of late years.

Sarah. I stared and wondered at first, and then I asked him what change he meant to make; why, said he, we will have an excursion next Sunday, and we will go to one of the fine places about London, and we will take the children with us. What, said I, and not go to church; not keep the Sabbath day holy? surely it will be very wicked.

Eliz. And what did he answer?

Sarah. He said, Pshaw, that's all women's stuff; why, people know not what the Sabbath day was only ordered to be kept in that strict way by the Jews, we christians know better, and we have a right to spend a little time for our pleasure; then, he said a great deal more than I could understand; but before he finished, I turned out cryout, and repeated again, What! spend a Sunday without going to God's house! I never did such a thing in my life, that I can remember, except when I was sick. Well, he answered, I shan't hinder you from going to church, there are plenty of worship houses ever we go, and you may find an opportunity to go to one of them.

Eliz. And did you say any more?

Sarah. Yes, and he too; I cannot tell you all that passed between us, but at last, he got very angry and said he would have his way, and as I thought he should for once, and that I would be answered; for I felt so puzzled with his discourses that I could not tell what was right and what was wrong.

Eliz. Well go on.

Sarah. Just before he went to his work on Saturday, he said, you must get something ready that we can take out with us to-morrow, you must leave something for Tom and Mary's dinner, for I shan't be home to dinner, and I shan't take them with us this time. I shall see first what the train costs. Now, you know I have been so often that I could tell what nice little oven baked pies, to make a potato pie or something of that sort on the Saturday, and to get up to bake with a pudding while we were at the morning service on Sunday, and then it was ready and hot for us when we came in; and I was obliged to make a change for our new scheme, a bit for one, and a bit for another. Mary watched me, and she asked me, as children will do, why every thing did not be different from other Saturdays.

Eliz. And did you tell her?

Sarah. Mary, I said, your father is going out to-morrow, and he wants me to go with him, and the two little ones and you and Tom to remain behind, and there will be some cold dinner for you to eat when you come back from school. What! all by ourselves, Mother, said she, in a strange place. Then she asked me several other questions, and I could not speak, my voice was so choked, she stood looking on a chair, and looked hard at me, but finding I did not answer, she turned away and went on with her cleaning.

Eliz. Poor things, I can fancy it all.

Sarah. Well, Sunday morning came, and my husband hurried me so almost as soon as we get up on a working day; for he said, if we did not make haste to get our breakfast we should be too late for the train; and a great hurry it was, to get dressed and undressed first in our bed, I am sure it was like anything but our usual quiet Sunday morning. At last we got to the station, and we were seated with a number of noisy companions, some smartly dressed, and some very shabby; some laughing and some almost shouting, but all talking; and plenty of nonsense was talked, and often what was worse. Then we whirled along, and oh! what a hurry heart I had; last Sunday, I thought to myself, just about this time, my husband and I were sitting quietly by the fire side, I showing the Bible to the little ones, and he reading to himself and hearkening to the bells to tell us it was time to go to church, and now where are we? and what are we doing? and in spite of myself, the tears ran down my cheeks upon my lap, I felt so hot.

Eliz. And when did you get to your journey's end?

Sarah. I can't quite tell, but I know all the time everywhere must have been begun. As soon as we got out of the train, most of our party made towards one of the gardens, and I went in with the crowd.

Eliz. Did the sight of these fine gardens make up to you for what you had lost?

Sarah. Oh! no, not by no, no! They would have been pretty enough to see, I dare say, had my heart been light; but I felt as if God was all the while at home, and their tall shadows in the sunshine look sweeter far than all the grand things I saw, for you know I felt as if I was a wale in the path, when the afternoon service is over, and the children come out of school; all of us together before God, and we go home, or afterwards, just as the reason is, and then we enjoy our quiet walk.

Eliz. It is quite impossible to enjoy God's creatures as we do ought, if we think we are displeasing *Him*, who is the creator.

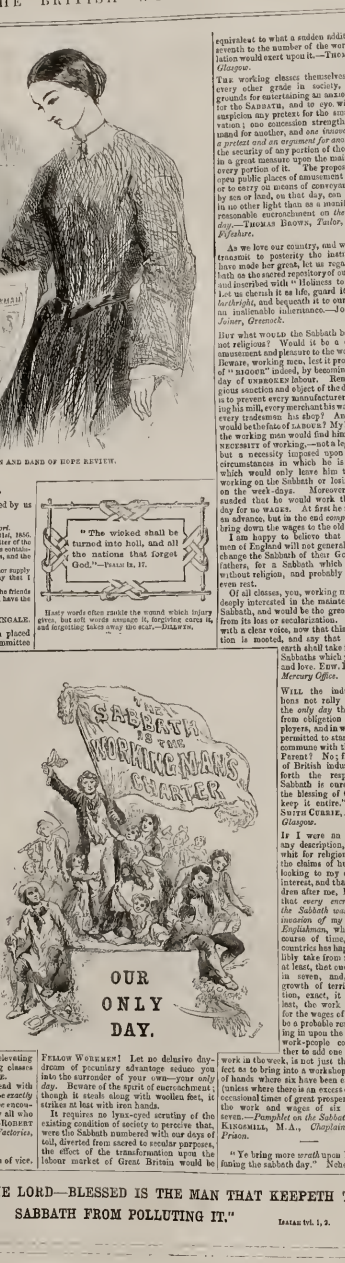
Sarah. After we had walked about a long while, my husband said we should go and call on his cousin, who lives very near the porter's lodge, and there we should have our tea at our leisure; and we turned out of the garden, I heard the chime of distant bells. Oh! I said, I don't care for my dinner, let me go to this church. I heard its bells chiming; but my husband would not hear of it till we had had something to eat, and the little ones were crying for their dinner, so we turned into the house and several more with us whom we did not know. My husband's cousin received us kindly, and made every thing convenient for us in her little parlour.

Eliz. Did you go to the church at last?

Sarah. When we had finished our dinner, I asked my cousin if there was any church near, where I might go to, for afternoon service. Yes, answered she, there is service at that church where you heard the bells when you came in, and I made for to go there when afternoon came, till these gardens were opened on Sundays, but now one or other of our friends drops in, and I am hindered.

Eliz. Mistaken she has not much zeal for God's service.

Sarah. Well, I could not rest till I had made an attempt to go to this church, but my husband would not be persuaded to go with me, one of the party had asked if I was not afraid to be lost, and whether the master of the house furnished it, or it was fetched elsewhere; I cannot tell, but it must be too long; when I got back to my cousin's house, I found the party still sitting round the jug of ale, and I fear they would have not much longer had not some one reminded them that it was almost time for our train to start; so we all set off together, and I thanked my cousin for her good will to me and the children, and we went to the station in as much haste as we had set off in the morning, and I am sure we had taxes the house then; and as for people talking of the gardens we had seen,



MISS NIGHTINGALE DISTRIBUTING THE BRITISH WORKMAN AND BAND OF HOPE REVIEW.

MISS NIGHTINGALE.

THE following letter has been received by us from Miss Nightingale:—

Barrack Hospital, Scutari,
Jan. 21st, 1856.

Sir,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st January, and to thank you for the packets containing the yearly parts of the *British Workman*, and the *Band of Hope Review*.

As you kindly offer me a choice of a further supply of yearly or monthly numbers, I beg to say that I should prefer the monthly numbers.

With my best thanks to yourself, and to the friends who are kindly joining in this commission, I have the honour to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,
FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Several contributions having been placed in the hands of the undersigned fund committee of the *Band of Hope Review*, for the purpose of transmitting copies of that periodical, and the *British Workman* to Miss Nightingale, for the wounded soldiers, a letter (to which the above is a reply) was sent to that lady, offering her the choice of *yearly parts* or *monthly numbers*. A parcel containing 3000 copies of the two publications has since been forwarded through Messrs. Hayter and Howell, and a further supply will be forwarded *monthly* to Miss Nightingale if the funds will allow.

Any of our readers who may be desirous of aiding this object can forward their contributions to the treasurer, Henry Ford Barclay, Esq., of Walthamstow, Essex, or the Rev. Josh. Kingsmill, M.A., Chaplain to the Government Model Prison, Pentonville, London.

Sums above £1 can be paid (if more convenient) to the bankers, Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, Tritton, & Co., 54, Lombard Street, London.

"I heartily concur in the commendations which have been bestowed on the *British Workman*, and I beg you will place my name on your subscribers' list. The artistic taste with which it is got up, and its excellent moral tendency, make it eminently calculated to produce an elevating and beneficial effect on the laboring classes of England."—EARL OF ALDERMASTON.

"The *British Workman* I have read with great pleasure. It seems to me to be *exactly the kind of publication* which should be encouraged by the working classes, and by all who are interested in their welfare."—ROBERT BAKER, Esq., *Sub-Inspector of Factories, Leeds.*

"The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."—PSALM IX. 17.

Hasty words often rankle the wound which injury gives, but soft words assuage it, forgiving cares it, and forgetting takes away the scar.—DIBDIN.

TESTIMONY OF BLACKSMITHS.

WE, the undersigned BLACKSMITHS, cheerfully testify that we have performed our labours during the years undersigned without the use of spirituous or malt liquors. We get through our work better without such beverages than with them, and we strongly recommend our brother Blacksmiths to follow our example, as we feel assured that they will thereby be, like ourselves, *better* in HEALTH, *heavier* in POCKET, and *happier* in MIND.

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	NO. OF YEARS AN ABSTAINER.
John Garrard,	*Bolton, Lancashire*	24
C. Pratt,	*Hull*	15
Peter Hunter,	*Darwick, Melrose*	15
Peter Fuels,	*Norwich*	15
John Dean,	*Morley, near Leeds*	15
James Hewitt,	*Arvdrat*	15
David Melvin,	*Alloa*	15
John Cubley,	*Bewsbottom*	15
John Delph,	*Norwich*	16
William Burn,	*Edinburgh, by Bathgate*	16
Charles McIlrpie,	*Fort Glasgow*	16
Richard Martin,	*Airdrie*	17
James D. Hunter,	*Morningside, Edinburgh*	17
John Webster,	*Bolton, Lancashire*	17
Peter Harrower,	*Gifford, Haddingtonshire*	17
Thomas Denton,	*Featherstone, Pontefract*	17
John Campbell,	*Gorbion, near Gatehouse*	18
William Sinclair,	*Netherallan*	3
Alexander Forrier Cook,	*Dumbarton*	16
George Irvingle,	*Pratchbryrne*	3
James Kennedy,	*Earnock Bridge*	5
James Dunn,	*Tillicoultry*	5
William Milne,	*Keith*	3
Thomas Allan,	*Alnwick*	3
James Cross,	do.	13
William Kirk,	do.	3
James Pow,	do.	1
Alexander Walker,	do.	1
James Wells,	do.	1
William Waugh,	do.	1
William Chisholm,	do.	1
George Williamson,	do.	1
Thomas Duncanson,	*Grangemouth*	5
James Manson,	do.	5
Peter Jackson,	*Grangemouth*	5
George Murray,	*Gourock*	3
William Hutchinson,	*Gateshead, near Durham*	3
Alexander Hutchinson,	do.	3
John Hendersen,	do.	3
William Lacy,	*Heads, Hull*	3
Johnson Bannery,	do.	3
George Mellors,	do.	3
William Kerr, Jun.,	*Pen Street, Leith*	3½
James Docherty,	*Ardrossan*	1
John Ellinks,	do.	1
Joseph Parker,	*Accommodation Road, Leeds*	18
George Nixon,	*Duke Street,* do.	12
Walter Ward,	*Hull's Yard,* do.	34
John Carrington,	*Meadow Lane,* do.	4
Alfred Chancis,	do.	4
William Blackburn,	*Newman Lane,* do.	4
William Ward,	*Meadow Lane,* do.	6½
Alexander Lawson,	*Low Valley Field, by Calrose*	1
Thomas Hebertson,	*Gosley, Dumfriesshire*	1
Robert Campbell,	*Corrock*	1
Samuel Crillay,	*Gosley*	1
James Porch,	*Gosley*	5
John Parrish,	*Gosley*	5
Robert Farnsden,	*St. Boswells*	5
James Lowrie,	*St. Boswells*	5
George Henderson,	*Maxton*	5
Samuel Williams,	do.	5
John Hipps,	*Eaton*	5
James Alcorn,	*Newcastle*	3
John Blackwood,	*Selkirk, Roxburghshire*	21
Richard Tubbers,	do.	26
John Billings	do.	14
Henry Lansdale	do.	14
William Ridings,	do.	14
William Blackburn,	do.	14
Edward Wilson,	do.	14
Stephen Peck,	do.	14
George Gwyn,	*Croton, Stirling*	16
Matthew Petty,	*High St., Hull*	15
Samuel Williams,	*Hull*	5
Jo. Williams,	do.	5
James Alcorn,	*West Calder*	12
William Gardner,	*Edinburgh*	13
William Dempster,	*Kirkinner, Dumfries*	13
James Dempster,	do.	13
William Forbs,	*Hilltown, Dundee*	5
William Smith,	*Queen St.* do.	5
James Nicoll,	do.	3
James Fairbairn,	do.	2
David Melville,	do.	2
Robert Smith,	do.	2
Robert Scoular,	*Cowlairs, near Glasgow*	1
David Sessions,	*Pancrofts, Glasgow*	4
David Rutherford,	*Brock*	4
James Rutherford,	do.	4
William Hall,	*Englishbarn*	4
William Anderson,	*Gallowgate, Glasgow*	1
William Anderson, Jun.,	do.	1
Matthew Henry,	*Preston*	1
William Swift,	*Blackburn*	12
Edward Quinton,	*Leaton, Suffolk*	15
James Johnson,	*Leith*	1
John Holt,	*Rochdale*	12
Thomas Richardson,	*Boston*	15
George Mettinger,	*Glasgow*	1

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And making fine reflections on them, which my husband had said, I should find as good as a sermon, I heard very little of that, but much more of just such talk as might have been heard if we had all been returning from a fair!

Ella. I hope you got home safely at last.

Sarah. Yes, we did, but we had a comfortless home, the children had been returned some time from the Sunday school, but Tom had gone out for a walk or a game of play with some other boys, and Mary had fallen asleep in her father's great chair, I had to shake her well before I could wake her up; and then the fire was almost gone out and no kettle boiling for tea, and the little ones were clamouring for their supper. At last we got things in order, the fire burnt up and the kettle boiled, and Tom was come in, and we all sat down to tea; but oh! how unlike our pleasant cheerful tea hour on our usual Sundays. My husband scarcely spoke, and I could scarcely hold my head up, the little ones were tired out, and the two eldest were not a bit like themselves; however, I got the great Bible out and read a chapter with them, when the little ones were in bed, but my husband would not join with us, he said he was too tired to read; and that his head ached. I feared I could guess why it ached, for you know he never could bear ale in his life, and when I asked him to join with us in the evening hymn, for he has a beautiful voice, he said no in such a positive tone, and went off to bed. I saw the children look earnestly at him, but they said nothing. So at last this sorrowful Sunday came to an end, and I cried for a long while after I was in bed, thinking to myself, Oh! is this what the world calls pleasure and improvement! oh! am I come to this? and I believe I fell asleep with the clergyman's text in my mouth, "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of ungodliness," and this morning I am so unhappy, I cannot tell what to think of all that has happened.*

Ella. Why, think this, Shall man be wiser than his Maker? shall the Creator, the Lord of hosts, give his creatures a day wherein they shall have time to attend in his courts to how before his footstool, to enquire of his blessed will and of their own glorious hopes; shall they be promised an inheritance in the land that is very far off, and to have a glimpse of the king in his beauty; shall all these privileges be afforded them; and shall they think scorn of them and invent for themselves such delights as they of their own fleshly wisdom reckon to be better? What would our earthly queen think of a man, who would refuse to go to court when invited, and say that he was better pleased to dance a reel with beggars.

Sarah. But my dear, kind old friend, can you give me any advice what to do?

Ella. It is quite plain that you must obey God rather than man, and you must pray to be directed aright in your difficulty, and I will pray too for you; and there is one thing however, which does occur to me, in which I might perhaps help you; I believe your husband has a great regard for me, as being his mother's oldest friend living, and I will if I am able come down some evening this week, and have a little talk with him.

Sarah. And oh, may God's blessing be upon the wise discourse which I am sure you will have with him.

(To be continued.)

FELLOW WORKMEN! Let no delusive dry-dream of pecuniary advantage seduce you into the surrender of your own—your *only day*. Beware of the spirit of encroachment; though it steals along with woollen feet, it strikes at last with iron hands.

It requires no lynx-eyed scrutiny of the existing condition of society to perceive that, were the Sabbath numbered with our days of toil, diverted from sacred to secular purposes, the effect of the transformation upon the labour market of Great Britain would be equivalent to what a sudden addition of one-seventh to the number of the working population would exert upon it.—THOMAS BROWN, *Glasgow.*

THE working classes themselves, as well as every other grade in society, have good grounds for entertaining an anxious solicitude for the SABBATH, and to eye with extreme suspicion any project for the smallest innovation; since concession strengthens the demand for another, and one *innovation affords a pretext and an argument for another*, so that the security of any portion of the day depends in a great measure upon the maintenance of every portion of it. The proposal to throw open public places of amusement and resort, or to carry on means of conveyance, whether by sea or land, on that day, can be regarded in no other light than as a manifest and unreasonable encroachment *on the poor man's day*.—THOMAS BROWN, *Tudor, Anstruther, Fifeshire.*

As we love our country, and would wish to transmit to posterity the institutions that have made her great, let us regard the Sabbath as the sacred repository of our privileges, and inscribed with "Holiness to the Lord." Let us cherish it as life, guard it as our own *birthright*, and bequeath it to our children as an inalienable inheritance.—JOHN BROWN, *Grimer, Greenock.*

But what WOULD the Sabbath be, if it were not religious? Would it be a day of mere amusement and pleasure to the working man? Beware, working men, lest it prove to be a day of "BLOOD" indeed, by becoming a SEVENTH day of UNBRIDLED labour. Remove the religious sanction and object of the day, and what is to prevent every manufacturer from opening his mill, every merchant his warehouse, and every tradesman his shop? And then what would be the fate of LABOUR? My beliefs, that the working man would find himself under a NECESSITY of working,—not a legal necessity, but a necessity imposed upon him by the circumstances in which he is placed, and which would only leave him the option of working on the Sabbath or losing his work on the week-days. Moreover, I am persuaded that he would work this SEVENTH day for no WAGES. At first he might obtain an advance, but in the end competition would bring down the wages to the old standard.

I am happy to believe that the working men of England will not generally consent to change the Sabbath of their God and their fathers, for a Sabbath which would begin without religion, and probably end without even rest.

Of all classes, you, working men, are most deeply interested in the maintenance of the Sabbath, and would be the greatest sufferers from its loss or secularization. Speak, then, with a clear voice, now that this great question is mooted, and say that no power on earth shall take from you the Sabbath which you received from God and love. EDW. BAINES, *Leeds Mercury Office.*

WILL the industrial millions not rally in defence of the *only day* they are freed from obligation to their employers, and in which they are permitted to stand erect, and commune with their common Father? No; from the heart of British industry shall go forth the response, "The Sabbath is ours, and, with the blessing of God, we will keep it entire."—WALTER SMITH CURRIE, *Plane Maker, Glasgow.*

IF I were an operative of any description, not caring a whit for religion, nor yet for the claims of humanity, but looking to my own personal interest, and that of my children after me, I should feel that *every encroachment on the Sabbath was, so far, an invasion of my rights as an Englishman*, which would in course of time, as in other countries has happened, infallibly take from me, or them at least, that one day of rest in seven, and, from the growth of terrible competition, exact, it might be, at least, the work of *seven* days for the wages of six. If this be a probable result of breaking in upon the Sabbath, let work-people consider whether it add one day more for a week, it not just the same in effect as to bring into a workshop another pair of hands where six have been employed, and (unless where there is an excess of work, at occasional times of great prosperity) to divide the work and wages of six amongst the seven.—*Pamphlet on the Sabbath by* REV. J. KINGSMILL, M.A., *Chaplain, Pentonville Prison.*

"Ye bring more *wrath* upon Israel by profaning the sabbath day."—Nehemiah xiii. 18.

"THUS SAITH THE LORD—BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT KEEPETH THE SABBATH FROM POLLUTING IT."

ISAIAH lvi. 1, 2.

BRITISH WORKMAN

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.

TRY! TRY AGAIN.

PREPARE FOR A RAINY DAY.

THE LITTLES MAKE THE MICKLES.

NEVER DESPAIR.

No. 16. PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & Co.; A. W. BENNETT; AND W. TWEEDIE, LONDON. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

"IT'S NOBBUT," AND "NIVVER HEED."

A LECTURE BY DR. BARES, INSPECTOR OF FACTORIES, LEEDS.

"It's nobbut," and "nivver heed," are words not taken from the Fegmoor "Almanac," though they might fairly lay claim to such a relationship. No; they are of a far more ancient date than that widely-famed journal can boast of. They are more than coeval with the Yorkshire dialect, even though it were associated with Constantius the Good. They, in fact, or terms of similar importance, have descended to us through all ages.

Perhaps two more important sentences are not to be found in any language whatever. They are a real multum in parvo; a great deal in a little room. In their full scape and meaning, lie the greatest truths and the most serious consequences. They are, in fact, so plain and legible that he who runs may read, that is, if he likes, but it isn't everybody who is so disposed. Now, although every real Yorkshireman knows what is meant by "nobbut and nivver heed," yet, for the benefit of those who do not belong to that country, and are not, therefore, "so up to it," as Yorkshire people are, we must give their meaning in further detail; so, for "it's nobbut," read, "it is nothing but," or, "it is only;" and for "nivver heed," "never mind," or, "who cares?" and thus we have, in two sentences, answers, which are used perpetually by all classes, and all ages, at all seasons, and upon a vast variety of occasions.

"It's nobbut," though a term so common among us, is rather an offensive one, and is at all times disparaging. It sets a low value upon everything to which it refers, or of which it speaks, whether it be of things dead or living. It deals with them as we deal with doctors when we are well; *i. e.*, we wouldn't care if there wasn't a doctor in the world, nor any physic; or as with time when we are young, as if we should never grow old; or as with money when we have plenty, as if we should never want any; or as with a vast variety of other things, of the

DR. BARES INTERVIEW WITH THE YORKSHIRE FACTORY GIRLS. (*See next page.*) [From a Photograph by BAUMB.

10,000, 2-60.

real nature of which we are ignorant.

"Never heed," is not always, but can be worse than "it's nobbut." It can be absolutely contemptuous, proud, and haughty. It sometimes not only depresses its neighbour, but sets itself up so high that it is scarcely be recognized in any humble garb; as, for instance,—

"There's somebody coming," says one.

"Who is it?" says another.

"Oh, so and so.

"Why, never heed." Again:

"Don't do that, somebody it see yo."

"Why, what if he does? never heed."

Again:

"I'll colt and tell your master, sir, of your misconduct."

"He sure he'll tell t'mester."

"Why, what if he does? never heed."

Again:

"You are in bad company and will be ruined."

"Well, never you heed; I don't." Again:

"We soll be too *leet* for t'train."

"Well, never heed; we can gan by t'next."

Once more:

"He says we're to *gan* tit schoil."

"What to do?"

"Why, to *larn*."

"Oh, never heed; let's go *loike*."

But, in another sense, it represents its character; for, to downhearted persons it says, "Never heed; cheer up!" and to repulsers, which are not foolish, but weakness, it says, "Never heed; try again." So, as is the case in all other things, you see, there is a good and a bad even in "never heed."

I might indeed weary you with such illustrations as these, but what have been selected are sufficient for both index and preface. I proceed I shall probably branch out into other kinds of sequences from the same parent stem, as the hope, that, though "it's nobbut and never heed" make a singular title for a lecture, and do not appear at the outset to promise much variety, yet I shall, perhaps, make something, of it at last; for, my friends, though this lecture is not, neither was it ever intended to be a profound one, yet you know honey may be found in many a place beside the hive; and I shall, in some parts of the world, indeed, where it is sweeter than natural wild flowers, than when gathered from those which are more carefully cultivated.

Moreover, you have learned lectures from men whose lives are science. I would be, therefore, of little use following in their wake. But, as an ancient and wise pagan said, "There seems to be no near an alliing between wisdom, philosophy, and good counsels, that it is rather matter of curiosity than of profit to divide them," so I choose good counsels for my lecture, believing with the same pagan that "without a good direction, as men grow learned, they may be less careful of being good; and believing, too, with that same pagan, that "when we have struck the affections with plain and weighty reasons, and follow it up with kindness and respect, there follows a blessing upon counsels and discourses that are both wholly upon the good of the hearers." So let us divide the subject and begin. And first:

It's nobbut sixpence.

Who says that? Why, the person who hasn't learnt the value of money, nor probably of anything else.

I know that the love of money is said to be the root of all evil; yet, from it, many springs a tree which puts out both branches and leaves of very great use to society, and which society can in some measure claim. One of the wisest philosophers of any age thus propounded its value:

"When I had nothing, nobody looked at me; but now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody says, "What a fine day it is!"

And we have an old saying:

"That he is the least likely to get a wet jacket who has provided for a rainy day."

And again:

"That the world will look less coldly on him who has sixpence of his own, than on him who runs to borrow one."

Now, sixpence is a very small sum, but then,

"It's the littles that make the mickles."

Moreover:

"The mewhall is increased by being rolled, not among other matters, but among its own particles." And

"He who is sensible of the value of one sixpence won't be long before he tries to double it."

Money, indeed, is often lost for the want of Money.

Without a little consideration of the matter what would believe what sixpence has accomplished by sixpences; or what depriva-tions people have who haven't any. If a man is dependent, they will stand him independent; if poor, by them he may become rich; if without possessions, he may become a freeholder; if a labourer, a master; in short, with due care and economy in early life, there is no occasion, generally, for any man to be either a pauper, a beggar, or a slave. Once in his life, every man has the opportunity to alter his condition, only let him avail himself of it; and if men cannot stood their own powers, and the gifts which God has bestowed upon them, all would find that their lives had fallen in pleasant places and that for every one there was a goodly heritage, room enough and to spare.

And, my friends, neither doubt nor be afraid if all have not succeeded alike. All were not made to succeed alike. If I am a nobody, a painter, there would be no painters; and if every star was a planet, there would be no constellations; and even though some persons are poor, and so remain all their lives, what then?

"Poverty is not a shame, but the being ashamed of it." And

"All difficulties give way to diligence."

And "He is not poor that hath not much, but he that craves much."

Can a collection of sixpences make a man a master?

There was a man who spent sixpence every night in gin-and-water, who, on a sudden, bethought himself that he would give it up, and put the sixpences in a money-box. In four years, when he opened his box, he found in it thirty guineas, and with that he set himself up in business.

Sixpences saved, collected, and put out to interest, become at last pounds.

I have a friend, I call him a friend because of his conduct, who is a policeman at a railway station, whose fortune is an instance of this. I know him when he used to say "It's nobbut sixpence, and then I throw it away on beer and tobacco, as if tipple and smoke were the end of his existence, as, indeed, they were of his life. His house was almost without furniture, his fire without coals, his bell-case without crank, his bed without bolster, his wife ill-looking, and he probably had a meal a week, if all his meals were put together. As a whole, his house was one of the most miserable homes I ever knew.

But when he found, by long continued experience, how very much sixpences might become, the whole affair showed itself in another aspect.

By slow degrees, the comforts of life gathered round him again. First there came home an shrum clock, and then a chest of drawers; the clock to tell him when it was time to go to bed and get up, and the drawers for his best Sunday clothes to be put carefully by in. Once more, clean, and a crockery rattled upon his board. There is no master house now than his; and besides all this, he has a hundred pounds out at interest, and all from sixpences earning three and sixpence a day, and covering all his expenses with a little shilling. And that my policeman, though not independent, is fast hastening to that goal of his ambition.

"What do you do with the interest, said I to him a few days ago?"

"My wife puts it t'principal, sir," says he.

"And what are you aiming at at last?"

"Eight shillings a week, sir," said he. "When my wife and I are old, we can live very comfortably on eight shillings a week, and we shall have no occasion to be indebted to nobody. *Cheares nor nout.*" And, my friends, if you rely upon being helped hereafter by your children, you may be disappointed. There was an old man whom I saw the other day breaking stones by the roadside. You gave me a piece of friendly advice on this subject.

"Pray, my old friend," said I, "how is it that you are breaking stones at your time of life?"

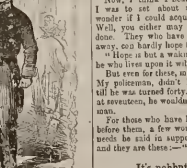
"Ah, sir," said he, "I said break stones as long as I could Chammer."

"Why have you not provided in early life for your own old age?"

"Why, I did over many bairns for that."

"Why, then, surely some of your children might take care of you now?"

"Bless you, sir," said he, "it shews how little you know of human life—I've seen t'lad less scrat for chicken money t'ime than in all yer life yo never seed t'chicken scrat for t'lad bun."



So you see, with regard to my policeman, when it was nobbut sixpence, he was in the condition, as to wife, family, and home, of one of his nobbuts; but as soon as he found the value of accumulating sixpences, "it's nobbut" left him, and he changed his tune to "its sixpence man, and sixpence goes a long way."

But, addressing myself to persons of careful thought, I wish to show you how fast money accumulates to depositors, who can make small but regular deposits in the savings bank, and allow them to remain there at interest and compound interest. One shilling a week, in seven years, amounts to £20 3s 4d. Two shillings to £40 6s. 8d. Three shillings to £60 10s (that was the saving of my friend the policeman). Four shillings to £80 13s. 4d. Five shillings to £100 16s. 8d. Six to £121, and seven to £141 3s 4d. I recommend you therefore to try which of these figures may suit your economical pocket, and make a beginning at the very earliest opportunity. But please to bear in mind, that I am recommending you to save money, I am not advising you to become niggards; on the contrary, my policeman friends, and I agree with him, that when a man has as much of his own, as satisfies every reasonable want, he needs to exercise no care to increase that. The least that a man can live upon is as much as nature requires; everything beyond that creates new toils, and new cares in proportion.

My great counsel said to me once:

"I came to Lincoln with only 6 guineas, and now I have it, and take away £45,000; but I was far happier when I had only a guinea than I am now; for then, all my anxiety was, how to get money; now, it is how to keep it; my present anxiety is therefore increased by that of 45,000 times."

Now, I think I hear some of you say, "If I was to set about saving sixpences, I wonder I'd acquire an independence!" Well, you either may or you might have done. They who have thrown their chance away, can hope for it back. Hear the poet:

"Hope is but a waking man's dream, and he who lives upon it will die fasting."

But, my friends, much may be expected. My policeman, didn't learn his experience till he was turned forty. If he had learnt it at seventeen, he wouldn't have been a policeman.

For those who have life and the world all before them, I have words encouraging, and that needs be said in support of the argument, and they are these:—"He who will—may."

It's nobbut sixpence.

There were two men in Yorkshire, who began life under similar circumstances; the same house expense, families, and everything. One was determined to save every sixpence he could, the other to spend every sixpence he had; but both determined never to be nobbuts.

And so they went on with prosperous times, the one saving, and the other spending, but the former increasing, for seven years; at which time, the one had £60 10s. in the savings bank, and the other, nothing; but both were out of debt.

But now there came bad times; so the one dipped into the savings bank, the other into the pockets of the butcher, baker, grocer, shoemaker, doctor, and landlord, exactly in the same proportion, in the hope that good times would come again.

But then, you know, good times and bad times don't come as people want them; so the sum in the savings bank grew very much smaller, and the debts in the books grew very much larger, till, when the bad times did come, there was in the bank was a good deal diminished, in the one case, and in the other, the man was more in debt than he could ever repay all the rest of his life.

But there was this difference further, that though the sum in the savings bank was very much diminished, it was not all gone, and a little more industry and economy soon brought that right again; while it took all the time that that money was raising, and half as much more, to try to pay off many of the urgent debts which had accumulated, in the other case, before he could make a fair start again; and when that time did come, he was too old to begin, and too much of a slave to try.

"Its nobbut sixpence;" and yet you see, if both these workmen, and if every workman had £60 10s. before-hand, which they all might have if they would be careful and economical in their expenditure and early years of age, allowing even for bad times, not only could'nt wages be reduced, but workmen would be no occasion to stand idle a few months of bad times; and there would be no necessity for them to apply to the parish.

Moreover, we should all be better for the spirit of independence for he who has a little money laid by, as the result of his hard labour and prudence, has it in his power to be humane if discrimination can break. Tell him that work is plentiful, and he opens this box every now and then, and, pulling out a sixpence, gives it to some starving gutter. But tell him that his fellow workmen are going to strike for higher wages, and he thinks it—that in consequence more policemen will have to be employed, and more taxes to be paid, and he not only looks at it, but thinks it—and that there may be a revolution in consequence, and he bursts it, and wishes and prays for renewed order, and more employment as in days gone by.

It's nobbut sixpence.

Addressing a group of factory girls who were seated on a factory floor at dinner time, getting dinner, who had earned very large wages for many years, I said:

"Pray," said I, "how many of you nineteen girls can read and write?"

"Why non on us. Wat good wod it dew us?"

"Well, you could read for yourselves, and write your letters."

"We an letters to *rite*."

"Well, how many of you are married?"

"Nay, we're non on us wel."

"How so? You have had large wages for a long time, and must have money before hand. How much have any of you in the savings bank?"

"Why *none!*"

"Well, but tell me, do any of you know how much you would have had by this time, if you had put by three shillings a week for the last seven years, week by week, and never touch it?"

"Nay, we're never *gien* it a *thowt*."

"Well," said I, "by this time you would have had £60 10s."

"Eh, *and we?*"

"Yes," I said, "you would; and then tell me many of you would have been married at the present moment?"

"Eph," said one, "wot a *wod* an been wi t'lad wen we were afore now!"

Its nobbut sixpence! and yet sixpence a day would in seven years produce £60 10s. Sixpence a day in seven years would himself a house of his own, and possess the franchise; and square this, or my lord that, might not be able to carry the day against him at the election.

A shilling a day put by for twenty years, would produce £510, with which a man might build a little cottage, and, taking its account, and finally attain great wealth and position, and many a parent in respectable life, who has spent a shilling a day in nothings, might thus realize for a daughter at twenty, beginning at birth, a nice little sum to start herself with, which would be waiting for its death.

In 1847, there were two overlookers of forty years of age, who had saved £100 a piece, and who, by economy and some partnership in the manufacturing districts. They hired a certain quantity of machinery and commenced business on a small, but, by-and-by, nearly lost all their money, and on one Saturday, in my presence, got to high words as to who should pay his wages for that week. In 1849, they were netting, each man, £1,200 a year, and have since separated and became masters for themselves, and a-year ago, were worth £7,000 a-piece.

My friends, sixpence to-day, and sixpence to-morrow, and the next day, saved, would buy a Sunday dinner, and when spent, you would only have to look down your neighbour's area with unavailing regret, and it was a true saying.

"Let him that is without money, go and try to borrow some."

And if you really want to know the value of sixpence, imagine yourselves a long way from home, where nobody knows you, with nothing in your pocket.

(To be continued.)

To many of our readers in the southern counties, A GLOSSARY *of some of the Yorkshire words in italics may be useful.*

lest, late—*Chaires*, the children—*wod*, would—*gan, go*—*nout*, nothing—*gien*, given—*larn*, learn—*loike*, play—*dew, do*—*wod*, should—*clickting*, competition, effort to secure.

THE SMUGGLER'S DEATH-BED.

(Continued from page 58.)

I said, B——, I know all the sad story; that sin was not young, but you may learn from it the evil of bad companions, and that "if thou you get better you will forsake them." I shall never get better, sir, I am a dying man—and my father and mother's family have gone off in consumption—I am going out of this world; oh, if I could but feel I was going to a better! but I can't, I cannot, I can dwell with everlasting burnings!" I expected another of those painful scenes in which despair overpowers hope, and therefore tried to divert his attention by speaking of the commands who borrot his Bible. He told me that all those who had been at present aboard a man-of-war, and that two of them had died off the slave coasts, of the black fever. They had taken with them that book in the fire, lay then dangerously ill, from the effects of a fall. "Do you think, B——, said I, "that if God had meant to send you to hell at last, he would have taken such care of you all your life, and even now have brought you to a place for repentance and for peace?" When a man is hungry, sir, he will eat what, when full, he refuses; I am afraid I am like that man, for I am not happy, and I am dying, I want comfort, but do I love the Lord Jesus Christ?" "That is a question which you yourself should answer. What has Christ done? Has he not died for sinners? Did you not love those men who were off in a squall in a boat, the night before last week? I heard you say as much; and do you not love Christ for dying, the just for the unjust? Look at Christ, B——, and I can' help loving him when I think about his coming from heaven, and being 'a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief' to give himself to God's law for man's sin. I do love him when I think about that; but, sir, I don't think to talk about Christ as I do about my sins." "I should be sorry for you to forget your sins, but you must try to look beyond them to Jesus Christ, who said, 'Look unto me, and be ye saved.' Isaiah xlv. 22. You must anchor fast to the blessed truth, that Christ died on the cross, and now dwells in heaven as 'a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.'" Acts v. 31.

On leaving my sick and sorrowful disciple, I met my friend the surgeon, who said to me abruptly, "You have trouble on your mind, he will not trouble you long, he is going very fast; I have never seen disease make such hasty strides." This news, while it much grieved me, made me more anxious as to the state of his soul, and more concerned that his end might be peace.

On the following morning a wreck took place, and he was the master of a cutter—and son were drowned. I visited B——, and found him sinking fast under his disease. He told me that he was sorry for his sinful bodies being found, and he expressed his thankfulness to God that he was to die on his bed, with his wife and family around him. When I said to him, "But, if you are not with Christ in your dying hours, your bed will be a bed of thorns, and your present mercies only make your future state more awful," he replied, "Christ is with me; he has come and taken away my heart, and I love him; I love him with an everlasting love.' I now see all this sickness to have been a towing line to drag me to the anchorage. I can now trust in the Saviour of sinners. Last night was a blessed night to me, I thought I was in the arms of my Redeemer, I felt Christ; I felt my heart called out in prayer, and now I am full of praise; I want some one to tell them how happy I am, and all because I believe that Christ loves me."

Here was a change; I stood amazed. He saw it and said, "Sir, you stare, but it is all true; Christ loves me; why, I cannot tell, but he loves me." "Then you are now happy?" "So happy, that if heaven is only like this, it will be a rare berth. I am beloved of the Son of God, and I feel as sure of it as if I heard it from the heaven saying." "Yes, the Lord Jesus Christ loves you. You have often prayed with me; now, sir, praise God for your mercies, sir, kneel down and pray to God as a sinner to worthless sinners. Wife, children, kneel down, bless God, sir, bless God." We did kneel down to think God for the grace which brings salvation, and which had appeared to this man, nor shall I ever forget the earnest "Amen" which he uttered to every form of thanks used, or the heaven-like air we seemed to breathe.

When we rose up he said "Again, again," and never till that time did I feel so strongly the weakness of the flesh, for my praises were soon exhausted, though a saved sinner lay before me, as a brand plucked from the burning. Once more I knelt, but to this second prayer I was unwilling to be the great mercy and favour of the Lord to a sinner, the sick man said nothing; and no wonder; for when I arose and looked on his face, his jaw was fallen, his eyes were fixed, and his spirit was fled. "Lord, I thank thee, I thank thee, as a humbly hope, to join the general assembly of saints, who had been washed from their sins in the blood of the Lamb."

Reader, you have now heard of the life and death of the Smuggler, in which is set forth, "Christ Jesus, there sin abounded, grace did much more abound; surely, nothing is too hard for the Almighty. Are you, by nature, a sinner? Are you, by practice, a quiet life in all godliness of righteousness? Are you a follower of these, who now, through faith and patience, inherit the promises? Have you been made willing by Divine power and grace to give up all sin, and serve God with your mind, heart, and soul, and service to the Lord Jesus Christ? If so, you are highly favoured, and may look forward to a blessed eternity, where the eye hath not seen, nor ear heard. Oh, glorify your Lord and Saviour! live in his Spirit, and walk in the ways of righteousness, until your warfare is accomplished, and you are for ever with the Lord.

Are you a wanderer from among the ungodly? Is thine heart unchanged? Are thy ways the ways of wickedness? Is there no love to God, no desire to be reconciled to God? Stop and consider on the folly of thy ways, and the madness of thy conduct. Oh, do not put off the concerns of thy soul to a dying hour, or dying hour, but "seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near." Oh, do not put off the work of Jesus Christ, let him be secured, saith the Holy Ghost," 2 Cor. xvi. 22. "He that believeth in the Son hath life everlasting. The day is coming, saith the Lord, when all that do wickedly shall be stubble," Mal. iv. 1. "Top which shall be turned into Hell, and all the nations that forget God," Psm. ix. 17 "Oh, flee from the wrath to come," Luke iii. 7. Christ's arms are open, and the manner of his love cannot shall be forgiven, "Seek ye my Him that came to seek and to save. Despise not the warning, for be assured if thou will not trust in Christ, thou must have a place in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.

Reader, though the smuggler is dead, yet may this account of his life speak to thee, bearing witness to the fact, that, whatsoever thou wrestle, that shall be reap. Fear well! Grace, mercy, and peace with thee!

UPRIGHT BENCH FOR SHOEMAKERS.

WE purpose calling the attention of our readers to the peculiar diseases and ailments which afflict several trades, and shall endeavour to procure such information and suggestions as will tend, not only to alleviate those sufferings, but (which is far more important,) to PREVENT them.

SHOEMAKERS claim special sympathy. The records of our hospitals give most distressing narratives of the sufferings of the sons of St. Crispin, arising chiefly from their long-sitting posture, and the heavy pressure upon the breast. A working shoemaker 60 years of age, not deformed and asthmatical, is a rarity.

We rejoice to find that Mr. Sparkes Hall of 308, Regent Street, London, boot and shoemaker to Her Majesty, has been turning his attention to the subject, and has invented a most valuable bench, shown in our engraving, which will enable the shoemaker to stand or sit at pleasure. Mr. Hall has recently delivered an able and interesting lecture on the subject, which, we are glad to find, has been printed for general circulation. A copy may be had by enclosing two postage stamps to Mr. Hall at the above address.

Mr. John O'Neill,* who has attained considerable notoriety as a poetical shoemaker, was one of the first to adopt the upright bench, and he states, "At the time I took to upright shoemaking I was much afflicted with indigestion and heartburn, for which I in vain sought medical relief, but the *upright bench* was my best physician. I am satisfied, if it came generally into use, many disorders with which our trade is afflicted, particularly consumption, and other pulmonary complaints, would be much diminished."

We understand that Mr. Hall is prepared to supply these upright benches at from £1 to £2 each. We trust that they will speedily be adopted in all parts of the country.

*Mr O'NEILL is upwards of60 years of age. His "Triumph of Temperance" great is, and" Humphrey's, the Irish Pedlar," price 2d. published by Mr Tweedy, will supply some of the poetic fire, which the shoemaker will render acceptable aid to the sitters-with-bent-knees.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

"Son of Jonas, lov'st thou me?"
Peter grieved when thrice addressed;
"All things, Lord, are known to thee,
And my love amongst the rest."
"Feed my lambs," the Lord replied,
"Feed, and to my sheep be kind."

"British Workman, lov'st thou me?"
Jesus by his word inquires;
Canst thou answer, "Lord, to thee
Known are all my heart's desires;
Known to thee my faith and love,
Known my hope of rest above?"

British Workman, were it so,
Blest, though lowly were thy lot;
Daily would thy graces grow,
Toil and weariness forgot;
Like a Bethel thine abode,
Thou a king and priest to God!

DR. HUIE.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD STUDENT.

MANY years since, when the late Lieutenant Governor Phillips was a student of Harvard College, owing to some boyish freak, he left the university and went home. His father was a grave man, of sound mind and few words. He inquired into the business, but deferred expressing any opinion until the next day. At breakfast, he said, speaking to his wife, "My dear, have you any cloth in the house suitable to make Sam a frock and trousers?"

She replied, "Yes."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "follow me, my son."

Samuel kept pace with his father, as he leisurely walked near the common, and at length ventured to ask,

"What are you going to do with me, father?"

"I am going to bind you an apprentice to that blacksmith," replied Mr. Phillips. "Take your choice; return to college, or you must work."

"I had rather return," said the son.

He did return, confessed his fault, was a good scholar, and became an excellent and useful citizen. If all parents were like Mr. Phillips, many students at our colleges would prove better students, or the nation would have a more plentiful supply of blacksmiths.

MURDER DETECTED.

WHEN the Rev. Dr. Donne took possession of his first living he walked into the Churchyard and found the sexton digging a grave. The doctor took up a skull which lay on the earth, and began to indulge in serious contemplation. On looking at it attentively, he was surprised to find a needless nail sticking in one of the temples. This he carefully and secretly extracted, then asked the grave-digger whether he knew whose skull it was? The man said that he believed it belonged to a man who had kept a shop; a drunken fellow, who, one night having taken repeated quaffs of spirits was found dead in his bed the next morning. "Had he a wife?" "Yes." "Is she living?" "Yes." "What character does she bear?" "A very good one; only her neighbours reflect on her because she married again the very day after her husband had been buried."

The doctor's suspicions were aroused. He called upon the woman, asked her several questions, and especially and pointedly as to when was the cause of her husband's death. She giving him the same account as that which he had received from the sexton, he suddenly held the nail before her eyes, and said in a loud and authoritative tone, "Woman, do you know this nail? She was struck with horror at the unexpected sight of the too-well remembered instrument which her own hands had employed to take away her intoxicated and helpless husband's life. She immediately confessed that she had perpetrated the murderous deed. She was afterwards tried, condemned, and executed.

"Be sure your sin will find you out."

A SUNDAY EXCURSION.

BY MRS. CAMERON.

DIALOGUE II.

Between WILLIAM SMITH, HIS WIFE, *and* ELIZABETH MARTIN.

William.—And so you are come to preach me a sermon about keeping the Sabbath, as I guess from what you say, Bess; but you will not find me very easy to convince.

Eliz.—I can never believe that the son of such a mother as yours will be very hard to convince in a matter like this. Do I not remember seeing her clap her hands for very pleasure on a Saturday evening when she had finished all her work, for you know she was very lively? "And now," she would say, "the six days' work is done, now for the queen of days." And do I not remember your sitting on her lap in your clean nightgown, and her teaching you to say after her before you went to bed on Saturday night—

"O may I love that blessed day
The test of all the week?"

William.—Well! But you had better begin your sermon, and draw your chair nearer the fire.

Eliz.—It is not my office to preach sermons, but I will tell you a story.

Sarah.—A story!

Eliz.—You know when I was young I lived a good many years in a very nice family which travelled about a great deal, and I went with them, as it was my business to wait on the young ladies; and once we spent a year or two in the Isle of Wight, which, you know, is one, on the southern coast of England; and, while we were living there, a gentleman came and took a largish house very near to ours. It was in a very lovely valley going down to the sea; and here he placed ten orphan nieces, sisters, some of whom were in delicate health, and wanted a very mild climate; he established them with servants and all things necessary, and then he left them to take care of themselves, four being grown up; and he contented himself, as his own place was at a distance, with visiting them from time to time. Now, the number of them, and other circumstances about these sisters, made them talked of a good deal, as you may suppose, and my young ladies were greatly interested in them and visited them; and I too had many opportunities of seeing them as they walked about amongst the trees and by the brook which ran down their valley to the sea-side; and I do not think I ever saw four such beautiful creatures as the elder sisters. The three eldest were the most delicate, and had such an expression of countenance as made them look as if they had dropped from heaven. The youngest of the four was exceedingly lovely, but she seemed less delicate in her constitution, and was more active and lively; I believe she was the chief manager of the family. She spent much of her time in teaching her younger sisters, who used to gather round her, and look up to her as if she were their mother; and I am told that they were all tenderly joined to each other in love, and were always docile and obedient to her. But her chief delight seemed to be, companionship with her elder sisters.

Sarah.—Pretty creatures! what became of them?

Eliz.—Ah! it is a sorrowful story. Before we left the island a foreign ship was stranded on the shore by a great storm, and the crew was cast on land in a sad state of distress, so as to excite much pity from all the people in the island; and amongst others the elder sister I have spoken of, sent them relief, and even went to visit some of the females herself. But, alas! there was a dreadful epidemic amongst the poor people, and this fair young creature caught it and died.

William.—Poor thing! it must have been a great blow to the other.

Eliz.—Yes, indeed it was; and, in a few months (not to make my story too long) the three eldest, missing their sister's watchful care, and pining for her company, were all laid side by side close to her grave; and then the uncle broke up the establishment, and sent the six youngest to school; and I have since heard that not one of these sweet children is living. Their delicate constitutions were not understood where they went; and one by one, of one complaint or another, all went to an early grave.

William.—Indeed this is a very dismal story; but I do not see why you tell it me.

Eliz.—These lovely sisters often come into my remembrance, and I have thought that a very pretty and useful lesson might be gained from their history, their number being just ten.

William.—Ten! what of that?

Sarah.—Oh I think I take in what you are driving at; you would compare them to the ten commandments.

Eliz.—There are many people who talk of the Levitical law, and the directions given in that law to the Jews, as if they were to be mixed up with the ten commandments; and they fancy, because the Levitical law is not binding upon us Christians, therefore we need not keep the ten commandments. But that is a great mistake; and any one who would take the trouble to read the giving of the ten commandments by God, upon Mount Sinai, and would notice how it is said that they were written by the finger of God upon two tables of stone (and an awful account it is), any one who would do this would see that the ten commandments cannot be looked upon in the same light as the other laws which were given to the Jews as a distinct people; for you know all nations have private laws of their own. God saw good to give them what is called the Levitical law to keep them distinct for a season from the heathen nations about them. And do you think the Apostles would ever have spoken of the commandments being written on fleshly tables of the heart, if we christians had nothing to do with keeping them?

Sarah.—But we cannot be saved by keeping the commandments now.

Eliz.—No; our obedience to them cannot justify us, but still they are a rule of life to us.

William.—But our Saviour has made a change about the fourth commandment.

Eliz.—No; he only cleansed and separated it from Jewish laws and traditions. You cannot find anything in the New Testament which tells us that our Saviour ever did anything on the Sabbath day that was contrary to the fourth commandment itself, though it might have been contrary to Jewish customs and laws. If you will look for these chapters which speak of the Pharisees finding fault with our Lord for breaking the Sabbath, you will see it was only for works of charity, or necessary work, such as good christians practise now, even those who love the Sabbath day most, and remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; and when the Sabbath was changed from the seventh day to the first, it did not alter the way in which we are to keep it. Christ was Lord of the Sabbath, and he had a right to change the day, but he did not take away from man that which was made for man as one of the best of his blessings.

William.—Well! that may be true; I don't say it is not. But now, if you mean to apply your story of the sisters to my case, I should like to understand what you mean by the fourth sister's death being the cause of the death (as it seemed) of the rest.

Eliz.—I have brought with me my old catechism book, for, as my father wrote on the first blank leaf, a passenger from a very ancient book! "Behold, I have given your grandfather, and I will read it to you, because it helps to remember the promises you have put to me; there are the words: — "When God did write the ten commandments upon the tablets of stone, he himself wrote the fourth as well as the other nine, and he placed it in the middle of the commandments as that which, by the holy exercise thereof, and keeping of it holy, should give life to the keeping of all the rest."

William.—But there's many a person who keeps the Sabbath day strict, and goes to church or chapel every Sunday, who breaks the commandments fast enough.

Eliz.—I know that there are many hypocrites in the world, but perhaps you may not find so many people who think they keep the day holy throughout, and yet break the other commandments wilfully.

Sarah.—I believe that.

Eliz.—I remember an elderly lady who used to visit at my mistress's house occasionally. She was a relation of theirs, and I often had to wait upon her, and she had some of your notions about the Sabbath, and the commandment to keep it being done away. She would not mind mending a glove, or spending an hour or two in worldly talk, or letter writing, or setting common jobs on a Sunday. But the much I know, that she was not at all particular about telling the truth, and I do not think she was always fair in her dealings; and besides that, her discourse was sometimes about things which I thought not quite suitable, and very censorious she; to be sure she was a lady, and would not stoop to what she would think vulgar sins. But to my mind there was more than one commandment she did not mind breaking after her fashion at that time. And I know too, that there was a great change in her habits before her death, when she had been led to see her sin in disregarding the Sabbath.

Sarah.—Poor lady! then she died in a better state of mind?

Eliz.—Oh yes; and I only mention the circumstance because I had noticed it in a lady, and she too in high rank; but I am sure you may see it every hour of your life amongst other classes. And I recollect, too, an elderly clergyman being sent for to visit a young man of notorious life, but a stranger in the place, and suddenly taken ill; and he gave the account of his visit to my father. The young man had but one eye, and when the clergyman was speaking to him of his sins, he said to him, "And did not you lose that eye through Sabbath breaking?" The young man acknowledged that he did, and the old clergyman said to my father, "I ventured on taxing him with it, because I have noticed through life that Sabbath breaking is the beginning of almost every sin.

Sarah.—You indeed.

Eliz.—But surely, William, I need not spend much time in repeating this to you, I am sure, if you will think calmly for a few minutes, you will call to your mind cases without end in which the contempt of the Sabbath day has led to the breaking of the other commandments, some openly, some secretly—"Thou shalt rest me," is the only thought which can keep any one from yielding to temptation, and no first never sanctifies the Sabbath day, will soon forget the Lord of the Sabbath. But I have one more question to put to you, William, and then I must be going. Suppose you could do away with the fourth commandment, what would you be the better for?

William.—Why, we should not be tied to keeping Sunday so strict as we do now, we should be allowed to take some pleasure that day, and consulting our own ease.

Eliz.—I have often thought over this matter, and it seems to me that if Sunday is not a holy day it is no more different from a common working day; and so it must follow that we ought to work seven days in the week, and not rest at all; what a miserable life it would be for the working man to be at his master's beck the whole live long week.

William.—Oh, nobody wants to rob the poor man of his day of rest; that would be hard indeed.

Eliz.—And what besides the fourth commandment gives any of us a right to a day of rest, can you tell me that? And if the fourth commandment is to be set aside, they you must make up your mind to seven days' work.

Sarah.—That is true enough, I never thought of it before.

William.—But nobody wants quite to do away with a day of rest; they only want to make it a day of rest for all alike.

Eliz.—And what right have they to *alter* God's Law, and fashion it again with their own growing tools? If there is a Sabbath day, it is holy day, and if it is not a holy day it is no Sabbath day at all. The Bible is full of the blessedness of keeping the day holy. Do you remember what the prophet Isaiah says to the sons of the stranger (not the Jews only)? "Also the sons of the stranger, that joined themselves to the Lord, to serve him, and to love the name of the Lord, to be his servants; every one that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and taketh hold of my covenant, even them will I bring to my holy mountain and make them joyful in my house of prayer." I wish you would look out some of these passages in your Bible.

William.—I have but little time in the week for reading.

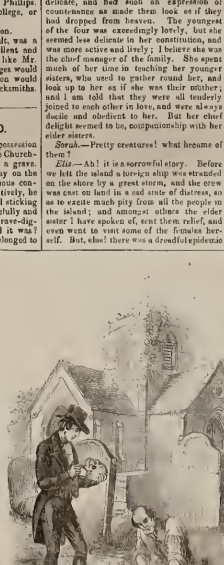
Eliz.—The more need to have the Sabbath for such purposes, seeing you are not one of the brutes that perish, but have an immortal soul to save. Many years ago, when I was a child, there was a great attack made on the Sabbath at the time of the first French Revolution; and they invented a new day called a Decade; that plan soon came to nothing, but Satan is at work in every age of sin and infidelity, and especially against the Sabbath, only he changes his plans to the times.

William.—But you must own that it is very kind of our great folks to think so much of us poor men, and to be so eager to get those fine places open for us to see on the Sunday.

Eliz.—It might be very kind if they would try to get a working day now and then for you to see them without lessening your wages. But I cannot see much kindness in giving a *few* of you a chance of seeing those fine sights at the expense of a number of others who lose their day of rest and have to work doubly hard.

William.—What do you mean?

Eliz.—Why, only think last sunday when



DR. DONNE DISCOVERING A NAIL IN THE SKULL.

* The Christian's Daily Walk, by Harry Scobbie, 1842.

you went to see those gardens, how many were forced to work for you, and for you. Some of your party came to the station in cabs and omnibuses, and the drivers of these were forced to work instead of resting; and then there were the porters at the station, and all the people employed about the trains; and then there were the persons who take care of the gardens, or have to show them, and many, many more, that I can't think of. Now do not we why these people are to work doubly hard for your pleasure. I think, as people say, it is borrowing of Peter to pay Paul.

William.—There is something in that; but I believe these gentlemen do much kindness.

Eliz.—May be they do; but it is a false sort of kindness, and comes from what they call expediency, but it is a kindness you must not trust to; for if men rob God of his due for one matter, they will easily be led to rob man of his due for another. And you may be sure that those who rob God of his Sabbath, will soon rob man of it too, as they do now in part; and when they think it expedient for their own advantage they will take your day of amusement from you, as they take away your day of holy rest.

Sarah.—Yes, I see that will be the end of it.

Eliz.—Oh, William! you were the child of parents passed into the sky, who loved their earthly Sabbath. I know you did not in your very early days always follow their instructions, but I am sure you prized them really in your heart. Oh, now begin and follow them wholly, and turn a deaf ear to all the dangerous counsels you hear from ignorant and ungodly, and conceited men; and, depend upon it if you spend your Sabbath days in worshipping God, and in the enjoyment of your own dear wife and children's company, and in cheerful society with them, you will gain far more peace, far more improvement to your mind, and far more rest of body and mind than in all the finest excursions you could take with gay and worldly companions.

Sarah.—That is right indeed.

Eliz.—Promise me, William, that you will take this matter into consideration, and if you are not satisfied with what I say, why, go and consult your betters.

William.—Well, I will promise you this, that I will spend next Sunday after the old custom in my mother's days.

Eliz.—And so you have spent your Sabbaths latterly in your own hours. And I earnestly hope that you will pray over what has past between us, and study your Bible too about it.

William.—And you might come in again some evening, and show me some of those passages you were speaking of.

Sarah.—Oh, do come again very soon.

Eliz.—That I will, any day you please. And before I go I will just read a passage out of a funeral sermon upon the death of a very excellent man once a missionary to Ceylon. I thought it very beautiful, and particularly profitable for such persons as love to see and hear fine and beautiful things, and yet from their circumstances in life are prevented from doing it. The words I shall read are the very words of the good man on his death bed.

"I do think God has made us to long for those things which he wishes to give us. Who does not long for glory and honour? What honour so great as that of being a subject of the King of Kings! What so glorious as to be made like the Saviour himself! Who does not love intelligent society? What society so intelligent as that of angels? Persons like fine music; but who can tell what exquisite harmony shall be heard in heaven, the song of redeemed saints and angels in countless numbers joining in one grand chorus! We love beautiful scenery, but oh, what scenery like the scenery of heaven; worlds upon worlds viewed at a glance, and heaven itself with its unrivalled glories spread before us! Some talk of a tour in the summer, but what a tour is before me!—to the heavenly Jerusalem, where perhaps within one short week I may see Jesus face to face. We like to see fine sights, to see the Queen in her royal robes; but I am going to see the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the King of Kings himself seated on his throne surrounded by thousands and tens of thousands of saints and angels, for ever, for ever, for ever!"

HOFOLULU is said to enjoy the quietest Sabbath on the face of the whole earth. The penal code of the Sandwich Islands declares that the Lord's day is taboo, all worldly business, amusements, and recreation are forbidden on that day; and wherever shall keep open his shop, store, warehouse, or workshop, or shall do any manner of labor, business, or work, except only works of necessity and charity, or be present at any dancing public amusement, or take part in any game, sport, or play, on the Lord's day, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding ten dollars.

The once benighted, but now enlightened Sandwich Islanders thus set an example even to the Christians of England in the observance of the Sabbath day.

THE CUCKOO.

The singular habit of the cuckoo in depositing its eggs in the nests of other birds is too well substantiated to admit of a doubt; the nests usually chosen are those of the hedge-sparrow, titlark, wagtail, &c. The egg is very small in comparison with the size of the cuckoo, scarcely exceeding that of the common chaffinch. When the young cuckoo is hatched, and has acquired a little strength, guided by the instinct of self preservation, it dislodges all its weaker companions by instituting itself under them, and with a sort of jerk, turning them overboard. Thus it secures to itself the exclusive attention of its dupes of foster-parents.—*Knight's Museum of Animated Nature.*

THE YOUNG CUCKOO IN THE HEDGE-SPARROW'S NEST.

A YORKSHIREMAN'S NOTION OF "STRIKES."

A HARD-HANDED Yorkshireman recently met an old comrade in London, when the question was put to him, "What do you think of *strikes*, Jack?" "I'll tell you, Tom, what *I* think: they are *plaguey bad things* for MASTERS, but *ten times worse* for the MEN." "Then how is it they so often happen?" "Why in nine cases out of ten they never would happen but for 'THE CUCKOOS,' those travelling-about-talking chaps, who are too idle to build their own nests, and so go about spoiling the nests of other folks. A little common sense, and good temper, between masters and men, such as the carpet weavers have so wisely shown, would, in my humble opinion, *prevent* strikes altogether."

SIR ASTLEY COOPER, once delivered the following excellent maxims to his students. "Gentlemen, give me leave to tell you on what your success in life will depend. First-ly, upon a good and constantly increasing knowledge of your profession. Secondly, on an industrious discharge of its duties. Thirdly, upon the preservation of your moral character. Unless you possess the first, *knowledge*, you ought not to succeed, and no honest man can wish you success. Without the second, *industry*, no one will ever succeed. And unless you preserve your moral *character*, even if it were possible you could succeed, it would be impossible you could be happy."

"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Romans xii. 10.

THE CHAIN MAKERS.

BILLY DAWSON, the celebrated Yorkshire farmer, once appealed to a drunkard in the following language:—"Suppose yourself to be a servant, and your master were to come to the morning and order you to make a strong chain; on the following morning he came again, and urged you to get on with it; and thus, day by day, you were ordered by your master to do the same job. Suppose again, that while you were working, a person came in and asked you if you knew what the chain was for, and that you answered in the negative, adding, that you did not care so long as you got your wages. But this person then told you, that he knows it to be a fact, that it is your master's intention to bind you with it in perpetual bondage; would you, I ask, add another link to it?" The man answered—"No; and all the money in the world would not hire me to it!" Mr. Dawson then told him that the habits of drunkenness are the devil's chain, in which he keeps poor sinners in perpetual bondage, and that when they have added the last link, he chains them in hell for ever. These words so impressed the mind of the man, that his conscience continued to remind him, "*I am making another link for my chain!*" until he relinquished his wicked course of life. He afterwards published his personal history in "The tale of the Reformed Drunkard."

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To our numerous correspondents whose letters have had no reply or attention, we beg to apologise. Being engaged in business, and having only our occasional hours for literary matters, we have so alternate but to leave, however reluctantly, many important letters unanswered.

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AN OFFER.

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A. M. Z. The parcel was duly forwarded on the 26th of January.

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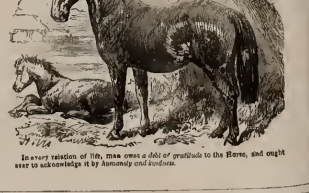
The following lines are by one of the most popular of our English poets, whose pen has on all occasions powerfully advocated the just claims of the working classes on their employers.

The cuckoo in the sparrow's nest,
O mother bird, beware!
This hungry thief, to rob the rest,
Grows to a cruel treacherous guest
Your callow brood to tear!

The demagogue in labour's mart—
O honest toil, take heed!
His selfish and rapacious part
Is just to make the workers smart,
That he, the drone, may feed!

Cutiffs, that live on poor men's woes,
But starve in prosperous times,
Are noble Labour's worst of foes,
And vultures in the homes of those
They argue into crimes! M. F. T.

"You've seen Cord hen scrat for Vebickans more a time; but in all yar life yu never seed Vebickans scrat for Cord hen!" *See Dr. Robert's Lecture, page 62.*



IN EVERY relation of life, man owes a debt of gratitude to the Horse, and ought ever to acknowledge it by humanity and kindness.

No. 17.

BRITISH WORKMAN

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CELEBRATED GARDENERS.

JOHN ABERCROMBIE, a horticultural writer of some celebrity, to whose taste and writings the science of gardening is considerably indebted, was originally a *working gardener*, near Edinburgh. To increase his knowledge in the different branches of gardening, he came to London at the age of eighteen, and worked at Hampton Court, St. James's, and Kensington Royal Gardens. He commenced his literary labours by the publication of a work entitled "Mawe's Gardener's Calendar." The flattering reception which this experienced induced him to publish "The Universal Dictionary of Gardening and Botany," under his own name. This was followed by "The Gardener's Dictionary," "The Gardener's Daily Assistant," "The Gardener's Vade Mecum," "The Kitchen Gardener, and Hot-bed Forcer," "The Hot-house Gardener," &c., &c. He died in 1806, in the eighticth year of his age.

WILLIAM AITON, an eminent botanist and *gardener*—born in Lanarkshire, in 1731. Having been regularly trained to the profession of a gardener, he came to England in 1764, and was engaged as an assistant by the superintendent of the physic gardens at Chelsea. His industry and abilities recommended him to the Princess Dowager of Wales, and he was appointed in 1759 to manage the botanical garden at Kew, where he became a great favourite with His Majesty George III. Here it was that Mr. Aiton formed one of the best collections of rare exotic plants in the world, an account of which he published in 3 vols., 8vo., entitled *Hortus Kewensis*, the result of many years' labour. In 1783 his merit was properly rewarded with the lucrative office of managing the pleasure and kitchen gardens of Kew, which he was allowed to retain with the botanical department. Mr. Aiton's private character was highly estimable for mildness, benevolence, piety, and every domestic and social virtue. He died in 1793, and was interred amidst a large concourse of influential friends, in the churchyard of Kew.

WILLIAM FORSYTH, an able horticulturist, was born at Old Meldrum, in the county of Aberdeenshire, in 1737, and having been early initiated in the science of horticulture, came to London, in 1763. Shortly after he became pupil to the celebrated Philip Miller, *gardener* to the Company of Apothecaries, at their botanic garden at Chelsea, and succeeded him in that situation in 1771. He was subsequently appointed by the King chief superintendent of the Royal Gardens at Kensington, and at St. James's, which appointments he held until his death in 1804. He invented a composition to cure the wounds and diseases of trees, and his two principal works are entitled "Observations on the Diseases, Defects, and Injuries of Fruit and Forest Trees," and "A Treatise on the Culture and Management of Fruit Trees."

OZORIE DENIS EHRET, a celebrated self-taught botanical painter, the son of a *gardener*, was born at Durlach, in Germany, and died at London, in 1770. His greatest works are, "The Hortus Cliffortianus," and a Collection of Flowers and Butterflies. He was a friend of Linnæus, and a member of the Royal Society.

EDMUND STONE, an eminent mathematician, son of the Duke of Argyll's *gardener*, was born in Scotland, towards the close of the seventeenth century. Before he was nineteen he taught himself arithmetic, geometry, Latin, and French, without any assistance. He wrote a Treatise on Fluxions; and a Mathematical Dictionary; translated Bion on Mathematical Instruments; and published an edition of Euclid, with a Life. He died 1707.

JULIUS ALBERONI, the son of a *poor gardener* in the suburbs of Placentia, was born in 1664, and by his great abilities rose from this humble station of life to the exalted post of prime minister of state at the court of Philip V. of Spain. He roused that kingdom out of the lethargy it had sank into for a century previously, and awakened the attention, and raised the astonishment of all Europe by his projects. He died in 1752, at the age of 87.

LANCELOT BROWN was originally a *kitchen gardener*, but raised himself to be the most eminent landscape-gardener of his day; and also acquired reputation by his skill in architecture. He was born at Kirkharle, in Northumberland, in 1715. By his industry and talents he realized a handsome fortune, and was appointed HIGH SHERIFF for the county of Huntingdon; he died in 1773.

SIR JOSEPH PAXTON. One of the most interesting illustrations of perseverance and success that our times can furnish is found in the history of Sir Joseph Paxton. The son of parents in humble life—one of *the people*, he now possesses a name known the world over, and a fame which history will be glad to chronicle. Not being born "with a silver spoon in his mouth," the instruments of horticulture were early put into his hands, and by the spade and mattock he earned subsistence as a *working gardener*. His way was opened, however, to the employment of the Duke of Somerset, at Wimbledon, as a landscape-gardener, from whose service he passed into that of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth. Here he laid out those beautiful gardens, famous throughout England. The vast conservatory, which the King of Saxony graphically compared to a tropical scene with a glass sky, was contrived by him; and in 1848 his fertile mind originated the idea of the glass and iron building for the reception of the splendid plant called the Victoria Regia. This was of a light and airy appearance, and was in fact, the parent of the Crystal Palace. His grand and original conception for that wonderful palace was realized in 1851, and admired by the thousands from all countries who met under its extensive roof. It gained for him the honour of knighthood. Sir Joseph also added much to the glories of the new Crystal Palace at Sydenham, the grace and beauty of which so well harmonize with its artistic contents, and the prescribed objects of its projectors. Sir Joseph is a distinguished Fellow of the Linnæan and Horticultural Societies, and has produced a Botanical Dictionary of acreditcd worth, besides editing the "Flower Garden," and other botanical and horticultural works. He was elected a member of Parliament for the ancient and celebrated city of Coventry in 1854.

SIR CHARLES LINNÆUS, the most celebrated of modern naturalists, was born at a village in Smaland, Sweden, in 1707, where his father was then vicar. He studied at the Universities of Lund and of Upsala, and between 1731 and 1738, explored Lapland, where he obtained the materials for his "Flora Lapponica." Like many famous men, however, he had always been in narrow circumstances, and in a tour through Holland, which he undertook for scientific purposes, found himself reduced to the necessity of labouring for his bread. Linnæus at once accepted the situation of *kitchen gardener* in the establishment of Mr. Clifford, under the simple name of Charles Linne, and while engaged in his duties there was one day recognised by Count Carlsberg, the Ambassador of Sweden, as his teacher when a student at the University of Upsala. Linnæus, after this became an inmate of Mr. Clifford's mansion for some years, and published, with the assistance of his patron, his far-famed system of nature. After his return to Sweden, in 1738, he settled as a physician at Stockholm, and his subsequent career was uniformly prosperous. His fame spread through every part of the civilized world, scientific bodies eagerly enrolled him amongst their members, he was ennobled by his sovereign, and acquired sufficient wealth to purchase a princely estate, on which he resided for the last 16 years of his life. He died in 1778.

SIXTUS V., Pope of Rome, was the son of a *gardener*, and was born in Ancona, in 1521. When very young, he was employed as a swineherd, but early showed a

a veneration for learning, and a priest, passing through the village where he resided, was so struck with his appearance and solicitations, that he took him under his protection, and opened the way for him into the church. Having become a monk, he rose rapidly by various preferments, till he became confessor, and finally pope. In the latter capacity he became celebrated for his reformation of abuses, impartiality in the administration of justice, and generosity in patronizing learning and the arts. He died in 1590.

KING CYRUS, a gardener.—When LYSANDER, the Lacedæmonian general, brought magnificent presents to CYRUS, the younger son of DARIUS, who prided himself more on his integrity and politeness than on his rank and birth, the latter prince conducted his illustrious guest through his gardens, and pointed out to him their varied beauties. Lysander, struck with so fine a prospect, praised the manner in which the grounds were laid out, the neatness of the walks, the abundance of fruit planted with an art which knew how to combine the useful with the agreeable; the beauty of the parterres, and the glowing variety of flowers, exhaling odours throughout the delightful scene. "Everything charms and transports me in this place," said Lysander to Cyrus; "but what strikes me most is the talent, taste, and industry of the man who planned these gardens." Cyrus replied, "I drew the plan, marked out the ground, and many of the trees which you see were planted by my own hands." "What!" exclaimed Lysander, with astonishment, and viewing Cyrus from head to feet, "is it possible that, with these purple robes and splendid vestments, those strings of jewels, and bracelets of gold, these buskins so richly embroidered—is it possible that you should play the gardener, and employ your royal hands in planting trees?" "Does that surprise you?" said Cyrus; "I assure you that, when my health permits, I never sit down to my table without having fatigued myself, either in military exercise, rural labour, or some other vigorous employment, to which I apply myself with pleasure." Lysander, still more amazed, pressed Cyrus by the hand, and said, "Fortunate Persia! happy in having your high fortune, since you unite it with virtue."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, a happy imitator of the old Scotch ballads, and a man of various talents, was the son of a *gardener*, and was born at Blackwood, near Dalswinton, Dumfriesshire, in the year 1784. Mr. Cunningham had few advantages in his early days, unless it might be the residence in a fine picturesque and romantic district, then consecrated by the presence and genius of Burns. He was at first apprenticed to an uncle, as a mason. In 1810 he come to London, and his name first appeared in print as a contributor in the collection of Cromek's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song." This collection, though purporting to be Nithsdale and Galloway relics, was entirely recast, and much of it written by Allan Cunningham. For some time after his arrival in London, he maintained himself by reporting for newspapers, and contributing to periodicals, especially the London Magazine. In 1814 he entered the workshop of Chantrey, the sculptor; and the attention he obtained in his studio, as clerk of the works, enabled him to prosecute his literary tasts without hazard. Besides his poetical and other works, he contributed to Murray's Family Library, "The Lives of Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," in six volumes, and completed, just two days before his death, the Life of Sir David Wilkie, in three volumes. He died on the 29th October, 1842, aged 58.

JAMES DICKSON, a botanist, a native of Scotland, commenced life as a *working gardener*, and rose by his own exertions. He was one of the founders of the Linnæan Society, and a vice-president of the Horticultural Society. Besides several papers in the "Transactions" of these societies, he is the author of "Fasciculi Quatuor Plantarum Cryptogamicarum Britanniæ." He died in London, in 1822.

ROBERT FORTUNE, a living author and botanist, was born in the county of Berwick, about 1813. Springing from the border peasantry, and educated on the rough benches of a village school in the Merse, he early exhibited the spirit of perseverance which has rendered his labours so useful and important. With industry and intelligence for his heritage, he entered horticulture for his occupation, and, after some preparatory training, obtained employment as a botanical gardener at the Scottish capital, from which he was promoted to a post in the gardens at Chiswick. In his new sphere he acquitted himself with much credit, but in 1842, when news of peace with China reached England, the Horticultural Society of London sent him on a collector of plants in Northern China. While there, besides collecting and sending home some of the choicest plants that ever reached this country, he familiarised himself, with all the rest of an enterprising traveller, with the varieties of Chinese life, which he gave to the world on his return to England in his "Three Years' Wanderings in China." This book attracted much attention, and its author, while acting as curator of the physic garden, at Chelsea, was, in 1848, entrusted by the East India Company, with a mission to make investigations respecting the tea plant. After an absence of more than three years, Mr. Fortune again set foot on the shores of England; but on giving to the public his valuable work entitled, "Two Visits to the Tea Countries of China," he sailed again, never more, to pursue his adventurous career, and prosecute his scientific researches. Occasional glimpses of him may be had meantime in his too infrequent communications to the "Athenæum."

GARDENING is excellent employment for the ordinary person. The celebrated Boerhaave was exceedingly fond of this relaxation. President Dwight, the great theologian and scholar, attributed much of his mental vigour to daily labour in his garden.

THE MECHANIC'S GARDEN.

It is in small things that brotherly kindness and charity chiefly consist. Little attentions, trifling, but perpetual acts of self-denial; a minute consideration of the wants and wishes, the temper, of others; an imperceptible delicacy in avoiding what will give pain;—these are the small things that diffuse peace and love wherever they are exercised, and which outweigh a thousand acts of artificial civility.

FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small—
The oak tree, and the cedar tree,
Without a *flower* at all.
He might have made enough, enough,
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no *flowers*.

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man—
To beautify the earth;
To whisper hope, to comfort man,
Whenever he faints or dim;
For where search for the *flowers*,
Will core much more for him.

MARY HOWITT.

THE MECHANIC'S GARDEN.

BY CHARLES QUILL.

In the garden the mechanic finds a sort of relief from his toils of mind, which he can nowhere else find so cheaply. Let it not be thought strange that I speak of toils of mind. Every physician knows that it is the jaded mind, no less than the jaded body, which brings to his house the pale and tremulous working-man. This may be seen in comparing different trades. The house carpenter, who works here and there, in every variety of situation, and most of all in the open air, or of the well-ventilated shed, shows a very different complexion from the tailor, the shoemaker, or the printer, who tasks himself from morning to night in the same spot. No man is called upon to sound all his hours of non-stop of work. He who does so, works too much, and injures both mind and body. We all need elbow-room, resting-places, and breathing-times, in every part of the journey of life.

"Ay, but I am already behind-hand, and I must husband every moment to bring up arrears."

Perhaps so; and this is only an evidence of bad management somewhere, in time past. Necessity has no law; but you ought to plan such a life as, by the blessing of Providence, may keep the wolf away from the door, and not leave you the prey of urgent necessity. You have already lost days by ill health; and this ill health was brought on by neglect of the laws of your animal economy; for one of these fundamental laws is, that a medium, always running in gear, and never oiled nor refitted, must go to pieces. Take your spade and hoe, and rake, and come with me into your garden.

"I have no garden."

No garden! why, what is that little enclosure, which I see behind your cottage?

"O, it was once a garden—but—but—" Yes, I see how it is; it was once a garden, but you have made it a rubbish heap. See there, your cow is actually devouring a row of good spinach, this instant. Yes, yes—where your garden should be, you have a vile hog-sty; and there is your swill-tub dripping away in the prettiest corner of your yard.

"Why, to be sure, we have let matters go rather at sixes and sevens at the back here; my wood and coal are thrown over the fence, and we have chopped our fuel in the old garden path; but then nobody ever comes to see this part of the establishment."

Surely, your wife and children see it; you see it yourself; I am afraid you would rather wash your face, if no one were to see you. This will never do. Take your spade and come out of this stupor.

"To tell you the truth, I have no spade."

The more shame for you! Then throw out that spoon, and go with me to the hardware shop, and I will pack you a good one, and we will get Burney to sharpen it, and go to work.

"I feel weary and dull—I have a headache from leaning over my work so long; I am not fit to do."

Yes, you are dull enough; and duller yet you will be, unless you amend your ways. Your skin is dry and sallow; your eyes are heavy; you are getting a sad stoop in your shoulders; you are not the active, cheerful man you once were. In fact, you are this moment ten years older than you have any right to be.

"I know it—I know it! My wife has said so every day for a twelvemonth. I know it—but what can I do? I have eaten half a hundred of bran bread; I have taken three boxes of pills."

Miserable nuts! I wonder you are not a great deal more than ten years.

"But, dear sir, what must I do?"

Do! Take your spade, as I have been telling you. Here, I will show you how to begin. You have a very decent plot; the only it has seven or eight boards off the fence.

"Yes, they have been coming off all the winter."

And you have slept over it all this time! Call out your lads for five minutes. Jacob, pull out that pile of old boards from under the wheelbarrow; I'll take my coat off, and if your strength allows, perhaps you had better take yours off too. We shall have this breach stopped in ten minutes, if you can produce a handful of nails.

"Well, Mr. Quill, I really never thought of this way before!"

I should like to know what other way there is!

"Off coat, and at it," is the only way I am acquainted with.

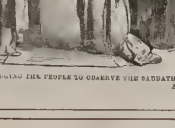
"Now you have the fence up, what next?"

Clear away this rubbish. Rake together those stalks of last year's weeds, and burn them. Gather out the thousand and one sticks, and stones, and old shoes. Get a bit of old wood, and mark out some walks. Furnish yourself with tools, and begin to-morrow morning by autumn to dig up the ground. I will be ready to give you seeds and plants, and by the dirty weekmy word for it, you will show some circulation in your wan cheeks, and not look so black under the eyes. The only pity is, that you should not have had your pine and beans in ten days ago; but better late than never.

When God made man, he placed in his hand the spade and pruning hook. When God restored man to the beautiful earth, after the flood, he promised not to cease the ground any more, and to give seed-time and harvest as duly as day and night. When God spoke to man, he condescended to use the language of the gardener; for the greatest invitations and incitements of Holy Writ come to us breathing the odours of the "vine of Sibmon," "the fig-tree and the vine," and the "lily of the valley." And I am fain to believe that in the cool morning hour, when, with devout thankfulness, the father of an humble family, with his little ones about him, blithely tills his plot of ground, training his fruit-trees, and watering his tender herbs, God often condescends in the secrecy of a heart brought into harmony with nature, to whisper words of sweetest grace.

I entreat my friends of the labouring classes to cultivate the earth, and take advantage of every little nook of ground about their dwellings. Flowers are the gems of the soil; we ought to nurture, to gather, and to enjoy them. I shrink from the man who has outlived his early love of flowers. Better have a gay garden than a gay parlour; better keep a bed of tulips than a horse and chaise.

"When age grows to civility and courtesy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection." So saith my Lord Bacon.



MOSES PRESSING THE PEOPLE TO OBSERVE THE SABBATH. *See* NEHEMIAH VIII.

TO THE WORKMAN'S WIFE

BY MARTIN F. TUPPER.

O THOU British goodwife, a word in your ear,
To help your home comfort and gladden its cheer,
Thou husband, and children, and toothsome, and pie,
May all be more happy, and tender, and true.

When marriage thou'rt first in the garden of bliss
God led up Adam to Eve curly as this—
A woman obedient, gentle, and wise,
A wife full of love in her heart and her eyes!

And some such there be in all stations and ranks,
For whom their sad husbands give Providence thanks;
The queen of three kingdoms and Tenney Jane
Make Eloisa of Windsor and Lilliput Lane.

But, most that corruption, which rules us all,
Is spread in Jerusalem—worldly and gallant—
That many an Adam and many an Eve
Is not married nicely grumble and grieve!

I met there be women that quarrel and scold,
And race in their room like the wild in the field—
I met there be men that are hen-pecked and vain,
And homes that are homes of despair and disgrace!

And many a Workman will wearily come
From the toils and the fray to a scene—Hades home,
Where worries and jealousies, temper, and tongue,
Like sabers and brands, on his pilgrim are flung!

And often, O heaven! the demon of drink
Brings in to allure to the precipice-brink,
The brutalized husband and incarcerated wife
Arouse the whole lane with their murderous strife.

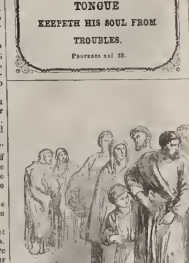
O touch not, O touch not! let bitterness cease!
Make home, better homes!—the palace of peace;
Let cordial, and courtesy, and quiet be there,
And cheerful contentment and charity fair;

Then, credit me, goodwife, no husband will lack
Your counsel or truth, if you so win him back;
If thereon are made happy by wives with a will,
Then husbands are Adams in Paradise still!

NATURE *versus* FAITH.

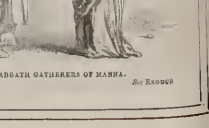
WE wept—twas *Nature* wept—but Faith
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,
And in you world of joy and peace
We know all sin and trouble cease!
We miss thee here, yet *Faith* would rather
Behold thee with thy Heavenly father.

Nature sees the body dead—
Faith beholds the spirit fled;
Nature weeps at Jordan's tide—
Faith beholds the other side;
That but hears farewell, and sighs,
This, thy welcome in the skies;
Nature mourns a cruel blow—
Faith assures it is not so:
Nature sees death worst of all—
Faith but sees thee gone before:
Nature tells a dismal story—
Faith has visions full of glory:
Nature views the change with sadness—
Faith contemplates it with gladness:
Nature murmurs—*Faith* gives meekness,
"Strength is perfected in weakness;"
Nature writhes, and hates the rod—
Faith looks up and blesses God;
Sense looks downwards—*Faith* above;
That sees heartbreaks—*this* sees love.
Oh let *Faith* triumphant be—
Because thou liv'st eternally!
But thou art gone! not lost, but flown,
Shall I then ask thee back, my own?
Back—and leave thy spirit's brightness?
Back—and leave thy robes of whiteness?
Back—and leave thine angel mould!
Back—and leave those streets of gold!
Back—and leave the Lamb who feeds thee!
Back—from founts to which He leads thee!
Back—and leave thy Heavenly Father?
Back—to earth and sin?—Nay rather
Would I live in solitude!
I would not ask thee if I could;
But patient wait the high decree,
That will my spirit bring to thee!



VALUE OF DIFFICULTIES

A CERTAIN amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against, and not with the wind. Even a head-wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. Opposition is what he wants, and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.



MOSES REPROVING THE SABBATH GATHERERS OF MANNA. *See* EXODUS

PATTY AND THE SEA CAPTAIN.

PERSEVERANCE; OR, SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. C. L. DALFOUR. CHAPTER IV.

It was with a strange feeling, half of fear and half of curiosity, that Patty left the workhouse for her first place. She had heard terrible stories of cruel treatment to helpless young servants, and yet the thought of earning her own living strengthened her heart as she rode along to her destination; for the grocer who had the contract for supplying the workhouse, had kindly given her a lift on his cart, and dropped her at the door of her new abode. It was a numerous household that little Patty came to serve. There were six children under ten years of age, their father and mother, and a young man in the shop, the nephew of the master. Patty soon saw that the person who worked the hardest, both in the house and the shop, was the mother. From morning till night she was always toiling, and her looks were so worn and anxious, that it was easy to see she had some secret source of sorrow that preyed upon her and made life a hard struggle. The master was a very easy-going man, and much more generally liked than his wife. He seemed to have two distinct characters, like two coats, one for out-door and one for in-door wear. Out, he was reckoned a cheerful companion, and much sought after by the choice spirits, as they called themselves, of the town. Every evening this man, Mr. Vineer, was to be seen in the parlour of "The Friend and Pitcher," where his song, his joke, his bet, and his opinion were sure to be well received by the group of tosspers and smokers who took up their evening quarters there. At home, Mr. Vineer was either dull or fretful, always complaining and never pleased; he lounged in the shop, and dozed at his desk, and his conversation, if such it might be called, was made of yawning and grumbling. For an hour in the afternoon, when the letters had to be stamped, he generally made a great bustle, and wrangled with his wife. Meanwhile, Mrs. Vineer was scraping and saving with the right hand of zeal, that her husband might scatter with the left hand of waste. Jasper Smug, the nephew, in reality managed the business, and as he knew the importance he was of, he contrived to let his master feel that he was a very indispensable person. And while he exacted from her great and constant assistance in the shop, he planned that all the most important part of ordering and arranging should be his. Mr. Vineer was not an early riser, and, as he disliked the noise of children, he always had his breakfast and his newspaper at half-past nine, when four out of the six lads once were gone to school. Jasper Smug contrived to be so busy in the shop previously, that he came in for his morning meal just after the master had risen from breakfast, and lounged into the shop; so that Patty found a house, where, without any comfort, meals were always on the table, and yet, poor as her fare had been in the workhouse, it was worse here. It is strange that mothers who are full of kindness and consideration for their own children, and who, in the main are not hard-hearted women, so often forget that young servants are ever tired. Patty was up the first in the morning, making the fires and cleaning up the house; then she had to wash the children and get them ready for school, and to run errands, nurse, and clean all the day long, and until late in the evening, when, at last, in length, she sat down for a minute she would be so drowsy, that she often dropped asleep eating a bit of bread; and then if she was found dozing, Mrs. Vineer would say, "Patty! you have one great fault, you are a very drowsy girl," and Jasper Smug whose nature it was to delight in having something to torment, gave her a nickname of "Humpydozey," and thought himself so very witty in having made that name, that he repeated it to all his companions, who thoughtlessly caught it up, and so our little Patty was not only hard-worked but laughed at. The words 4 her old friend in the workhouse came to Patty's mind, "Though you have no friend on earth you have a friend in heaven." This had taken root in her heart, and often when she went crying to her hard bed, the thought of the "Father of the Fatherless," came into her lonely soul and comforted her.

When she had been about two months in her place, she was roused to observation by a strange circumstance. One night, when she was sleeping the heavy sleep of exhaustion, she was suddenly awakened by a noise in her little room, and as she opened her eyes, at first without any distinct consciousness, gradually, she thought she saw Jasper Smug get in at the window, and pass through the chamber, out on to the stairs. As soon as she could recall her thoughts, she felt sure it was not a dream, and she rose, went on the stairs and listened; she was certain she heard the creak of a stealthy tread in Smug's room. But her fear of him was so great that she retreated to her bed, and after lying for an hour or more sleepless, she rose earlier than usual, and her first care on getting down was to look at her window on the outside. The room she slept in was a little lean-to chamber over a shed at the side of the house. And she noticed that there were footmarks on the mould of the little garden-patch that surrounded the shed, and scratches in the wall as of some one having climbed up. While she was looking at this, she was frightened to notice Jasper coming towards her with a spiteful look. "You careless creature," said he, "what have you done with the house door key? I saw you take it out of the door last night."

Patty, aghast, said truly, "I never touched the key."

"You're so sleepy and stupid," he replied, "you never know ever night what you do. I'm sure I saw you take it, and I thought sure sent you for it."

In vain she repeated she had never touched it; he still, while pretending to look for it, accused her. At length she said, quite innocently, "Please was you looking for the key in the night, when you got through the window of my room?"

"What's that you say?" exclaimed Jasper, coming close up to her with a savage expression of face. "I get through your room! you say that again if you dare, that's all!"

"Why I'm sure I saw you as I woke out of my sleep," said she, "only I wasn't enough awake to speak."

"You!" said he, bursting into a taunting laugh, "you, Humpy-dozey! you hardly awake now? you pretend that anything woke you, indeed! why a cannon-ball wouldn't wake you. You've been dreaming—but mind, I advise you, don't you dream about me, and pretend such stuff because you've lost the house-key, or I'll have you turned out. You or I shall go."

So saying, he turned into the garden, and Patty saw him digging round some roots just where the foot-marks had been.

It was in vain Patty protested her innocence of the loss of the key; the mistress of Jasper that he saw her take it was believed, and Mrs. Vineer, though she did not think Patty meant to do anything wrong, believed that in a drowsy way, she had fetched it and put it in some place she had now forgotten. From that time, either Patty got used to the work, or she grew stronger, or her faculties were rendered active by the belief that something wrong was going on, and a desire to find out Jasper's doings.

A fortnight after the incident related, Patty had been walking in the fields with the children, when she saw a boy crossing the field path that she knew was her brother Tom. It was a great pleasure to her to see him, but Tom would not tell her what had brought him there. He was very dirty and ragged but looked strong and well. He said the younger children were ill, and that the father drank as much as ever, and then with a hop, skip, and a jump, he scampered off towards the town. As Patty looked after him, she thought what a good thing it would be, if so strong and hardy a boy would go to sea in a merchant ship, for she felt sure he would come to harm sitting about, and thought Tom had been a tyrant to her, yet she had a sister's love for him. But yet how was she to help him when all her hard work scarcely procured food and raiment for herself?

That night one of the children was troublesome, and Patty sat in the room with it until it fell asleep. The window looked into the street, and she saw her brother Tom waiting and watching at the opposite corner. Soon after, she noticed the master coming with a languid step towards "The Friend and Pitcher," and then Tom darted across and entered the shop, as she thought. Presently after, she noticed Jasper carrying a heavy bundle, across the road, and go down the street opposite that led to the beach. Patty was certain that something very wrong was going on, and in her great grief for her brother she felt an impulse to run out of the house and fetch him back, or warn him; her mistress's voice however recalled her to the fact that she must not run out without asking leave. Mrs. Vineer was sorting some damaged stuff in the shed at the back, and when she called Patty, she gave her a note and sent her to "The Friend and Pitcher," to give it to her master, and wait an answer. It was a long run for her, and after she gave it, she stood waiting near the bar for a considerable time, until, indeed, she thought herself forgotten; she observed a passage way at the side of the house that seemed a short cut to the beach, and was, in consequence, a much frequented thoroughfare. After a long waiting the pot-boy came to her, and said, "There's no answer, your master a'nat a coming home yet."

With this unsatisfactory result she set off home, and caught sight of her brother Tom running through the passage. He passed her in his haste, but she kept up with him, and saw him turn down a dark entry to a low court. She followed, and hid herself under the door-way of a house that opened into the court, and she noticed Tom peeping and looking up and down. Presently her heart beat quick, for Jasper Smug stepped into the court, and stood just before her; she saw Tom put some silver into his hand and say "They've got paper and stationery enough, they can't do with any more—Ah! here's the door-key you left t'other night, behind there."

"Well! that'll do, and now you be off, there's a shilling for you, and mind you come and wait about at dusk, and I may often have a job for you."

So saying, they separated, and Patty crept—of her hiding place, returned home, fully resolved to tell her mistress about the key, and not knowing what to make of the parcel and money her brother had charge of. She entered the house at the back door, and noticed that her mistress had been crying.

"How long you have stayed, where's your master?"

Patty told her unsuccessful errand, and cleared her husky throat to tell the rest, when Mrs. Vineer hastily desired her to go to bed, and, as Patty turned to leave the room, she saw her poor mistress sink into a chair, bury her face in her hands and sob bitterly.

During that night, sound as Patty slept, she was disturbed. She heard passionate words—and heavy sobs—and a great struggling going on in the house; the next morning she noticed Mrs. Vineer had her arm in a sling, and her face tied up, and she heard Jasper Smug tell a customer that his aunt had missed her footing, and fallen down stairs. Patty thought, however, that "The Friend and Pitcher," and the jocose Mr. Vineer, who was such good company, had more to do with the matter than the stairs; and she was right. Yes, it's not the poor battered women who appear at police offices, that are the only, or the worst sufferers from the brutality of drunken husbands—many a breaking heart never reveals itsworrows, or its wrongs; and Mrs. Vineer was one of these silent sufferers, of whom there is a great multitude.

This event, and the compassion it excited, drove the history of the street door key out of Patty's head, but she felt wretched; and when, as it was the children's half-holiday, she went into the fields with them, and they strayed about finding wild flowers, Patty sat down at the side of the hedge and thought of her mistress and her brother, until the tears fell fast down her cheeks.

"Hollos my lass! what's the matter?" said the cheery voice of a stout respectable sea faring man, who came into the field unseen Patty had been lost in thought. The manner of the stranger seemed to compel reply.

"Please sir, I was crying about my brother."

"What of him, girl, is he sick?"

"No, sir; but he has no work, and no mother to teach him to be good; and I am afraid sir, while he's idle he'll do some bad thing." The secret of poor Patty's heart was out now, and she trembled and wept more than ever.

"Where is he? Would he go to sea. Is he a shirking of a thing, like you?" said the stranger.

"Oh sir! he's a deal bigger than me, and yet he's two years younger, and if you would take him I'm sure, that is, I think, he'd be glad to go."

"Well! you're a brave little piece of goods," was the reply, as he fumbled in his pocket and gave her out a cord. "Tell him to come to me there, and I'll see what can be done.

"To think of bettering, not about herself, but about her brother! Well, there's nobody in the world left, now, to shed a tear about Jacob Drift," muttered the stranger as he sauntered off.

In an hour after, the falling dews warned Patty to collect her charge and return home. When she reached the shop, the first person she saw was the stranger who had spoken to her, and whose name on the card she saw was Mr. Drift. He was inquiring about two letters he had sent, directed to Mrs. Drift, Blue Anchor Lane, that had each contained money, and to neither of which, had he ever received any reply. Nor had he been able to find out the person they were addressed to, for some new docks had been built on the house where she had lived, and all trace of her was lost. Jasper Smug, however, said he clearly remembered a young farmer-looking man coming for the letters, and taking them both away.

That evening, Patty caught a glimpse of Tom lounging about in the dusk, and she told her mistress she saw her brother, and asked leave to speak to him. Taking him a little distance from the house, with an earnestness of entreaty that struck home to the boy's heart, she told him of the offer, and gave him the card of Mr. Drift, who was master of a vessel that traded to St. Michael's Island. "Now, Tom, you'll be wrained if you stay here; that Smug's a bad young man—he tell's lies, Tom—and so he can't be honest and right—now do go out of this wicked way, that's a dear boy, do, for poor mother's sake." Tom was moved, he promised in his rough way, and Patty had the comfort of seeing him go off to Mr. Drift's lodgings.

On her return, a great surprise awaited her.

A policeman and two gentlemen were in her master's shop, and a cab was at the door, round which a crowd was gathered—she was just in time to see her master and his nephew given up to the police, and hurried off in the cab, on charge of robbing the post office. Before she recovered her surprise, the cab drove away—and the empty shop, and disturbed house, rang with the shrieks of the heart-broken mother and her affrighted little ones.

(To be continued.)

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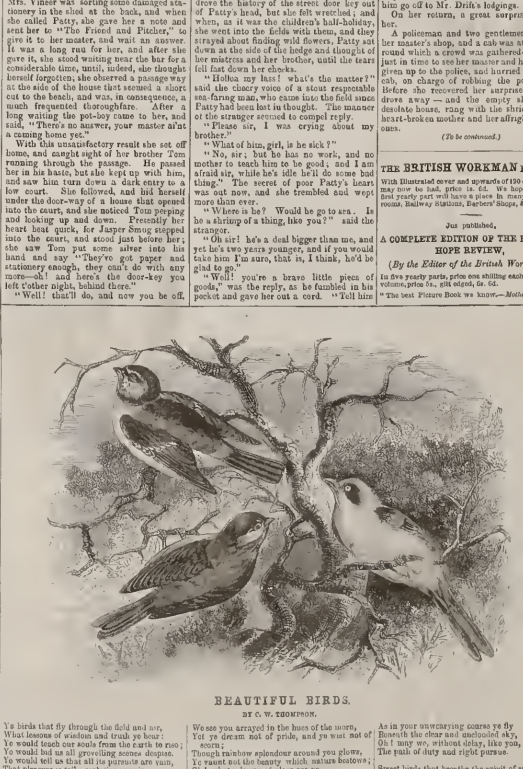


BEAUTIFUL BIRDS.

BY C. W. THOMPSON.

Ye birds that fly through the field and sky,
What lessons of wisdom and truth ye hear:
Ye would teach our souls from the earth to rise;
Ye would bid us all grovelling sorrow despise.
Ye would tell us that all its pursuits are vain,
That pleasure is toil—ambition is pain,
That its bliss is touch'd with a poisoning leaven,
Ye would teach us to fix our aim in heaven.

Beautiful birds of lightsome wing,
Bright creatures that come with the voice of spring,

We see you arrayed in the hues of the morn,
Yet ye cannot not of pride, and ye want not of scorn;
Though rainbow splendour around you glows,
Ye want not the beauty which nature bestows;
Oh! what a lesson of glory are ye,
How ye preach the grace of humility.

Swift birds, that shine o'er the stormy deep,
Who steadily onward your journey keep,
Who neither for rest nor for slumber stay,
But press still forward by night or day—

As in your unwearying course ye fly
Beneath the clear and unclouded sky,
Oh! may we, without delay, like you,
The path of duty and right pursue.

Sweet birds that breathe the spirit of song,
And surround Heaven's gate in melodious throng,
Who rise with the earliest beams of day,
Your morning tribute of thanks to pay,
You remind us that we should howsoever raise
The voice of devotion and song of praise;
There's something about you that points on high,
To beautiful tenants of earth and sky.

"IT'S NOBBUT AND NIVVER HEED."

By Dr. BAKER, Inspector of Factories, Leeds.

(Continued from page 24.)

It's nobbut a Minute.

How commonly we say that, without much regarding whether it is a minute of value, yet, or a minute of any body else's; and yet, whosoever it is, we have no right to waste it or despise it.

Minutes are the sands of life running through the hour-glass of time, and are, therefore, of all things the most precious. Once gone, they are always gone; and the best of the clock ticks time into eternity, and adds to the sum of human knowledge, human happiness, human misery, life and death. "To-day is yesterday's pupil, and has only twenty-four hours in which to make great advances," and, "Time is a fire, which is perpetually rubbing off all our sharp edges," and that so insidiously that we are generally unaware of what he is doing.

Let us calmly look at a life of seventy years. It is made up of 37,000,000 of minutes, to give it its fullest amount of measure. These drop away at the rate of sixty in an hour, and steadily go on, night and day, summer and winter, without let or hindrance. But do not let us suppose that we ever have the full and actual employment, so to speak, of these 37,000,000 of minutes! On the contrary, 6,000,000 of these minutes are expended before any contribution of ours is worth anything to society, and before, therefore, we can be said to have been of much use. This is at the beginning of life; at the close, 6,000,000 are all that are left to us, when the wine is run out, and nothing but the lees remain; when civilized society tolerates us only for the past, and when we have to be indebted to natural affection to lay us gently down, instead of leaving us to be pushed down. 12,000,000 of these minutes bubble away what we are asleep—dead, in fact, to active life—and being refreshed for new exertions. Lastly, there are only 15,000,000 left for active exertion, deep reflection, anxious care, honour, greatness, or strong filial dependence in this life, and in preparation for another.

But even from these last 15,000,000 of minutes, we have still some further deductions to make. We must take 3,000,000 for eating, drinking, dressing, and undressing, and holidays; so that there remains but a small proportion of the whole sum of human life in which we have to learn, on any subject that we choose to study, what everybody has known before, or to do, what everybody else has done, before we can originate a new idea, or develop a single improvement worthy of a name. We begin with 37,000,000 of minutes, and we end with 10,000,000. Alas!

It's nobbut a Minute.

Let us value the time of a professional man, who makes a clear thousand a year by his practice. Say that he works from ten to four every day; every minute of his that you occupy, is worth twopence and a fraction. Can you wonder, then, that if you make an unusually long and perhaps an unnecessary call on such a one, at the end of the year you are presented with a long bill.

But take another instance; in many parts of Yorkshire as many as forty, fifty, sixty, or one or two hundred persons are employed in a room, at an average wage, say, of eight shillings per person. If we reckon the sixty persons at an average wage of eight shillings, the wages per work come to £24 for the work of sixty-two hours, or seven and nine-pence an hour.

But the value of the time to the employer, who has to make a profit of it, in return for the risk he runs, and the capital he employs, may be three times that sum, or £1 3s. 3d., depending entirely upon the quantity of production made by the punctual employment of every minute of every person engaged. The loss of a minute, therefore, a day, to the employer, by all the persons employed, would be £1 3s. 3d.; of a minute every day in the week, of £6 19s. 6d.; of a minute a day every day in the week throughout the year £362 14s.

So, you see how it is that time is money to the master. We shall shortly see also, how it may be money to the workman.

We are indebted to Miss Landon for the saying, "that a minute taken from the life of every person, and added together, would make an age." Where, therefore, you are consuming your own time in useless conversation with another person, spare his courtesy the pain of telling you, that you are dribbling away a precious part of that 10,000,000 of minutes of his, on which you can have no possible claim; and remember, that if you have nothing to do, perhaps he has, and give him the opportunity of doing it.

And how many of you sell your time, and receive compensation for it, at as much an hour, for so many hours daily? Well, after these hours are over, there are still more which remain to you before the day is done, which, if you like, you may still further dispose of.

"Oh," I fancy I hear you say, "what, is it to be all work?"

It must be either work or waste. It may not be the same work, but it must be the true rest of the mind. The farmer who puts his land to an idle fallow, in order to give it rest, will find that the summer is over, that it is covered with weeds, and that it wont be idle even if he would let it. So with the land, so with the mind; give it change of occupation, and in that way rest it. Simple physical rest is managed by laws, which, in a healthy body, take care of themselves. Thus time is also money to the workman, for he who can earn 3s. 3pence an hour for his time, at the rate of ten hours a day, and idles the remaining four, robs himself of twenty pence a day, robs his mind of twenty-pen'orth of improvement, which might otherwise, if he had had it, have served his future purpose, and been of the greatest benefit to him.

It's nobbut a pen'orth.

Ah! how often have these words been sown, as the seeds of repentance, remorse, and regret; childhood utters them in play, and they are said in earnest in old age.

A pen'orth to-day, will, unless abandoned, become sixpence'orth, in the time next year, a shilling's worth the year after, and reckless ruin a few years thence.

Tell me, when is it nobbut a pen'orth? Is it in the morning before breakfast, or in the middle of the forenoon, or just by way of a finish after dinner, or with a cosy pipe at night? *Where* is it nobbut a pen'orth? Is it in the drem shop at the street corner, in and out like a stealthy coward, through a door that dares't break if it would, or through a private entrance round the corner, lest the sun should look upon you, and put you out of countenance? Is it at the workshop or where young companions, who look up to you for example, and whose boyish hearts are yearning to look like men, and to copy examples of which may give them such a bearing and appearance? Is it away from the domestic hearth, where there should be solace and sympathy, and self denial, and mutual love? Are these the gardens of your pleasures, in which the seeds are sown, hereafter to produce such abundant and bitter fruit?

Alas, in too many cases it is even so!

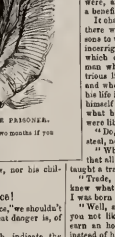
It's nobbut a pen'orth!

In early life, a young man of cheerful and confiding temperament was apprenticed to a business which threw him in the way of great temptation to drink. At first, little drams were supplied to him till he became inured to them, and in two years he drank spirit of wine, neat. His associates were all of the same congenial character; they, however, all drank brandy and water. Twenty of them sat down in 1821, to a sundry, but hearty, and three cord ale. In 1826, the first died of brandy and water, and not one of those gay companions lived to be thirty. "It's nobbut a pen'orth!"

What volumes might he written of families disinherited, hopes destroyed, lives broken, punishments awarded, by the beginning of a pen'orth!

There was an old soldier in one of the midland counties, who, at the age of thirty-six began to drink gin and water; at forty, he drank a bottle of gin a day, and smoked sundry pipes of tobacco; and during the day he also had sundry glasses of ale and wine. He died at sixty-six, and reckoning the ale and wine as a bottle of gin, on the days when his gin was out, it was computed that he had, in the last twenty-six years of his life, drunk twenty-eight hogsheads, or between fourteen and fifteen hundred pounds worth of spirits, independent of tobacco! At 30, he was a staid and sober man, and a poor man, who had never been known to taste spirit in his life. First he took to porter'orthing, and these brought him up to the mark, when he became rich, and that which was only a drop at first became an ocean.

But see what the saving of a pipe and a pint will do for a family! He who drinks but one pint of beer a day, and smokes but one pipe of tobacco, wastes that which would have educated six children in any of the best national schools of the country, schools of which any age of the world might have been proud—and the learning acquired in them would have built up for those children houses of adamant, solid and imperishable; whilst he who drinks water drinks that which never yet made a man sick, nor



THE MAGISTRATE AND THE PRISONER.

"Willingly, sir, most willingly, for two months if you please."

be necessary to quote.

"Curse not the king, no, not in thy thought, and curse not the rich in thy bedchamber, for a bird of the air will carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall carry the matter."

Is it a theft?

Do you remember the story of the boy who stole the horn-book at school, and who taking it home to his mother, so far from being reproved by her, was rather commended, in that he had saved her the cost of buying one. When, however, he was about to be hanged in later life, for a theft of a higher character, he wished to whisper to his mother before he was turned off, and in so doing, bit off her ear, saying to her these words, "If you had corrected me when I was young for stealing the horn-book, I should not now have disgraced your old age by ending my life on a scaffold."

Thieving, like debt, begins with the merest trifles; and many a man owes to his school-boy days the propensities of his after-life—it may be "nobbut once," but what care it requires to combat and extinguish that once. In fact, there are far more more important than an inquiry into the little possessions of our children, which we have not given to them ourselves, where they get them, and how they come by them; and there is more difficulty in accomplishing a voluntary restitution of such things, than in providing substitutes. In fact, "nobbut once," unheeded, leads to many a time, and some times a habit which is all but incurable! Thank God it is not all out, as the following instance will show. There is at present living on an society an attempted reformation of criminal offenders, which as an experiment is one of the most interesting, as well as one of the most philanthropic that can be imagined.

In one of the prisons of the south of England, in 1855, a benevolent magistrate, greatly interested himself in this important work. He presumed, knowing that human nature may be found in a barbarous state, even in the midst of civilized life, but still be susceptible of cultivation, and by cultivation, of higher perception, even though these may be a long way off from the average standard of human excellence.

So he made it his business to visit prisons; set up for himself a reformatory institution; expended upon it £300 a year of his own, and adopted, as it were, any felon on whom he imagined a benefit might tell.

It chanced, among other persons, that there was committed to one of the prisons to which he had access, an offender, incorrigible by any of the punishments which can be awarded by the law; a man who had never known an industrious life, who was from birth a thief, and who had spent the greater part of his life in prisons. To him he addressed himself one day, casually asking him what he would do for a living if he were liberated.

"Do, sir," said the thief, "do, sir; steal, nothing else."

"What," said the magistrate, "is that all you could do? were you never taught a trade?"

"Trade, sir, living, sir—never! I never knew what it was to do anything but steal, I was a thief!"

"Well, and are you not tired of it? would you not like to know a trade, whereby to earn your living? Childhood like other men, instead of being hunted down every where as you now are?"

The poor fellow looked the magistrate in the face very earnestly, and said, "Sir, sir, I would give anything, do anything of which I am capable, to know the smallest means of honest labour!"

"Listen to me, my friend," said the magistrate, "I have an institution, in which such persons as you are taught a trade, and hereafter to live by their own exertions. But there is a condition attached which must be by no means violated; if that is broken, the candidate is reconveyed to his cell, and no further attempts are made for his recovery."

"And what, sir, is that condition!" inquired the robber.

"It is simply this," replied the magistrate, "that you will be removed to another room, the door of which will be left unfastened, there you will be fed on bread and water for a fortnight; and you must never pass the threshold of the door till you are permitted. Can you conform to these conditions, do you think?"

"Willingly, sir, most willingly, for two months, if you please, instead of weeks."

"No," said the magistrate, "two weeks will suffice, you shall be tried."

My friends! that unfortunate felon has been tried. He has kept his preliminary conditions well; he has been removed to another room, and is learning a trade, which bids fair to become not only a changed but even an exemplary character.

It's nobbut once,

Is it a word unkindly spoken, or a quarrel? It has been well said, that there would never be a quarrel, if one side would determine not to be angry. And to me it seems a great folly to be angry with a person who runs against you because he can't see.

But one quarrel, if not checked, may lead to further outrage; and it is necessary therefore that if once, it should be nobbut once, and even that once should be avoided if possible.

There is a quarrel, which once arising, is productive of endless misery, and that is a quarrel between a man and his wife about money matters, for domestic purposes. When it does begin, it generally commences about the second or third month of matrimony, and is at its height by the seventh, and if once it gets deep root, it is very difficult to eradicate. There is, in fact, only one cure for it, and that is to begin again, and act differently. Let a man calculate his household expenses, just as he likes to live, and as he can live a week; then add to that a small sum for wear and tear, and another small sum for sundries and casualties, and give his wife that sum every week, fortnight, or month, as he can afford it or prefers, and never ask her what she does with the overplus, so long as his comforts are attended to. This is the cure for the quarrel to which I have referred.

A woman who confides her happiness to a man, should never be under a suspicion of extravagance or mismanagement, energy upon long trial and abundant proof. This should always be granted for experimental wisdom, and proof should never be looked for with expectation, for a young wife may not wish to show her ignorance; and as the engagement is for life, it is far wiser to build her a bridge over the river, than to pull her through the water. It must be remembered that a woman has many calls for money, which, though they are too insignificant for a husband's consideration, they greatly diminish her little means; "and as a constant dropping wears away a stone," so, a constant asking for every shilling tears the best of tempers, and eventually leads to the most unfortunate results.

My friends, there should be no slavery at home, whatever there may be abroad; and there is no greater slavery than poverty, and no greater disparity, than a well-to-do husband and a poor wife. In fact, he may be said to have fallen into a happy vein who is himself frugal without being stingy, and who trusts his wife unconditionally, because he has a good opinion of her forethought and prudence that he has of his own. Depend upon it this is a pretty well-to-do, but although go by contrasts in it, and therefore there are trials for the wives, so that we need make none at home. But all trouble should remain outside the door where there has taken shelter; and he is a wise man who leaves his feet before he goes in, and leaves the selfish feelings of the busy world without, remembering, if he carries them inside with him

"That greater fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em;
And little fleas have lesser fleas,
And so, ad infinitum."

(To be concluded in the next number.)

"FOR WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN, IF HE SHALL GAIN THE WHOLE WORLD, AND LOSE HIS OWN SOUL; OR WHAT SHALL A MAN GIVE IN EXCHANGE FOR HIS SOUL?" MARK viii. 36, 37

No. 18]

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CELEBRATED SHEPHERDS.

DR. ALEXANDER MURRAY

A celebrated self-taught linguist, was in early life a *shepherd*. He was born at Dunkitterick, in Galloway, in 1775. His father was a farm servant, and had a numerous family, who were all shepherds, or pastoral farm servants. Alexander had reached his sixth year before he was taught the alphabet. His first instructor was his father, who drew for his son the letters, A. B. C., &c. on the board of an old wool-card with the hook end of a horned heather-stem! After this time, though his school education was very limited, he was constantly making acquisitions to his store of knowledge, spending every penny which he procured from friends or strangers in the purchase of books. By extraordinary application he made himself master of the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French languages, and when, in 1794, the fame of his acquirements gained him admission to the university of Edinburgh, he made a rapid progress also in the Eastern dialects. In 1806 he became assistant to Dr. Mairhead, the Minister of the parish of Urr, and soon afterwards he succeeded him in his pastoral charge. In 1811 he was applied to by the Marquis Wellesley, as the only person in the British dominions qualified to translate a letter written in Geez, from the government of Tigre to his Britannic Majesty, and he performed the task in the most satisfactory way. The following year he was appointed to the chair of oriental languages in the university of Edinburgh, and at the same time received the degree of Doctor of divinity. He died in 1813.

JAMES FERGUSON.

AMONG the self-educated men of modern times there are few who claim more of our admiration than JAMES FERGUSON. He was born in the year 1710, a few miles from Keith, in Banffshire, his parents, as he tells us, being "in the humblest condition of life" (his father was a day labourer), "but religious and honest." It was his father's

THE FATHER OF DR. ALEXANDER MURRAY TEACHING HIM THE ALPHABET

practice to teach his children himself to read and writeand longer would it be if all fathers felt more interest in the progress of their children, and practically engaged themselves like that worthy man, in the delightful work of instruction. When his elder brothers received their small lessons, little James secretly listened to what was going on; and whenever he was alone he would get hold of the book, and work hard in endeavouring to master the lesson which he had thus heard gone over, and would often apply as an old woman in a neighbouring cottage to solve his difficulties. In this way he learned to read tolerably well before his father had any idea that he knew his letters!

When he was about seven years of age, the roof of the cottage having partly fallen in, his father, in order to raise it again, applied a beam resting on a prop, to the manner of a lever, and was thus enabled with comparative ease to produce what seemed to his son a stupendous effect.

The circumstance set our young philosopher thinking; and it was not long before the child, by his own reflections and unaided experiments, actually discovered two of the elementary forces in mechanics—the lever, and the wheel and axle!

Some of James's early years were spent as a *shepherd* boy to a neighbouring farmer, and while his flock was feeding around him, he employed himself in making mills, spinning wheels, &c., during the day, and in studying the stars at night, his first astronomical instruments being constructed of horses' bones that he found on the common!

Having been desired by his master to carry a message to the minister of Keith, he took with him the drawings he had made of the stars, when that gentleman kindly supplied him with a map, and also with compasses, pens, ink, and paper, desiring him to bring him back a fair copy of it. For this pleasant employment, his kind master ordered him sufficient *time*, and "would often," says James, "take the first out of my hands and work himself, while I sat by him in the barn, busy with my compasses, ruler, and pen." (A beautiful picture this, of a good man, appreciating the worth of knowledge and genius in his servant.) Having finished his map, Ferguson carried it to his master's mansion, where he met with "Square Grant," who offered to take him into his house, and make his butler give him lessons. This butler appears to have been a remarkable character, for Ferguson tells us, "that he was conversant with arithmetic, and mathematics, played on every known musical instrument except the harp, understood Latin, French, and Greek, and could let blood, and prescribe for diseases!"

Ferguson had now attained his 20th year, and very happy must he have been with his friend, the butler, in studying algebra, and decimal fractions, and in constructing globes, maps, and sun-dials; but his happiness was of short duration, for just as he was beginning to study geometry, the butler left his place for another, in the establishment of the Earl of Fife, and poor Ferguson returned home to his father, where he had very little to do, and frequently nothing to eat. He could not however, remain idle, and engaged in the service of a miller, who, finding his avarice, honesty, and zeal to spend all his own time at the mill-house. Here, although living chiefly on oatmeal and water, he remained a year. His next master was a physician, who appears to have acted very tyrannically toward the young man. When next under this parental roof he had a severe illness—and though much reduced by exhaustion, he amused himself by constructing a wooden clock, which kept time tolerably well; the bell on which the hammer struck the hours, being the neck of a broken bottle!

A short time after this he invented a timepiece, or watch, moved by a spring—this history of which, in his own words, is extremely interesting, but too long for insertion. He now began to do a little business as a cleaner of clocks; and having attracted the notice of some families of rank and wealth in the neighbourhood, he attempted to draw patterns for ladies' dresses, in which he soon became quite an adept, and with the money thus gained he had the pleasure of occasionally supplying the wants of his poor father. He next attempted to copy pictures with pen and ink, and then tried his hand at portrait painting, "when I found," says he, "it was much easier to draw from the life than from any picture whatever, as nature was more striking than any imitation of it."

He followed this profession for 26 years, and was not only able to support himself, but to greatly ease his heart by contributing largely to the support of his aged parents. He does not, however, appear to have given his heart to painting; for, growing quite tired of drawing pictures, he repaired to London, and found employment as a teacher of mechanics and astronomy.

He soon after published his first work "A Dissertation on the Phenomena of the Harvest Moon." In 1748, Ferguson began to give lectures on his favourite subjects, which were numerously attended, his Majesty George the Third, then a boy, being occasionally among his auditors. In 1763, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. He died in 1776, having for many years enjoyed a distinguished reputation both at home and abroad. Of his "Dialogues on Astronomy," Madame de Genlis says, "This book is written with so much clearness, that a child of ten years old may understand it from one end to the other."

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a *shepherd's* care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

VALENTINE JAMERAY DUVAL,

A celebrated librarian of the emperor Francis I. of Germany, was almost entirely self-educated. Losing his parents when he was 9 years of age, and being driven from his native place when 13 by the want of employment, he was taught to read in the cell of a hermit to whom Providence conducted him. For several years he lived a hermit-life, his employment being to tend cows, but his thirst for knowledge was deep, and he awaited himself of every means for gratifying it. One day, while busy with his maps and charts in the forest, he was discovered by the young Princess of Lorraine, who being pleased with the evidences of his intellectual industry, offered to secure him instruction in a celebrated seminary of the Jesuits. Here he made rapid progress, and Duke Leopold appointed him his librarian, and made him professor of history in the Academy at Luneville. He died in Vienna, in 1775.

PETER HORBERG,

The Swedish painter, was in early life a poor *shepherd-boy*. His parents were in very humble circumstances, and at nine years of age he was compelled to go out to service, after having received a little instruction in reading and writing at home. For two summers more he served as a shepherd-boy, watching the sheep and cattle as they browsed in the wild pastures of the country, according to the Swedish custom. His taste for pictures begun to show itself even as early as this. The Swedish shanties and cottaghes were ornamented with rude engravings; and as his means would not allow him to own one of these books, he endeavoured from memory to draw the figures on pieces of bark which he tore from the birch trees. He began also to ornamentsuch articles as hung on pegs on soft wood and fir bark, among which was an imitation of the altar-piece of the parish church. Having never heard of mixing colors with oil, he discovered for himself a method of using some of the simpler kinds, such as ochre, burnt clay, chalk, and charcoal, in a dry form, as is practised by crayon painters. He used planed board for canvas, and if fortune threw in his way a bit of writing paper, he drew with a pen, using the juice of various berries to color and shade his drawings. While watching his flocks in the fields, he drew figures upon the smooth rocks, using fir-bark for red chalk and charcoal for black. His next step was to apprentice himself to a painter, whom he served for five years. Step by step this extraordinary youth pursued his way, until he gained a good position in his profession, and was received into the highest society in the land. He died in 1810, aged 70 years.

JOHANNES RONGE,

Whose name so frequently appeared in the newspapers a few years ago as the leader of the great religious movement in Germany, is the son of a farmer. When a boy, he was employed in *tending sheep*, and his early education was acquired in the few hours of leisure which that occupation afforded during the winter months. When he was compelled to flee his country, he sought an asylum in England, and is now, we believe, a tutor.

After being a student in the missionary seminary at Gnapert, and manifesting great zeal while there, he went out to be the colleague of Dr. Morrison in China. Here he assisted in the translation of the Scriptures into that remarkable language, and in opening a way for the introduction of Christianity in that heathen empire. He died in 1822.

ANTHONY PURVER,

A self-instructed man of humble birth, was born at Up Hersborne, in Hampshire, in 1702, and was apprenticed to a shoemaker. Being afterwards employed in keeping *sheep*, he found leisure for study; and his curiosity being excited by the perusal of a tract in which some inaccuracies in the authorised versions of the Bible were pointed out, he resolved to make himself acquainted with the Scriptures in their original tongues. With some assistance from a Jew, he acquired a knowledge of Hebrew; he then applied himself to Greek, and next he studied Latin. On settling at Andover, as a schoolmaster, he undertook the extraordinary labour of translating the Bible into English; which work he actually accomplished, and it was printed at the expense of Dr. Fothergill, in 2 vols., folio. He died in 1777.

ROBERT NICOLL.

This lamented poet was born at Little Tolibethlane, in Perthshire, and was the son of a day labourer. "Ever since I can remember," says he, "I was a keen and earnest reader. Before I was six years of age, I read every book that came in my way, and had gone twice through my grandmother's small collection, though I had never been at school. When I had attained my sixth year, I was sent to the parish school, which was three miles distant, and I generally read going and returning. I was sent to the *herding of young sheep* of age, and continued herding all summer, attending school all winter with my 'fee,' or wages. About the time Robert had attained his twelfth year, a book-club was established in a neighbouring village, to which he subscribed. He was also able to pay it, 6d. a month, for a month or two, to a bookseller in Perth, for reading. He never went to the herding without a book in his plaid, and when about twelve years of age, being taken from herding, and sent to work in the garden of a neighbouring proprietor, he still maintained his studious habits. He afterwards bound himself apprentice to a grocer in Perth, but while he gave assiduous attention to his business, he unsparingly devoted his leisure hours to study and writing, and in summer was to be found at five o'clock in the morning on the North Inch of Perth—a fine open space on one of the banks of the river Tay, surrounded by books and papers. In 1835, he published a volume of poems and lyrics, and about the same time, with some pecuniary aid, he contrived to open a circulating library at Dundee. He afterwards became editor of the *Leeds Times*. His untiring labours, however, had ruined a delicate constitution, and he was taken off by consumption, in 1837, in the 24th year of his age. It is no small praise of his poetry, to say that it is allowed by many to surpass in merit anything which Burns wrote at the same age.

HESIOD,

A celebrated Greek poet, informs us that he tended *sheep* on Mount Helicon.

(Sketches of Celebrated Shepherds will be continued in the next number.)

JAMES HOGG,

The *Ettrick shepherd*, was born in the forest of Ettrick, in Selkirkshire, Jan. 25th, 1772. His humble occupation, like that of his ancestors time out of mind, was that of a *shepherd*; nor was he ever more than half a year at school. At the age of 18, however, he began to amuse himself in stringing rustic rhymes together; and he continued to tend his sheep and to write verses, until it was his good fortune to be noticed by Sir Walter Scott (who had seen some of his poetical efforts), who induced him to attempt something of a more decided character. He produced an "Essay on Sheep," which won for him the premium given by the Highland Society, and which, added to the success of a volume of ballads he had shortly before published, under the title of "The Mountain Bard," led him to hope for future fame and profit. He soon afterwards produced his "Forest Minstrel," which gained him but little in either sense, but the publication of the "Queen's Wake," established his fame and made him the popular poet of Scottish ballads. His publications are numerous, and he contributes to some of the Edinburgh periodicals of the highest literary character. In fact, it was from the repeated mention of the "Shepherd" in the Noctes Ambrosianæ of Professor Wilson, that publishing in "Blackwood," that his name attained its chief celebrity. He continued the friend and companion of Sir Walter Scott until the baronet's death. James Hogg, like Robert Burns, was unsuccessful as a farmer, and died at Altrive Lake, on the Yarrow, in Nov., 1835, leaving his widow and five children wholly unprovided for.

WILLIAM MILNE,

The celebrated Chinese missionary, was during the greater part of his life a *shepherd*, and his early education was simply that of a Scottish peasant. He was born in the parish of Kennethmont, in Aberdeenshire, in 1775. Like many shepherds who have arisen to eminence, he was fond of reading, and in his secluded life made books his constant companions. He was kind, however, to feel that to had higher duties to perform, and in his twenty-fifth year, offered himself as a candidate for missionary employment. On his appearing before the presbytery of Aberdeen, the gentlemen were astonished when he presented himself in a highland dress and other articles of dress, little corresponding with aspirations for literary fame, and were disposed to reject his offer. Being asked to pray, however, he addressed God with such humility, fervour, and intelligence that their minds were changed respecting him. After some preliminary studies, he applied himself to Chinese, and was ordained more the subjects of literary, and the more readily ascribed by worldly men to the nature of his avocations, than to that depravity of heart which he strove to convert in his ministrations. But let the same individual become the subject of converting grace; let him embrace with his whole soul the truth, and let it in Jesus, and the entire current of his feelings and propensities is changed; he is still the man of genius, the accomplished poet, the artful artist, or the acute philosopher, but he is also, "an lara-ite indeed, in whom there is no guile!"

DR HUIE.

A WORD.

O! SAY what is there in a word!
Ah! much to wound or heal;
The power of many a simple word,
We all have felt or feel.

A word may to the mourner's breast
Impart a joyous token;
May rouse to deeds and duties blest,
The heart half chill'd and broken.

A word may damp the ardent soul,
And crush the high endeavour;
May bid the painful tear to roll,
And quench bright hopes for ever.

A word may cause impassion'd youth,
Virtue or vice to pursue;
O! then, let each speak the truth—
How much a word can do.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

(FROM THE CHINESE.)

When spades grow bright,
And axes grow dull;
Where pails are empty,
And where burns are full;
When fuel gathers
With frequent feet outworn;
Low court-yards weedy,
Silent and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it,
And where farmers ride;
Where age seems young,
And youth is multiplied;
Where poisonous drinks
Are chased from every place;
Where opium's curse
No longer leaves a trace;
Where these signs are,
They clearly indicate
A happy people,
And a well-govern'd state.

THE IRREGULARITIES OF MEN OF GENIUS.

The irregularities of men of genius ever find ready apologists amongst the votaries of the world. These talk of nature's gifts being variously distributed, and of the absence of one excellence being atoned for by the possession of another: thus placing the reins of the universe in the hands of the creature of their own imagination, and impiously conceiving that the right exercise of one endowment can make amends to its Divine Author for the abuse of the remainder.

The Christian moralist reasons in a very different manner, and with him the greatness is reduced to very narrow limits. In the man of genius, he asks, a man of God, or is he not? If he is, then he will neither be intemperate nor profane; he will neither be licentious in his writings, nor profligate in his conduct; he will be a tender husband and a kind father; he will pay every man what he owes him, and conscientiously provide for the wants of his household. But if, on the other hand, he is not a man of God, it is very possible that he may be and do nothing of all this; it is very possible that he may be dissipated and immoral, unprudent and destitute of natural affection, and that, not because he is a man of genius, but because he is an uncovertedman; not because he has felt the inspiration of poetry or of painting, but because his heart has not been renewed by the Holy Spirit.

The man of genius, while in an unconverted state, is like every other man in a similar condition, the slave of passion and of natural appetite, and if there is anything in his pursuits which leads him much into company, or procures for him any degree of temporal distinction, his failings become so much the more the subjects of levity, and the more readily ascribed by worldly men to the nature of his avocations, than to that depravity of heart which he shares in common with others. But let the same individual become the subject of converting grace; let him embrace with his whole soul the truth, and let it in Jesus, and the entire current of his feelings and propensities is changed; he is still the man of genius, the accomplished poet, the artful artist, or the acute philosopher, but he is also, "an lara-ite indeed, in whom there is no guile!"

DR HUIE.

"IT'S NOBBUT" AND "NIVVER HEED"

By Dr. BAKER, Inspector of Factories, Leeds.

(Concluded from page 58.)

It's nobbut a Wasp.

To those who live in the country, and are fond of fruit and flowers, as well as to those who are dwellers in towns, a wasp is an obnoxious creature, because it is well known to carry a sting about him, which he uses on any occasion, when he is ever so little vexed. He is, in fact, a marauder, a bandit, a robber, and like a robber in a crowd, always makes everybody give place to him. He preys upon the industry of others, and cares nothing for their accommodation so long as he is satisfied. If he be the butcher with impunity, the sugar cask of the grocer is his delight, and the finest fruits and flowers of the gardener he makes his own at once. He is a creature without friends; he cannot be taught good manners, or to be sociable. Everybody in fact hates him and avoids him, and kills him when they can.

"It's nobbut a wasp," and yet every wasp you see in April or May will be the mother of 30,000 more wasps, if not destroyed, thus immediately multiplying its mischief. Men, women, and children will be alike subject to its venom; and the pain and anguish thus occasioned, will be increased by the knowledge that when there was nobbut one wasp, it might have been prevented.

When I see a *child* brought up by too indulgent parents, who let it have its own way, who seldom or never correct it, but permit it to exercise all sorts of airs and grimaces, and to say "I will," and "you shan't," and "I don't care," I say to myself, Silly mother! "it's nobbut a wasp," but how greatly this wasp will be increased in size and fiercely on other days of the week, I cannot help saying. "It's nobbut a wasp," but alas for the neighbourhood in which the maker her nest, and "He is likely to have a sorry home who marries mamma's darling."

When I hear or discover a young *gentleman* who speaks sharply and unkindly to his parents, who treats them as absolutely old, and their notions as antediluvian in comparison with his own, who calls his father, "the governor," and his mother, "the old woman," who spends his evenings in public, whether in dancing, dancing, or cherry cobbler, I say "It's nobbut a wasp"; but I said, Ah, my friend, you'll never know the value of your parents till you've lost 'em, and, that, flutter where you will, it will only be to be hunted down as a pest to society, and to one whose company is so be both dreaded and avoided.

When I see a busy sort of person running about with silly little satisfied, trifling character, inventing stories, and telling them so often as to believe them to be true at last, delighting in recounting scandals and gossipings, which, if they had been ever performed or said in his or her presence, could only have been said and done in honour and confidence, I say, "Egh, what a wasp!" and as I look I add, "all fetching dogs are carrying dogs"; and having been taught, I determine that such a person shall never approach me again, either for good or evil.

Finally, when the age is seen to be jealous of the attention paid to youth, instead of encouraging such attentions and directing their results by those of experience, rendered happy, because the lamp of life is nearly burnt out, and querulous because of the want of their power, which can never be resumed, I say, "Well, it's nobbut a wasp after all; and remember, winter is coming, when, whether they will or no, all such wasps will disappear in the natural course of events, and when these, at least, will torment us no more."

In short, my friends, as we owe to our own idleness far more than half the miseries of human life, we have no just right to complain of them.

The fewer wasps there are and the less the bees will be deprived of their means of gathering honey; and though we may wish the human beings as we would wasps, we can certainly make them somewhat scarcer by destroying their nests.

It's nobbut a Cock Sparrow.

The cock sparrow is the denizen of all countries which have any claim to civilization. His familiar face would welcome us in almost any climate if we were there to meet it. His little twitter, which, without any previous invitation of ours, is heard beneath our roofs, and his knavish look, when he knows he is pilfering our current cress, and is detected, have made him a well known character everywhere.

As a whole, he is a compound of suspicion and respect, of activity, and yet obnoxious feeling, of regard and dislike. Nevertheless, he is a bird of birds, for he is mentioned in Scripture; and as far as I am, I would rather there were a hundred sparrows in a garden than no birds, for a garden without birds is like a sea without ships, or a night without stars.

Let us enquire what our friend Mr. Major of Knowthorpe, that eminent landscape gardener, says of him:

"The sparrow is of essential service in destroying the aphides on the apple trees, the berry bush, and other trees, but more especially in destroying the caterpillars which infest fruit and other trees. When the sparrows are seen hunting over those trees in the spring and summer months, it will be found that they are in search of either the aphides or caterpillars, but more especially the latter. The caterpillars to destructive to the foliage of the berry bush, are those which keep in our gardens, where sparrows discover them. They also destroy moths and many other kinds of insects.

THE SPARROW.

Sparrows—not one of them is forgotten before God.

Luke xii. 6.

Mr. Bradey, an intelligent writer, has calculated, that a pair of sparrows, having young to maintain, will destroy 3360 caterpillars in a week; and than that number of caterpillars of the orchards kind would, in the same time, strip from thirty to forty moderate sized berry bushes of their leaves, provided the weather proved congenial to their habits.

Let me shew you for a moment the increase also of the aphis, of which, too, the sparrow is the mortal enemy. "So productive is the aphis tribe of insects," says Beaumont, "that, by some species of this genus, in five generations, one aphis may be the progenitor of 5,900,000,000 descendants, and it is supposed that in one year there may be twenty generations; so that you see, without the help of the cock sparrow we might have no foliage and no fruit.

But there is not only one kind of aphis or moth or butterfly, or other insect, that he destroys, but many; so that he does as good service in a variety of ways, when and where we least expect it. Beware, therefore, of destroying sparrows; for if you have no sparrows, you will probably have neither gooseberries, raspberries, currants, nor apples.

And so also, the caterpillars and dolphins of human life are vast and various. As in the vegetable world so with man, they undermine and destroy the earliest vegetation, when it is most impressible and most beautiful; and prevent the maintenance of intellectual improvement from warming it and bringing it to perfection.

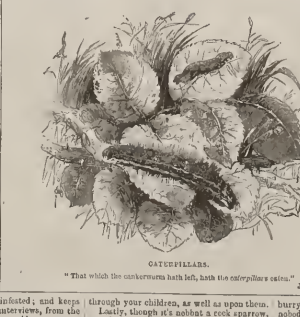
And as in the former case, God has kindly provided the friendly sparrow to keep within reasonable bounds what would otherwise soon become an intolerable plague—so in the latter He has also provided a remedy for the blots which would otherwise characterize mankind. *The schoolmaster is the sparrow of our race.* He it is who, by his daily industry and perseverance, effumes indeed, turning night into day, destroys those parasites by which human berry bushes are infested; and keeps them from various counterviews, from the vices and pollutions of the world.

"It's nobbut a cock sparrow." But he watches where the butterfly lays her eggs, which he knows will germinate in a short period, and overrun the vegetation of early spring; and so the schoolmaster watches the generation of young desires, and nips all those in the bud which are dangerous to the growth of the christian character.

"It's nobbut a cock sparrow." But as from some tender spray he spies the aphis on the underside of some leaf, where sheltered from the rain and sun, and yet warmed and nourished by them, he devours the habitation that covers him, so the schoolmaster looks for the early developement of evil with the good in the bosoms of his pupils; and considering his little flock with parental emotion, he strives, by the application of religious and moral maxims, to override and to to destroy the baser passions of our nature.

"It's nobbut a cock sparrow!" But he is a gregarious little fellow—most happy when he is in company, and doing good by aggregates; so the schoolmaster, who commences the good work which the various institutes of the country carry on, and which the hands and hearts of benevolence and philanthropy nature; who lays the foundation in good solid ashlar, and then leaves experience to build the engine and science to apply it.

It may be nobbut a cock sparrow, but treat him henceforward with respect and approbation, in return for what he does for you; and when you think of the labour and toils of the schoolmaster—that with all the infirmities of your own nature, with poverty and industry struggling at the door for the right of entry—he is exported to conquer vicious tempers, bad habits, immoral tendencies, which parental discipline oftentimes can not; and not only so, but to absolutely build upon these very foundations, bad as they are—obedience, respect, intelligence, and finally, power, treat him also with respect and goodwill, and though he is nobbut a schoolmaster, don't forget the benefits he bestows upon you



CATERPILLARS.

"That which the cankerworm hath left, hath the *caterpillars* eaten."

Joel i. 4.

singing bird is the skylark, for he sings and rises higher and higher, and the higher he goes the louder he sings."

"Tut, tut," and the half-wit, "what is your robin and skylark to my singing bird; my singing bird's the cock sparrow. He isn't so impudent as the robin, and he doesn't fly so high as the skylark, but he's always o' door stone, and all the day long he says, Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up."

Now, my friends, as "He cats the kernel with the greatest rest, who cracks the nut for himself,"

So, therefore, if the "nobbuts" thus brought under your notice strike you as contained sentiments worthy of your consideration, do not let me hear you say "Nivverheed," for

"Time stays not the devil's leisure," and

"Nivver heed" never got rich by his own industry."

Moreover, in these days the want of learning is the greatest of all wants; for, for the want of knowing ourselves better, we shorten our lives; for want of knowing our capabilities, we miss many advantages which we should otherwise gain; for want of a system, we are always lagging behind; and for the want of a little courage, we lose curiosity and with it the desire to be what God intended us to be, viz. creatures formed to shadow forth His glory in our own intellectual advancement, and the more so, as in that advancement our knowledge of Himself increases.

Therefore, whatever you do, whenever you are asked to go, whether as children to school, or afterwards to this or that Institute for mutual improvement, don't let your answer be "Nivver heed, let's go lake," for

"An idle man is the devil's play-fellow," and

"The woman that thinks she can keep house better than her mother, will find out her mistake when she begins to try."

Let me then ask you, will you hereafter save your sixpences for the purpose of securing yourselves an honest independence in after life, like my policeman; or if not that, of providing against bad times and short work; or if not that, of giving you the means of procuring little necessaries, without having to ask for every shilling, or of keeping away clamorous creditors? Or, when you are tempted to spend them in the hope of there being always good times, and of your never being sick, or that you will never grow old or get lamed, will you "nivver heed?" You may if you like, but remember what our Richard said,

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy, all for the want of a horse shoe nail."

Will you hereafter value minutes, as if they were sovereigns, and put every one out to the best advantage, so that they may bring you in the highest rate of interest, remembering how few you really have to enjoy, and that "doings in a hurry only lead to undoings which benefit nobody," or will you say "nivver heed," there will be another day after to-morrow?

My friends, yesterday was, to-day is, and to-morrow may be; but there is no saying whether it will be or not, and

"What you want to-day may be of no use to you to-morrow." Moreover,

"He that gets, may keep; but he that only hopes to get, may be disappointed;" for

"Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper," and

"Hope deferred, hangs the heart upon tenter hooks, where it soon breaks."

Will you housekeeward avoid that first pen'nortd?—Believe me "A habit of sly drinking soon leads to living without drinking;" and there is but little safety for an easy going mind, except in a track in an opposite direction.

Or, will you say, as you have before said, "Oh, nivver heed, it's nobbut a pen'nortb, what harm can it do?"

It can do this. The beginning of a bad habit is like putting on a new coat, to try if it will fit, or accommodating one's foot to a new shoe, and suffering all sorts of pain and inconvenience to satisfy fashion, or to save the credit of the shoemaker. But when once either of them are on and easy, we become loath to put them off again; and as long as they are comfortable and bearable, we continue to say "nivver heed"—But remember, that

"He who wades into the water, intending to go only up to his chin, may suddenly slip in over head"—and

"He starts on a long voyage, who goes to the bottom of the sea."

Will you hereafter avoid that first quarrel? knowing that "Anger begins with folly and ends with repentance"—and that "There is no use in making a rod for one's own back"—Or will you persist in saying, "Nivver heed, nothing will come of it?"

Remember, I pray you, that

"The first drop is the first evidence of rain," and that he who has once done an injustice, will seek to justify it always by the same means.

"He who does a good thing once, soon makes once into many," whilst

"He who does a bad thing once, had better not have done any, "and it is far better not to do, than to do, and wish it undone."

Will you remember what I have said about the wasp?

My friends, in this world, there are many wasps that are not insects! Many smiles which conceal cross purposes; and many a sunshine hides under the fairest appearances; and it is never a very pleasant thing to find one's self in such company.

But, one thing always remains to be done, and it is this, that "He who is not able to drive the wasp away, may take himself away," said "It is always better to avoid a venom than to cure it."

And since the number of wasps may be so much diminished, by the pains we take to destroy their nests, when the young are yet harmless, we have only ourselves to blame if we let them multiply; for it would be vain then to say "nivver heed, for

"Heed wo must, when there is no escape;" Neither need we be much surprised if

"After having frozen the spigot, the barrel should burst."

Lastly, will you remember the cock-sparrow?

I think I hear you say, "Nivver heed." Well! if you don't heed, I don't; for a better state of things is sure to arise, when the schoolmaster is abroad. And this is true, "That society is often more indebted to his wisdom than to parental care."

Still, remember, that when nivver heed means "nobody cares," it lets us down the stream; but when it means "try again," it is a sentence of good promise.

For instance,

Let's away to £' —— Institute.

What for?

O, we've our summat at 'l dew us good.

Na'ah, "nivver heed," let's away to £' On Jockey, or

"It's ower thick;" or "It's ower dark a nest;" or "It's ower much trubble;" or "It's ower far."

These are the nivver heeds of folly and frivolity.

But when it's

Ah can't listen to rede if ah tri iver so ard.

He must wi thes; wat's that fur?

Oh! ah don't nes.

Why, thou can't tried ard enuff; try agean.

That's the nivver heed for me. Nobody ever knew the first "nivver heed" prosper. Nobody ever knew the second "nivver heed" fail. And so you will always find, that the highways of immorality and vice are measadamized by careless indifference, and are very easy to run upon, but they end in disappointment; whilst the byeways of religion and virtue are very difficult to find, and still more difficult to keep when they are found, because of the allurements which are ever being presented to us by the world; but they are, therefore, the more creditable to our resolution when they are kept.

Therefore, to those among you who are determined to throw your chances away, because of difficulties which are apparently in

sormountable, but only apparently, determined to fall back in despair, determined to give way to idleness, to be all your lives "nobbish." I can only say, that "every tub must stand on its own bottom," and so every man is the architect of his own fortune, so must you be.

Not to those of you who, not withstanding all their advantages and trials, and reverses, and difficulties, are still pushing on to the goal of intellectual excellence, I say never heed, push on, what has been done may be done, what will be, shall be. If you will, you may—

"Who follows fortune never should despair,
Plant boldly and hoeing reap or wear the fair.
Hilly acquire, push on with heart and soul
Fetch in his sickle with the reaped goal.
And though the path be rugged, deep, and straight,
And filled with pains and difficulties
Yet the bold jolly summit to achieve
Who strives to earnest achieve never in vain."

My friends, forgive me if I have trespassed upon your time too long.

I have been nobbut anxious to do you a little good, if but ever so little, and so long as that end is answered,

"Never heed."

Robert Baker

THE discovery, the adoption, and the diffusion of stupifying and intoxicating agents, will form a very extraordinary, if not a very brilliant chapter in the history of man. The mass of such materials annually consumed, the immense portion of the earth's surface devoted to their cultivation, and the prodigious amount of capital and labour employed in their manufacture and sale, are altogether astounding. The estimated annual consumption of opium is twenty millions of pounds weight; and when it is remembered that a few grains, repeated from day to day, will shatter the strongest nerves, and transform a healthy man into a pitiless, cadaverous drivller, some idea may be formed of the tremendous quantity of disease, imbecility, and death, self-inflicted upon mankind through the medium of this drug alone. Next on the list come thirty millions of pounds of the cocoa leaf, chewed by ten millions of shrivelled, half-starved South American Indians, who purchase a few hours of vigour and vivacity out of the twenty-four at the expense of a heavy mortgage of gloom and inactivity on the rest. Then to confer on poster and ale their anti-intellectual tendency, there is an annual produce of nearly fifty millions of pounds of hops. The wretched natives of Sumatra and Southern India require a yearly allowance of five hundred millions of pounds of the betel nut. But, leaving the betel, the cocoa, hops, and opium far below it, the overwhelming tobacco Vesuvius swells up to the enormous magnitude of four thousand five hundred millions of pounds a year! If we add to this the seas of wine, rum, brandy, whisky, and other alcoholic liquors that annually flow over the human gullet, and keep up a perpetual, and now rather conspicuous redness on the nose of mankind, we shall be forced to the conclusion that the children of Adam are living a very fast life indeed; and to wonder, not that the sun never sets on the empire of human misery, but rather that a constitution now some six thousand years old, should still be able to bear up against the damaging assaults of so many enemies. Man is the prodigal son of the universe, living the life of a pig, through his own folly and stupidity; and it will require all the efforts of all the reformers to bring him back to his healthful and elevating enjoyments of his father's house.

Glasgow Commonwealth.

THE SHEPHERD BOY'S WAY IN THE WORLD.

THE following advertisement appeared in *The Times* a few weeks ago. "The president and committee of the Kirkby Lonsdale Mechanics' Institution have safely received the truly valuable gift of books, coins, shells, &c., to the above institution, by 'one who was an illiterate shepherd's boy, who drove coal-carts through the town of Kirkby Lonsdale, now more than sixty years ago,' and beg he will accept their most grateful thanks.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Half-Holiday Question. By JOHN LULWALL. 6d. KENT & CO.

Those who want telling facts and arguments on this important topic should purchase this valuable pamphlet from the pen of a distinguished friend of the Half-Holiday Union Association.

Uncle Sam's Farm Fence. 6d. TWEEDIE.

A popular American tale, illustrative of the far famed MAINE LAW. Well adapted for Tract Distribution.

London Shadows: a Glance at the "Homes" of Thousands. By GEORGE GOODWIN, F.R.S. L. ARNOLD & CO.

The author deserves the thanks of the nation for bringing to light, so forcibly, some of the dark places of the metropolis.

How to Choose a Wife. 6d. PARTRIDGE & CO.

Are you thinking of getting Married? 2d JARROLD & SONS.

These are, without exception, the best little works on one of the most important relations of life, we have yet met with. We thoroughly recommend them to the perusal of all our unmarried readers.

The Worth of Fresh Air. 2d. JARROLD & SONS

Both authors and publisher deserve well to win the good counsel here given.

THE SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY.

EARLY closing is the key to the family altar, and the Saturday half-holiday is the key to the Sabbath. The Saturday afternoon is the time for recreation; *that* is the time for steamboat trips and cheap railway trains, and for opening Crystal Palaces and British Museums. *That* is the time for throwing open, too, the public gardens, with their military bands. *Then* and there let bishops and baronets be seen walking arm in arm, enjoying the sight of the people innocently enjoying themselves. * * * Yes, the *Saturday* is the day for preparation. There is something good in every religion, in one sense. Adopt it * * * There is the Jew; I want to be a Jew upon half the Saturday. I do not want to work, and I do not want my fellow-creatures to work upon half that day. It is a *visiting-day* on the morrow; not gadding from door to door, from house to house in idle gossip. No. If I am to visit a mighty potentate on earth to-morrow, I will prepare myself to-day. If there is any chance of that great personage returning my visit, and coming into my poor tenement, I will prepare that home for him. Well, Saturday evening has come. There is visiting on the morrow. The poor working-man visits a mightier Being than any earthly potentate—he visits God in his own house, his sanctuary; and God in his own house, he will meet his Being; he will be held communion with God there, he will hold communion with Him; he will not come empty-handed.—PROFESSOR MILLER, *Edinburgh, from his admirable lecture, "Labour Lightened," not Lost. Price 3d. Nisbet and Co., London.*

EXTRAORDINARY SAGACITY OF THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD'S DOG, "SIRRAH."

THE celebrated shepherd-poet, James Hogg, had a dog named Sirrah. "He was," says he, "beyond all comparison, the best dog I ever saw. He was of a surly, unsocial temper, disdaining all flattery, and refused to be caressed; but his attention to his master will never again be equalled by any of the canine race. The first time I saw him, a drover was leading him by a rope; he was hungry and lean; and far from being a beautiful cur. The man had bought him of a boy for three shillings somewhere on the border, and doubtless had fed him very ill on his journey. I thought I discovered a sort of sullen intelligence in his face, notwithstanding his dejected and forlorn situation; so I gave the drover a guinea for him, and appropriated him to myself. He was scarcely then a year old, and knew so little of herding, that he had never turned sheep in his life; but as soon as he discovered that it was his duty to do so, and that is obliged me, I can never forget with what anxiety and eagerness he learned his different evolutions. He would try every day till he found out what I wanted him to do; and when once I made him understand a direction, he never forgot or mistook it again. Well as I knew him, he often astonished me, for when hard pressed in accomplishing the task that he was put to, he had expedients of the moment that bespoke a great share of the reasoning faculty

About seven hundred lambs, which were once under his care at weaning time, broke up at midnight, and scampered off in three divisions across the hills, in spite of all that the shepherd and a lad could do to keep them together "Sirrah," cried the shepherd, in great affliction, "my man, they're a' away." The night was so dark that he did not see Sirrah; but the faithful animal had heard his master's words—words such as of all others were sure to set him most on the alert; and without more ado he silently set off in quest of the recreant flock. Meanwhile, the shepherd and his companion did not fail to do all that was in their power to recover their lost charge; they spent the whole night in scouring the hills for miles round, but of neither the lambs nor Sirrah could they obtain the slightest trace. "It was the most extraordinary circumstance," said the shepherd, that ever occurred in my pastoral life. We had nothing for it (day having dawned), but to return to our master, and inform him that we had lost his whole flock, and know not what had become of one of them. On our way home, however, we discovered a body of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but still standing true to his charge. The man was then up; and when we first came in view of them we concluded that it was one of the lambs which Sirrah had been unable to manage until he came to that commanding situation But what was our astonishment when we discovered that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark, is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself, from midnight until the rising of the sun; and if all the shepherds of the forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety. All that I can further say, is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature below the sun, as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning."

JAMES HOGG.

Letter from MISS NIGHTINGALE to the Editor.

Castle Hospital, Balaclava, April 7th, 1856.

SIR,

I have just been informed of the arrival last week, at Scutari, of two trusses, containing a large supply of numbers of the *British Workman* and the *Band of Hope Review*.

I beg to offer my best thanks for a contribution which will be *most useful* to us, and which will be *highly valued* by the soldiers.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

Florence Nightingale

Contributions towards further grants for Soldiers and Sailors will be thankfully received by Henry Fred. Barclay, Esq., Treasurer to the Ragamuffins Circulating Fund, Walthamstow, Essex, or by the Rev. Joseph Kingsmill, Chaplain to the Government Model Prison, Pentonville, London.

PERSEVERANCE;

OR,

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. C. L. DALFOUR.

CHAPTER V.

WE left Patty surrounded by all the sudden misery that had fallen on her master's family. Her poor mistress had no relatives near her, and those who had professed friendship, being mostly poor commissions and hunters so "The Friend and Pitcher," chose either to express their sympathy, surprise, or indignation over their ale, than to offer any aid to the miserable family. It is strange and beautiful to see how often God manifests Himself in the very weakest of his creatures, and sends help in time of trouble, from the most unlikely sources. Patty had been a mere drudge in the household—ordered by all, and considered by none; and yet, when the storm descended on her, the poor bruised reed, stood, when all around were prostrate. Her quiet methodical ways and constant industry were found to be invaluable. Through the first night of wretchedness she had hushed the children, and looked up the house, and by calm entreaty induced her mistress to lay her wearied head upon a pillow, though to sleep there was perhaps impossible. The next morning she obtained the help of a poor man to open the shop; and when from curiosity many town-people dropped in to make small purchases, Patty was able to serve them without making many blunders, or calling her mistress, whose first anguish could not bear observation Of course Patty knew nothing of law—but she heard enough during that and many succeeding weeks—and what with having both to work and think, she felt herself, as it were, a new being. Her former sufferings and privations had robbed her of her childhood, her present exertions seemed to put away her girlhood. She learned, for it was town's talk, that her master and his nephew had been committed to take their trial for robbing the post office. They were conveyed to the county jail to await the assizes. Meanwhile, bills came pouring in from creditors, and the rent being in arrear, the landlord, fearing for his chance, made short work of it, and put in an execution.

At the end of six dismal weeks, the result was, Jasper Smee was found guilty and sentenced to 7 years transportation. His uncle, who was proved to be a wretched dupe, always drunk and incapable, was acquitted, but severely reprimanded—and the stock of the shop and furniture was sold off to pay the creditors. Whether the disgrace was too much for the ruined father and husband to face, or whether he fancied he could retrieve if he tried his fortune elsewhere, on the very day that he left the court house, he borrowed £10 of a man who plied the wife and helpless family, and with this sum set off as if to return to —— but in reality fled to London, and was supposed had truly gone to America, by one of the New York Liners. At all events, he neither came nor wrote to his wife and family.

This accumulation of misery, at length aroused sympathy with the deserted wife, and one of the most ill used of the husband's creditors advanced enough to enable Mrs. Vineer to take a little stationer's shop, and commence again in a very small way, buying by the pound, needle-work, to eke out a subsistence. She was very nervous and fretful first, and there were times when in her great anguish of desolation, even the faithful Patty had rebukes rather than commendation. One night, in particular, she was fretting about her child, with a kind of bursts, Patty singing to the youngest child who was fractious with teething, a verse of a well known hymn. She was calling out "Oh, do leave off that singing," when the words,

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

struck on her ear. Mrs. Vineer was sitting in the shop, and the door of the back parlour, which was thetrinsic other apartment, was half open, and she could see the face of the poor girl bent lovingly over the child in her lap as the gentle words softly sung dropped from her lips. Her heart was touched. "Oh! that poor half crippled girl, who has never known anything but misery, and who toils for us every day without a murmur, and yet she sings about God's good providence!" This was a new feeling to her—and she thought longer. Patty had never said one word about religion, but she had shown her piety in her life, and the relief was fainting from eyes that tired and sore had blinded. From that time, though there was no undue familiarity on Patty's part, she was her mistress were friends, felt low helpers in bearing life's burdens. And hard enough those burdens were, for they worked early and late—on the shop and at needle-work.

One great comfort had been granted to Patty; her brother, Tom, had been taken on board Mr. Drift's vessel, about a week after the apprehension of the uncle and nephew, and was therefore out of harm's way, and learning how to earn an honest, if a laborious livelihood.

(*To be continued.*)

A VISIT TO THE HAGGERSTONE COAL-HEAVERS.

"HAGGERSTONE," cries an old Londoner, "why, I never saw so much drunkenness in any place in my life as I have seen *there*.

Stop, friend! what you say may be a true picture of what Haggerstone *once was*, but there is a happy change in a portion of that noted locality. Many of the men who were once apparently hopeless characters, the husbands of heart-broken wives, the fathers of ragged and wretched children, and the constant suitants of police courts, are now sober and industrious characters; some of them are men who are "doing well" not only for this life, but for the next, and who may now be seen on the Sabbath, accompanying their well-dressed families to the House of God.

A few weeks ago we saw an interesting group of the Haggerstone Coal-heavers, to whom a lady had just given a copy of our little paper. Their courtesy and smiling faces showed that they appreciated an act of kindness, and the paper was evidently no stranger to them. An opportunity for conversation was specially afforded, and we soon found that one of the group was a kind of Captain, or Generalissimo, in the moral reformation already referred to. We subsequently visited some of the group at their *homes*, and there saw and heard sufficient to convince the most sceptical that there is no place in our country, however deeply it may be sunk by intemperance, that may not be raised in the scale of sobriety and morals when *proper* means are adopted.

Wait until our next Number, and you shall have in the testimonies of some of the Haggerstone "Notables," an account of *how* this is to be done, and we trust that the experience of these hard-working sons of toil will not be given without some good resulting therefrom, both to employers and employed.

FOUR WELL KNOWN CHARACTERS IN HAGGERSTONE, LONDON.

From a Photograph by A. COLLEY, London School of Photography

CELEBRATED SHEPHERDS.

Continued from page 70.

REV. JOHN BROWN,

An eminent and learned minister at Haddington, was born in Perthshire, in 1722; his childhood and youth were spent as a poor *herdboy*.

When a lad, he once approached a church door on communion Sunday, and said, "I want to get in," but the door keeper, seeing his ragged condition, denied his request. "But you must let me in, said he, as the tears ran down his cheeks; these entreaties, divine grace softened his heart, and seeds of living truth were sown by experimental or ardent desire for knowledge, and by his own intense application to study, become acquainted with the French, Italian, German, Arabic, Persian, Syriac, and Ethiopic languages, as well as the Greek and Hebrew. Notwithstanding his great attainments in knowledge, it is said he was never under the tuition of a master but for about a month. He studied, he between four and five in the morning, in winter time; and prosecuted his studies till eight in the evening. He died in the year 1787. He wrote several works, but his Dictionary of the Bible, and Self-Interpreting Bible, which have passed through several editions, are most generally admired.

ANDREW MANTEGNA

Was born in a village near Padua, in 1431, and from the son of parents in humble life, was at first employed in *keeping sheep*. It was observed that, instead of watching over his flock, he amused himself with drawing; and he was placed with a painter, who, being delighted with his genius, treated him, and with his gentle and agreeable conduct in society, adopted him for his son, and made him his heir. At the age of 17, Mantegna was employed to paint the altar of St. Sophia, in Padua, and the four evangelists. James Bellini, who admired his talents, gave him his daughter in marriage. Mantegna painted for the Duke of Mantua, the *Triumph of Cæsar*, which is the *chef d'œuvre* of this painter, and which was purchased by King Charles, for £30,000; it has been engraved in *chiaro-oscuro*, in nine plates. From respect to his extraordinary merit, the duke made him knight of his order. The invention of engraving prints with the graver is commonly ascribed to Mantegna, who died at Mantua, in 1517.

JOHN BARTLETT,

A *shepherd*, acquired by his own industry such ability in composition, and such a knowledge of the heavenly bodies, as to be appointed assistant observer at the observatory of Sherburn Castle.

PETER RAMUS,

Or La Ramée, a celebrated French philosopher, of the sixteenth century, though of noble descent, was employed in his youth in *tending sheep*. His grandfather lost all his property by the ravages of war, and gained a livelihood by making and selling charcoal, and the father of Peter was too poor to give his son any education. Impelled, however, by an ardent thirst for knowledge, he went to seek instruction at Paris, from which city he was twice compelled to depart by poverty. Once more he returned, and was engaged as a servant at the college of Navarre. In this situation, after spending the day in attendance upon his master, he devoted his evenings to study. By his industry, talents, and perseverance he ultimately raised himself to the honourable post of a professorship in the college of France!

GIOTTO,

An ingenious painter, sculptor, and architect of Florence, was in early life employed as a *shepherd*. He was born in 1276, his father being a peasant, and while tending sheep in the fields, was found by Cimabue drawing a sheep on a piece of slate; the artist was so struck with the performance that he asked Giotto's father to intrust his son to him. He took him to Florence, where he instructed him in painting (in distemper or fresco, oil painting not being then discovered). He soon surpassed his master, and acquired such a reputation that Benedict IX. sent a person to Tuscany, to make a report of his talents, and brought drawings from each of the Florentine artists. He afterwards went for him to Rome, where, besides painting many pictures, he made a shop or mosaic, which is over the portico at the entrance of St. Peter's Church, and still known by the name of Giotto's school. In 1334, he undertook the famous tower of Santa Maria del Fiore, at Florence, for which he was made citizen, and received with a pension. Among the men of genius with whom he was intimate, he could number Dante and Petrarch as his particular friends, and Dante mentions him in his poems. He died in 1336.

WILLIAM CAW,

The author of the recently issued clever little work, entitled "*Truth first among the Hearthers*," in Prize Essay on the Evidences of Christianity,] is a *Shepherd*, now tending his flocks on the hills of Dumfries-shire.

This Prize Essay, which would have done credit to almost any University scholar in the land, scatters to the winds some of the arguments of modern sceptics.

THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

Many of our readers are acquainted with that beautiful tract, "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain." The substance of this narrative is a correct account of David Saunders, of West Lavington, and the conversation represented as passing between the shepherd and a Mr. Johnson, really took place with Dr. Stonehouse, a neighbouring clergyman, who afterwards befriended the shepherd on many occasions.

"Yours is a troublesome life, friend," said the doctor. "To be sure, sir," replied the shepherd, "'tis not a very easy life; 'tis but hard nearly so to become as thou which my Great Master led for my sake; and he had a poor birth and condition of life at his choice, and thought it a hard one, while I only submit to the lot that is appointed me." "You are exposed to great cold and heat," said the gentleman. "True, sir," said the shepherd, "but then I am not exposed to great temptations; and so, throwing one thing against another, God is pleased to contrive to make things more equal than no poor, ignorant, shiftless creatures are apt to think. David was happier while he kept his father's sheep, on such a plain as this, and singing some of his own psalms, perhaps, than ever he was after he became King of Israel."

"You think, then," said the gentleman, "that a laborious life is a happy one?"

"I do, sir; and more especially so, as it exposes a man to fewer sins than does an indolent life."

In reference to the Bible, he said, "I believe there is no day for the last thirty years that I have not peeped into my Bible. If we don't find time to read in chapter, I defy any man to say he can't find time to read a verse; and a single text, well followed, and put in practice every day, would make an bad figure at the year's end; three hundred and sixty-five texts, without the loss of a moment's time, would make a pretty stock, a little golden treasury, as one may say, from one year's day to new year's day; and if children were brought up to it, they would come to look for their text as naturally as they do for their breakfast. I can say the greatest part of the Bible by heart."

God blessed Saunders with an excellent wife and a numerous offspring; he had six twin children, and twelve of them, at one time, were "like olive branches round his table." It is not to be supposed that a poor shepherd with such a family, would be without difficulties, especially as he was suffered much from sickness. His wages were but 6s. 3d. weekly, out of which, he was sometimes obliged to pay a boy for assistance; but when times of pressure occurred, Providence always raised him up a friend. In one of his letters to his old uncle, he thus writes:—"As for my part, I am but very poorly in body, having very sore legs, and cannot perform the business of my flock without help. As to the things of this world, I have but little share; but having my little cot to pray and praise God in, and a bed to rest on, I have just as much of this world as I desire. But my garment is worn out, and some of my christian friends think they must put their mites together, and buy me one, or else I shall not be able to endure the cold in the winter; so I can say, 'God is the Lord! He is still fulfilling his promise, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'"

BIBLE SHEPHERDS.

Among the various callings of men, the name of *shepherd* holds a dignified place, as a character in which the REDEEMER of mankind has especially chosen to represent Himself, not only remarkably of the poor He has paid for our ransom; when he says, the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep," but through every variety of office, as shepherd, carrying, leading, guiding, feeding, protecting, restraining; and finally, setting forth the judgment of the last day in the parable of the sheep and the goats.

HIGHLAND SHEPHERDS.

The shepherds of the southern highlands of Scotland, from whom Hogg sprung, and amongst whom he passed the greater part of his life, form a class unique in Scotland, and unparalleled in the range of European society. They are thinly scattered over the country, and pass their days in solitude and seclusion; their cottages are lonely and secluded, and during the inclemency of winter, they may be debarred for months from social intercourse by the wreaths of snow that choke up their pathway, while even in summer their time is spent in lonely watchings on the hills; and their companions are few, save when on the morning of the Sabbath they assemble at the church in the village. Their sense of religion is fervent and unfeigned; the faith their fathers bled for has been cherished in its purity, and its rites have acquired no gloss or tinsel from the glittering but unsubstantial adornments of society. They have little of the polish, and none of the arts derivable from intercourse with the world. Their interests, their pursuits, and their feelings are the same; they are like one widely-scattered but soul-united family, who participate in every emotion, and with whom every feeling is mutual; they are unmoved by the storms of mankind around them; politics and sectarianism are to them tales of a distant country; they have but one monarch to serve, and the same tolling of the village bell unites all in the worship of the protecting God. The rays of knowledge and of education which have glanced through these calm retreats, have taught them merely to investigate the manners of more remote districts, not to change their own. Their thirst for information is proportionate to the opportunity which their habits afford them of gratifying it; and their natural shrewdness has directed their taste to the most pure and useful channels. It is seldom that you can encounter a shepherd upon the hills that he is not busily occupied with a book, which he plaid thrown across his arm shelters the beams of the sun from the page over which he has laid down to ponder; and every idea is imbibing takes a tinge from the sublimity or beauty of the scenery by which he is surrounded. From this daily and uninterrupted stream of knowledge, these Scottish worthies derive an acquaintance with literature and the world unparalleled in any equally humble class of men in any country in Europe, and excelled by few even in the higher and well educated walks of life.

DESTRUCTION OF YOUNG BIRDS.

THE havoc that is made amongst the broods of young birds at this season shall over thin plumages, but especially in the neighbourhood of populous towns, is truly melancholy. The wanton destruction of the helpless and innocent young ones is an evil fraught in our youthful population, and a most striking evidence of that want of culture of the moral sensibilities in the working class, which is a disgrace to the nation. No one is accustomed to walk in the fields at this season of the year, whose feelings are not tortured by the cruelty that is everywhere going on. Troops of boys and young men are traversing the fields in all directions, on Sundays and holidays, dragging out every nest they can find, from no positive but the indulgence of an idle and brutal recklessness. You meet them with nests full of downy, half-fledged creatures, that are gaping, and uttering continuous chirpings, or rather, sobs and sighs full of a sense of their misery, and which none knew but those who have lived there. Many are carried home, and stuffed with improper food till they perish; many are wantonly decapitated, and thrown on the ground, or are set upon a stone or a post to be thrown at, and all the contriving of no small mind; that necessary education, which consists not so much in reading and writing, as in the awakening of the moral sense, the exercise of the moral principles, and the humane sympathies, the inculcation of that religion which consists in *doing justice, loving mercy*, and walking humbly before God."

HOWITT'S *Book of the Season.*

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beautious land.

And the little moments,
Humble tasks pass by,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of darkness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nation,
Far in heathen lands.

NEVER SAY YOU CAN DO NOTHING.

What if the little rain should say,
"So small a drop I am,
Can we refresh these thirsty fields;
I'll tarry in the sky?

What if a shining ray of light
Should in its fountain stay,
Because the little alone
Could not create a day?

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

Then you who have a Saviour found,
And treasured in his love,
Go tell poor sinners all around,
That they its power may prove.

PEGS FOR THOUGHTS.

TIME is going, Time is going
Like a stream that's always flowing.
Am I sowing, am I sowing,
Life is drop by drop with the moving?

Life is flying, Life is flying,
All creation groaning, crying.
Am I sighing, am I trying
That my death may be no dying?

When the morning, when the morning
Shall declare what's been the sowing;
Oh, the tears, all overflowing,
Of those who wheat have not been growing!

When the dying, when the dying
Makes an end of all the trying;
Oh, the wailing and the crying,
If to Christ there's been no dying!

But wheat, we know, shall garnered be;
No grain shall suffer harm or loss;
And if to Christ the sinner flee,
Eternal life is in His Cross.

C.

PRIZES FOR WORKING MEN.

THREE Prizes, of £25, £15, and £10 each, will be given for the best three Essays on the following subject:

"THE BRITISH WORKMAN, HIS WIFE AND FAMILY,—THEIR SOCIAL, INTELLECTUAL, AND RELIGIOUS ELEVATION; THE OBSTACLES THERETO, AND THE MEANS OF REMOVING THEM." The subject is intended to embrace the AGRICULTURAL LABOURER as well as the ARTISAN.

The competition is limited to Working Men exclusively.

The Essay to be written in a clear, intelligible hand, on one side of the paper only, and to be legible to Printers, and must by such and none than the MS. Manuscript sent to the Rev. A. L. Gordon, The Hill, Hyde-park, Kent.

The Prize Essays to be the property of the donor.

PERSEVERANCE;

OR,

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER VI.

In this way two years of Patty's life passed. Her mistress, from the time we have named, made an effort and paid regular wages—four pounds a year to this faithful servant. With this generous treatment, Patty thought herself very rich, and she could not be content without doing something for her two little brothers, left to the tender mercies of their drunken father and grandmother. A school had been established near the found-ling, where her father-in-law, Tozy, worked, and Patty made use of one of her very few holydays to go to the master and pay twopence a week for a month in advance, when there was a new difficulty—no school. The schoolmaster was so struck with Patty's paying for her little brother's schooling out of her small wages, that he mentioned the fact to Miss Maitland, a lady who took a great interest in the progress of the school.

Now Miss Maitland was not a person to trust to mere hearsay, so she inquired the address of Patty's mistress, and one fine day when Mrs. Vincer and Patty, and the eldest little girl (all the other children being at the infant school) were busy preparing some Berlin work for a lady who chiefly lived to work worsted flowers, in walked Miss Maitland, and entered into conversation with Mrs. Vincer, keeping her eye on Patty, who having just once looked up was now stitching away most diligently. After making a purchase, Miss Maitland desired that Patty might bring it to her house next morning. Quite unconscious that she had been noticed, Patty took the parcel at the appointed time, and was leaving the door when the servant desired her to go into the parlour, and Miss Maitland said,

"I think your name is—?"

"Patience Grant."

"Then, are not the two boys, Neil and Frank Tozy, your brothers?"

"Yes, Ma'am, they are my mother's children—my father-in-law's name is Tozy."

"I hear your father's name was Grant?"

"Yes, ma'am, he was a Scotchman, and was killed by a fall from a scaffold."

"Was it at the building of Wrexham town hall?"

"Yes, Ma'am, I've heard my mother say so."

"I remember the case well," said Miss Maitland, and she might have added, for it was true, that she had given very liberally to the subscription for the widow and children, a liberality which perhaps led to the wretched second marriage, by making the widow's home sufficiently comfortable to excite a selfish offer from Tozy.

With a look of great compassion on her benevolent face, Miss Maitland proceeded to question Patty, and learned from her the history of her life.

When she had concluded, Miss Maitland said—"You did not tell me that you have paid your little brother's schooling."

"No, Ma'am," said Patty, blushing, "it is so little I can do, and that little I fear want help them, for"—here she stopped, she feared to say they had no shoes, but it should look like begging of the kind lady.

"I know what you would say," rejoined Miss Maitland, "and I will see what can be done."

A great flush of pleasure glowed on Patty's face, and she was entering and moving to the door, when Miss Maitland added,

"But you say nothing of yours-it; are you happy in your place?"

Had that question been asked during the first six months of Patty's being there she must have said, "No, Ma'am, I fear I do not know she was helpful and valued, she was able to say "yes."

"If you could get a better place would you leave?"

There was a wistful gleam in Patty's eye, for she was industrious, and wanted to prosper, but she answered,

"I couldn't leave my mistress while she's in trouble, ma'am."

"Very well, Patty, you may go now; I will see what can be done for your brothers."

For a moment Patty's thanks were stopped, and she lingered irresolute.

"Is there anything else I can do?" "Do you regret having to stay?"

"Oh no, ma'am, I care not about myself—but if I might be so bold, I would like to name a friend—the very kindest friend I ever had, and I have never been able to do any thing for her, but write a little letter twice to her, and that's no use, for she is blind. She told me all the good I know, and let me read the Bible to her, and many a time I should have given up in my things went hard, but for Madam Dark's sayings. Oh, if any and body would but go and talk with her and cheer her, I should be so glad."

"Madam Dark! is that her real name?"

"I think not, but she's known by that at Wrexham Workhouse."

"Well, Patty, perhaps some lady may find out the good friend of yours."

With a lightened heart Patty returned home, and was, of course, questioned as to her stay. Mrs. Vincer evidently had some fear that Patty, who was now really a most valuable servant, would be asked to leave her, and though she was now most kindly treated, yet the poor wife and mother was not quite able to think of Patty's interests rather than her own; so she was uneasy, and begin to fret at the thought of her children, and of their father who had so cruelly deserted them.

Patty was not without a suspicion of the reason of this being the cause of her mistress's increased lowness of spirits. So after the eldest girl had read the nightly chapter in the Bible, and the children had repeated their simple prayers, and gone to rest, as Patty and her mistress worked together, the former, after two or three little coughs to clear her voice, said tremulously,

"Please don't be angry, ma'am—but have I done anything to-day that vexes you?"

"No, Patty, no—but the lady has been talking to you, and you'll be like the rest, you'll be wanting to go. Nobody 'li stay with a sorrowful creature like me."

"Oh! please, mistress, don't say that, pray don't, it hurts me—I'll stay, ma'am, and thankful, while—"

"While I want you?" said Mrs. Vincer coarsely.

Patty hesitated a moment, and then said, gently, "Look Miss Jane, ma'am, is too young to help you much."

"Oh, Patty, then you don't say you'll stay as long as I want you? Jane is a good child, but she'll never be exactly like you—I can't expect it."

Patty opened her eyes very wide at this remark, and after a moment said gravely, "Look Miss Jane will be a deal better and cleverer than me, ma'am, because she's better taught at school; and for a mother, a child can do what a servant never can, for she can be a comfort like, as well as a worker. And so when she's able with her needle, and can mind the other children, and help in the shop, then I think I ought to go, for I have two little brothers, and I must try to get on so as to help them."

"Well! I must say, Patty, you've done enough—you've got them off, and you're putting up your clothes every way to pinch out the price for the schooling, and that for the children of a man who ill used you, and put you in the workhouse."

"Yes," said Patty, with a sigh, "he's a bad man, and that's why I must help the poor things, they're my mother's children."

There was no replying to this, and so from that night it was understood that Patty should stay until the eldest daughter could take her place, and then she should be at liberty to better herself.

This engagement was most liberally fulfilled, for full two years Patty continued her humble recompense for her. Only by great care could she contrive to keep herself in shoes, decent outer garments, and pay her brother's schooling.

Meanwhile she had improved in appearance, though her shoulder was sorry; she was of the middle height, with a fair open countenance, and look of great meekness and respectability; to this her personal cleanliness and entire freedom from all love of finery contributed. Her mistress's little business had so far prospered that it kept the family in a humble decent way, and Patty's mode of living now more like that Patty was when she first came, and much better instructed in all that pertained to the conduct of household, the faithful servant thought herself at liberty to try to get a more profitable place. It was likely that this place might have been postponed, for Patty and the family loved each other with a love made strong by sorrow, but a great calamity visited the neighbourhood, and called forth our humble heroine to energies in a way that none had anticipated—the town of Blackpool was visited by cholera!

(To be continued in the next number.)

SOUND MAXIMS.

Pay your debts, so that others may pay theirs.

Quarrel with no man, and then no man will quarrel with you.

Send your children regularly to school, and look now and then yourself to see what they are doing there.

Keep your children in at night, for the evening air is bad for them.

Feed your mind as well as your body, for it, you know, must go into the scales at last.

Never either praise or dispraise yourself, your actions do that sufficiently.

Never reproach a man with the fault of relatives.

HOW TO SILENCE AN INFIDEL.

"I AM an infidel," said Claudius Buchanan, after his return from a visit to the principal countries of Europe, when in conversation with an old Highlander, "I am an infidel, and have seen the absurdity of all those nostrums my good old father used to teach me in the north; and can you," added he, "seriously believe that the Bible is a revelation from the Supreme Being?" "I do." "And pray tell me what may be your reasons?" "Claudie," said the good old Highlander, "I know nothing whatever about what learned men call the *external* evidences of revelation, but I will tell you why I believe it to be from God. I have a most depraved and sinful nature, and, do what I will, I find I cannot make myself holy; my friends cannot for me; nor do I think all the angels in heaven could. One thing alone does it; the reading of the Bible convinces me I read in that book—that does it. Now, as I know that God must be holy, and a lover of holiness, and as I believe that that book is the only thing in the world that produces and promotes holiness, I conclude it is from God, and that He is the author of it." This was an argument that had never suggested itself to Buchanan's mind, and which he had no means winterer of meeting. He afterwards became a most learned, useful, and indefatigable Christian minister.

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

Two gentlemen, one day called on a person to whom they solicited to become a subscriber to the Bible Society. "No," exclaimed he with derision, "I'll never give money to extend the circulation of a book filled with contradictions and lies!" This language much affected them, and on enquiry they found that he was a follower of Paine the infidel. Having a tract with them, written in defence of divine revelation, they requested permission to leave it; and as they had it upon the table he looked at it with a smile of contempt. A short time afterwards they ventured to call again, and were agreeably surprised to find a large family Bible lying on the table where they had placed the tract. As soon as the man whom they had formerly conversed with came forward, he thus addressed them: "Gentlemen, the tract which you left me I read, and am obliged to you for it. By the blessing of God it has gained a complete triumph in my mind over the writing of Paine. You shall witness the destruction of his trash."

He then with much earnestness took the books and cast them into the fire: "So," said he, "——and all blasphemous publications burn! Then turning to the Bible and placing his hand on it he exclaimed, "This was my father's; long has it been neglected; but now I will read it myself, I will teach my children to read it, I will recommend my neighbours to attend to its contents, and you shall add my name to the list of subscribers of your society."

It is the characteristic of a wise man to act on determinate principles; and of a good man, to be assured that they are conformable to rectitude and virtue.

COLUMNS FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

(The following hints have been sent to us by a lady who has long taken a lively interest in promoting the domestic comfort of the Working Classes. Ed.)

COMMON THINGS FOR EVERY-DAY USE!

PROVERBS iii. 6, 9, 11, 17, 27.

Get up early, and bless God who has kept you from death and danger. Get up by time and you will master your daily work; Lie in bed and your work will master you!

Husband, help your wife in her morning preparations, especially if there be young children. *Wife*, study the comfort and the temper of your husband. Let no angry words pass between you; and words only cost the same breath!

In winter time sweep your room at night, and lay your fire ready for lighting, it will save time and temper in the morning, but especially on Saturday, that your Sabbath may be respected. Save your children bread and milk, or porridge for breakfast, instead of bread and butter and tea, it will do them more good and save one-third of the expense.

Bake at home if you want to have six loaves of wholesome bread instead of five. — Save your coals by mixing ashes and rock together, and putting them at the back of your fire. Remember that one teaspoonful of powdered alum will purify four gallons of water, stir it in and let it settle.

Have a deep tin dish in the house in which you can make a rice pudding, bacon, or pie, it will save you many a shilling in crockery.

Meat will go much further stewed if with vegetables, or made into soup, or Irish stew ("ni-ssoup"), the gravy of roasted, baked, or boiled.

Suppose you are very poor, and have only sixpence for dinner, what will you do? You had better buy a pound of rice at 3d., wash it well, add a quart of milk at 2d., and a quarter of a pound of sugar, 1d., put it into your tin dish and bake it, you will soon have a warm and comfortable dinner, which you will enjoy more than a better dinner *not paid for!*

Try hard to keep God's rule "Owe no man anything."

A clear conscience will enable you to bear many little privations. Try to make the best of everybody—of everything that happens to you, and of everything you have!

When you buy a gown for yourself, or frocks for your children, buy also enough for an extra breadth, apron or pinafore, that they may wash together, and mend without looking *patched*.

Buy facts of calico for lining, &c., they are much cheaper and equally good.

When you buy a coat or trousers, get them made first, and they want spot with rain. Ask the tailor for some of the cuttings to be kept for mending.

Have a rug-bag in your room to put in all stray bits, they will often be handy for mending, and your room will look tidy.

When you buy soap, buy a few pounds at once, cut it up to harden, it will last you much longer. Candles also improve by keeping, so also do shoes and boots.

Have a pincushion with a pocket at one end, and hang it over your fire-place, with a couple of threaded needles in it, a few pins, and in the pocket your thimble, scissors, buttons, and tape; by this plan you will be ready to sew and string will be sewn on which would otherwise be neglected.

Have you many children? then you have many different tempers to deal with; and must try your best to deal truly and gently with them. Beware of the hasty slap, the cross look, the loud talking, the passionate temper. Patience and kindness will almost always prevail with man, woman, or child; only try it, that's all!

Keep down with all your might the love of "dressing out fine" on Sundays and holidays, and guard your dear children from this snare of the devil. By this self-indulgence have been lost tens of thousands, and gently leads them on to *ruin!* By this means many a good husband and father is almost broken hearted, many a prudent wife and daughter is brought to destruction!

Resolve never to buy clothes till you can pay for them.

Do your best to enter some respectable club. Strive to make a beginning in the Savings' Bank; even two shillings once lodged there will induce you to go again and again.

So much in your own house and *little* in your neighbours', yet be always ready to do them a good turn in a pleasant manner; civility is very cheap, it costs nothing and buys everything.? Begin to-day.

Wife! be very neat and clean in your own dress and appearance, get your dirty work done before your husband comes home; always welcome him with a kind word and a cheerful fire, and he will not leave you for other company or for the tie-house. *Husband!* value and encourage your wife's endeavours. *Love works wonders!*

Husband and Wife! avoid little sins, avoid the first steps in evil. Beware of bad companions, and struggle hard against the first debt, the first glass, the first oath, the first lie, the first *breaking* of your word!

Honour the Sabbath, and attend public worship, it will bless you a blessing. Make a great effort to send your children to school, both Sunday and week-day.

You may think you can't do all these things, nor can you without God's grace, but that grace is promised, and His Spirit is ready if you will ask for it in the name of Jesus Christ. *Only try*, and you will find the joy and peace of serving God in the trifles of every-day life; read your Bible daily, and pray heartily; and that God may prosper you in soul and body, is the prayer of your sincere friend, J. J.

GENTLE WORDS.

A YOUNG rose in the summer-time
Is beautiful to me;
And glorious the many stars
That glimmer on the sea;
But gentle words, and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the brightest flowers,
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
And dew refresh the flower;
And eyes grow bright, and watch the light
Of autumn's opening hour;
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer-time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art;
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But, oh! if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

C. D. STEWART.

ANGRY WORDS.

ANGRY words are lightly spoken,
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power.
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirr'd,
Oft are rent past human healing
By a single angry word.

Poison—drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they;
Weaving for the coming morrow,
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words! oh, them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the hearts best impulse ever
Check them, ere they sent the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred and true,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and rue.
Angry words are lightly spoken;
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirr'd;
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

J. MIDDLETON.

WHAT WILL RUIN CHILDREN.

To have parents exercise partiality. This practice is lamentably prevalent. The first born or last, the only son or daughter, the beauty or wit of the household, is too commonly set apart—Joseph-like.

To be frequently put out of temper. A child ought to be spared, as far as possible, all just causes of irritation; never to be punished for doing wrong, by taunts, cuffs, or ridicule.

To be suffered to go uncorrected to-day in the very thing for which chastisement was inflicted yesterday. With as much reason might a watch which should be wound back this time, be expected to run well, as a child thus trained, to become possessed of an estimable character.

To be corrected for accidental faults with as much severity as though they were done intentionally.

The child who does ill when he meant to do well, merits pity, but not upbraiding. The disappointment of its young projector, attendant on the disastrous failure of any little enterprise, is of itself sufficient punishment, even where the result was brought about by carelessness. To such an act is as cruel as it is hurtful.

"THE FATHER IN A HARSH MANNER SAID, 'DRINK.'"

"DRINK."

One morning, about half past nine, a short time since, whilst passing through High Street, Whitechapel, I observed a joiner at work at the exterior of a public house. A boy, not eight years of age, apparently his son, was assisting him. As I approached I observed the man present to the boy a pewter pot containing beer, which the child recoiled from as though it were medicine. The father in a harsh manner said "Drink," when the poor little fellow, with both fear and repugnance depicted in his countenance, reluctantly complied with his father's command.

How frequently do parents, through mistaken kindness, cause their children to form intemperate habits. It is a melancholy fact, which parents cannot too well bear in mind, that some of the most abandoned and dissipated characters and hardened criminals have said, when referring to the *early* history of their downward career, "Drink has been my ruin, and the *first glass* I ever tasted was given me by my father!

I. J.

[We beg to thank our esteemed correspondent for the above fact, and the clever pencil sketch which accompanied his communication. It is, indeed, a sad truth, which cannot be too deeply pondered by both parents and teachers of the young, that the *seeds* of intemperance are too often sown in *childhood*. We have now before us a letter from a minister of the gospel, who was recently called to visit the death-bed of a young man, who had ruined his constitution by drink. That fearful disease, *delirium tremens*, had seized him. In the agonies of death he cursed his indulgent but now poor heart-broken mother. Almost the last words that he uttered with gnashing teeth were these, "My Mother gave me the *first glass*." Ed. B. W.]

THE NATURAL BRIDGE;

OR, ONE SIGHT THE HIGHEST.

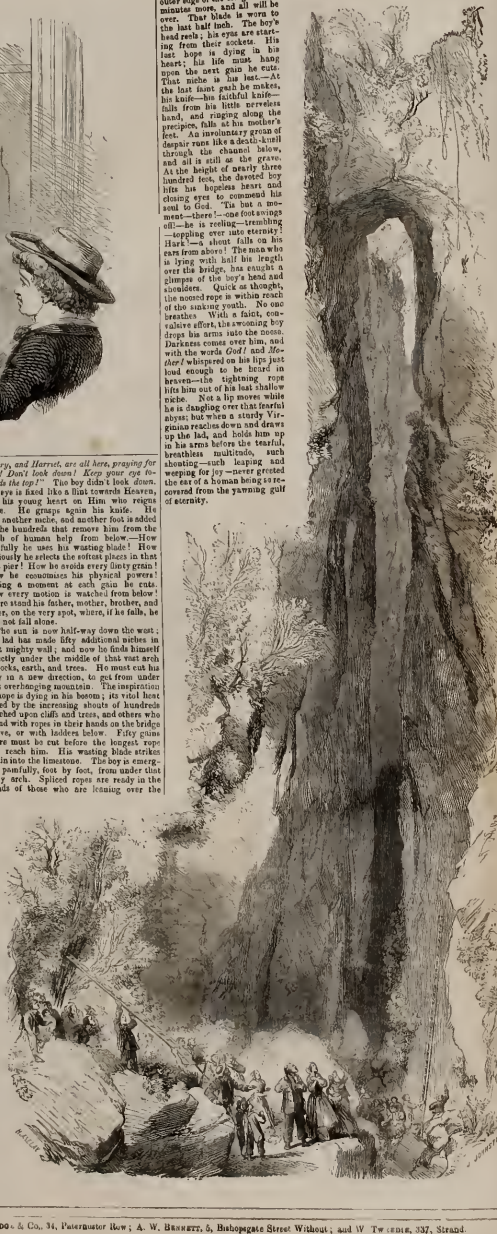
By ELIHU BURRITT, *The American Blacksmith.*

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the chasm below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting buttresses "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the chasm.—The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last, this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them, and that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone buttresses. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant.—"What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred fall-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is *no royal road to intellectual eminence*. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand; and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a gash into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up, and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gashes, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gash he cuts. The voices of his friends was weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall.—He is faint with severe exertion and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the hilt. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meager chance to escape destruction! There is no retreating his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or arrest his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair, "*William! William! don't look down! your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here, praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!*" The boy didn't look *down*. His eye is fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below.—How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers! resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot, where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half-way down the west; the lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall; and now he finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's hand reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last.—At the last faint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there!—one foot swings off—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark!—a shout falls on his ears from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words *God!* and *Mother!* whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such leaping and weeping for joy—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.



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BRITISH WORKMAN

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"FATHER, PLEASE COME HOME EARLY."

We heard a bright-eyed and affectionate looking boy say these words to his father, as the latter was leaving the door of his home early in the morning, to attend to his daily duties in the workshop. And why was this dear boy so anxious to secure from his father the promise of an early return in the evening? We happen to know the reason. It was because this kind father is in the habit of devoting as many evenings in the week as he can spare from other claims, to the society and improvement of his children. And he has such a clever and pleasing way of imparting instruction to his boys and girls, that they never seem tired of listening to him, and never feel that what he says is dry and uninteresting. In this industrious working and frugal man's home there are books of travels, of biography, of history, geography, natural science, &c. There are maps and pictures, and games of different kinds, all purchased by the *pennies* which so many spend at the alehouse. Sometimes this father tells what he has seen and heard and read, and draws useful lessons from everything, so that the children find it both pleasant and profitable when "*Father has come home.*" And whilst the children learn, and love to learn, useful lessons in this way, they also learn to love HOME as the dearest spot on earth, and are seldom anxious to spend an evening at any place but home.

And what a happy father our friend is! We saw his eye sparkle with delight and love as the little boy requested so eagerly that he would come home *early*.

There was no need of urging him, for his heart turns to that home wherever he is, as the needle to the pole. It is a home where God is honoured, and His blessing rests upon it.

Would that all fathers felt as our friend feels, loved as he loves, and made *Home*, with its delightful duties, the chosen resort, the earthly Eden of the heart.

"PLEASE, FATHER, COME HOME EARLY."

DON'T STAY LONG.

"Don't *stay long, husband*," said a neatly dressed wife and mother, in my presence one evening as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied, spoke volumes. It told of the vast depths of a woman's love—of her grief when the light of his smile, the source of her earthly joy, beamed not brightly upon her.

"*Don't stay long, husband*,"—and I fancied I saw the loving, gentle wife, sitting alone, anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence, every few minutes running to the door to see if he were in sight; and finding that he was not, I thought I could hear her exclaiming in disappointed tones, "Not yet—not yet."

"*Don't stay long, husband*." And again I thought I could see the young wife rocking herself nervously in the great arm chair, and weeping as though her heart would break, as her thoughtless protector prolonged his stay to a late hour of the night.

O, you that have good and loving wives that say when you go forth—"*Don't stay long*," think of them kindly when you are mingling in the hasy hive of life, and try to make their homes and hearts happy, for they are gems too seldom replaced. You cannot find amid the pleasures of the world, the peace and joy that a quiet *home*, blessed with the presence of a pious woman's influence, will afford.

Think of it, husbands, when your wives say to you "*Don't stay long*"—and O don't let the kind words pass unheeded as of little value, for though they may appear insignificant to many, the fulfilment or disappointment of their loving request brings much grief or joy to your "better halves." If you have an hour to spare bestow it upon HOME! and the pure love gushing from gentle loving hearts will be a sweet reward.

A SUCCESSFUL MERCHANT OF THE OLDEN TIME.

The working men of England, ever since the introduction of Christianity, have been for the most part a strong handed, stout hearted, and clear headed people:—brave, kind and free. Their great fault for many ages has been, and still is, the love of strong drink. This, and this only, has kept them from being the most virtuous, happy, and prosperous people on the face of the earth. Whenever a man has had health, strength, talent, and industry, and has kept clear of the love of strong drink, he has had, and still has, in his dear old England, a fair chance of great prosperity. His being born a poor man need not keep him down. The poorest have often risen—some by wisdom to be mighty, and many by diligence to be rich. Examples of this latter kind are common in our time; let us not suppose they belong only to our time. There are some working men of the past ages, who lived noble lives, died christian deaths, and left wealth to the world that has benefited each succeeding generation. During the period when hence King Harry the VIII. was on the throne, there was a poor couple at Tiverton in Devonshire, who had hard work to maintain a numerous family. As to schooling, that was not to be had by such as they, for the times were troubled, and all they could do—and a tough job it was—was to provide food for the mouths, and clothes for the backs of their children. One boy among them was named Peter, and he seemed to have a good deal of the taste and earnestness of the Peter we read of in Holy Writ. As soon as he could be of any use he got employed as an errand boy among the carriers. Now at that time there was neither coach nor waggon for passengers or the transmission of goods from place to place. Pack horses were used, and the men who guided them, sometimes walking a space, then taking a lift before the pack with which the horse was loaded, were called carriers, and a very numerous body they were—a common, and very likely a favorite trade. They must have been men who had an honest repute, or they would not have been trusted: they generally owned their horses, and used for safety against thieves to travel in companies. Little Peter Blundell was an errand boy to some of these men. He helped to tend the horses in the stables, and to pack the goods, and to run messages. A busy life he led, no doubt. There never lacked a job for little Peter to do. He was a willing boy and made friends; what was still a rarer quality, he was a careful boy. There's many a merry and many a clever boy, but there are never many careful boys. In time his services grew most valuable and he earned good wages, so he began to put away a little; and at length it mounted up to a nice sum, and then he began to feel the cares of riches, and did not know what to do with it. He had helped his parents, but they would not touch his savings. At Tiverton the manufacture of a cloth called kerseys was the trade of the place, and Peter, after thinking well determined to buy a kersey (that is, a whole piece of the cloth) and sell it again. But he could not afford to pay for its carriage to London, where it would bring him a good profit. A single piece was not worth the trouble, but one of the carriers whom Peter served offered to take it along with the bale of goods on his pack horse, and sell it for the boy. The honest man was as good as his word, and brought back the money, with a very good overplus on the prime

CONSTANT OCCUPATION PREVENTS TEMPTATION.

WORKING MEN'S READING AND NEWS ROOM, STRAKER'S PASSAGE, FOSSGATE, YORK.

goat, to Peter. He then bought two kersseys, and gave the friendly men a share of the profits, and in this way he proceeded until he had realized enough to buy a horse of a drover, and a load of kersseys; and set out to the great city to trade on his own account. He must have seen and met strange sights in London then, for Henry had died, and Edward, the wise boy-king his son, after a few years died, and Mary the unhappy queen was on the throne—and the fires of Smithfield were kindled, and blessed up in a ruddy glare to heaven, bearing the souls of the martyrs in flaming chariots to their Almighty Father's home—that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Peter was ignorant of book knowledge—but deep thoughts were in his soul during the many quiet hours when he was journeying beneath the silent sky; in the deepening twilight of evening he lamented that he had not learning—but God who is ever near put a good purpose into his heart;—If I thrive, and the Lord's hand is with me, so that I have riches to leave behind me when I die, I will by God's help so order it, that no boy of Tiverton need lack wholesome learning," was the resolution he formed.

Perhaps poor Peter's safety in those troubled times was owing to his not having the learning he craved. God is as merciful in what He withholds as in what he gives. A spirit so energetic in business as Peter Blundell's would not be less energetic in religion, if he had been gifted and called out to contend for the faith. But there are different duties in this world of ours, and he was called to pursue his vocation as an honest trader, and leave the harder matters and disputes of this world to wiser, if not better men. Not to rush out of our station, but to do all our duty in our station is God's wise appointment.

In time, from being a trader and dealer Peter became a manufacturer, and a great trade he drove in Tiverton. Men wondered when they remembered that the now wealthy man was once a poor boy in their middle—without education or shining abilities. His gifts were industry, honesty, and gratitude. He loved his native town; he had no mean pride that led him to wish to leave it. He had been poor among his neighbours, and they had not scorned his poverty. He was new rich among them, and they should benefit by his riches. The faithful servant became a good master. Hundreds were in his employ, and loved and honoured him. Years passed on; trade revived during the long reign of Queen Elizabeth, and Peter Blundell became an old man, full of years and honours. He closed a useful life with a peaceful death, and then it was found that his property amounted to about £50,000, a great sum in those times. How did he leave this wealth? First, he took care of his own kindred. He had no children, but his brother and his family were left his heirs, with enough in that time to ensure them great independence and comfort. Then he left the handsome sum that erected and has maintained the free grammar-school of Tiverton to this day, and will continue to do so. No boy in that school need ever feel the sorrow of the poor, and good founder at the want of book learning. His benevolence did not cease there; there were apprentice fees for poor boys; marriage portions for virtuous maidens; loans to honest tradesmen to help them in their struggles with the world, and a great number of legacies to carriers, and to other kind persons who had helped him when he needed friends; no one who ever did him a kindness was forgotten. Now was not this one of England's noble working men? He had founded a great family—left titles to his descendants, and had such generosity of his posterity worn coronets or stars, he would not have been a worthier man. Honor to his strong right hand, and sound true heart. His example is a legacy to his countrymen, as valuable as any bequest he has left. Wisely and beautifully does the poet laureate say,

"Honor's th ine—it seems to me,
The only noble in the world
Kind men are more than coronets,
And simple truth than Norman blood."

A PARENTAL HINT.

When an accident occurs, learn whether it was through misfortune, carelessness, or willfulness before you pass sentence. Accidents are frequently of great service; and children often learn more caution and real information from their occurrence than from fifty lessons. Be it remembered that the perfection of science is owing to the occurrence and remedy of its early accidents.

YORK PENNY BANK.

From the returns just published, we are glad to find that during the two years' existence of this valuable institution, 4,200 of the industrial classes have availed themselves of the opportunity of depositing portions of their weekly savings, amounting, on the 26th of May last, to £2,262 16s., a large sum indeed, when we consider the temptations and deprivations of the class for whose especial benefit the Bank was instituted. The number of deposits received was 51,018; the sums withdrawn, £1,721 17s. 1d.; and the balance in hand, £540 17s. 11d.

The Bank is open twice in the week, on Wednesday evenings, from half-past six to eight o'clock, and on Saturday evenings from half-past six to half-past eight o'clock), when any sum not less than one penny and not more than two shillings may be deposited. A liberal rate of interest is allowed on all deposits above ten shillings, remaining in the Bank for six months, and deposits may be withdrawn on any Bank night.

THE YORK WORKING MEN'S NEWS AND READING ROOMS.

The good city of York, rich in historical associations, and abounding with relics of past ages, has just added to the numerous developments of modern times, which also abound and flourish within its walls, one of special interest to the British Workman. We allude to the Working Men's News and Reading Room, of which we this day present our readers with an engraving. It was established in November last by a few benevolent individuals who were desirous of affording the working men an opportunity, when the toils of the day were over, to improve their minds, and acquire information on the various topics of the times, without being compelled to resort to the dram shop bar or the public house parlour, the associations of which are so injurious to the moral and spiritual welfare of the people. After some little time spent in canvassing for subscriptions, and obtaining promises of newspapers and other periodicals, they found their labours so far successful as to warrant them in engaging suitable premises in one of the most populous districts of the city, which they furnished and fitted up with everything that was necessary for the purpose, and that would tend to promote the comfort of the members. There is a news room (which we have engraved) thirty-six feet long by eighteen feet wide, well lighted and ventilated, and having two comfortable fireside; the walls are hung round with maps, diagrams, and several charts of reference. The tables and reading stands are supplied with the newspaper and other periodical literature of the day, the newspapers alone numbering thirty; the majority of which are presented by the friends of the institution—the Lord Mayor of the city being one of the contributors. In order that the members may learn what is passing in our colonies, the Australian, Canadian, and other Colonial newspapers are taken occasionally, and amongst the "weeklies and monthlies" we find the *Leisure Hour*, *Sunday at Home*, *British Workman*, and *British Messenger*. A Library and Reading Room is also provided for those members who wish to read books, write letters (pens, ink, and paper being furnished gratuitously), or play at chess or draughts, several sets of which are placed at the disposal of those who wish to combine amusement with instruction. Here also is the Library, containing several useful and interesting works, which, though at present few in number, are being gradually increased by the gifts of friends. It is under the care of two working men, Messrs. Longtoth and Bilton who act as librarians, and lend out the books to the members who take them home, where it is hoped they are read by their wives and families in the place of that pernicious literature which from its cheapness and tendency to excitement so readily finds its way into the dwellings of our labouring classes. In addition to the advantages which the rooms offer for instruction and amusement, we find that they are invested with another attraction—refreshment for the *body*—in the shape of coffee, which is supplied at one penny per cup, and bread and butter at one penny per plate, —a great convenience, especially to unmarried men, and those whose work takes them a great distance from home. As the ultimate success of an undertaking like the present rests in a great measure with the governing body it has been thought advisable to place the management of its affairs under the care of a committee, consisting of an equal number of working men and gentlemen, of which the Lord Mayor of the city has kindly consented to be the President, and Mr. O. L. Cresswy, solicitor, the Treasurer, and Mr. Joseph Wilkinson, solicitor, the Secretary. It meets once a month for the transaction of business, and hitherto nothing has occurred to disturb the harmony of its proceedings. The institution is open every evening (Sundays excepted) from 6 to 10 o'clock, and the charges for admission are as follows:—single admission 1d., weekly 1½ quarterly 1s.

There are at present (*summer quarter*) about 130 quarterly, and 30 weekly members.

It has been well said by the eminent historian Macaulay, that much depends upon the manner in which a man spends his evenings and his earnings. If a portion of the one be passed in the Mechanics' or other Working Men's Institution, and of the other paid into the Savings' or Penny Bank, there is a hope however neglected a man had been, however debased by vicious states, that self-respect would gradually return. Hope would look onward to a brighter future, and under its benign influence he would soon walk with lighter step and more cheerful heart. Once win a young man over from evil companions, *draw him thoroughly* into the better course, and it may be as difficult to turn him aside as it was to extract him there. Many would have to mark that day with a white stone in their memory—for that evening the future had been made to predominate over the present; victory had been won—self-indulgence had been conquered.

We congratulate the citizens of York on their having two institutions within the walls of their ancient city, to which the eloquent words of the historian will well apply; we allude to the York Penny Bank and the Reading Rooms.

VALUE OF THE SABBATH.

At a meeting held in Manchester a few years ago, the Earl of Shaftesbury made the following observations:—This is a fact stated to me by a dear and intimate friend of mine, a clergyman, living in one of the great parishes within three miles of London.—He had in his parish a gentleman who was the proprietor of a vast number of omnibuses, which invariably ran on the Sunday. Neither he nor his family ever attended a place of worship; but by the exercise of his influence, my friend, the clergyman, persuaded him to attend a place of worship, and to make the experiment, and see the result of stopping the running of his omnibuses and the constant employment of his men on the Lord's day. At the end of a year he came to my friend; he had been during that time assiduously in the habit of attending church, and he said, "The experiment has succeeded so well that I will continue it to the end of my days. So far from suffering financially, I am a better man by several pounds this year than last. In the first place, my horses, by having one day's complete rest, are better able to do their work during the week, and not so subject to accidents; but the principal profit is, that I receive more money than I used to do, and I trace it to this—it is not that the receipts I believe are actually larger, but it is that the man, having a better moral example set them, and having a day of repose, which they improve in moral, sober, and religious purposes, and being by that greatly improved in moral condition, they do that which they never have done before—faithfully bring to me every farthing which they earn."

PERSEVERANCE,
OR, SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.
BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER VII.

Of often it happens that those whom we have despised and shunned in the thoughtlessness of health, or the pride of prosperity, are the first to enter our wards when sickness or sorrow assails us. This is owing to the fact that although old nurse Tozy—the drunken mother of Patty's stepfather had despised the poor child in years gone by, and been the first to counsel her profligate son to repeat Patty into the workhouse when her mother died, still in the recesses of the old woman's hard heart there lurked, unknown to herself, a consciousness of the worth of the poor girl, who had been so cruelly neglected and cast forth among strangers. She would not have spoken well of her, she hated her with all the malice of bad heart; yet, when Tom went on board ship, and she escaped from his bad companions; and when the two younger boys by the help first of poor Patty, and through her, of Miss Nicholson, who used to go to school, nurse Tozy, over her dram glass used to say to her cronies, "Only to think of that

"Much as the Lord's day is profaned in this country, even now it does more than our magistrates and prisons, and other legal terrors, to perpetuate and multiply our social, civil, and religious blessings. Take away this barrier, and you open the floodgates of vice and irreligion upon a godless and suffering people. You may try to prop up your free and admired civil institutions, but be assured that all your efforts will be in vain."—*Dr. Humphrey.*

"There is nothing in which I would recommend you to be more strictly conscientious than in keeping the Sabbath holy. By this I mean not only abstaining from all unbecoming sports and common business, but from consuming time in frivolous conversation, paying or receiving visits, which, among relations, often leads to a sad waste of this precious day. I can truly declare, that to me the Sabbath has been *invaluable*."—*Wilberforce.*

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

crooked little fright, a putting herself forward after that fashion." But a day little thought of by her and her drinking gossips was near. One or two sudden deaths had happened among the men of the foundry. It was said, from cholera, which created rather an excitement than an alarm. Nurse Toxy was busy in the households of the dead—"Scouring her prey after off," she was ever to be found where strong drink was freely passing, and by the folly of the workmen, at all deaths and funerals, as well as at weddings and births, the cup of waste, of sin, and of death was always to be found—for wages were high in that district, though cleanliness and comfort were low enough. But in a few days after the first visitation, the boastful gossips who haunted the chambers of sickness and death, were startled by finding more illness than they had ever before known, they were panic stricken, and when one and another of the tribe of aged harpies themselves were smitten down, the terror was complete, and the sick were speedily deserted. "I'd go as fast, and do as much for a neighbour ('for a phon of grit,' he added in a whisper) over a one, but I can't no how go into this," was nurse Toxy's speech when a poor man came to ask her to tend his sick wife. Before that day was over, Patty's stepfather was brought home by his workmates—cold, and cramped, and with the death agony upon his face. "Send for Patty—Lor' love yet go for Patty," was nurse Toxy's exclamation as the sufferer was laid on the bed. "Send who be Patty, missus?" and one of the men taping the fine. "Why, the eldest of the young one, leant-wye his wife's gal."

"What, she as you put in the house?"

"Yes, sure," wheezed nurse Toxy.

"She ain't no use—I've heard you breall her for a lazy cripple, scorve of times."

"Oh, but she's of great use," said the old woman, answering the first part of his words, "and you fetch her, that's a good soul, and tell her mistaves it's ou hie and death, and she must come."

"I shan't say as it's cholera, or may be her mission wont let her come," and the man as he took an odd-eye-and-think-leary look, gave him out of a broken china tea-pot, the only ornament on the dirty mented piece, and departed on his errand.

Patty had been very busy from six o'clock that day, helping her mistress to finish some work that was promised in the afternoon; it had been completed to time, taken home, and paid for, and the children were at their evening meal when the man arrived, saying that "Patty's father was dying and wanted to see her." Mrs. Vincer was in no mood to refuse, for she had found the worth of Patty's help more than ever that day, but she said, "A stranger sort of father he's been to Patty," where upon Patty burst into utterance, for alas! her own children had as strange a father; and she added, "But go, child, and see him."

With all speed the poor girl set forth and reached the house, or hovel rather, to find, not only her father, but her mother in the grip of the stern destroyer. That was a dreadful night in the crowded street; every medical man in the district was there, and the moan of pain, and the wail of grief, were heard in nearly every house. With ready tact, Patty's orderly habits made wonderful like a clearing in the muddled room; her light swift step and quick apprehension of the doctor's orders, made her indeed a valuable in the sick room, but all help was vain! if youth, health, strength, and good habits often were overcome by the terrible disease, what chance had dirt, drunkenness, and debauchery! How terrible was the scene! No time could be found for tears and wringing agony, for words or prayer, or even distinct thought; all was pain, and dread, and a fearful looking for of death and judgment.

The doctor who attended them was the same kind gentleman that years before Patty had fetched from the bed of her dying mother. He had not so completely lost sight of Patty as to have forgotten her, and he was evidently surprised and interested by her appearance. Perhaps when he saw her lifting the drink to the lips, and wiping the death damp from the brows of the hard-faced woman, and her son, he remembered the starved and frightened child whom he had rescued, and sent from her drunken home to the workhouse; and he wondered at this patient sweetness that was in her manners. He had heard a great deal of "Patty's sweetness for evil," but in the conduct of this poor girl he saw it, and the sight impressed him.

Patty's mistress, when the morning was opened the next morning, heard from a doctor's boy the dismal tidings of the pestilence that was devastating the foundry village, and that Toxy and his mother had died within two hours of each other. She was naturally a kind woman, and moreover, her motherly fears for the safety of her children were aroused. And she felt that she could not let Patty come from among as she thought, contagious death-beds, to her dwelling. It was a great vexation, but alarm and prudence both prompted the determination. It was well she made it, for many reaped the benefit. At first, when word came to Patty that she had better stay a few days where she was, the poor girl felt as if cast out of her place, but the next moment she thought of her little brothers, and of making the poor abode a little more comfortable for them while they were able to stay in it. But, as it proved, there was no lack of work for Patty—many of the healthy had died, and by the doctor's order Patty went from house to house, giving the medicine, and rendering such help as she was able, to the sick. It is wonderful what one steady orderly person can do! her quiet manner inspired confidence, and as she passed in and out among the sick, the blessing of many thanks followed her to parish enter home. In a few days, after numerous deaths and several recoveries, the disease left the village to visit other towns. Patty had developed such valuable qualities that the kind doctor would not let her return to her place, after supposing the terrors of Mrs. Vincer had permitted her to do so; he found her employment among the sick, and as she had nursed the poor, thinking only of their benefit, and not her own in tarrying among a class something better off, her medical friend took care that she should be properly paid—a most needful precaution, for Patty wanted if possible, to keep her young brothers from the Workhouse. The visitation lasted full six weeks. Scores had died, but in one family, where the deaths of the aged parents had occurred, the three daughters, all of mature age, recovered.

They lived near Captain Drift, under whom Tom was serving, and he always noticed Patty kindly, but her attention to them in their sickness was such, they felt, as money could not repay.

Patty often heard of her brother through these kind sisters, and as covered by a good account of him she would have liked to see him, and indeed, thought the numerous long, but the tidings that cholera was at Blankport, had caused Tom's mother to put into another port twenty miles further along the coast.

There was one lady who often came to sick and dying beds where Patty was ministering, and that was Miss Maitland. She encouraged the poor girl when human nature shrunk from such sufferings as she witnessed, and by her prayers, and words in season fully spoken, helped on the good work of religion in the soul, that many years before had commenced.

There is no earthly scene so impressive as a death-bed. The soul quivering on the brink of eternity; the world rapidly passing away; the gate of death, that universal gate, opening to let the poor mortal through to—where? Heaven or Hell! Joy or woe? Ah, Patty knew by many lessons, when words failed, the difference between the Christian's hopes, and the poor unrepentant worldling's fears. She had seen a gleam of the joy that passeth all understanding, shine out amid the gathering shadows of death, and she had seen terrors and anguish greater than bodily pain, overwhelm the affrighted soul, and she wept natural tears for suffering and death, she prayed some little simple prayer, such as "Lord help me," or "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Vincer and her family had escaped the malady, and had proved that they could spare Patty—though they would have liked her to come to them again, now the cholera had departed. But Miss Maitland told Patty that she knew of a situation for her, to wait upon an old lady who lived a few miles off, at a cottage in the country. A farmer near the cottage wanted a little boy, and the elder of Patty's two little brothers was successful, by Miss Maitland's recommendation in getting the place, with leave to attend an evening school four nights a week.

Patty was to have double the wages she had before received; and she had been so well paid while nurse-tending, that she had a little sum to put into the savings' bank, and she resolved to pay two shillings a week to a poor widow woman, who kept a little shop, and who offered for that to take her youngest brother, letting him still go to school, and helping her helps an errand boy out of school hours.

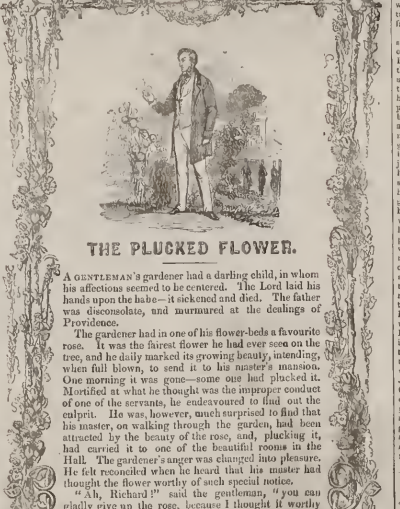
It was with a grateful heart that Patty, after mending up her brother's few clothes, and taking them to their respective places, set out to Miss Maitland's, who promised to let Patty ride with her in her pony chaise, to enter on her new place. The time had been so fully occupied that both Patty and the lady had forgotten on Miss Maitland, and no interview had taken place. Patty wanted to ask Miss Maitland about her new duties, but the lady was silent, merely saying, "you will find out all that in time."

At length they reached the garden gate of a pretty cottage, on a hill side that looked over a glade of rich meadow, and beyond, a stream, with a grove of trees, and a distant view of the sea. It was, indeed, a most lovely spot, and Patty instantly knew that she should be happy amid such surroundings.

A stout man in a glazed hat was pruning the garden, and evidently looking out for them.

Patty instantly knew that this was Captain Drift's mother she was to serve—but who shall paint her surprise and joy when she entered the little parlour, and there, facing the sunny window, sitting in an easy chair, her head bent forward to listen—was—oh could it be? yes! there was her dear old blind friend, Madam Dark!

(To be continued.)



THE PLUCKED FLOWER.

A GENTLEMAN's gardener had a darling child, in whom his affections seemed to be centered. The Lord laid his hands upon the babe—it sickened and died. The father was inconsolate, and murmured at the dealings of Providence.

The gardener had in one of his flower-beds a favourite rose. It was the fairest flower he had ever seen on the tree, and he daily marked its growing beauty, intending, when full blown, to send it to his master's mansion. One morning it was gone—some one had plucked it. Mortified at what he thought was the improper conduct of one of the servants, he endeavoured to find out the culprit. He was, however, much surprised to find that his master, on walking through the garden, had been attracted by the beauty of the rose, and, plucking it, had carried it to one of the beautiful rooms in the Hall. The gardener's anger was changed into pleasure. He felt reconciled when he heard that his master had thought the flower worthy of such special notice.

"Ah, Richard!" said the gentleman, "you can gladly give up the rose, because I thought it worthy of a place in my house. And will you repine because your Heavenly Father has thought wise to remove your child from a world of sin, to be with himself in Heaven?"

Illustrated Handbills, No. 1. Sold in Sixpenny Assorted Packets. May be had through all Booksellers; or may be had, *post free*, by enclosing six stamps to the Publishers.

MESSRS. W. & F. G. CASE, 5, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHOUT, LONDON.

A popular minister, whilst preaching in a large congregation in London recently, on the importance of seeking to do good to others, said, "Several months ago I was visited with a severe domestic bereavement. The Lord laid the hand of affliction on my darling boy, and the sickness was unto death. On the morning of the funeral, just before leaving the house to lay the remains of our dear child in the grave, the parcel arrived at my door containing the Handbills which he left, I found a beautiful little handbill about a pious child. There was something in it so singularly appropriate to our state of mind, that it proved, particularly to my wife, a most soothing and comforting publication at this season. I have never been able to this day to find out who sent it me but whoever it was, I thank him for it from my heart I thank him."

The above is a copy of the handbill alluded to. Our readers will find the series (comprising 34 different Handbills) we have selected for enclosing in their letters, and for general distribution. An assorted packet may be had by forwarding six postage stamps to Messrs Case, 5, Bishopsgate Street Without, London.

THE CHILD'S ADMONITION.

A BAD, passionate man was, one morning, swearing at his wife, when his little girl of five years old came into the room and said, "Mother! I know my text, let me make haste to school."

"What is the text, my dear," said the poor mother, wishing to keep her child from hearing the oaths of the father.

"Then, and curse not," said the little girl, putting up her rosy mouth to her father for a kiss as she finished the words.

The tears came into the man's eyes as the child departed. All that day "Bless and curse not," rang in his ears. He became a changed man from that time. God had spoken by the mouth of a little child.

THE WAYSIDE REPROOF.

"Hush! child! or I will give you to 'Swearing Bridger.'" These words were uttered in a loud voice, by a harsh looking woman who was trying to quiet a fractious child.

Just as she spoke, the man called "Swearing Bridger," passed the garden palings, and heard the threat. This man had long been a profane profligate, but when he heard a woman, who was noted for her angry temper, mention out an object of dread to her child, he was struck to the heart. Shame and grief both smote him. He was on his way to the public-house, but had to pass a place of worship on the road, the door was open for a week night service, and the song of praise resounded instantly the humble roof. He entered, the words "Swearing Bridger" ringing in his ears. The text was, "And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity." James iii. 6. Conviction darted on his mind, the grace of penitence and prayer was granted to him, and he was led to a complete reformation.

THE TONGUE.

THE gift of speech is man's glory, it lifts him above all the lower orders of created animals, and enables him to tell his thoughts to his fellow man, and more than that to hold communion with his God. The one thing made of the great gift is man's shame. He blasphemes God, and curses his own soul with that tongue given him for good and great purposes. The Bible tells us that the swearer's tongue "is set on fire of Hell," "That it is an unruly evil full of deadly poison." Oh, reader, be warned in time, check that profane word, hush that filthy oath, pray for power to conquer the vile habit of swearing, for the Lord hears you, and "by that being often rebuked, hardeneth his neck, shall be suddenly cut off, and that without remedy."

MENTAL COINAGE.

THOUGHTS in the soul are like gold in the ore. Meditation coins the gold and brings it forth in holy discourses and pious actions; whereas where there are no spiritual mines in the soul, it is no wonder thought come drous and vanity.

DR. HAYES.

A FEW WORDS TO THE DAUGHTERS OF WORKING MEN.

A LADY rich in heart and mind, as well as wealth, (Miss Burdett Coutts) has recently given several prizes to schoolmistresses, for a knowledge, and a power of teaching common things, such as plain needlework, house-cleaning, cooking, washing, and all that makes a home comfortable. One of those who competed for the prize, was specially commended for some sensible remarks on the influence exercised by "the Head of the Family," (the husband and father). "It should not be forgotten," said this pupil, that though a woman cannot alter this (evil disposition) *after* marriage, it is entirely in her own power whom she chooses to make the head of her family."

Young girls, ponder this remark carefully. Is the man who is courting you worthy your respect? Can you look up to him as your guide, mistress and obey him as the head of the house? Is he sober, industrious, God-fearing? If not, never become his wife, or you may live to feel that you ought not unto your children's pardon for giving them such a father.

THE YOUNG WORKING MAN ADDRESS TO HIS BOOKS.

"Books are strict unreproaching companions."
Goldsmith.

My Books! there's magic in these words!
Ye sunshine to the grateful earth,
Or flowers to the bee.
Or, ye the pleasant breeze which waft
The bark across the sea;
Or summer rain to plant and herb,
My books have been to me.

That I must work my bread to earn,
Yet modest pride I'd tell;
And sure, no drone in nature's hive,
Ever yet loved books so well.
A man in trousers shall his heart,
Even to his fellow kind;
But mine to all that's good, they seem
In closer ties to bind.

Some pine and fret for want of friends,
Well I have had a score;
And when my purse is not so light,
Shall number many more.
And yet there are not one of ones,
Who fawn or love for gold;
But in religion, virtue, sense,
Pay me a thousand fold.

At summer's eve, or winter's fire,
When my day toil is done,
I take a book, and converse hold
With some immortal one;
Whose name Time on his forehead wears,
Which, like a star of night,
Shines steadfast in its lustrous course,
Above each meaner light.

I will not mate with her, whose eyes
No charms in books can see;
A wife mind—and I'd not wed her
My children's mother be.
For what the sun is to the earth,
Or sun to planet bright,
Or fair wands to the prop'rous bank,
My books have been to me.

JANE BOWRING CRANCH.

THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

THE gloomy night is breaking,
E'en now the sunbeams rest,
With a faint yet cheering radiance
On the hill-tops of the west.

The mists are slowly rising
From out some vast of the plain,
And a spirit is awaking,
That shall never sleep again.

And ye may hear that listen,
The spirit's stirring song,
That surges, like the ocean,
With its solemn bass deep.

"Ho! can ye stay the rivers,
Or bind the wings of light;
Or bring back to the morning
The old departed night?

"Nor shall ye check my impulse,
Nor stay it for an hour,
Until earth's groaning millions
Have felt my healing power."

That spirit is Progression,
In the vigour of its youth;
The spirit of the hour,
And its armour is the Truth.

Old Error, with its legions,
Must fall beneath its wrath;
Nor blood, nor tears, nor anguish,
Will mark its brilliant path.

But onward, upward, heavenward,
The spirit will still roar,
Till peace and love shall triumph,
And falsehood reign no more.

MRS. F. D. GAGE.

OPINIONS OF WORKING MEN.

The advantages of the Sabbath being strictly kept would be, the rearing of a race of intelligent beings, who, as subjects, would be patriotic,—as members of society, virtuous,—as friends, faithful,—and as accountable beings, ready for the last tribunal in the universe, the judgment-seat of Christ.—*John Bennett, Sheffield.*

Urge upon your employer the great evils of Sabbath days' labour; also of paying wages on a Saturday night, as it not only prevents your laying out your little pittance to advantage, but also causes you to violate the demands of the Sabbath, by purchasing the necessaries of life on that day, and thereby promote and encourage the abominable system of Sunday trading, which is a great evil, as it keeps numbers of shop-keepers away from the privileges of the Sabbath, to wait upon customers.—*John Greet, House Painter, Leamington.*

The fifty-two Sabbaths of rest with which the year is interspersed are like patches of verdure, watered by ever-springing fountains that dot the inhospitable wilderness, and invite its fainting travellers to exhilaration and repose. They are the posts that fringe the sea of human industry, in which the distressed bark may find a sure anchorage, and where it may renew its outfit for time and for eternity.—*J. A. Quinton, Printer, Ipswich.*

How to secure Monthly Packets of the BRITISH WORKMAN delivered at your own door, post free.

Packets of the *British Workman* will be forwarded to every part of the United Kingdom, *post free*, according to the following scale, if ordered by post-office order, (or if under 10s. in postage stamps) to the Publisher, Mr. PARTRIDGE AND CO., 34, Paternoster Row, London.

A packet of		s.	d.			s.	d.
*4	copies for	0	4	Or for one year		0	4
8	"	0	8		"	0	8
16	"	1	4		"	0	16
24	"	2	0		"	1	4
32	"	2	8		"	1	12
40	"	3	4		"	2	0
50	"	4	2		"	2	10

* Fewer than 4 copies cannot be sent at this rate post free.

SEVERAL LADIES have rendered us important service by enclosing our small circulars in their letters to correspondents. By this means the *British Workman* has been introduced to the knowledge of many. A supply of these circulars may be had by addressing a letter to the Publisher, 34, Paternoster Row, London.

Anonymous communications cannot be attended to.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

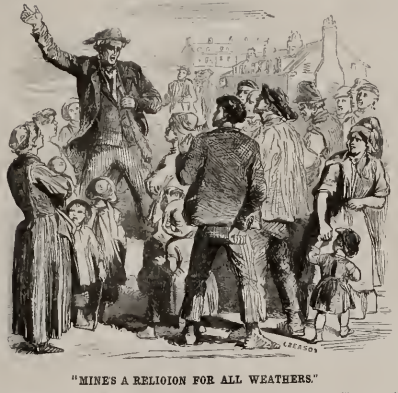
REV. A. C. We are glad to find that by your excellent plan of *giving* one month's number amongst your parishioners, you have already secured 120 monthly subscribers. We trust that in the adjacent parishes a similar course will be tried.

HITCHIN. It is very cheering to find that through the efforts of the Town Mission upwards of 600 copies are now monthly subscribed for in this town. We hear that the Missionary at Hertford is about to emulate the good example of his fellow-labourer at Hitchin.

RAILWAY STATIONS. If our wealthy readers would follow the example of a lady named in our last, and present copies at the yearly parts of the *British Workman* for the Waiting Rooms of Railway Stations, Bachers' shops, &c., in their respective localities, important service would be rendered.

The British Workman is now sold at the railway book stalls of Messrs Smith & Son. We hope that some of our friends who travel will occasionally scatter a few copies amongst the railway porters, &c., who have frequently leisure time for reading.

HARVEST WORK. We regret that the following communication from G. Hewson, showing the benefits resulting from the substitution of tea and coffee for beer in the hay and harvest fields, came too late for insertion. We purpose inserting it next month, together with some important testimonies from well-known agriculturists. We shall be glad to have further communications on the subject.



"MINE'S A RELIGION FOR ALL WEATHERS."

THERE is a fishing village on the coast of Cornwall, near the Land's End, where the people are very poor, but very pious and intelligent. Last year they were sorely tried. The winds were contrary, and for nearly a month they could not put to sea; at last, one Sabbath morning the wind changed, and some of the men, whose faith was weak, went out towards the beach, the women and children, looking on sadly, many saying with sighs, "I'm sorry its Sunday, *but*—" "*If* we were not so poor."

"But!" "If!" said a sturdy fisherman, starting up and speaking aloud, "surely neighbours you're not going with your 'But,' and 'If' to break God's law."

The people gathered round him, and he added, "Mine's a religion for all weathers, fair wind, and foul. 'This is the love of God that ye keep his law.' Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' that's the law, friends. And our Lord came not to break, but to fulfil the law. True, we be poor, what of that! Better poor and have God's smile, than rich and have his frown. Go you that dare; but I never knew any good come of a religion that changed with the wind."

These words in season stayed the purpose of the rest. They returned to their homes, and made ready for the House of God, and spent the day in praise and prayer. In the evening, just when they would have been returning, a sudden and terrible storm sprang up, that raged fearfully for two days. It would most likely have cost some of them their lives. After the tempest came settled weather, and the pilchard fishery was so rich and abundant that there was soon no complaining in the village. Reader, have you a religion for all weathers? Remember the words, "Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed."—Psalm xxxvii.

VISIT TO THE HAGGERSTONE COAL-HEAVERS.

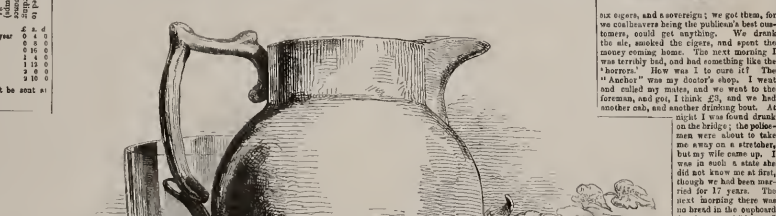
In our last we referred to the remarkable transformation, from intemperance to sobriety, which has taken place during the last few years amongst a considerable number of the London coal-heavers. From the testimonies of these hard-handed sons of toil, we have gathered several important facts, which we trust will be serviceable to many of our readers. They afford a striking illustration of the power of *kindness*, and the blessing which attends the man who bears an insult in the spirit of our Divine Master, "who, when he was reviled, *reviled not again.*"

The following testimony from one of the oldest Haggerstone Coal-heavers shows the result of one act of kindness.

JAMES SKINNER, of 10, Gloucester Street, states, "I was once a hard drinker, and, like all my mates, did not believe that our heavy work of carrying from 20 to 30 tons of coal on our backs every day, *could* be done without plenty of drink. Consequently we were always off to the public house, spending our money faster than we earned it, and too often getting into 'rows,' and finding ourselves next morning in the 'lock up.'

"About 5½ years ago, I worked at the Independent Gas Works, Haggerstone. I had been on what they call 'a fuddle' for three weeks. A few days before I gave up my drinking ways, I and some of my mates took a cab and drove to one of our 'Coal houses.' We ordered two gallons of old ale, six cigars, and a sovereign; we got them, for we coalheavers being the publican's best customers, could get anything. We drank the ale, smoked the cigars, and spent the money coming home. The next morning I was terribly bad, and had something like the 'horrors.' How was I to cure it? The "Anchor" was my doctor's shop. I went and called my mates, and we went to the foreman, and, I think £5, and we had another cab, and another drinking bout. At night I was found drunk on the bridge; the policemen were about to take me away on a stretcher, but my wife came up. I was in such a state she did not know me at first, though we had been married for 17 years. The next morning there was no bread in the cupboard for the poor children. I went to work and on my way was met by a friend who spoke to me as treated me *kindly*. I ashamed fully insulted him, but he bore it *without turning again*. Strange to say, he invited me to go and take tea with him, and then he invited me to go to a Temperance meeting in Islington. At last his *kindness* overcame me, and I agreed to go. That day I believe I had drunk twenty glasses of rum. But I signed the pledge for a month, and determined by God's help to keep it. I had, once before been a total abstainer from both beer and tobacco, but it was against my will, for I was in Giltspur Street (prison) for 31 days, and there I got neither beer nor tobacco, and people generally leave such places the better for being without them. One day an old friend said, "This is my birthday, let us have some rum." But I had my pledge-card, and I said, "No, I will stick to this. My mates got worse, and I got better. At first my wife thought I was going to die, and I almost thought so too.

(*To be continued.*)



"If Employers would arrange to have a good supply of fresh sparkling Water always *at hand* in their Workshops, Warehouses, and Counting Houses, they would prevent many a visit to the gin-palace and beer-shop, and also would enable their hands to do more work with less fatigue."—DR. ELLIS.

No. 21.]

BRITISH WORKMAN

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TO OUR READERS.

OUR *circulation is upwards of* 30,000 BELOW *the self-supporting point, so that we have, in addition to time and labour, to sustain a considerable monthly money loss.*

May we therefore URGE *our readers to do what they can to increase the number of* REGULAR *monthly subscribers.*

The following are effective modes of extending the circulation: getting Booksellers to expose copies for sale in their **windows**; recommending employers to present copies to their men, with the intention of inducing them to purchase the future numbers for themselves; getting parties who are not near any bookseller to join together in ordering a monthly packet, *per post*, direct from the publisher. *See nextpage.*

MAD BULLS.

In the next article we give an amusing account of Old Humphrey's way of managing a mad bull, and we trust that the perusal thereof will not be without benefit to many.

Simple as Old Humphrey found his method to be with a *four-legged* mad bull, there are, in most parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, some *two-legged* mad bulls who are not so easily managed. We allude to the savage *wife beaters*, whose disgraceful doings are blackening the records of our police courts and rendering us a byword amongst the nations.

How *these* mad bulls are to be managed is a question which is perplexing some of the wisest heads both in and out of parliament.

We are in communication with several members of the legislature, who are anxious to find out the *best* method of dealing with these wife-beaters, and we shall be glad to receive any practical suggestions on the subject. Several *original* modes of punishment have been suggested, some of which we shall notice at length in a future number.

HOW TO MANAGE A MAD BULL.

I WAS once attacked by a bull, as mad, to all appearance, as rage could make him; but for all this I managed him. He came at me with a rush and a roar; not with a gentle trot or moderate run, setting down one foot and then another, but at full gallop, two feet and two feet together. Many things will be forgotten by me before I forget this attack of the mad bull.

Where there are many men, there are many minds; and certainly I have heard of very different methods of managing a mad bull; but the worst of it is there is some difficulty in the way of all of them.

One method is, to open an umbrella suddenly in the very face of the bull, that he may be taken by surprise, and find himself running off flourishing his tail higher than his back before he is aware. The objection to this course is, that if you do not happen to have an umbrella with you, the animal will decidedly not wait until you fetch one.

Another mode is, when the bull is coming at you, to open your eyes wide and fix them upon him, that he may be overawed by you. But this plan of frightening a bull by outstaring him is not to be relied on, and I tell you why; when a bull comes near enough to do you a mischief, he puts his head so close to the ground that I much question whether he can see your eyes at all. Now, if he cannot see them, he is not at all likely to be frightened at them.

A third way is, calmly to wait the attack of the enraged creature, and just at the moment when he is about to toss you, to toss him. There is, however so much real difficulty in this mode, that I advise you never to attempt it. I managed my mad bull in a very different way.

If I had grappled with him, he would have been too strong for me, if I had talked to him, his voice would have been louder than mine; if I had undertaken to outrun him, it is ten to one but he would have beaten me, and then, I was defenceless while he was armed with strong sharp horns. There happened to be a high gate close to me, so I nimbly mounted over it, and thus managed the mad bull by *getting out of his way.*

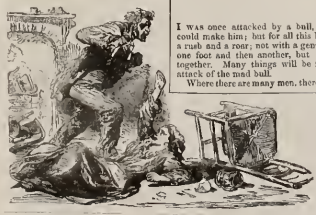
But think not, because my remarks hitherto have been a little humorous, that I mean them to be useless, on the contrary, I hope to turn them to advantage, for there are many things in the world beside mad bulls which can only be managed by *getting out of their way.*

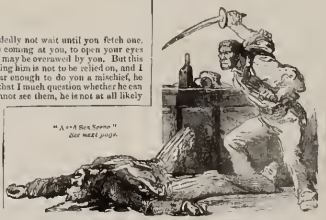
A fearful thing it is to stand over a precipice, or to go into deep water if we cannot swim, or cross a bog or a quicksand; and multitudes have perished, who, had they kept away from these places would have been secure. Where duty calls we must go; but when this is not the case, the only way to be quite safe is to keep away from the cause of danger. As it is with the quicksand and the bog, the deep water and the precipice, so it is with anger and folly and sin, the only plan to manage them is to *get out of their way.*

If you think for a moment that you can associate with an angry man and keep your temper, believe me you are under a delusion. Again and again have I fallen into this error. However vigilantly I have been on my guard, one word has brought on another, till, growing warm by degrees, I have felt my face and my heart glow with unchristian emotions. This has afterwards given me pain. "Cease from anger, and forsake wrath," Psalm xxxvii. 8. "Make no friendship with an angry man, and with a furious man thou shalt not go," Proverbs xxii. 24. The only mode to manage an angry man is *to get out of his way.*

Neither can you make a foolish man your companion without smarting for it. At first, it is true, you might be all alive to his folly; but after a time you would regard it with indifference, and in many instances perhaps practise it. The word of God speaks forcibly on this subject, "Let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man rather than a fool in his folly," Proverbs xvii. 12. The only method to manage a foolish man is *to get out of his way.*

But if what I have said of the angry





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man and the foolish man he true, it is especially so of the wicked man. You may be well look to what, through a quagmire and have clean feet, and to handle pitch and have clean hands, as to keep a companion of a wicked man without partaking of sin and sorrow. "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." Proverbs iv. 14, 15. There can be no dealing with a wicked man in safety; the only mode to manage him is *to get out of his way*.

I have not told you how I managed the loud hull merely for the sake of putting a smile on your faces. I have rather calculated on putting a lesson into your hearts, a lesson which, though not unknown to you, we all require to be reminded of again and again. Think over the points which have been brought before you, humbly and wisely and find out to "watch and pray that you enter not into temptation." When duty calls you, resist evil boldly and at all hazards, looking up for strength; but at other seasons be not ashamed to turn your backs on the evil in every shape. You are never safe when you are near it.

The fool in the path of temptation may that,
But you must at a wide—out out of the way.

GEORGE MOORHOUSE.

VALUE OF A TRADE.

The late Stephen Gerard, of Philadelphia, had a favourite clerk, one who every way pleased, and he offer a term of years service, expected Mr. G. to say something of his future prospects, and perhaps, lend him a helping hand in starting in the world. But Mr. G. said nothing.

At length the clerk mustered courage enough to address Mr. G. upon the subject.

"I suppose, sir," said the clerk, "I am free, and I thought I would say something to you as to my future course."

"Yes, yes, I know you are," said Mr. G., "and my advice to you is, that you go and learn the coopers' trade."

This announcement well nigh threw the clerk off his balance; but, recovering his equilibrium, he said if Mr. G. was in earnest he would do so.

"I am in earnest," was the reply. The clerk, rather hesitatingly sought one of the best coopers, and agreed with him upon terms of apprenticeship, and went at it in good earnest, and in the course of time made as good a barrel as any body.

He went and told Mr. Gerard he had graduated with all the honors of the craft, and was ready to set up his business, at which the old man seemed gratified, and told him to make three of the best barrels he could. The young cooper selected the best material he could, and soon put in shape and finished three of the best barrels, and then set them up to the old man's counting-house. Mr. G. said the barrels were first rate, and demanded the price.

"Five shillings each," replied the clerk; "it is as low as I can live by."

"Cheap enough!" said the employer; "make out your bill and present it."

And such was the cream of the whole; Mr. G. drew a cheque for £1000, and handed it to the clerk, closing with these words, "There, take that, and invest it in the best possible way, and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a *trade* to fall back upon, which will afford you a living."

CLOSING OF PUBLIC HOUSES ON SUNDAY IN EDINBURGH.

The Superintendent of superintendent of police has recently issued some important statistics of crime and drunkenness in that city during the last four years.

The following extract, showing the number of cases of drunkenness, and of apprehensions for crime of persons when drunk, between the hours of 8 o'clock on Sunday morning and 8 o'clock on Monday morning, exhibits the beneficial working of Mr. Forbes Mackenzie's public house bill.

CASES IN THE FOUR YEARS.

1852	1853	1854	1855
709	548	311	143

A SLAVE-GIRL RANSOMED.

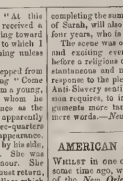
REMARKABLE SCENE IN A CHURCH.

At the conclusion of the sermon on Sunday morning, June 1st, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher announced to his congregation that he was about to perform an act of a most extraordinary nature, which he would prefer by reading a portion of the 12th chapter of Matthew. He accordingly read the 10th, 11th, and 12th verses of that chapter, after which he proceeded to give a sketch of the latter history of a slave-girl, Sarah by name, an appeal on whose behalf he had lately received. She was, he said, the daughter of a Southern planter, acknowledged by himself as his own offspring, and raised in his own family, until his father dying, a will was found, and treated her as cruelly that she attempted to escape. She was captured and taken back to her paternal master, who made immediate preparations to sell her to the extreme south, refusing to dispose of her to any one who would permit her to remain in the neighbourhood. Many persons in the vicinity, knowing her to be a most faithful, efficient, and therefore valuable piece of property, were anxious to purchase her; but her owner utterly refused to sell her to them, his object being to have her removed so great a distance that her near relation to the others of his children could occasion them no further mortification. She was, accordingly, sold to a southern man, who held her at 1,500 dollars, but who finally consented to part with her for 1,200 dollars. A slaveholder in Washington, paying the girl, bought her for the latter sum—immediately, however, setting on foot a subscription to enable her to purchase her freedom, he himself contributing 100 dollars; another man, also a slaveholder, gave 100 dollars, and 700 dollars were finally obtained. "At this juncture," said Mr. Beecher, "I received a letter, asking if we could do anything toward making up the rest of the money, to which I replied that I would promise nothing unless we could see her here."

The reverend gentleman here stepped from his desk, and, with an encouraging "Come up, Sarah," he led upon the platform a young, intelligent looking quadroon, whom he presented to the crowded audience as the slave-girl in question. She is apparently about 23 years old, probably three-quarters white, of very pleasing and modest appearance. Mr. Beecher seated her in a chair by his side, while he continued his remarks. She was here, he said, on her parole of honour. She had promised to go back, and she must return, either with or without the 500 dollars which were yet necessary to make her free woman. A collection would be made, and the result would show their verdict.

By this time there was hardly a dry eye in the whole immense congregation of nearly 3,000 people. Men wept and women sobbed—not shamefacedly, but openly, and without any attempt at concealment. All seemed to be touched to the very heart. In a Christian land, on the Christian Sabbath, in the pulpit of a Christian church, by the lips of a Christian Minister, a trembling, shrinking woman begged from a Christian people money to save herself from a life of slavery and compulsory prostitution.

One gentleman here rose, and announced that the money should be forthcoming to make her free; and, in a few minutes, he stated personally responsible for the entire amount. This announcement was received with hearty and long-continued applause, the audience being no longer able to restrain their feelings. Sarah, the slave girl, had, up to this time preserved a tolerable composure, but, when the certainty was declared that she should not go back to a life of slavery, she buried her face in her handkerchief and wept aloud.



AN AMERICAN SLAVE AUCTION.

"As the collectors passed among the audience, the plates were notably heaped with evidence of substantial sympathy; one lady even took the jewellery from her person and cast it into the plate. The amount collected on the spot was 784 dollars, which, besides completing the sum necessary for the purchase of Sarah, will also rescue her child, a boy of four years, who is now in bondage.

The scene was one of the most remarkable and gratifying ever enacted in this country before a religious congregation; and the unanimous and most satisfactory pecuniary response to the plea for liberty shows that the Anti-Slavery sentiment is ready, when occasion requires, to indicate its sincerity by arguments more tangible and substantial than mere words.—*New York Tribune.*

AMERICAN SLAVE AUCTIONS.

Whilst in one of the London news rooms some time ago, we observed several copies of the *New Orleans Semi-Weekly Bulletin* on the stand. On glancing over the pages, we read as follows:—

SALE TO ARTHUR on April 17, by Beard and May, at Banks' Arcade, by order of The Hon. J. N. Lea, Judge of the second District Court, the following described real estate and slaves.

A certain lot or portion of land, &c.

The negroes comprise, Mike, aged 25 years, driver and cooper. Gerard, 28, do. Murray, 25, driver. Saunders, 22, do. (now in jail)

Terms of Sale—For the slaves, Cash.

Another advertisement read as follows—

VALUABLE PLANTATIONS, NEGROES, &c. &c. To be sold by Palfrey, and Beard and May, by Public Auction, at plantation, &c.

There are upon and belonging to the place, 60 slaves, with mules, horses, cows, corn, and fodder, in abundance. Catalogues, with a *description of the slaves* may be had of the auctioneer.

Another advertisement announced the sale by auction of

Men and her two children. Terms, Cash.

Another.

WILLIAM, 25 years, house servant. HARRY, 24, cook. STEPHEN, ARRAM, 60 (?) HARRY, 50.

Another, and we could weep over the shame of the "land of the free" as we write it.

THE NEGRESS LOUVERIE, aged 19, a house girl. The woman ROSA, aged 35, house servant, now *pregnant*.

Another announced the sale of a long list of our fellow creatures, and amongst them,

HARRY, 55 years, field hand, required. HARRIET, 25, field hand, and her daughter ADDIRNA, 3 years old. MARYANNE, 50 years, cooky. LOUVIN, 18 years. (?) HAYTHUS, 50, field hand, subject to examination.

* * *

Many of our readers will be ready to exclaim, "These things took place in the dark ages, hundreds of years ago, surely? Alas, these are now almost daily occurrences in the southern States of America, and even in the northern states the abominable Fugitive Slave law (about which we shall have somewhat to say in a future number) is set for adopted that many a poor escaped slave has within the last year been dragged back to the south, there to end his days in the horrors of slavery.

An eye witness thus describes one of the American slave auctions.

"At one end was seated the auctioneer, at the other was placed a chair for the negro to stand on, in order to be exposed to the view of the purchasers. All being in readiness, the slaves were brought in, one at a time, and placed upon the chair before the bidders, who handled and inspected them with as little concern as if they had been examining cattle at Smithfield Market. They turned them about, felt them, viewed their shape and their hoofs, looked into their mouths, made them jump and dance, set out their arms, and subject them to all the means of trial, as if they were dealing for a horse. In the course of the sale, a tall and robust negro, on being brought into the auction room, approached the table on which the auctioneer was standing. The man was ordered to mount the chair. He obeyed, though manifestly with reluctance; his bosom heaved, and grief was in his eyes. The woman remained in the crowd. A certain price was mentioned to set the purchase forward, and the bidding commenced; but on the slave being directed to exhibit the activity of his limbs, and to display his person, he sank his chin upon his breast, and hung down his head in positive refusal; then, looking at the woman, made signs expressive of great distress. Next, he pointed to her, and then to the chair, evidently intimating that he desired to have her placed by his side. She was his chosen wife, and nature was correctly intelligible. Not obtaining immediate acquiescence, he became agitated and impatient. The sale was interrupted; and as he could not be prevailed upon to move a single muscle, by way of exhibiting his person, the proceedings were at a stand. He looked again at the woman, again pointed to the chair, held up two fingers to the auctioneer, and implored the multitude in anxious impatient gestures. Upon his countenance was marked the combined expression of sorrow, affection, and shame. He grew more and more restless, and repeated signs, which seemed to say, 'Let us be sold together; give me my heart's choice as the partner of my days, then dispose of me as you please, and I will be content to wear out my life in the heavy toils of bondage.' It was what he spoke, and her language could not be mistaken. Humanity could no longer resist the appeal, and it was universally agreed that they should make but one *lot*. A second chair was now brought, and the woman was placed by the side of her husband. His countenance instantly brightened, he hung upon the neck of his wife, and embraced her with rapture, then folding her in his arms, and pressing her to his bosom, he became composed, and looked round with a smile of complacency, which plainly said, 'Proceed—I am your's—you's—or your's; let this be the association of my toils, and I am satisfied.' The bidding was renewed, and the two were sold together."

A SAD SEA SCENE.

"Jack, do you remember Bill M'Fallen," enquired a fore-mast sailor of a comrade.

"Yes, Jack, well, he sailed as first mate from our port in the *Countess of Wilton* for China and the Indian Seas, two or three years ago."

"Right! did you ever hear of him said fin-ly?"

"No! if you know, tell us."

"Poor fellow, he was as good a sailor as ever stepped on deck; he was kind to a man; a good captain, although but tempered, for he was a steady fellow, but he unfortunately sailed under a captain that was hard. One day, when near the Indian coast, the captain was drunk, as usual, in his cabin, and the M'Fallen, and treated him shamefully. M'Fallen had been cruelly treated many times before, when the captain was liquor, but now he lost all command over himself, and seizing the captain's cutlass, he killed him on the spot. M'Fallen was put in irons, a guard, and the second mate took command. A week after, M'Fallen was crossing the deck, and while the guard was looking another way, he made a sudden spring, and overboard he went in a moment. A rope was thrown out, but the poor fellow made not the least effort to save himself. He sank out of sight before either ship could be stopped—and he was gone. It was a sad end, Jack. If there had been no grog on board, both the captain and mate might have still have been living. Give me a good ship and a sober captain, Jack."

THE LORD'S DAY.

"Is the Lord's Day,—the Day of Dim
Who dwell our souls to save;
On which, that we might rise again,
He came up from the grave.

"Is the Lord's Day: the day of rest
From worldly work and care;
Devoted to God's worship, and
With thanksgiving and prayer.

"Is the Lord's Day: let rich and poor,
All equal in his sight,
In worshipping his holy Name
With one accord unite.

"Is the Lord's Day: and made for man
Not for the Sabbath day;
Works of necessity and love,
No vain delights pursuing.

"Is the Lord's Day: let neither gain,
Nor pleasure, on this day,
Tempt us to pay the price of sin,
Or mingle in man's play.

"Is the Lord's Day: and not our own,
Our work, and rest, and bliss,
Our words and walks, our times and songs,
All shall this day be his.

"Is the Lord's Day: all is the Lord's;
Not man's, nor Satan's, man now,
Nor noon than evening: all his own,
To us his gracious boon.

"Is the Lord's Day: his gift to man,
A gift of priceless worth;
To bind us to our Father's home,
Each week we spend on earth.

"Is the Lord's Day: hallowed for us,
In token of God's love;
A foretaste given, to make us long
For better rest above.

"Is the Lord's Day: Lord keep it thine,
Thine, and thine only, give those
Who seek to rob our weary souls
Of this divine repose.

"Is the Lord's Day: shall our weary souls
Their vain attempts shall rue,
Who take it from us, and say, "
They know not what they do.

"Is the Lord's Day: let all enjoy
Their Sabbaths, Lord, as thine:
Hallowed and cheered by Grace, and Peace,
Joy, and Love divine!

C. G.

Marylebone, London, May, 1856.

A Sabbath of quiet, and worship, and rest,
For soul and for body is surely the best;
But a Sabbath of *pleasure* could scarcely endure,
Ere long 'twould be filched from the labouring poor;
All rest for the workman would vanish away,
Leaving *seven* days of toil for but *six* days of pay.

S. W. P.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Wm. Francis. We have received the following gratifying intelligence respecting Lambeth, whose efforts for the reformation of the incompetent boys have already borne fruit. The valuable inspiration for promoting our circulation, will, we trust, be adopted by not a few.

Winchester, July 22, 1856.

My dear Sir,—Whilst residing at Hitchin in the minority of incompetent missionary at the latter end of last year and the beginning of the present, a kind and influential friend of social and moral improvement desirous of promoting the circulation of your valuable publication, and knowing the expensiveness of a single paper for perusal at the abodes of these persons, visited the work itself to the more directly designed to interest.

I acted upon the suggestion, and in the space of about three months obtained twenty 120 subscribers. On leaving the place, the town missionary, Mr. James Thomas (a most worthy character) undertook the delivery, and when I saw him a short time ago, he informed me that the circulation had increased to upwards of 100 monthly, with still improving prospects. I am well pleased to forward you this information, believing the *British Workman* media may be known to be duly appreciated. I am glad to have from various sources that the work is becoming extensively patronized by the clergy. It is scarcely necessary to add that I am more than willing to embrace every opportunity of promoting the circulation of the *British Workman* to an extent commensurate with its deserts. With much esteem, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

W. Brasnor.

PERSEVERANCE;

OR,

SCENES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER VIII

For the first time in her whole life, Patty was now perfectly happy. Her new place, with the kind friend whose words of wisdom had been both a comfort and a guide to the destitute girl, was all that could be desired. It seemed that the son of Patty's new mistress had had his full share of the trials of a seaman's life. When quite a boy, he had followed his own inclinations rather than his widowed mother, to whom he left his wealth. He had made long voyages to India, China, and Australia during his youth, and having the benefit of a superior education, his observation, and became an able and trustworthy seaman. Years passed from the time of his first voyage before he visited the home of his childhood; when he did, he found his only sister married, and his mother living in comfort with her daughter. He was kindly had with a light heart, and continued to make such progress that after some years upon the middle deep he was made mate, and seeing many countries and ports, and twice being shipwrecked and reduced to ruin, he became master of a trading vessel, and have stated. But he was troubled at receiving no letters from his mother. He had heard in his home that his sister had his sister married her husband and gone to Canada, but that his mother did not wish to go with them. He sent money home to her, and as soon as he was able he brought her vessel into Blankport Harbour, intending to visit his mother. To his great dismay, he found some improvements in the town had swept away the very street where his mother had resided. He enquired at the post-office, and was told that his letters had been detained by a person from the country; and sent, they believed, to Canada, where he was induced to believe his mother had joined his sister. This was false information, purposely given by the felon Stump, who not his desertion at the commencement of our narrative. Meanwhile, the Widow Drift was passing through great trials. She had clung to her native land in the hope of seeing her son, but a disease of the eyes came on soon after her daughter's departure, and to this calamity poverty was added, for the emigration was not successful, and the remittances they promised did not come. Mrs. Drift was not a person to complain, but her health, and the wreck of her little means as long as she was able, until, becoming totally blind, she was compelled to apply to the Blankshire, was passed to Wrenham, where her late husband and herself had been rate-payers for many years. The Admiral there knew and respected the unfortunate inmate, whose calamity was of God's appointment, and when news of the rough treatment of the name of "Drift," into "Dark," it was allowed to pass; for so much of decent reserve was blended with the character of the blind widow, that she shrank from observation, and probably never would have been found but for Patty Telfer. But Maitland knew her kindness, and that lady going to visit her and learning her real name, and finding it was the same as that of the Captain, Patty's brother sailed with. To write to the owners of the vessel and enclose a letter for Captain Drift was Miss Maitland's immediate work, and when the Cholera prevented his landing at Blankport, he still kept, as we have seen, upon their account, and with all speed took a pleasant little cot, had it neatly fitted up, and brought his good old mother home with as much joy and triumph as if he was bringing a blooming bride to his dwelling. Much as he loved his profession, he had often in his later years thought of the grief of his mother, and wished with a yearning heart, that his manhood could repay her for the waywardness of his boyhood. For God's truth had found an abode in his soul, and he knew that real religion does not mean merely repeating texts of scripture, and uttering pious words, but the fruitfulness of all that but it means living humbly and heartily towards God, and honestly and kindly towards man; less than that, he knew was presumption and hypocrisy.

Patty's duties in her new place were to manage the house, and take care of her aunt's treasures. There were but five rooms—a parlour, and kitchen, and three bed-rooms above, with a little flower garden in front, and a plot for vegetables at the back. Farmer Woodruff, where Patty's second brother lived, used to send a man very often to keep the garden in order, and a more trim snug little dwelling within and without it would not be easy to find, as the cottage was in view over the wide sea, and the light-house on the rock in the distance, that stood like a grim sentinel, frowning over Blankport Harbour. As soon as Captain Drift had seen his mother comfortably settled in her pleasant home, and with her faithful servant, he went off to sea, taking some warm flannel jackets, and knitted woollen socks, of her own work from Patty to her brother Tom; to these were added, a Bible from Mrs. Dark, and Patty slipped in a little paper containing references to passages that she thought the young sailor might be impressed by.

And now the Autumn was waning fast, and the long winter evenings were coming on. It was well that Patty, by teaching Mrs. Vincer's children had kept up her reading, for she and her mistress would have been very dull but for the great enjoyment. Miss Maitland kindly supplied them with books, and all the housework being neatly and thoroughly done, on the good mistress, "I place for every thing, and every thing in its place," "A time for every thing, and every thing in its time." The evening found Patty at leisure to sit with her good mistress, and read aloud to her. Oh, it was a cosy little place, and a pleasant sight, that little homely parlour shining with cleanliness, the glowing fire reflected from the bright grate and fender, and the soft ripple of Patty's gentle voice sounding through a room so quiet that the ticks of Mr. Drift's ticking timepieces, the calm purr of the cat, and the tick of the clock, with the hollow murmur of the distant sea, seemed but to add to the hush and tranquillity of the abode. There too might be duly heard the voice of grace and prayer from grateful hearts for the widow's heart had been made to sing for joy, and yet both the widow and the orphan had been tried with trouble, for when the winds swept wildly over the sea, and lashed the waves into foam, and set them thundering on the Blankshire rocks, the hearts of the mariners exposed to the storm, brought an earnestness into the mother's prayer that formalists and triflers would have wondered at.

And so Patty was happy after her many struggles, and her little brother was doing well; but just at this season of peace and security, evil was at hand; as it not often so to this world? Hitherto we have seen the orphan meekly but constantly striving with her difficulties, and overcoming them by patience, and industry, and good conscience—a temptation arrived likely to overcome her.

(To be continued.)

HAY AND HARVEST WORK.

HEERING indications are appearing of a great and important change in the habits and condition of the Peasantry and labourers in many parts of the country. During the last harvest, there have had several pleasing accounts of the closing of beer-houses, the formation of village Coffee and Reading-rooms; the establishment of Village Libraries; Penny-reading Libraries; and the sending out of Colporteurs for the sale of Bibles and periodicals in the rural districts.

We are also glad to state, that some of the largest and best farmers in the country, have not only succeeded in abolishing the drunken scenes attended with "Harvest Homes," but are extensively adopting the plan of substituting coffee, tea, milk, and bread for the old allowance of beer, and we are assured that the result is most gratifying to both employers and employed. Mr. Wm. Linton, of Sheriff Hutton, near York, one of the first farmers in Yorkshire, informed us some time ago, that for several years past all his hay and harvest work had been done on the above principle with manifest advantage. "When we gave beer," said Mr. L., "we seldom had a hot cast without some quarrelling, especially amongst the Irish; now we seldom have an angry word." Mr. Saunders, of Lelling, near York, hence a similar testimony for the last two years.

Joseph Tucker, Esq., of Pavenham Bury Park, one of the magistrates of the County of Bedford, thus writes, "I have generally had four men to mow from forty-five to sixty acres of grass and oats, and twelve to sixteen men and boys haymaking. The mowers have each one quart of tea or coffee, according to the weather, and at three o'clock, in addition to which, I pay them 6d. an acre extra instead of beer. The haymakers have each a pint of tea or coffee sent out to them at eleven and three, and also 4d. per day extra instead of beer, and boys 3d. and 2d. according to age, &c., and if they work late, either in field or stacking, we send them another pint or more (to the stackers) about five o'clock, with a good piece of bread and butter to all.

"I have also harvested about forty acres of wheat and about thirty acres of other kinds of grain, all on the same principle, and I am not aware that beer has ever been brought into the field for the last three years.

"The result has been most satisfactory, both to myself and the men. Many, who, at first declared it to be impossible to mow or reap without ale, have, after trying, declared that they can do either as well or *better* without, provided they have a good meal, with some meat. These men have also said that they *sleep much better* after a hard day's work, with tea, &c., than with beer, and that they are much *fresher* and better able to begin again in the morning. There is also, the absence of quarrelling, swearing, &c., &c., so frequently the painful result of drinking in the hay and harvest field."

In the South of England this plan is also making progress. Mr. C. Henwood of Hambledon, near Godalming, has sent us an interesting statement relative to the mode adopted by some of the farmers of hard-working men in that healthy village, who are engaged in felling timber, bark peeling, and other heavy work. He says, "for the use of those who may wish to know how they manage where there is a '*gang*' on *piece-work*, I should state, that they employ a lad, at five shillings weekly, on purpose to attend the fire. Some take their own coffee ready made, but most club together and make it in the following way. They drive some *forked* sticks into the ground, and place another stick on the top horizontally. On this they place their kettles or pots, (usually one for coffee, another for tea, and a third for water.) When the water boils, they put one ounce of tea to six quarts of water, with nine or ten ounces of sugar. This makes a good beverage, costing about sixpence halfpenny for the six quarts. Of coffee they put in one ounce to the same quantity of sugar. By this simple plan they have a constant supply of tea or coffee, from early dawn till night."

HARIDO COFFEE IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.

Most people are fond of discovering secrets, and the more difficult the secret is, the more of the number. If so, I shall tell him of one which is really worth knowing, and the knowledge of which will benefit him, not only in time, but through eternity.

The secret which I refer to, is contained in the 25th verse of the twenty-fifth Psalm, and is thus expressed, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and will show them his covenant."

"The secret of the Lord" here mentioned is that mysterious operation of the Holy Spirit, whereby a sinner, convinced of his lost and ruined state by nature, his need of a Saviour, and the all-sufficiency of that salvation which has been purchased by the blood of Christ, is led with his whole heart to embrace that Divine person as the very Saviour of whom he stands in need, and to find peace in the assurance that Christ's work is a finished work, and Christ's right-eousness a perfect righteousness.

This event, so important in the history of every converted man, is called a "secret," because at the moment of its occurrence, it is known only to God and the convert. It may take place in the crowded church under the preaching of the word, or it may happen in the solitary chamber during the reading of the Scriptures; it is all the same; at the time it only is the Spirit of God, and the sinner who receives the pardon. Even on the memorable day of Pentecost, when three thousand converts were added to the infant church, not one individual in all that heart-stricken assembly knew what was passing in the breast of his neighbour, until the piercing inquiry burst forth of "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

No wonder, however, is the work of grace accomplished, and the sinner delivered from the guilt and burden of sin, than the change becomes perceptible to all around. The convert is emphatically a new man." He hates sin, and avoids the company of the wicked; he delights in the society of his fellowes; and often, in the fulness of a grateful heart, he is constrained to cry out, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul!"

Reader, have you been made by divine grace savingly and experimentally acquainted with this "secret of the Lord?" If so, happy are you. "Go, thy way, O Ethiopian eunuch, "on your way rejoicing." But, at the same time, conscious of your own weakness, "be not high-minded, but fear," remembering that you are surrounded by manifold temptations, "be jealous over yourself with a godly jealousy;" and, in prayerful dependence on divine aid, "hold fast that which you have, that no man take your crown."

But, reader, is this "secret of the Lord" still to you a "hidden thing?" Are the riches of grace "hidden riches" to you? If so, your danger is unspeakably great, and it is all the greater that you do not perceive it. If you be as you are, your soul is lost for ever. For ever? Yes, for ever. "There is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest." But the gate of divine mercy is still open. Thank God that it is so, and enter it while yet there is room. Remember, reader, that gerous things, in spiritual matters they are mutilerably so. Come, then, at once, to the cross of Christ. There, alone, are true peace and safety to be found; and there, if you are in earnest, your reception is sure. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you SHALL be saved." DR. HULL.

NOTICES OF NEW PAMPHLETS.

The Literature of Labour. By Rev. Robt. Stoel, Salford. *D. P. Gilbert, London. 8d.*

Lecture on the Knowledge of Christ. By Rev. J. D. Grant. Hall, Virtue, & Co., London. 4d.

These two lectures are admirable, the very *best* for working men we have ever read. They attribute far others than we wanted for addressing the physical and social welfare of the great mass of labour.

For Wives & Mothers.

WHAT THE LOVE OF FLOWERS PROVES.

THE work was all carefully cut out, and the neat difficult parts neatly basted, and Mrs. Marshall, who was unable to leave the house, binding it to her husband, said, "If Mrs. Carlton cannot do it, oblige me by giving it to some other *poor woman*: for there are so many women poor, especially at this season, that I would not leave it at the shop."

"I hardly think Mrs. Carlton is able to do it at present, but you'll give her just as much as the pay would amount to, so where's the difference? just I'll be all obedience to your commands, and leave it with her or some other needy body."

Prior to the noon hour clock chimed the hour of twelve, the punctual Mr. Marshall re-entered his dwelling, and proceeded to the dining room, when the last dish was just placed upon the table.

In the course of the meal, Mrs. Marshall inquired if Mrs. Carlton could do the work, and being answered in the negative, asked who was to do it. Her husband had forgotten the long new man, but described the tenement where the woman resided whom he had engaged. Mrs. M. sighed when she heard the dilapidated and ruinous condition of the premises, and expressed no little doubt as to the capacity of any one living in such a place to do her work properly and as she wanted it. Mr. Marshall replied, "I think it will be executed neatly, for she had a *stand of flowers by the window*."

Mrs. Marshall's brow brightened, and her fears were somewhat subdued.

And when the work returned, and she examined piece after piece, Mrs. Marshall said to her wife, "Now but a lover of flowers could have done it so tastefully."

The result was, that the rickety old tenement was repaired, and the once dreary, distressed occupants were placed where not only their flowers met more air and sunshine, but they were cheered by their own spirits, long bowed by poverty, were able to rise in strength and beauty to the morning light.

And all because of their love of flowers, whose silent language awoke sympathy in the generous hearts of their lovers of the purest and sweetest of material things.

God made not the glow-worm nor blue bell in vain; the tissue flower that lifts its cyclid heavenward points man also thither, and who would slight their ministering? They can but be accepted by hearts that heed it, and the benevolent Mr. and Mrs Marshall judged rightly of human nature.

FLOWERS IN WINDOWS.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

WE have much pleasure in extracting the following paragraph from the *Builder*.

We strongly recommend all our readers who can do so, to adopt the excellent suggestion of our esteemed contemporary. His efforts for the improvement of the homes of the working classes are beyond praise.

FLOWERS IN WINDOWS. There are few tests of a happy home within than the flower-decorated window, and nearly kept up, and there is no more effective plea for the leisure hours more calculated to keep it so, or to soothe the mind. It yields pleasure without surfeit; the more one indulges, the more eager we become. And, how unlike this is to most of our worldly engagements! To those *blessed* with children how delightful it is to bend their young minds to a pursuit so full of utility and intellectual instruction, combined with the advantages usually accompanying industry; and in children, carefulness and thought about their plants will lead to the same feelings respecting other matters.—*Builder.*

There is a lesson in each *flower*,
A stray in each stream and bower,
In every herb on which you tread,
Are written words, which, rightly read,
Will teach you from morning to evening's close,
To hope, and happiness, and God.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

VISIT TO THE HAGGERSTONE COAL HEAVERS.

We are reluctantly compelled to postpone the conclusion of this notice until our next, when we shall give another illustration.

TALES OF THE SEA.

BY THE LONGYARN.

No. I.

"All! she's a trae British Queen, God bless her!" These were the hearty words of a rough sea man, who, standing on the beach of Cowes harbour, watched the "Fairy," the beautiful little steam yacht of our beloved Queen, that had just left the royal pier at Osborne, and was dawning over the sparkling waves of the Solent Sea, as if proud to bear the ocean monarch. The Queen, very plainly dressed, a brown straw hat shading her face from the sun, stood on the deck, surrounded by her children, evidently enjoying the breeze that curled the waves. It was not a state occasion, but merely a cruise of a few hours for pleasure, and the seaman whose remark we have recorded, as he continued to watch the vessel till it disappeared, went on to say to his companion, "I mind how, that brave lady, ever from her childish days, has had a kind heart for poor Jack tar. Why, in her walks about the coast years agone, with the Duchess of Kent, mam's the time she's listened to a poor sailor's yarn about his shipwrecks, his troubles, ay, and his joys, for there's fair weather as well as rough. My old comrade, Timber Tough, as we call him, now in Greenwich Hospital, told me that once upon a time, when the Princess Victoria was at Dover, and used to walk about the cliffs, he and his son Jim the fisherman was mending their nets in a sheltered cove, when all of a sudden a grand lady, and a bright looking little Miesy, and another lady, and two menservants at a distance, came round the point of the cliff right afore them. A camp stool was brought for the lady with the grand look, and Timber Tough, who knew a bit of manners, made a sign for his son to gather up the nets, and meant to go away, but the lady said very sweetly, 'Don't let us disturb you,' and the little Miesy added, 'You need not go away;' and somehow they got to asking about nets and fishing, and then about the son, and praps the young lady had been reading about the perils of the great deep, for she asked, 'Have you ever been shipwrecked?' 'Yes, miss! that I have,' says Timber Tough, 'upon a desolate island, too.'

"'Indeed! where?'

"'The Island of Antacosta, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence,' says he, and as the little lady seemed interested, Timber Tough took courage, and told her how it was, something in this way:

"'In 1814, that's some years, I take it, afore you was born, miss! there was a bit of a brush with the Yankees. I was aboard the Leopard, 50, Captain ——, and we was a taking out troops; we had on board a regiment of the Scotch Greys, and very crowded we was. I'm sorry to say there was a deal of drinking among us, and drink's the enemy most to be feared by the sailor; no foe like that. Howsomever, I didn't think so once, but I was taught that truth afterwards,' says Tough, 'to my sorrow. We had a pretty fair voyage, and was thinking of land, and one night we had a carouse; it was a birthday of one of the Royal family, or the officers, I forget which, but we'd most on us had a double allowance of grog; and when we turned in, the officer that belonged to the mid watch wasn't sober, nor he men neither; and an ugly fog came on. At three bells, ladies! there was a shock went through the ship, and knocked many of the men out of their berths. We all knew what it was; we had struck on a rock, when we believed ourselves safe in deep water. As to the screeches of the soldiers' wives, and the running to and fro, I wont pretend to tell you that. The captain's voice soon restored order, for it was a matter of life and death. The hatches were closed to keep the frightened women, and the soldiers, from coming on deck. Ay, and it was ordered that a file of marines should stand over the hatches, and fire at any one that tried to get out. Oh, 'twas a dreadful scene, the fog like a black pall blinding us, as it were, the straining of the ship, the dull moaning of the breakers around! At last 'twas found that, as the weather was not rough, we could get boats through the surf; but how long the ship would hold together was uncertain, and so all hands were employed making rafts, and as the fog slightly cleared, a certain number of troops were put on each raft, and in the course of twelve hours the women, the soldiers, and some casks of provisions, were landed; and then the sailors, when nothing more could be done, left the wreck, just as she went to pieces, the captain being the last man to take to the boat.'

"'At first I must say—I hope I war'n't ungrateful to Providence—the land looked almost as bad as the water; 'twas a swamp! We put up tents made of the ship's sails, and cut trenches round them, that filled with water as we cut them, and many a poor fellow lay down in the mud and was racked with pain and sickness for many a day after. Twenty-eight days—that's four weeks, you know, we was in that place afore a ship came and took us off. It seemed to me like four years. We knew what hunger was, and what sickness was, in that time, I can testify; though, by good management, our biscuit was eked out, and by fishing and birding, we kept clear of famine point.'

"'We had one service there I shan't soon forget. We'd a christening on that island, a baby belonging to a soldier's wife was called John Antacosta.'

"'It was then, ladies! I thought how hard a foe the drink had been. How hard it had served us. And I thought so more than ever when our officers was tried for the loss of the ship, and our Lieutenant, who was the officer of the watch, had his sword break over his head and was dismissed the service. I've fought shy of grog ever since,' said Timber Tough in conclusion.

"The ladies looked pleased, asked him many questions, and smiled on my old comrade as they went away.

"Next day he saw the folks running to look at a carriage going to Walmer Castle, and in it there were the very ladies he had seen the day afore, and Timber Tough felt rather queer when he found he'd been holding forth to the princess. But I'm thinking that it's having spoken with and known, and lived among her people, that makes our Sovereign such an out and out good Queen—God bless her!"

THE RUINED HOME. BOW STREET POLICE OFFICE, INCENT.

THE RUINED HOME.

"You are sentenced to six months' imprisonment," said the magistrate.

"I'm ruined, then, and all belonging to me," was the reply of the culprit as he was removed from the bar of Bow Street police office. Alas! his was a sad and yet a common case. R—— F—— and his wife put their children into the care of a neighbour, and went off in a van to spend the Sunday at Hampton Court. The day was hot and dusty, and they and their companions drank freely; coming home there was a quarrel in the van, the wife and husband took different sides, and came to high words. When late at night they reached their home, one of the children had hurt itself seriously, and the rest had been mischievously breaking the things; all were crying and quarrelling. This exasperated the parents still more, neither of them were sober, from words they came to blows, until the man, in his rage hardly knowing his own strength, threw his wife down stairs; she was picked up insensible, and carried to the hospital. The man was taken by the police, and sentenced as we have seen. His words were true; he was ruined by the consequences of that Sabbath's profanation. The wife was seven weeks in the hospital, the children went to the workhouse, the goods were seized for rent. Root and branch the home was broken up, and the household scattered.

"Verily, my sabbaths ye shall keep; for it is a *sign between me and you* throughout your generations. Ye shall keep the sabbath therefore, for it is holy unto you." Exodus xxxi. 13, 14. C. L. B.

LING THE PRINCESS VICTORIA (ENGLAND'S PRESENT QUEEN) AND THE DUCHESS OF KENT, HIS TALE OF THE SEA.

BRITISH WORKMAN

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CELEBRATED SONS OF FARMERS.

ROBERT BURNS, the chosen bard of Scotland, was born in a small mud cottage in the neighbourhood of the town of Ayr, and rose from his native obscurity through many difficulties. At the time of his birth, his father was employed as gardener and overseer by a neighbouring gentleman, besides having a small *farm* of his own, and two or three cows; he was, however, unfortunate, and the family were reduced to severe privations. Previously to this, his father had secured for Robert such an education as his means would afford, and had encouraged mental cultivation by conversing with him and supplying books, but it was in the green lanes, and when wandering alone on the banks of the Ayr, and when following the plough that Robert struck his sweet lyre to the harmonies of Nature, and awoke vibrations which reached the ears of the noble and the learned, and were his introduction to the refined society of the metropolis of Scotland. Here, alas! he was drawn into a course of dissipation which he never broke off, and he died in 1796, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

The **Rev. JOHN FOSTER**, the gifted author of the well known "Essays," was the son of a small *farmer* near to Hebden Bridge. John was very studious and would retire into a barn to read, and then return to his work with fresh vigour. Composition was always a tedious process to him, but the works he has left are of standard value. The Essay on "Decision of Character" has probably benefited more individuals than any other work of its kind: many a wavering soul has caught its spirit, and has trampled doubt and difficulties under foot. He died in the year 1843.

COUNT RUMFORD, whose original name was Benjamin Thompson, was born in 1752, of humble parents, who were engaged in *agriculture*. Animated by self-reliance, he studied amidst great difficulties, and became schoolmaster in one, and then another, of the towns in the United States of America. He married at an early age a lady of large property, and at the commencement of the American Revolution, gave his mind to military studies, and entered into the contest. We afterwards find him a man of influence in the political and scientific circles of the metropolis of England, where he was knighted: and then a political economist and philanthropist in the kingdom of Bavaria, by the elector of which he was created a count, and appointed ambassador to England. He was one of the leading men in founding the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and died in 1814, at the age of 62.

THE REV. ROBERT NEWTON, D.D., one of the most popular, laborious, and successful ministers that this country has ever known, was the son of *a farmer* at Roxby, near Whitby, in Yorkshire. He died in 1834, and was interred in the churchyard of Easingwold, in his native county.

"I wonder what she would have thought of the people I was with when working in France."

THE ENNEALOGUE;*

OR A

Prospective Dialogue between Thomas Smith, son of William Smith, and James Marten, grandson of Elizabeth Marten, on a Monday afternoon.

BY MRS. LUCY CAMERON.

James. "I am glad I have found you at last, for I wanted to ask you a question. I looked for you last night all over the booths in the garden, and the concert room, and in the theatre, but I could not see you anywhere."

Thomas. "Very likely not; do you not know that I have given up all these things on the Lord's Day."

James. "Lord's Day! I know you used to work for one of those old fashioned Sabbatarians, but I thought that you had left him sometime ago, and were going on as all the world goes on."

Thomas. "Not *all* the world even now James; but it is true I *did* leave my old master for a season, and I have bitterly repented of my sin in this matter, I am ashamed to say that I was enticed away with fair promises of high wages, and that I should never have to work on Sundays beyond the half day—but Englishmen do not keep their promises now as they used to do."

James. "How do you know that?"

Thomas. "I have heard your old grandmother say, when I was a little boy, that when she travelled abroad with some great family, an Englishman's word was believed wherever he went, but that is not the case now."

James. "Why, what did your master do to you?"

Thomas. When I got into my new place, the foreman would sometimes come to us on a *Saturday* night, and say, 'Lads, you cannot have your half-holiday to-morrow, there is an order come, and it must be executed, it shall be made up to you another day,' but that time rarely came."

James. "But you got your Sunday holiday most commonly"

Thomas. "Yes, such as it was, but I had no rest to my body in the

A POOR MAN who had heard the preaching of the gospel, and to whom it had been greatly blessed, was the subject of much profane jesting and ridicule among his fellow workmen and neighbours. On being asked if these daily persecutions did not sometimes make him ready to give up his profession of attachment to divine truth, he replied, "No; I recollect that our good minister once said in his sermon, that if we were so foolish as to let such people laugh us out of our religion, till at last we dropped into hell, they could not laugh us out again." *The fear of man bringeth a snare; but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.* Prov. xxix. 25.

* Those who have not read "The Sunday Excursion" by Mrs. Cameron (Dialogue between Elizabeth Marten, Sarah Smith, and William Smith) should do so, before perusing the following conversation about the *Ennealogue*. See Nos. 15 & 16, pages 90 & 98.

bottle of our Sunday afternoons; and I am sure I had no peace to my mind till I got back to my cellar again."

James. "Do you do our work on Sundays with him?"

Thomas. "No, we spend the day just as we used to do when I was a little lad, the shop is shut, and we all go to church twice, and that I could fancy now I was quite back twenty five years, saving for the noise in the street all day long."

James. "Why, are the town quieter then than it is now?" Did all the people go then as you do now?"

Thomas. "No, not exactly that, there were always Sabbath breakers in those days to be found, but it was against the laws then to buy and sell on a Sunday, to sell the shops were shut in the chief streets, the shops were shut in the chief streets, a sad you never heard a hammer or saw any working tools, or any one, except by chance, in his working apron. Ah, there were were lost delays then, people were more ashamed of them and did not disturb their quiet neighbours, unless it was by the trains in some parts."

James. (*Shrugs up his shoulders.*) "Well, if you like your place, keep it, I shan't try to rob you of it."

Thomas. "My poor mother got the place for me before she died, and I hope I shall never be tempted to leave it again; but now, never be tempted to ask me about it."

What did you want to know what that great board is for that has been hung up lately in the Union, just by the bank where the people's money is written that are going to be married. I have asked several people and they can's explain it, only one man laughed, and said it had something to do with me, which makes me the more curious."

Thomas. "Why, is is what they call the Ecneologue."

James. "Ecneologue! What does that mean?"

Thomas. "Why, don't you know that the ten commandments are often called the Decalogue?"

James. "Yes, I have heard that word, but it is agee since I have heard the ten commandments read."

Thomas. "How should you hear them or see them either, when you are employed all the time of morning service, and playing all the time of afternoon service; when you were a lad the Sunday schools were begining to be attended."

James. "But why have they changed the word?"

Thomas. "Because Decalogue means ten commandments, and Ecneologue means nine, and now those in power have seen good to let at nought the fourth commandment, it is needful you know to find a new name for the other nine."

James. "But why need we be bothered with any of them?"

Thomas. "It was my master that explained the word to me, and he told me that since the times have been so changed respecting these matters, the generality of the people are got to make so free with one another's property, that those in authority think something must be done to prevent it; besides constant punishment, and it was suggested that the nine commandments should be written up in some public place where the common people would be more likely to see them than in the old church."

James. "And does your master think the plan will be of any use?"

Thomas. "No; he says that all God's words are equally binding upon us, and we must not pick and choose which we will obey, and moreover, that those who are fond of *his* plan, must be expected to ob their neighbours of theirs."

James. "As to that eighth commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." Is not that the eighth? I think, according to what some people say, that it is very unfair and belongs only to the Jews."

Thomas. "To the Jews, what do you mean?"

James. "Why I mean that it was made for the Jews; I have been told that there is a great deal in the books of the law, all about the ceremonies, about the manner of restoring oxen and such sort of things when they had been stolen, and that it was right to get sheep till we have paid every third man his wages, and many other rules of that kind, which we ought to consider if we are all to keep the commandment, 'not to steal.'"

Thomas. "Oh, those things you speak of belong to the ceremonial law, and that law was for the Jews only, and has done away when Christ came, and we Christians have only to do with the commandments, "Thou shalt not steal." The ten commandments are quite distinct from the ceremonial law. God wrote the ten commandments with His own finger and added no more."

James. "Well, I do not understand all you say, but this I think, that it is not right for persons who have plenty of money not to steal, but the same cannot be expected of poor pregnant working men, and women, and children, who have no time allowed them for hearing about religion, and who, all the week long have no chance to eat, I cannot see the very great sin in a woman taking a chop out of a butcher's shop, where there is plenty, or a child taking a biscuit or an apple off a stall, nor in a man's serving himself of an opportunity of putting a shilling in his pocket."

Thomas. "Nor, I suppose, by selling bad drugs for good, and making a little sand with the sugar, or something not very nice with the flour, and so on. I have a notion you know something of all this James."

James. "Well, and what if I do. I do no more than almost every body does now a-days, and I think it is very illiberal for our rulers to make a fine about such little matters, at least that is my creed."

Thomas. "And creed and practice most commonly go together, and so you would take one commandment more away, and some one else will take another till they are all gone, and every man will do what is right in his own eyes, and quite forget that there is a God who rules the world, and an eternal life of joy and sorrow beyond the grave."

James. "What, are you turned preacher?"

Thomas. "Well, and if I should preach a sermon to you it would be one I heard first from your old grandmother."

James. "My grandmother Marten, I suppose then; but can you remember her words in that way? She died before I was born, I believe; and you must have been quite a child."

Thomas. "Yes, I remember well, when I was a little lad, that she called one evening at our house, and told my father a very pretty story, and it was all to prove that those who breaked the fourth commandment will easily be led to break all the rest."

James. "I have heard my mother speak of my grandmother Marten, she was not over fond of her, though she used to say my father was just like her, but he died before I can remember."

Thomas. "I can recollect the first hands of mistress being set up in the parks and gardens, and my father talking it over with your grandmother. I remember his repeating to her what he had heard some one say, 'that music was a very innocent amusement,' and that there could be no harm in dancing of music playing on a Sunday; but for all that my father never went to hear them."

James. "I do believe that you Sabbatarian folks are more honest, decent sort of people than we of the other sort, but still I think, that suppose we were all to leave off

"TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?"

to work on Sunday as used to be the case, there really would be no harm in a little music in a park or gardens, or even a little music in your churches and chapels."

Thomas. "I was sitting on a stool at mother's fire that day my poor father and his grandmother were talking over the matter, and I listened to all that passed between them, and I shall never forget it, even if I had not heard my mother request it over again to my sister Mary, as she was humming a song tune to her little One Sunday."

James. "What could it be that drew your attention so much?"

Thomas. "Why, what your grandmother said was new to me then; though I have often thought of it since my years grew. First of all music is like food, it is not all alike wholesome. Some food you know is for home diet, some for festivals, some for nourishment, and some just to please the taste, though all may be good in its way. My poor father said he did not understand music, James. Nay, she said, but I think you do. When you hurried your father down in Wales last year, should you have liked to have heard a London hardy-gudy setting up a jig by the grave side, while they were throwing the earth on the coffin, instead of a solemn hymn tune? And what sort of a tune is it that your wife sings to her babies to lull them to sleep, is it not something soothing and soft? And then she told a pleasant story of some good man in former days, whose father always went in a morning with a flute, and he because afterwards so fond of sacred music."

James. "There is something in that to be sure."

Thomas. "Then she went on to say that there is music which raises thoughts up to God, and music that brings them down to earth, even without the times being set to words, and that, as the Lord's day we ought to have music to draw us up to God, and not to draw us down from him; the other music may be good in its way and time. I can't recollect all she said, but I remember her repeating two or three stanzas out of an old piece of poetry, to show the effect music had on the mind, and those very stanzas I got her to repeat to me afterwards, till I learnt them by heart.

James. "I wonder what grandmother would have thought of the people abroad, such as I was with when I was working in France; but after all, these days must be the best, because the education is so much better now than it used to be. I was an little lad I know, but at the school I was at, they learnt more things than I can remember the names of."

Thomas. "Everything but the Bible and Catechism. Oh, James, the wisdom of the world is folly with God, and the deceitfulness of the heart, and the fancied that elsewhere than his maker, and fancied that education and civilization would do more than the Bible, and the church, and evangelical teaching, and so what the practice of men is come to now, in spite of his worldly knowledge, and consider what sore paths people are come on the land, and what we repent these will come still a-more."

James. "Do you think then we must go back to the old times?"

Thomas. "Yes, and still on to better than those. In spite of all the evil I see around me, I am looking for that kingdom to come which our Lord teaches us to pray for, and for his will to be done on earth as it is in heaven."

James. "Do you think *that* will ever be?"

Thomas. "Yes, I am sure of it, all the Bible is full of prophecies of those better things, and I know that God will never let his word pass away till all be fulfilled.

James. "You would be finely laughed at by some folks if they were to hear you."

"I know that—for the fool hath said in his heart there is no God; but I hope I should not mock again, but pray for such people; and oh, James, I do earnestly pray to God for you, that you may be led to come out from amongst them.

James. "Almost you persuade me, but when I get amongst my neighbours again, I shall be of another mind; one says one thing and one another, and the greater part say that most ways are good if men think them so, and that we shall all be right at last."

"Read your Bible then, and judge for yourself, it is the fashion in these days for some to take one part of the Bible and some another, and others choose to understand the Bible just as it suits their own vain imaginations, and not as if every word in it was true; But do you, James, take the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, for your rule. Oh, do promise me James, that you will spend a little time in studying your Bible—that will be far better for you than looking after the Ecneologue.

"I know you have a Bible, and I remember the very book."

James. "Yes, it was grandmother's, and there is the day of father's birth in it. Well, I do think I will begin to read it next Sunday instead of going to the tea gardens."

Thomas. "That is right, James, and look out for a master that keeps the Sabbath, and attends God's house, and never lead your master mock, for now is the hour of temptation come upon all the world, which is to try them that dwell upon the earth, and it has been long foretold. But let us be faithful, James, and hold fast the blessed hope in which our fathers died, least we lose our crown. Behold the Saviour comes quickly, even to judgment now; the hosts of heaven may be mustering to attend Him, for we still He stands at the door of our hearts and knocks. Oh! let us open to Him, before it be too late, and hear the gracious words, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father on His throne."

person who is now at the head of the railway business of his firm in Canada, and who is constructing one thousand miles of the way, and a bridge across the St. Lawrence, nine years ago a common carpenter at twenty-five shillings a week; and there are men, who ten years ago were earning only three shillings a day, are now receiving one thousand pounds a year each.

We trust that this important testimony will encourage many of our readers to improve their winter evenings.

HAVING TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

"WELL, Hodge," said a smart looking Lombdoner to a worthy cottager, who was on his way home from church, "so you are indulging a little harmless recreation in the country this morning?"

"Sir," said the man, "I have not been strolling and idling about this morning, I have been at my place in the country attending to the duties of religion, but I have been to the house of God to hear His holy word."

"Ah! what, you are one of those simpletons that, in these country places, are weak enough to believe the Bible, and not carry your Sunday. Depend upon it, my man, that book is nothing but a pack of nonsense; and none but weak and ignorant people now think it true."

"Well, Mr. Stranger, but do you know, weak and ignorant as we country people are, we like to have *two strings to our bow!*"

"Two strings to your bow! what do you mean by that?"

"Why, sir, I mean that to believe the Bible, and act up to it, is like having two strings to my bow; for even should it turn out to be untrue, I shall have been a better and happier man in this world by living according to its dictates; and so it will be for my good in this respect—*there is one string*—and if it should prove true, it will be better for me in the world to come—*there is another string*; and a pretty strong one it is. But, sir, if you disbelieve the Bible, and on that account do not live as it requires, you have not one *string to your bow*. And oh! if its truth should threaten prove true, though, oh think, what will become of you then?"

This plain appeal to common sense, silenced the gainsayer, and affordes proof that he was not quite so wise as he supposed.—*From Sabbath Illustrated Sign. Published by Partridge & Co.*

SIR S. M. PETO stated at the Saturday Half Holiday Meeting recently, that the work of the head of the railway

GOD BLESS YE, MERRY HARVESTERS.

God bless ye, merry harvesters! down with the golden grain;
I love to hear your sickle strokes echoing the plain;
And joy to see those happy smiles which light your faces,
Glean through these tiny drops of sweet, and give your checks a grace.

I love to see your waving fields like undulating seas,
And green blades flutter in the wind like pennants in the breeze;
But more I love your homes, reared by the hand of God,
Those yellow sheaves and golden stacks which crown the gay rous soil.

Ye sing of other harvesters who mow down fields of men,
Who drivers make, and orphans too, then defy the claim;
But tell me, are those crimson piles, heaped high in bloody strife,
Deserving more the song of praise than yours bread, the staff of life?

Long may ye live, and healthfully to quaff the cup of cheer,
And may your flocks and little ones, and loving hearts increase;
And Oh! may the wide spread land country to your door,
Enough to spread the rich man's board, and satisfy the poor.

"God bless ye merry harvesters" let every Briton utter;
Till with the song the hills awake and lowly valles ring;
"Neath cottage, hall, and temple roof prolong the joyous strain,—
God bless ye merry harvesters! again, again, again.

God bless ye, merry harvesters, who plough in the fallow soil;
Who sows the seed, and harrow it, and leave the rest to God;
To him who enrich sun, and rain, and seed, and harvest time,
God speed ye all, ye sturdy sons of England's happy clime.

And ye who own the fruitful soil,
Pray don't forget the helping hands that store your barns with gold;
But when spring bloom, the gleaner comes, go bid your honest men
Drop, here and there, and liberally, a few of precious grails.

God bless ye all, ye harvesters, and when that day shall come
When those who sow and reap in tears shall shout the harvest home;
May you stand your tiny ripened sheaves be seen, one of which we read,
And find yourself safe lodged in heaven on precious garner sack.

Written for a Tract by Edward Capern, Rural Postman of Bideford, Devon." Published by D. Hogue.

The above prophecy is the above book of poetry means that the author is a rural letter carrier from Bideford in Bideford Bay, and he is considered a Shorthand Writer through a decorative walks of three miles from the Bideford Station, for which his salary is left the by, he walking and spice up, week. He has a real pick a stalkings and a real pleasing temperate in intelligent, wife. His home is a little two children, Charlie, a gardener, and Cook. He has been many years of a long or service, and 30 to 40 years of a long or service, and 30 to 40 years of a long or service, and 30 to 40

PERSEVERANCE;

OR,

SCENES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY REV. C. L. SALMON.

CHAPTER IX.

DURING the time that Patty had been attending the sick, she had, of course, seen many people, and formed some acquaintances. Her previously secluded life and early sorrows had increased the natural quietude of her disposition, but when intimacy ripened, she felt it a new pleasure to have as a friend a young girl, who lived as servant at the draper's in Blankport. Jane Flight was one equally quiet. Jane Flight was what is called a good-natured girl: that is, she was merry and gay, and seldom gave a serious thought to anything. She was the daughter of a decent couple, who had a large family, and thought they did all their duty when they brought their children up to be clean and industrious, and sent them out in the world as soon as they could earn a penny for them. Patty was interested by Jane's mirth and light-hearted laughter. The very contrast between herself and her new friend made her inclined to love her. "If I had known no sorrow," said she mentally, "I should, perhaps, have been like Jane." Now, here Patty—a long years afterwards, she admitted—was wrong. It was her sorrows that had produced the best qualities of her character.

There is nothing that young people need to be more careful about than the friendships they form. Many things which Patty would never have allowed in herself, she did not think wrong in Jane. Thus, when Jane, who had little wages, spent her money and money in clothes, many of them showy and useless, Patty thought her parents are comfortably off, and that it was no little for them to provide for, and so she can afford to dress." Then, when Jane, somewhat reluctantly, went to church, and openly avowed to Patty, she "would rather go home during the time." That is her love for her parents, was Patty's consideration. "A lad I had to home, and a good mother, I should want to go."

Not quite so easy was it for Patty to excuse some lightness of manner that she once saw Jane manifest, when two young men came to the back entrance, during the perplexed, to ask about the health of the family. Patty ventured, in love, to tell her friend that what she had accidentally seen when looking from the bedroom window appeared to her wrong.

"They were my brothers that I was laughing with," said Jane, "leastways, one was."

"Oh! that altered the case," Patty said, but still on the subject she felt uneasy, and wished Jane could see the shame, and ruin, and misery which she had seen young girls reduced to in the workhouse, through light and foolish intimacies with young men. Patty knew, for she had seen, that such wretchedness began in weakness, and ended in wickedness. But Jane fired up so at the mention of the workhouse cases, that Patty felt ashamed and silenced.

Patty's removal to her new situation, which proved such a comfortable home, though separating her from her early friend, did not alter her attachment to her. It was agreed that though they could not see each other, they could write; and as William Flight, Jane's eldest brother, worked at a boot-builder's, a mile beyond where Patty now lived, he often brought and carried messages and parcels between the two young women. For a long time it never occurred to Patty that the young man was very obliging, or that he called very frequently. At odd times, that she could fairly call her own, she had been doing a little needlework for Jane, who was neither neat nor fond of her needle, and it seemed natural to her that as William passed the house, he should take a message or parcel. Indeed, she was so conscious of being but homely in looks, and when she compared herself with Jane, felt so humbled by a sense of personal inferiority that the thoughts of courtship and marriage, which spring up like weeds in a neglected garden after a shower, in the minds of most girls, were very slow of growth in that of Patty. Besides, her contentment in her new home, her grateful attachment to her kind aged mistress, her cares for her brothers, gave her many subjects for thought and care, so that, she was preserved from an empty mind and wandering heart, the common sources of many foolish feelings. Her frequent occupation of reading aloud to Mrs. Drift, was another preservative, for the books selected were good, and now that Patty had reached maturity, and thought of all the way the Lord had led her, she was humbled by a sense of her own unworthiness and God's great goodness, and the desire to live the life of a sincere Christian was strong in her heart. Thus her sabbaths were very sweet and pleasant, leading her mistress to the neighbouring church, and listening to the truths that sounded the more precious the more she heard them, so that when Jane urged her to ask for a holiday on the Lord's day, Patty never for a moment thought of it. Her kind mistress, however, often thought that it must be dull for Patty, living alone with a blind person, and so completely confined as she must needs be, and therefore, she permitted Patty to ask Jane to come as any opportunity she had, and as Jane liked to shew her new clothes to such an admiring friend as Patty, and moreover, felt that sort of liking for our humble heroine that gratified vanity inspires, she came as frequently as she could, and it was from her place that William's eagerness to take a message to "Sea View Cottage" that Patty first attached any importance to William's calls.

It must be owned that Patty having been so long an object of neglect and contempt, added to the depreciating observations on her personal appearance, so often made during her early years, caused her to listen with surprise and pleasure to the notice of Jane's William was a fine young man—a good workman at a good trade, and could it be possible he entertained serious thoughts of her? For one entire evening after Jane had left, Patty's thoughts were in a tumult, then came the season of reflection as she read the evening's chapter, and heard her aged mistress pray "that God might keep and direct them in all their things." What do I know of William, or of me, that my mind should dwell on Jane's foolish words, said Patty to herself as she retired for the night. Nevertheless, this thought once admitted, banished the frankness with which she had before seen and spoken to William. And in a short time she could no longer doubt the matter, for William called with a parcel from the draper's, that he had volunteered to bring for Mrs. Drift, and while he was seated in the kitchen, he told Patty of the intended wedding of a young friend of his that was to take place the next week, and to which he was invited. Patty knew something of the couple, and said simply, "I hope they will be happy." "I hope so too," said William, but I half fear it, for Mary Wilson is a flighty sort of girl, fond of pleasure and dress, and not very fit for a working man's wife." After this beginning, the reader need not be told, that William contrived to let Patty know that she herself was far more to his mind as a partner for life. It was a short interview, but it exerted a great influence on Patty. A new emotion, a strange anxiety sprung up in her heart, and banished the calm that she had previously felt. Alas! that was not the only anxiety Patty was caused to feel in reference to William Flight.

During the next week she missed his passing at the accustomed hour, and she recollected that he was invited to the wedding of his friend, and had told her, he meant to make holiday; but he came not the next day, nor the next, and the week closed without her seeing him, and she felt wretched and uneasy, and fancied that Mrs. Drift who wondered at the grief and impatience of her usually gentle, affectionate servant.

On Sunday, her youngest brother came after his school time to see her, and after telling her how he was getting on, and hoped soon to be able to keep himself, he added, "Oh Patty! There's a deal of news in Blankport, Mr. Vincer's come back from America, and people say Mrs. Vincer will be worse off with him than she was without him. And there was a wedding in the town. Mrs. Wilson the beer-shop keeper's daughter—such a smart affair it was, only there was a good deal of drinking, and it ended in a row—quite a fight."

"A fight!" said Patty.

"Yes, William Flight, they say, once wanted Mary Wilson himself, and some were going on, they came to blows."

"They! who?" said Patty.

"Why William, and Tom Wilson, Mary's brother."

Not another word was said, not even about the return of her old master; enough had been spoken to banish all comfort from Patty's heart.

During the following week, the weather being fine, Mrs. Drift walked out several times led by her faithful attendant; once they went to a hill that overlooked the boot builder's shop where William worked, and Patty caught a glimpse of him with his head tied up, and she knew that he went round by another road to prevent her seeing him in so disgraceful a state.

But the human mind, where the feelings are influenced, is very skilful in self delusion, and while Patty's sound good sense, saw what was doing, what hundreds of well-meaning women are doing daily; she was making excuses for the object of her affection. No doubt she made up her mind that he had been the subject of a brutal attack. Ah! Mrs. Drift was not half so blind as poor Patty just then.

On her return home there was a letter from Mrs. Vincer, to ask Patty to obtain permission to come for an afternoon to Blankport. This could only be granted by Patty getting a substitute to mind the house in her absence, but as Mrs. Drift had heard a great deal about Patty's first place, and the troubles of Mrs. Vincer, she consented, on condition that Patty's brother Neil at the neighbouring farm, could be spared to stay in the house while Patty was gone. This being arranged, Patty, after some month's absence, set out for the house where she had spent so many useful years. The scene she saw there helped to arouse her from her delusion.

(To be continued.)

COLUMNS FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS.

WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE.

"NO never!" said Mrs. Swift as she began putting a patch on her eldest boy's trousers, while rocking the cradle of the youngest with her foot, and every now and then laying down her work, to look to a saucepan on the fire, and stir its contents, a comfortable mess of onion porridge, that she was preparing for her husband's supper. He was at home, for he left work at six o'clock; but for two hours he had been mending the window shutter, and putting list round the door, and making the little cottage as snug as he could, and truly it was a comfortable place; what it wanted in smartness was made up in cleanliness. There was not much furniture but it was all well kept, the deal table was without the spot. The wooden chairs rubbed bright, the fireglowed and sparkled on the fire irons, and the white hearth was clean swept. A door opened into an inner room where two children were soundly sleeping, their rosy faces on the white pillows looking like the sunshine upon snow; yet, it was very true the good wife and mother who kept that little dwelling so clean and neat, and her husband and children so respectable, and herself so comely, in her decent stuff gown, white collar and cap, must work hard and constantly. Every tiny and every hour of the day brought its cares. There was getting the breakfast, washing and dressing the children, and sending the two eldest to the infant school; then there was dressing the baby, getting up, and getting dinner ready. Whether the poor baby was cross or quiet, the dinner must be punctual as twelve o'clock, and Mrs. Swift knew, that if food was to nourish and be of go far, it must be well cooked and neatly put upon the table. A half-fricassed meddled meal she knew was never liked, and often half wasted. So there was a great bustle to have it all tidy and nice against John came in to dinner. Then her baby on her arm, she had contrived to clear up so well, was always a wonder to us. That one active arm of hers was better than the two arms of most people. And sometimes when the children tore their clothes, and she had to sit up at night to mend them, and when the husband came off John's shirts and waistcoat—and buttons really seem to jump off on purpose, when great Mrs. Swift would say, with a bit of a sigh, "a woman's work is never done."

Do not sigh good wife and mother where-ever you are; you are happier amid "the work that is never done" than many women I know whose *work is never begun*.

I know a woman who is rich, (thank God, all the rich are not like her.) She lays down on a soft bed at night; in the morning, a servant comes and dresses her. She feels tired when she gets up. She sits at her breakfast table, and though she eats her meal, she has no relish for it. If it is fine, she walks out—looks into the shops, or saunters in the park; she is soon weary and returns home, she takes up a book, but soon, with a yawn, lays it down. People, tired like herself, call in upon her. They have a little talk—mostly languid—sometimes ill-natured—they leave, and then the lady sits down to a dinner which she does not relish. She lays down after dinner on a sofa and takes a troubled dose; she brightens at night a bit if any one comes in to play a game of cards with her, if not, she is low spirited; dwells on old grievances, regrets old pleasures; grumbles at her servants, murmurs at her friends; feels bitterness and sorrow; then comes bed-time, and away she goes to lie tossing on her soft bed that never seems to give her rest. If she sleeps, it is to dream over the joyless day. God is not in all her thoughts. Life, death, eternity, are words she does not like to hear, they convey ideas she wants to shut out. The morning comes only to renew the vapid round of the previous day. She lives with none to love her, for those who eat her bread, earn it from her in such bitterness, that they cannot feel affection for her; and she dies with none to lament her, for she had done no one good, and most of all she has done evil to herself. A selfish life is a joyless life—a selfish death is a hopeless death. Oh, pious working mother! finding the day all too short for what you have to do; sing and shout aloud for joy! Your homelest, hardest, humblest work is blessed. You are in your duty—husband, children, home, neighbours, are the better for your toils and your example. To your dying day perhaps your work will never cease, it is always doing, and you are blessed in your deed. "Rising up early, lying down late, eating the bread of carefulness;" sweet is that bread, useful and noble that active life. In the great day of account when the Lord reckons with his servants, not industrious Christian mother, however humble, will he among those who have hid their Lord's talent in a napkin. No! plenty of work to do, and health and heart to do it, is one of God's best blessings, and many throughout eternity will rejoice that in this world, a "woman's work is never done."

B.

THE HAPPIEST PLACE IN THE HEAVEN.

"Which is the happiest place in heaven?"
A Christian bard was asked to tell;
And thus may reign in every part,
The happiest place amidst the whole,
OH 'TIS THE RANSOMED SINNER'S HEART!"

DR. HUIE.

WIFE-BEATERS.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THEM?

SUGGESTION I.

SHORTLY after penning for our last number the notice relative to "mad bulls," the Lord Mayor of London, on having before him one of that numerous class of English barbarians—*the wife-beaters*; after sentencing the culprit to be sent to prison, to be there kept at the public expense for several months, his Lordship said, "here is a case of absolute brutality, for which a fellow deserves to be put in an iron cage, and prohibited from one end of London to the other." (See *Times*, Aug. 19.)

Although we have various other plans and proposals from several correspondents, which would, we believe, be far more effective than *the iron cage*, we give precedence as a matter of courtesy, to the suggestion of the chief magistrate of the metropolis. We shall duly notice the other plans in future numbers.

THE best pledge of woman's love is her attachment in poverty.

Penny Puffs; or the £90.

FROM THE DIARY OF A YORK SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

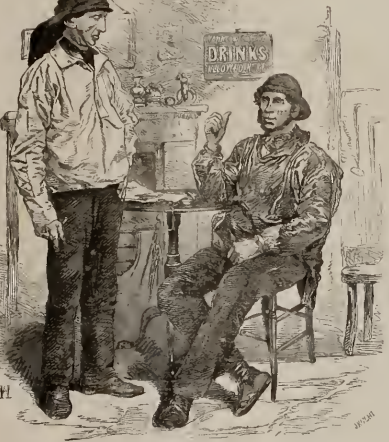
I ONCE visited a travelling tinker, who had become lame, and was unable to follow his daily labour. He was in distress, and required help. The pipe on the hob shewed that he was a smoker. On my making some allusion to the pipe, he said, "Both me and wife have smoked, sir, ever since we were wed. We have never had more nor less, than 'a pen'oth of bacca' every day." Having ascertained the length of time they had been married, I took out my pencil, and made a calculation as to the amount spent by them in these "penoies." Judge of the tinker's surprise, when I thus addressed him, "My friend, if you had placed the money in the SAVINGS BANK, (where you would have had *interest* allowed for your money,) instead of wasting it in smoke, you might to-day have felt *independent* of others, for your PENNIES would have amounted in your bank-book to the noble sum of NINETY POUNDS!"

CONDENSED SMOKE.

A WORKING man informs us that after smoking tobacco for about thirty years, he gave it up about five years ago. At that time, there was established in the town where he resides, a "*Five Years Friendly Society*," of which he became a member. Into this society he paid *the amount which he had formerly spent in tobacco*, and when the society was broken up last month, he had the gratification to carry home the five years' smoke, in the condensed form of FOURTEEN POUNDS & SEVENPENCE HALF-PENNY!—*From the Adviser.*

No. 14. ILLUSTRATED HAND-BILLS.

Sold in Sixpenny assorted packets. Price 6d. to be had through all booksellers, or *post free* on forwarding six postage stamps to the publishers, Messrs. W. & F. G. CASSELL, Bishopsgate Street Without, London.



"HE WANTED SOME DRINK AS USUAL, BUT I POINTED HIM TO MY CARD."

VISIT TO THE HAGGERSTONE COAL-HEAVERS.

(Continuation of JAMES SKINNER'S *Testimony.) See August No., p. 80.*

By God's help I kept firm; my health and strength began to mend, and my appetite for good food increased, just as my relish for drink lessened, but it was no slight struggle, I assure you.

One thing that tried me very hard, was my relations, coming to see me and wanting me to send for drink for *them*. But I said, "No, what's so bad for me, I'll not give to you." But some of them would have it, and to vex me, actually fetched drink from the public-house, and began to drink in my room. I said to myself, "This won't do!" but, how to manage rightly I did not know, particularly with my brother-in law, Jack Hunton, for he could talk a deal faster and better than me. After thinking a good deal about it, I went to a painter, and got him to do me a card, with "*No intoxicating liquors allowed here,*" painted on it. I fastened the card over my chimney-piece, and the next time that Jack came, he wanted some drink as usual, but I pointed him to my card. He jeered and laughed at me, but it was all to no use. I stuck to my resolution, and I've lived to see the day when Jack Hunton thanks me for doing so. If I were to tell you what my family has endured through drink, and what temperance and industry has done for us, it would make tears come into your eyes. For my part, I thank God for His mercy to me in the past, and desire to trust Him for the future.

JOHN HUNTON, of 43, Dove Row, Hackney Fields, states:—

It is five years ago, the 28th of last June, since I signed. Blessed be God that I ever did so. I called Jem Skinner a shabby fellow when he wouldn't let me have drink in his house; but, although I ridiculed him, I was forced to respect him in my heart for his consistency. The card over his chimney piece made me *think*. I could'nt drink so comfortably after I had seen it. It was a silent lecturer, and at last I told Skinner that I would join the good cause.

On the first Saturday night after I had done so, I found that instead of giving fourteen or fifteen shillings out of my week's wages to the publican as usual, I had it *myself*. I went home, my wife put on her bonnet and shawl, and we went off to market together! A long time since we had done that! Everything has gone on better with me since I gave up drinking, and I recommend my fellow-working men to follow my example. Some people say that they cannot work without drink; but I have done without it as a coal-heaver for five years, and I am stronger and better now than I was when I took my beer. I am not so much fatigued now when my day's work is done, as I used to be then.

JAMES MADDOCKS, of 9, Clarence Terrace, Haggerstone, states:—

"I have been upwards of seventeen years in the Temperance Society; and although I have had to work hard, I have never had the least cause to regret the step I took. I have found it to be a good thing. I had not been a drunkard previously: I was hardly ever drunk in my life. I began when twenty-five years of age. I think prevention is better than cure. The result of my sobriety is, I have not been out of a situation for thirty years,—not one week. Although I have had several situations, I have left one on a Saturday night, and gone to another on Monday morning. I have not lost one week's wages for thirty years."

WILLIAM PLANK, of Frederick Street, Haggerstone, Coal-heaver, states:—

"I was brought up as a shepherd, on Salisbury Plain. When I first went to work it was as a *ploughboy*; and I was told to drink heartily, or I would never be able to drive the horses, or to plough a straight furrow. When I came to London, I had never tasted spirituous liquors; but I was not long here before I was led into the drinking ways. I had several good situations at the West End, and lost them in one way or another through drink.

Then I came to Kingsland Road, among the coal-porters: I was so poor I could not afford to pay for a night's lodging. Many a time have I laid all night in the brick-yards, and in the morning found myself white with frost. My friend Price came one day after me. He said 'Come and join our cold water guard, and we will take care of you.' I went with him to the meeting in William Street, Curtain Road, and from that night I have never touched a drop of spirits or beer.

I used to be called by my drinking companions "*a good fellow*," I am not called such by *them* now; but I am called by my *children*, a good father; by my *wife*, a good husband, and by my *landlord*, a good tenant."

(We have much pleasure in adding that the Earl of Shaftesbury, on hearing of the temperance labours of the Haggerstone Coal Heavers, kindly presented to James Skinner, John Hunton, James Maddocks and Wm. Plank, copies of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.)

JOHN POUNDS, THE COBBLER.

HERE is a cobbler seated at his work, with a company of little boys and girls around him. Who is he, and what is he doing for them? The old man is John Pounds. He lived in Portsmouth some years ago, and those are poor little ragged children, whom he found in the streets running about outcast and forsaken. He is teaching them to read, that they may learn about Jesus. This is the first Ragged School that ever was established in England, and it was formed by a *British Workman*. What an example for British Workmen! That man will not be less diligent in his own business who has a hand to help and a heart to feel for the wants and sorrows of others.

John Pounds was a clever man besides, and like Paul, if he could not win a poor boy any other way, he won him by guile. Many a time was he seen chasing a ragged boy along the quays, and inducing him to come to school, not by the power of a policeman's staff, but by the power of a potato. He knew the love of the Irish for this vegetable, and many a ragged urchin did he gain to his humble school by holding under the boy's nose a hot potato!

Dr. GUTHRIE, in one of his speeches, said, "John Pounds, a cobbler in Portsmouth, taking pity on the multitude of poor ragged children, left by the rich to go to ruin in the streets, like a good shepherd, he gathered in these wretched outcasts. While earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, he rescued from misery and saved to society not less than *five hundred* of these children."

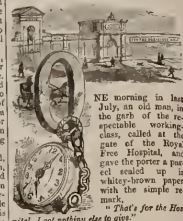
One man had thus the honour and the happiness of saving five hundred children; *one* man, who was a *poor* man and a *working* man too. Was not John Pounds a happy man too, and would not you be happy men too, if you follow his example? Try!"

"He that winneth souls is wise."

C. H.

JOHN POUNDS, THE PHILANTHROPIC COBBLER, AND FOUNDER OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

THE OLD MAN'S WATCH.



ONE morning in last July, an old man, in the garb of the respectable working-class, called at the gate of the Royal Free Hospital, and gave the porter a parcel sealed up in whitey-brown paper, with the simple remark,

"*That's for the Hospital, I got nothing else to give.*"

Declining further conversation, name or address, the unknown donor went on his way to work, and none of us will probably ever be acquainted with who or what that old man is.

His, at all events, is the charity of Scripture, which "lets not its left hand know what its right hand doeth," and it will interest our readers to know what the parcel contained. It was an old silver watch of the venerable turnip type, with an antique gold ring, and brass key complete. The watch was *going at the time*, implying it had been in use up to the period of its owner's parting with it. This was probably no trifling sacrifice. That watch may have been a parent's parting gift—or the purchase of the owner's savings out of hard earnings—or an article, the long use of which had made the habit a necessity, and yet he bestowed it on the hospital—the house of the sick and suffering. Like the woman whose praise is in the Gospels, "*he did what he could.*" If every one did as much as he could, there would be no lack of funds for works of charity and Christianity. Hearty old man! "the blessing of him that is ready to perish" follow thee and thy honest labours, and lighten their load with the reflection that thou hast lightened some poor suffering brother's heavier burthen! The paper in which the old watch was wrapped contained these words written in pencil—a workman's pencil—probably he had more of the spirit of the "cheerful giver," than of the pen of a ready writer:—

"*This watch and small gold ring for the benefit of the Royal Free Hospital. Anonymous.*"

Anonymous to us it is, and probably will be, but not to HIM, whose message to the church of Ephesus was, "*I know thy works*, and thy labour, and thy patience." May He, to whose poor this lowly giver has sacrificed his gift, the chrono-meter of time, bless him with the grace and peace which are the earnest of a covenant interest in the things of eternity!

Rev. J. B. Owen, M.A.

In our next number we shall record some noble contributions by working men to the Hospital at Poplar, near London.

BRITISH WORKMAN

No. 23.] LONDON: PARTRIDGE & Co., 34, PATERNOSTER ROW; A. W. BENNETT, 5, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT; AND W. TWEEDIE, 337, STRAND. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

EXTRAORDINARY SAGACITY OF NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS.

A GENTLEMAN connected with the Newfoundland fishery was once possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and a crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers, which, owing to some change in wind or weather, had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage through them most hazardous.

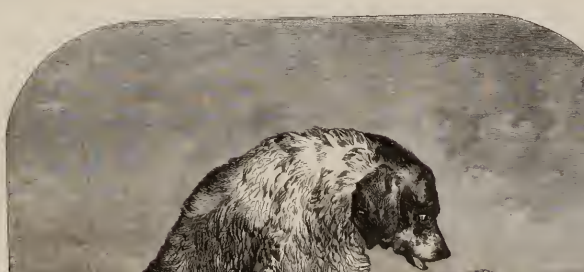
The spectators on shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase rather than diminish. Our friend, the dog, looked on for a length of time, evidently aware of there being a great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently however he took to the water, and made his way through the raging waves to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to come aboard; but no, he would not go within their reach, but continued swimming about a short distance from the boat. After a while, and several comments on the peculiar conduct of the dog, one of the hands suddenly divined his apparent meaning; "*Give him the end of a rope*" he said, "*that is what he wants.*" The rope was thrown, the dog seized the end in an instant, turned round, and made straight for the shore, where a few minutes afterwards boat and crew—thanks to the intelligence of their fearfooted friend were placed safe and sound!

THE aptitude evinced by the Newfoundland Dog in taking to the water, and the courage, devotion, and skill which it manifests in the rescue of persons drowning are too well known to be insisted upon; and numerous are the instances on record in which man has owed his life to the intrepidity of this faithful dog. Among others we find the following to our surprise, narrated by M. E. Blaze, and which we know to be substantially true, but which we did not know had ever found its way into print;—Mr. William Phillips was on a visit at Portsmouth for the sake of sea bathing, and on one occasion having ventured out too far, was in imminent danger of drowning. His two daughters perceiving the danger he was in were anxious to send out a boat to his assistance; but the boatmen, taking advantage of their alarm and feelings, began to magnify the importance of their service, and demanded an enormous sum. During this conversation, the unfortunate gentleman was in great extremity, and had barely strength to keep himself up, when suddenly a Newfoundland dog made its appearance, and gallantly dashing into the water, swam out boldly to the assistance of the gentleman, whom he succeeded in bringing safely to shore. The dog belonged to a butcher's man. Mr. P., filled with gratitude, bought the animal on the spot.

Every year, on the 4th of October, he celebrated his deliverance, surrounded by his family, and to the dog was assigned the place of honour at the table, with a good ration of beefsteaks. Mr. P. had a beautiful picture executed, representing the scene and circumstances of his deliverance, this was engraved, and all his friends were presented with a copy. On all his table linen, napkins, &c., made expressly for him in Ireland, this picture was worked in the tissue with this legend, "Virum extuli mari."

From Knight's "History of the Dog."

ONE of the magistrates at Harbour Grace, in Newfoundland, had an old dog of the regular web-footed species, peculiar to that island, who was in the habit of carrying a lantern before his master, at night, as steadily as the most attentive servant could do, stopping short when his master made a stop, and proceeding when he saw him disposed to follow. If his master was absent from home, and the lantern being fixed to his mouth, and the command given, "Go fetch thy master," he would immediately set off and proceed directly to the town, which lay at the distance of more than a mile from his master's residence; he would then stop at every house which he knew his master was in the habit of frequenting, and laying down his lantern, growl, and strike the door until it was opened; if his master was not there, he would proceed further in the same manner until he had found him. If he had accompanied him only once into a house this was sufficient to induce him to take that house in his round.



ANXIETY.

FROM A PAINTING, THE PROPERTY OF T. ROBESON, ESQ., TORRINGTON HALL, FINCHLEY.

"Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something more,
'Tis Heaven directs, and strongest instinct inspires
Beyond the short extent of human thought."—*Somerville.*

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG'S REVENGE.

I WAS always fond of dogs. Goldsmith, in his touching and eloquent plea for the dog, in alluding to a sort of mania for dog killing which prevailed at the time of which he speaks, in consequence of an unreasonable apprehension of hydrophobia, says, among other fine things, that the dog is the only animal which will leave his own kind voluntarily, to follow man.

It is true, and the truth should bind man to be the dog's protector and friend.

The American brig *Cecilia*, Captain Symmes, on one of her voyages, had on board a splendid specimen of the Newfoundland breed, named Napoleon, and his magnificent size and proportions, his intelligent head, broad white feet and white-tipped tail, the rest of his glossy body being black, made him as beautiful as his peerless namesake, who would, no doubt, have been proud to possess him.

Captain Symmes, however, was not partial to animals of any kind, and had an unaccountable and especial repugnance to dogs—so much so, indeed, as if all his ancestors had died of hydrophobia and he dreaded to be bitten like his unfortunate predecessors.

This dislike he one day manifested in a shocking manner; for Napoleon had several times entered his room, and by wagging his great banner of a tail, knocked paper and ink off his desk. On the next occasion, the captain seized a knife and cut the poor animal's tail off.

The dog's yell brought his master to the spot, and seeing the calamity and the author of it, without a moment's hesitation, he felled Captain Symmes to the cabin floor with a sledge-hammer blow, which, had it hit the temple, would have for ever prevented him from cutting off any more dog's tails.

The result was, that Lancaster was put in irons, from which he, however, was soon released, Captain Symmes repented his cruel deed on learning that Napoleon had once saved his owner's life.

The white shark, as all my nautical friends are well aware, is one of the largest of sharks. It averages over twenty, and I have seen one twenty-seven and a-half feet long. It is generally considered to be the fiercest and most formidable of sharks.

But a few days elapsed after this catastrophe of poor Napoleon, ere he became the hero of a more thrilling occurrence, the very thought of which has often filled me with horror. During the interval the noble beast was not at all backward in exhibiting his wrath at the captain by his growls, whenever he approached.

In vain did his master, fearful for the life of his dog, essay to check these signs of his anger. Captain Symmes, however, made the affrayer and offered no further harm to him.

One morning, as the captain was standing on the bowsprit, he lost his footing and fell overboard, the *Cecilia* then running at about fifteen knots.

"Man overboard! Captain Symmes overboard!" was the cry, and all rushed to get out the boat as they saw a swimmer striking out for the brig, which was at once rounded to; and as they felt especially apprehensive on account of the white sharks in these waters, they regarded his situation with the most painful solicitude,

By the time the boat touched the water their worst fears were realized; for at some distance from the swimmer they beheld, advancing towards him, the fish most dreaded in those waters.

"Hurry! hurry, men, or we shall be too late!" exclaimed the mate! "What's that?"

The splash which caused this inquiry was occasioned by the plunge of Napoleon into the sea. The noble animal, having been watching the cause of the tumult from the captain's fall, had heard the shout, and for a few moments had vented his feelings in deep growls, as if he was conscious of the peril of his enemy, and gratified at it.

His growls, however, were soon changed into those whines of sympathy which so often show the attachment of the dog to man, when the latter is in danger. At last he plunged, and rapidly made his way toward the now nearly exhausted captain, who, aware of his double danger, and being but a passable swimmer, made fainter and fainter strokes, while his adversary dashed rapidly upon him.

"Pull, boys, for dear life!" was the shout of the mate, as the boat now followed the dog.

Slowly the fatigued swimmer made his way, ever and anon his head sank in the waves, and behind him the back of the voracious animal told him what fearful progress he was making. Poor Lancaster, in the face of the boat, stood with a knife in his upraised hand, watching alternately the captain and his pursuer, and the faithful animal which had saved his own life.

There was a fixed look of determination in his face, which convinced all that should the dog become a sacrifice to the shark, Lancaster would revenge his death, if possible, even at the risk of his own life.

"What a swimmer!" exclaimed the men who marked the speed of the animal. "The shark will have one or both, if we don't do our best." The same word of abuse, duration. Ere the boat could overtake the dog, the enormous shark had arrived within three oars' lengths of the captain, and suddenly turned over on his back, preparatory to darting on the sinking man and receiving him in his vast jaws, which now displayed their long triangular teeth.

The wild shriek of the captain announced that the crisis had come. Ere poor Napoleon, seemingly inspired with increased strength, had also arrived, and with a fierce howl leaped upon the gleaming belly of the shark, and buried his teeth in the monster's flesh, while the boat swiftly neared them.

"Saved! if we are half as smart as that dog is!" cried the mate, as all saw the vociferous monster shudder in the sea, and, smarting with pain, turn over again, the dog retaining his hold and becoming submerged in the water.

At this juncture the boat arrived, and Lancaster, his knife in his teeth, plunged into the water, where the captain also now had sunk from view.

But a few moments elapsed ere the dog rose to the surface, and soon after Lancaster, bearing the insensible form of the captain.

"I tell thee is and gave thee life," cried the mate, "for that fellow is preparing for another launch."

His orders were obeyed, and the second onset of the marine monster was foiled by the mate's splashing water in his eyes. He came again, and lost a few seconds too late to snap off the captain's leg, as his body was drawn into the boat.

Foiled the second time, the shark plunged, and was seen no more, but left a track of blood on the surface of the water, a token of the severity of the dog's wound.

The boat was now pulled towards the brig, and not many hours elapsed ere the captain was on deck again, very feeble, but able to appreciate the services of our canine hero, and most bitterly to lament the cruel act which had mutilated him for ever.

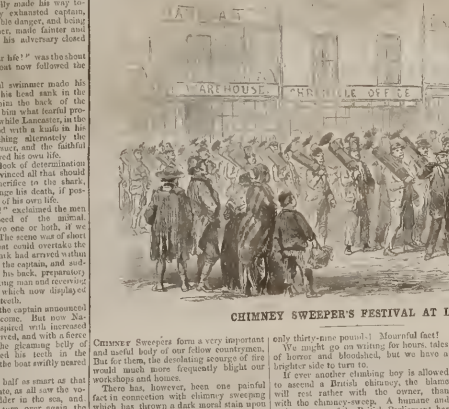
"I would give my right arm!" he exclaimed, as he patted the Newfoundland who stood by his side, "if I could only repair the injury I have done that splendid fellow Lancaster, you are more worth to me, and sois he, and a most Christian vengeance it is, though it will be a source of grief to me as long as I live."

WIFE BEATERS.

SCORSTON II.

We continue to receive various suggestions from our readers, as to the *best* mode of curing those scandals of our country—the *Wife Beaters*.—We are sorry to hear the magistrates of one of the northern boroughs have given orders for the punishment to be repeated, as they intend in striking a blow at the *root of the evil*.

Dr. Guthrie, the great pleader for Ragged Schools, has suggested a novel plan. Many of our readers will have a hearty laugh over it when they see our allusion, and we think that they will all be of opinion that the worthy Doctor has, at all events, hit upon a better and much cheaper mode of punishing the wife-beaters than would be accomplished by either the *iron cage* or the *stocks*.



CHIMNEY SWEEPER'S FESTIVAL AT LEICESTER.

CHIMNEY Sweepers form a very important and useful body of our fellow-creatures; but for them, the destroying scourge of fire would much more frequently blight our workshops and houses.

There has, however, been one painful fact in connection with chimney sweeping which has thrown a dark moral stain upon a otherwise honourable occupation. We allude to the inhuman employment of mere children as climbing boys. None but those who have paid special attention to this painful subject, can have any conception of the wretched slavery into which the unhappy climbing boys of this country have been sunk. It is not long ago that a child, seven years old, was forced up a chimney in Goole. The poor little creature fell down into an old flue which communicated with this chimney, at the bottom of which, horrible to relate, the accumulated soot was in a state of ignition! As a matter of course the poor child was soon suffocated, and it was not until the brick work was taken down that his burnt body could be removed.

The employment of climbing boys has a fearfully debasing effect upon the master (not long ago a gentleman employed of a chimney sweeper at Knutsford—

"How is it that your little boy does not appear to *grow*—he seems the same size as he was three years ago?"

"I do *not* want him to grow—I give him *gin* in a morning to prevent him growing, *small boys* suit our purpose best," was the reply.

A poor little climbing boy at Manchester, was recently placed in the scales, by a gentleman, and his weight was found to be only thirty-nine pounds! Mournful fact! Little he might go on waiting for hours, tales of horror and bloodshed, but we have a brighter side to turn to.

If ever another climbing boy is allowed to ascend a British chimney, the blame will rest rather with the owner, than with the chimney-sweep. A humane and righteous act of the British Parliament has forbidden the future employment of these poor boys, and we are glad to find that the magistrates in many places are rigidly enforcing the same, and inflicting the fine of £5 and costs, for every case of violation of the Chimney Sweepers' Act.

For several years past, the chimneys in London have been cleansed by the simple, yet ingenious sweeping machines. A climbing boy is not to be seen in the Metropolis Great was the hostility of the London sweeps to these machines at *first*, but the Government was firm, and it would now be difficult to find many masters willing to go back to the old and barbarous mode.

The London sweeps are now a respectable and respected body compared with what they were several years ago.

The Act for London having worked so well, several philanthropic men—first and foremost of whom, should be named, Mr. William Wood, of Hendon, and the noble Earl of Shaftesbury, moved the Parliament to extend the act to the whole nation, and now it is unlawful for a climbing boy to be employed in *any part* of the country.

We are delighted to find that in several places highly influential committees are being formed for the purpose of helping in deserving cases, the master chimney sweepers to purchase the necessary machines, and at the same time, for taking vigilant steps for preventing the Act of Parliament being in any case eluded.

E. S. Ellis, Esq., and several of the leading men of Leicester, formed themselves into a committee, and have been particularly active in the good work, and in the hope that we shall stimulate other friends of humanity to "go and do likewise," we give an engraving of an interesting spectacle which the streets of Leicester sometime ago presented.

This Committee having liberally *presented* a machine to each of the chimney sweepers in the town of Leicester, and finding their gifts valued, they proceeded to extend their liberal hands, and arranged for the holding of a CHIMNEY SWEEPER'S FESTIVAL to which *all* the sweeps in the county of Leicester were invited! We are not certain as to the fact, but have heard that there was only one absentee! An excellent and substantial repast was given—from which all were perfectly sober, the beverage being nicely drawn from nature's crystal fountain only.

An excellent address was delivered by Mr. Ellis, prior to the presentation of the machines. A procession was formed, and, preceded by a large banner and band of music, marched round the town. It was the market day, and the "Chimney Sweepers' Festival" thus became the subject of notoriety far and wide.

Leicester has acquitted itself nobly in this great moral movement, and we hope we hear all steps being taken in other places.

We shall have more to say on behalf of the poor climbing boys in future numbers.

ROLLO.

Written by request, to accompany our illustration on the first page, of "Anxiety," from the Torrington Park collection.

Trounce the trusty Rollo dived
Where he saw his master sink,
Thence despairing re-arrived
At that old-pier's crazy brink;
Thrice he howl'd a response drear
As he lick the clothes he sat,—
For young Edward should be here
To reclaim his feathered dear.

Bravely leapt the noble boy,
Stoutly battled with the wave,
While good Rollo watch'd with joy
Every stroke the swimmer gave;
Faithful Rollo waited still,
Watch'd the clothes, and patient sat

Docile to his master's will
By the stripling's feathered hat.

But, as gallantly he swam,
All at once down went his head!
And from that old wooden dam
Rollo to the rescue sped,—
All in vain! for underneath
Cramp has deeply dragg'd him down,
And the foaty grasp of death
Dooms the noble boy to drown!

And the weeds among the rocks
Hold him in a slimy chain,
And the sea's blank surface mocks
Rollo's sorrowing howl again,

And young Edward's work is done,
Soon eclipsed in sudden night
Ere his day was well begun,
But—the ways of Heav'n are right!

Look you, Rollo, that fair child
Gone so calmly to his rest
Sleeping pure and undefil'd
Now on holy Jesus' breast,
Had he lived—as God knew best,—
He had lived to drown in sin!
Therefore, to be early blest
Mercy's hand hath drag'd him in.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

PERSEVERANCE.

OR, SKETCHES OF REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER XI.

FATTY walked nearly half way to Blankport, and then got a lift in a market cart, driven by a decent woman whom she knew, who began talking about the wedding. "William Flight has had a good mess of Mary Wilson," said widow Brown, "for they're a drinking, idle family at the "angel" beer-shop, and there's no hope if people take to that." Fatty thought of her own childhood, and said, "No, indeed."

"I should'nt have been surprised, lass, but for that place," said the poor woman, "my husband was one who felt very pleased when the Beer Bill was passed, he used to say it was the people's rights, and when old Joe Wilson took that place and called it the "Angel,"—Angel, indeed! it's an angel of darkness, anyhow—my Brown said there drinking till it was very late, and he had to return home on a foggy night. Ah, poor fellow! he never reached home, he fell over the cliff, and it was four days before he was found, dashed to pieces! I've had a hard fight for a bit of bread for my children ever since—I never thought Wilson's place would prosper, and sure enough Joe Wilson drank himself mad, and died in less than a twelvemonth, and his widow and girls have been the ruin of many a one since then. The parish rates may well be heavy when they have to keep most of the widows and orphans that such place make, to say nothing of accidents, and worse than all—of disgrace and shame that happens to young girls in such places—eh? yes, the parish rates may well be heavy!"

"It's a pity, neighbour Brown," said Patty, "that there aren't more of your way of thinking about beer-shops and public-houses."

"Ah, I was well brought up as to that, child," answered the widow, "I grew up in a village in Berkshire, that belonged to a good nobleman who would not suffer a public-house to be opened there. But in time I went away to service, and then I took a fancy to a young man, as good a creature as ever lived, but for one fault—he drank! and I fancied I could cure him of that—and found my mistake, poor fellow! I bless God that He gave me grace to keep in the sober way in which I had been trained, otherwise, when my husband died, I was'nt quite destitute, and now my advice to my own children is, as I heard a sailor once say, to 'steer clear of the drink, and the land-sharks that sell it.'"

By this time they were at Blankport, and when Patty's surprise on going to Mrs. Vincer's little shop, to find a strange man behind the counter, was somewhat roughly that the woman had moved, and named, to Patty's surprise, a mean place called "Blue Anchor Alley" to her good-bye.

With wonder in her mind, and sorrow in her heart, Patty went to the place named, and there, in a wretched room, she found her former mistress and the younger children. The room was nearly empty—some old bedding was rolled in one corner, a rough slab of wood was put over a butter tub in the middle of the room for a table, two old chairs and a bench were all the same the room contained. Mrs. Vincer, looking very pale and thin, was making checked shirts, and two little girls were helping her. She burst into tears when she saw Patty, and it was some minutes before she could command herself to say one word in explanation, at length she exclaimed,

"Oh, Patty, my troubles are greater than I can bear—my poor heart will break, I'm sure it will!" she said, clasping her thin hands tight round her to still the throbbing that impeded her utterance.

"What has happened, my dear mistress!" said Patty, sitting down by the youngest girl, who began to cry as she saw her mother grieve.

Gradually, and with many tears and sobs, the poor woman explained that her husband had died several some months before, and that he had demanded money of her, which she had given him to the full extent, and far beyond her means. At last she could supply him no longer, and he came openly drunk, made a riot, and sold off everything, and as Mrs. Vincer had a lease

THE BRITISH WORKMAN
FOR DECEMBER WILL CONTAIN
THE
CHRISTMAS BOX,
A FIRST-RATE TALE BY
MRS. BALFOUR.

"For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."—Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

of the shop, he had undertook it to a drinking companion of his, and thus to take care of the take possession of the miserable garret she now lived in, and take in shirts from a slop shop to get food and bread to keep the children from starving.

Bad as this account was, there was yet worse behind. Mrs. Vineer had by her husband's orders, sent the eldest child, Jane, now a fine grown girl of fourteen, very tall of her age, to meet her father when take the money to him. He had perverted her mind by telling her lies stories of what she might earn in London, and thus had become restless and dissatisfied, and disobedient to her mother, and both William the eldest boy and Jane had come tramping off with their mother implied father. "I once thought," said Mrs. Vineer, "if I could have got you, Jane, to stay with me, and three young children, I would have followed my husband, for I am distracted when I think of Jane being in his care of a hardened wicked, cruel father. He's never sober," she added, "except when he cannot get drink."

"But cry up, ma'am," said Patty, "didn't you get the law to protect you."

"Law, child! there's no law to protect a wife against her husband unless he batters her to pieces, she may swear the peace against him then, but he may take the profit of her labour, and keep the house or everything to sell it for drink, and deprive her of her children, and she has no redress against him. Law! child! Ah, many a woman, Patty, has been driven to despair and become a drunkard herself, to bear the torments to an end, by the cruelty of a bad husband."

The plain good sense of Patty was sadly vexed at the idea that there was no remedy or redress for such wrongs. Marriage seemed to her, for the first time, to be indeed a very "cruel thing." "Ah, Patty, you leaving us like this may come after, what need of care beforehand."

Of course, Patty could not possibly undertake the care of the young children; Mrs. Vineer felt that she had been like a drowning person, and had been saved from such a thought had entered into her mind, but she was somewhat comforted by having seen and spoken to Patty, and by the faithful humble friend, who had been so true to her in her former troubles, and when Patty said that if she could get a place in London, she would go to Miss Maitland and relate the sad story, poor Mrs. Vineer dried her tears, and returned to her cottage home, as she was but little she could earn at that—half-a-crown a dozen, and had her own thread, meanwhile Patty gathered up the broken sticks and embers in the fireplace, and made the kettle boil, and spent her own money to provide her once a comfortable tea for her former mistress.

As soon as the meal, eaten in tearful silence, was over, Patty was obliged to return home, and. She kissed the children, and told them to be good to their mother, and the tears came, as she thought on leaving the room, as she heard the children say to their mother, "Don't cry—we wont go away from you, mother."

As she walked out of the town, she thought much of Jane Vineer, and it rose as a sort of apology for her that she had been a great favourite of her father's—much spoiled by him in her early days, and that her affections would be blind to any fault in him, bad as he was. The younger children, thought Patty, will be free from his influence. While she was meditating on the scene she had witnessed, she came to the corner of a lane that led out of the main street, and heard a voice she knew, say, "I can get out of the kitchen window when our prun-tables are all asleep, I'll be at the dance at the Angel, Tom! but I can stay now, or they'll miss me, for I slipped out at the back door, unbeknown to em."

Surprise kept Patty standing there, just near the corner sheltered by the hedge, in another second a girl, with a shawl over her head, swung round the corner and brushed past her. It was Jane Flight! Patty had heard and seen for herself what this girl, whom she had taken a fancy to, was about. Nothing that anyone could have said would have so convinced her, for Patty was, as we all ought to be, slow to believe evil of anyone, particularly of those she loved. But here was proof of lightness, deceit, and utter want of principle. Patty looked down the lane as she stood along, and saw the same young man slinking off that she had before noticed was intimate with Jane Flight.

With an aching heart she pursued her lonely way, for there is nothing so painful as to find ourselves deceived in those our hearts have clung to. Poor Patty wished to save her friend from the ruin into which she was falling, and knew not how to do it. Then, as she was thinking of what she had witnessed that day, but still her foolish heart kept pleading for him "Perhaps he never drank before," "Perhaps Tom Wilson attacked and chased him," "Perhaps he never would drink again, and a great nasty "perhaps" equally foolish and unjust. At a turn of the road Patty expected to meet a carrier's cart that passed near to her mistress's every evening, but she was too late, so she walked on quite fast, not quite liking the lonely road. She had not gone far, when she saw some one approaching. Her heart beat quickly, for she thought the footstep was familiar to her. Yes! it was the person she was thinking about—William Flight. They recognized each other at the same moment. Patty noticed that he pulled hat glared hat very low over his face, and she thought that even in the gathering darkness she could discern a patch on his cheek, and that his eyes and face were bruised.

She spoke to him coldly and hastily in returning his salutation, and was passing on, when he said, "You are not going in that way, Patty! it's lonely, and I'll walk with you."

"No, William, I'd rather you did not, I shall soon get home."

"Not so scary," said he, turning and and walking by her side.

"I want to be alone," said Patty thoughtlessly.

"Hoity toity, what's this?" replied William.

He continued at her side, and she quickened her pace, but could not, of course, shake him: he kept asking an explanation, but she made him no answer—at last, as he tried to take her arm and drew it into his, Patty confronted him and said,—

"William, I've my reasons for wishing to go home alone; if you want to know them, you may call to morrow night at the cottage, and I'll tell you all that's in my mind. I'm sure that you're not such a coward as to persist in coming with me when I say 'again, I want to be alone, and besides, there's a duty you have to do at Blackfoot. Your sister means to slip out to-night after the family are in bed, and go to a dance at Mrs. Wilson's. I heard her say so to a young man. If you have a brother's heart, go to her and forbid it. Yest prevent it, even if you have to tell the ladies of her plan, anything is better than the shame and ruin she is running into." Patty was so much in earnest that her words sounded strong and resolute, and William was impressed. He began muttering some plea that he might go on, and after that, he would return to Blinkport and seek his sister.

"Not a step further with me," reiterated Patty, "not a step! I'm near former Nora's, and if you persist in going where I don't want you to, I'll call there and ask for Nancy the milkmaid to go home with me."

With something that sounded in Patty's ashamed ears very like a curse, William obeyed her. Whether he hovered on her path, and watched her home, she never knew, though she suspected it, but he protested her no more, and in great agitation she walked on swiftly, and reached her home just as Mrs. Drift was very much frightened about her.

That night before she slept, Patty opened her heart and told all her sorrows and anxieties to her venerable friend and mistress. It cost her a great effort to do so; for she very nearly feared her pride, and felt that she wanted advice in her perplexities.

Now, there are many young people who need advice, but who are not very willing to take it. Indeed, when they ask for it, never mean to adopt it unless it pleases them. Patty was, however, sincere, when she said, with the tears streaming down her cheeks,

"I want to act right, ma'am, indeed I do."

"Well," said her mistress, "you are tired and sad, to-night, Patty. We'll talk this all over in the morning, so put the light out, and let us, child, commit our way unto the Lord, and remember that he has promised all things shall work together for good to those that fear him."

Now Patty tried to think so, but somehow her spirit was heavy within her, and as she laid her throbbing head on her pillow, and thought of the sorrows of her former mistress from a bad husband, and then returned to the intemperance of William and the conduct of his sister—the words, "Come ye out from among them, and be ye separate," seemed to sound a solemn warning in the depths of her heart.

She rose languid and unrefreshed from a sleepless night, and when the morning's work was over and she sat down to her needlework in the little parlour, with her mistress, she listened meekly to that aged pilgrim.

"Old as I am," said Mrs. Drift, "I know and can feel for the trials of a young heart, I wish I could tell you, Patty, that I thought it safe for you to encourage the addresses of this young man, for my time, I feel, cannot be long here, and I should like very well to see you have a prospect of a comfortable home of your own. But, Patty, let Mrs. Vineer's case make you cautious. A husband that drinks can make a woman as miserable that she may die a hundred deaths before she can be released from him. Then it's the ruin of both body and soul, all comfort here and all hopes hereafter. Once married, it's all over. Therefore the time to make sure is before marriage. Now, this William may be all you say—a fine young man and a skilful mechanic, earning good wages, but he wants the two main requisites—faith towards God, practice towards man. If he was religious and perfectly sober, it would be another thing."

"It is impossible for him to become so?" said poor Patty.

"No, nothing is impossible. If he loves you as a good industrious girl deserves to be loved, he will change his whole conduct. He will be regular at the house of God, give up the public house altogether, and continue in that course for such a time as shall fully convince you he is really in earnest and totally changed. That's what you should require of him, and less than that would be "hasty folly to be repented of at leisure." When he has done that—then, and not till then, should you think of him as a husband."

"If, then, he asks me for the explanation I promised him, should I tell him that, ma'am?"

"Yes!" said Mrs. Drift, "and now, Patty, what do you mean to do about Jane Flight?"

"I pity her," said Patty, "but until she alters very much, I shall never call her my friend again."

"Ah," said Mrs. Drift, "you are clear about that."

Patty felt very angry with herself when she reflected how much more decided she had been to give up an unworthy friend, than an unworthy lover. But she went to the strong for strength, and prayed for grace to follow good advice and to act as become a christian. When the evening came, and she heard William's footstep, she compelled herself to appear calm as she let him into the little kitchen. She was strengthened in her resolution by observing that he looked not only cross, but dashed with drink.

(To be concluded in our next.)

HARVEST WORK.

A lady writes us, "Last summer I had some hours to stay in Taunton, waiting for a train to take me to a little town seven miles off. I employed the time in strolling with friends in the fields to see the haymakers. I was struck with the intelligent countenance of one man who seemed an overlooker or foreman, and I asked him the question, "Do you think strong drink needful for the haymakers or harvesters?"

"They wan drink," he said, "for working in the heat makes them very thirsty, but not 'strong drink,' for that, instead of quenching thirst, adds to it. Coffee, tea, milk and water, or butter milk, are far more refreshing than beer and ale," he added, the way of the hale strong man.

Tuesday, October 1st, was a day of festivity in the village of Tweedhum, the celebration of the harvest home at the Bury Farm. All the men employed, with their wives, met down with Mr. Tucker, his family and friends, about sixty in number, to an excellent dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, in the school room at three o'clock, followed by tea at six, after which several gentlemen addressed the company, strongly urging on the men the importance of religion, education, temperance, industry, &c. Several of the men expressed their hearty satisfaction with the arrangements which had been made for their comfort in the field. Every man during the harvest was allowed one quart of tea or coffee at eleven, and the same quantity at three, and when stacking, an additional supply of tea, with bread and butter, at five, besides a sum of money equal to the usual allowance of beer. This is the third season the harvest has been got in on this plan, and the result is most satisfactory. Many who thought it impossible to mow or reap without beer now declare they can do either as well or better without, provided they have a supply of good food and cooling beverages.

In the fields there was no quarrelling, swearing, or rude behaviour; the work went quietly on, to the satisfaction both of the employer and employed, and there is no lack of men able and willing to work on these terms.—*From a Correspondent.*

TWO HARVEST HOME SUPPERS.

THE CONTRAST.

Two large and influential farmers, residing near the ancient city of York, held their "Mell Supper" on Monday evening, the 22nd September, 1856. One of them, whose name we are glad to mention with honour, Mr. Earle of the Rose Inn, determined, that he would give his Harvesters a first rate and beautiful repast, that the intoxicating cup should be forbidden from the hospitable board. The justice which was done to the roast beef and pudding, tea, coffee, and other good things by the guests—their happy and orderly conduct, and their freedom from head and heartaches the next morning, testified to the wisdom of Mr. Earle in substituting unintoxicating for intoxicating beverages. At the same hour, the other farmer held his Mell supper; he also had a similar supply of good provisions, but he discarded the ten and the coffee, and set before his guests the soul spirits, which, like the fly in the ointment, spoilt the whole. They drank and drank again, for there is a cruel tyranny in the *drinking* customs which carries away a man step by step down the inclined plane, who never *intended* to slide. Amongst the guests was a boy aged 14, a scholar in the Sheriff Hutton Sunday School. He sat next to the waggoner who gave the lad his glass of *pale and water*. "Drink again, my lad," and again the boy partook of the fiery compound. The temptation had not to be *offered* a third time, the boy was fired, frenzied, snatched the glass and drank deeply. He was soon unable to stand, and was carried like a log on the shoulder of a man, to his father's cottage and there laid on the floor. He spake not! The doctor was sent for, but it was too late —the vital spark had fled—the little active fellow who had talked so merrily to his father at noon, was now a corpse—a victim to the drinking customs of his country!

"Coffee, tea, milk and water, or butter milk are far more refreshing."

A BAD SUNDAY'S WORK.

Passing one morning the door of Marylebone work house, I saw to my surprise, among the crowd of poor creatures waiting there for relief, a woman in a dirty widow's cap, whom I had known as the wife of a skilful mechanic.

"Mrs. G——" I said, "I am grieved to see you here."

"Oh," she exclaimed, following me a few paces to the street corner, her lips quivering, and the tears starting in her eyes, "I'm a widow and destitute. James has been dead nearly a year, he fell overboard a steamer one Sunday when we had been to Gravesend. Poor fellow! he had been drinking, and it was getting dark, and there was a great rush to the last boat, and somehow he lost his footing, and there was a cry of 'a man overboard!' before I noticed that he was not at my side. Ah! me, it was a bad Sunday's work for me!"

I inquired about her children.

"There three of them," she answered, and I've bit by bit, been obliged to sell everything, for though my poor husband earned good wages, he and I too loved pleasure, and Sunday was the only day we had to take it, and so our money went, and now I am come to the worst, for I'm obliged to go into the workhouse."

"I wish," I said, with a sigh, "you know what true pleasure is."

"Ah," replied the poor woman, "I remember you lent me good books, and told me to keep the Sabbath. I wish I had, Oh, I wish I had, for then, perhaps, this ruin would not have come upon me"—at that moment the door opened, and she hurried to enter, but the heart-stricken way in which she spoke, thrilled through me. Oh reader, the Scripture says, "Every wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands." B.

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE WORKMAN'S SABBATH.

Respite from his toil he takes, and loves,
Respite from the toiler's doom,
From the ceaseless whirl of wheels,
From the smoke and dust of rooms,
From the fierce unkindly strife,
From the bonds of week-day life.

Now the engine stays its roar,
The machinery's whirl is o'er,
Now no mill-bell hurries the loom,
Wakes the little ones from sleep,
And no crowd of workmen waits
Shivering at the factory gates.

From the pit-shaft spring to light,
Men whose work is one long night,
Buried in earth's cavernous vaults,
They the six long days have passed;
Now their weary work is done,
Now they see the light of the sun!

On the fruitful upper soil
Now the peasant leaves his toil;
Creeps no more the burdened wain,
Down the peaceful country lane,
And he leaves the fields and lands,
In the Sabbath sunlight stands.

What a change one day has made!
All the teeming haunts of trade
Are deserted by the crowd,
And the busy marts, unused
In the market and the square,
Troubles not the Sabbath air.

From the tower and steeple tall,
The sweet bells to worship call,
Through the peaceful streets open door
Go alike the rich and poor;
Sabbaths bring them side by side,
Whom the week has mingled wide.

Henry Hogg.

LABOUR'S THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Tear I must work I break thee, God!
I have my hatchet, my hot pipe,
Like rigorous winter in the sod,
Which doth mature the hardy grain,
Call forth in me the mighest powers;
Therefore I hold my head erect,
And mind life's severest hours,
Stand steadfast in my manly respect.

I thank thee, God, that I must toil!
You crowned thee, of lineage high,
The game-law lord, who owns the soil,
Is not a man so free as I!
He wears the fetter of his clan;
Wealth, birth, and rank, have hedged him in;
I heed but this—that I am man,
And to the great of mind akin.

Thank God, that, like the mountain oak,
My lot is with the storms of life;
Strength grows from out the tempest's shock,
And patience in the daily strife.
The hardened hand, the furrowed brow,
Decrepit age, how'er doth age bring them;
'Tis this decrepitude—to cringe and bow,
And ape the vice we disesteem.

Thank God for toil, for hardships, whence
Come courage, patience, hardihood;
And for that dark experience
Which leaves our bosoms flesh and blood;
Which leaves us tears for others' woe,
Brother in toil, respect thyself,
And let thy steadfast virtues show
That man is better far than pelf.

Thank God for toil! not fear the face
Of wealth nor rank—fear only sin;
That blight which mars all outward grace,
And dims the light of peace within.
Give me thy hand, my brother give
The hard yet honest hand to me;
We are not dreamers—who live
A brighter, better day to see.

Mary Howitt.

It often said of persons who get drunk that they "drink like *beasts*." There is no propriety in such an expression. Beasts drink water when they are thirsty. It is not often they can be induced to drink anything else. If all men and women would do as well as the *beasts* in this respect, we should not have our drunkard in our country.

NOTICES OF PUBLICATIONS.

MATTHEW HENRY'S COMMENTARY. Pictorial Edition. Part I. *Partridge & Co.* We have examined this first Part of Matthew Henry's great work with some attention, and are greatly pleased to find how very attractive, economical, and complete this edition is. It is just the work we should like to see on the book shelf of every workman in the three kingdoms, and we know no reason why it should not be, now it can be had in three-halfpenny numbers.

THE BRITISH MESSENGER. This *most valuable* monthly religious broadsheet, which is published by the well-known Mr. Peter Drummond, of Stirling, has attained the large circulation of ninety thousand copies. We regard it as one of the most useful periodicals ever published in this or any other country.

PUBLICATIONS
FOR THE
SUPPRESSION OF INTEMPERANCE.

A Packet of the following 14 publications (12 of them illustrated) sent POST FREE on receipt of eighteen postage stamps by Messrs. Partridge & Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London.

1. The Sailor's Home.
2. The Goose Club
3. The Man in the Well.
4. The Leather Almanac.
5. The Door in the Heart.
6. The Ox Roast.
7. The Press Gang.
8. Water is Best.
9. The Unfaithful Steward.
10. Let every Man mind his own Business.
11. Cold Water Boy.
12. Speak Kindly.
13. What are Bands of Hope? and How to Form them.
14. Poor Christmas Days.

We have pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the above publications; an extensive circulation of them prior to the approaching Christmas, will, we doubt not, *prevent* many cases of intemperance.

THE BULLET IN THE BIBLE.

OLD Dr. John Evans, in one of his sermons to the young said,—"Shall I be allowed to preface this discourse with relating a passage concerning an acquaintance of mine, who has been many years dead, but which I remember to have received when young, from himself? When he was an apprentice, the civil war began; his inclination led him into the army, where he had a captain's commission. It was fashionable for all the men of the army to carry a Bible along with them; this, therefore, he and many others did, who yet made little use of it, and hardly had any sense of religion. At length he was commanded, with his company, to storm a fort, wherein they were for a short time exposed to the thickest of the enemy's fire. When over, he found that a musket-ball had lodged in his Bible, which was in his pocket upon such a part of his body that the shot must necessarily have proved mortal had it not been for this seasonable and well-placed piece of armour. Upon a nearer observation, he found the ball had made its way so far in his Bible, as to rest directly upon that part of the first unbroken leaf, where the words of my text are found. It was Eccles. xi. 9, "*Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart; and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.*" As the surprising deliverance, you may apprehend, much affected him, so a passage, which his conscience told him was very apposite to his case, and which Providence in so remarkable a way pointed to his observation, made the deepest and best impression on his mind; and, by the grace of God, he from that time attended to religion in earnest, and continued in the practice of it to a good old age, frequently making the remark with pleasure, that the Bible had been the salvation both of his body and his soul."

THE DYING ATHEIST.

SOME years ago, I was invited by a pious lady to visit her dying son, who was an avowed atheist. On approaching the couch on which he was reclining the following conversation took place:—

"Pray, sir, what is your object in visiting me?"

"To see my young friend, if I can say any thing that can comfort you in your affliction."

"If you wish to do me a kindness, sir, take me up and dash my brains out against the wall."

"Allow me, I pray you, to put to you the important question, are you quite ready to leave this world, and prepared for all that awaits you in the next?"

"Oh, I suppose you think that I shall then be punished for my sins. But first of all, I do not believe that there is a God, and then admitting that there were, I cannot think that it would be just for him to punish me as I have only acted in accordance with the faculties and the disposition which I received from him and consequently am no more responsible for my conduct than a piece of mechanism is for the manner in which it acts."

"As to your disbelief in the being of a God, why your own existence is explicable only on the ground that there is an uncreated Great First Cause. And as to man not being responsible for his conduct, I have no doubt that you yourself deem it right to punish others for their crimes. Should you, for instance, meet a man who, like Burke the assassin, cares not what pain he inflicts on others, so that he may attain his own selfish ends, you would turn your back upon him and have no connection with him, and thus show your disapprobation, if not your abhorrence, of his conduct; and in so acting you in effect would *punish* him. And yet he could vindicate *his* innocency on the very ground taken by yourself, namely, that he acted only in accordance with the faculties and disposition which were given him."

"Yes, what you say is true; but how light the punishment that I should thus inflict in comparison with that which Christians say will be awarded to unpardoned sinners in the future world."

"Granted. But the question returns, why should Burke, if according to your principles, he was *entirely* innocent, and in *no degree* answerable for his conduct, be punished at *all*? Upon your principles, you ought to regard Burke, the murderer, and Howard, the philanthropist, as *perfectly* on a *par*, and be as friendly to the one as to the other."

The youth at once perceived that the ground on which he had been resting was quite untenable. He made no reply, but listened to Christian truth and counsel, and to a prayer offered on his behalf.

A few days after, he died, calling on God for mercy in the name of Jesus Christ.—*Rev. H. Townley.*

CONSOLATION IN TRIAL.

I ONCE knew a worthy old man named Anthony Simpson, of Spaldington, who, by the bankruptcy of a brother, became penniless, and who, but for the charity of a kind hearted farmer, must have ended his days in the workhouse. He cheerfully employed himself in carrying milk and kitchenwash to the labourers, and in other similar offices on the farm. Although reduced from *plenty* to *penury*, I never heard him murmur, and on enquiring how this was, he replied, "God has permitted me to be tried, but I can *trust* him where I cannot *trace* him—I believe that when I get to glory, I shall *then* see that this sore trial has been amongst the "all things" working together for my good. The consolations of my Bible are doubly precious to me, now that my earthly treasures are gone."

Reader, has it ever occurred to you why so many when they fall into trouble commit suicide? Is it not because they lack the *consolations of religion*, which were the *support* of Anthony Simpson in his hour of trial? Think God, there is the same succour for *you*.—S.

T. H. Tarlton

THE late Joseph Agar Eaq. of York, who rose from the ranks of working men, and became one of the wealthiest and most liberal men in that ancient city—man well known for his keen observation and sound judgment, once said to us, "London is *the best* or *the worst* place in the world for a young man to go to; for a young man of fixed religious principles, and industrious habits, there is no place where he can learn so much within so short a time, as in London, but for a young man of unstable habits, and without religious principles, there is no place where he will be *so soon ruined*." Tens of thousands can bear testimony to the truth of this observation. Every year, young men are coming up to London from all parts of the country, for instruction in various trades and professions, which they have chosen, and it is important for such to know, that, although the metropolis abounds with dangers to youth, there are not a few agencies at work for their special benefit. There is one Institution which deserves to be made known to every parent and youth throughout the land—THE YOUNG MAN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, (165 Aldersgate Street.) We have heard the most delightful testimonies from young men, of this Institution, having proved to them "*a harbour of refuge*" amid the storms of London temptations. We have a special object in penning this notice, as we desire to do honour to our highly esteemed friend, T. H. Tarlton, Esq., whose untiring labours during the past ten years have raised the Young Men's Christian Association, step by step, from a very small beginning, until it now ranks amongst the most important institutions in this christian country. It richly merits the warmest support of all classes.

The merry bells of the fine old abbey church at Malvern, recently announced that a wedding had just taken place. The numerous assemblage that lined the path from the old abbey to the vicarage, and the flowers they had scattered, told that the bridal pair were those whom the people delighted to honour. It was the Honorary Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, with his happy bride—half-an-hour ago Miss Tatham, but now Mrs. T. H. Tarlton, well known to many of our St. John's Wood readers, as the ward of the worthy Vicar of Malvern. Mr. Tarlton is about to enter the church, and we heartily join with the tens of thousands of young men who have benefitted by his counsel and Bible Class teachings, in the earnest prayer that his future labours in the pulpit, may, like his past labours amongst the young men of London, be signally owned and blessed by God.

BRITISH WORKMAN

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DISAPPOINTMENTS; OR, JOHN THE SCULLION.

"So, honest friend! you have been seeking work this week, and found none to suit you—keep a good heart, and try again. You must not fail to remember that God helps those who try to help themselves.

These words were uttered in the street in my hearing by an old man, who was endeavouring to comfort and encourage a stout youth who had been seeking employment, and seemingly seeking in vain; and while my heart sympathized with the young man in his struggle, the words the old man uttered put me on thinking how many people have had reason to be thankful for disappointments and hardships in the outset of their career. A cloudy morning often ushers in a fine day, as the following true story will abundantly prove.

A long time ago there lived in a pleasant village in the west of England, a farmer and his wife, whose family was so large that young and old were obliged to labour very hard for their living. Seven sons and five daughters under twenty years of age lived beneath the humble roof, and tilled the fields and managed the dairy of the little farm. The only schooling the family had received was at the evening class kept by the parish clerk, for at that time there was neither village nor sabbath school. The fourth son, John, was more diligent than the rest in his simple studies, and became a favorite with his teacher. As he had a good voice, he used to help the old clerk at church, with the responses, and the singing, until all the people liked to hear his full clear voice, and many said to the clerk, "As your breath is so bad, neighbour, its a capital thing you've such a good lad's as John in tuning the psalms." Thus, from his fourteenth till his seventeenth year, John continued labouring in the fields by day,—praying and reading, and summing in the evenings, and singing in the church on Sundays and festivals. When at length the old clerk died, John, who had done the work for some time, naturally thought he might get the place, and his wish was mentioned to the vicar and the parishioners. Now, the good people had liked his services as long as they had paid nothing for them, but when the youth wanted to improve his position and to benefit by employing his humble gifts, they began to shake their heads and question whether he would do. One fault was urged by most people, "John was so young!" and a middle aged man coming forward as a competitor for the post, it was agreed that the parishioners should choose, and that the stranger should tune the psalm in the morning, and John in the afternoon of the next Sunday, and then the decision should be made.

This was but fair—but no doubt John thought it harsh to subject him after all his services to a competition; and whether this made him sing worse than usual, or whether, as is very likely, the village congregation loved novelty, certain it is they decided in favour of the stranger, and poor John, who had long set his heart on being the parish clerk, was rejected. He heard the decision with a calm look, but his heart was sore and heavy, and as he came out of the vestry into the church, he felt it was hard work to part by his companions and acquaintances, and try to keep his feelings to himself. Fortunately there was a side door out of which he walked, hoping to get unnoticed into the quiet of the fields that skirted the churchyard. The congregation were mostly round the front porch, and in the main avenue, all but one old woman who had nursed him and taught him his letters, who met John as he went out, and taking his hand in a motherly way, looked with a kind smile in his face and said, "don't be cast down at this disappointment, perhaps God reserves you for better things." The pressure of the hand, the look, the words, all went to the poor youth's heart, and kindled a fire of resolution there, that burned bright and clear for many a future day. As he walked home he reasoned, "the world is wide, I'm young and strong, willing and able to work; why should I stay here, where they have rejected me?" That night, after the evening chapter was read, the youth told his father he wished to seek a livelihood elsewhere, and asked his consent and blessing. Both parents felt that their son might be uncomfortable to stay where his feelings had been hurt, and though they grieved to part, they did not oppose his intention, but hoped he might be able to get work somewhere about Exeter.

The next morning, before any neighbours in the village were stirring, John set out, carrying a change of linen in a bundle at the end of his stick. His poor mother slipped an old leathern purse with a few coins, all her hoard, into his pocket, watched him through her tears until a turn in the road hid him from her sight, and then lifted up her throbbing heart to God in prayer for him, as mothers are wont to do.

The lad met no success in Exeter, but as he saw the great cathedral, and noticed the shops, particularly the book shops, thoughts about the value of books and of learning came strongly into his mind. Oh that he had time and opportunity to become a scholar! was the involuntary wish, which the next moment he rebuked, for how was he to get bread, much less learning? Some deep desire to gratify himself by being in the vicinity of learning and learned men must have sprung up in his heart and directed his steps, for he set forward from Exeter to Oxford, and walked the whole weary way! resting at night sometimes in barns, sometimes on the sheltered side of a haystack; he lived on bread and water, a draught of milk now and then being added as a luxury.

Foot sore, for his boots were worn out, he at length reached the University. With what a feeling of awe he crossed Maudlin Bridge, and walked up that stately street, whose matchless curve reveals at every step some noble building, or majestic dome, or solemn temple. Tired as he was, friendless and lonely, the sight roused him to admiration; but a moment after, as he looked down at his nearly naked feet and dusty garments, the thought of what he should do now he had reached this fair city, came into his mind. Among all the colleges he knew the name of but one, and that was "Exeter College"—there he would go and seek employment. Wild as his plan was, it turned out successful. He found out the college kitchen—the cook, a Devonshire man, heard the youth's story, and took him into his employment as scullion.

There seems but little connexion between a scullery and a library, and no sort of similarity in the study of cookery and grammar, and yet somehow the youth contrived to employ his leisure time in poring over books until their meaning opened to his mind, and every book he read led the way to another, and another, until the studious habits of the scullion excited remark, and he was questioned by some of the men in authority, who were surprised at what he had attained during the few intervals of his daily labour. They respected his diligence, and he was admitted as a sizar (poor student, or on the foundation) of Exeter College, and then, all his difficulties being over as to the means of attaining knowledge, he studied hard, and soon

JOHN, THE BOOK-LOVING SCULLION OF EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD.

was among the most successful of college students. He was still very poor, for he had none to help him; he knew the poor friends he had left could not assist their son to become a scholar; but soon he was able to earn something by teaching students less advanced and less diligent than himself, and by slow but sure degrees his difficulties vanished, and in time, being religious as he was industrious, studied for the church, was ordained, and became the curate of the college that he had formerly been a friendless boy, and served as a scholar.

Years passed on; John's brothers and sisters were all grown up and settled in life, most of them near the village in which they had been reared, but the good old friendly pair were yet living, their hearts often gladdened by tidings of, and presents from their long absent son, the Great Scholar, who had grained to see him once more before they died, and the poor old dame—now very aged, who had helped to nurse him in his childhood, and moreover, had taught him his letters, and spoke the kind word to him when he was sore troubled with his first grief, also too, wished to see him—though, from her infirmities, that was hardly possible.

These words were not unheeded by the object of them, he wrote a promise in his Christmas letter that he would, if possible, visit the old home at home the next summer.

What a variety of thoughts must have crowded into his mind in that pleasant summer time, when, riding in his own carriage to visit his parents, he passed over the ground that he had wearily walked in his young surrounded days. He told the driver to stop on the summit of the hill that overlooked his native village. There it was! nestling beneath the sheltering trees; the little church on the hill-side overhung it. Keep watch over the green graves as they calmly basked in the sunshine. While the homeward-bound traveller looked at the peaceful scene, the bell in the ivy mantled tower flung out its solemn toll over the valley. Slow, distinct, one by one, pealed the sad vibration—it was tolling for the dead! Along the well-known footpath that crossed the fields there came a funeral group; they were as yet more distant from the church in an opposite direction than the traveller. He entered his carriage hastily, and desired to be driven at once and quickly to the church. Arrived there, the tolling bell had ceased the name of the dead. It was the worthy dame whose "word in season from fitly spoken," had proved to him. He mixed with the humble mourners round the grave, and at the conclusion made himself known to the clergyman, and requested that the villagers, (who had gathered in great force, for the dead had been as a mother to many) might be brought into the church, and there and then the stranger ascended the pulpit and preached a sermon to the rustic congregation; and truly, if "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," that sermon must indeed have been worth hearing, for what a change had providence wrought since the youth had gone out rejected from the office of parish clerk, and had now returned, with them the famous scholar, the pious prelate, Dr. Prideaux, Bishop of Worcester, and that woman had said, "God had indeed reserved him for better things."

How he and his aged parents, how he loved and befriended his poor relations, must be left to the imagination of those who have rejoice and kind hearts; but one of his sayings is still remembered in the west of England, and merits to be remembered by all who in early life are tried by disappointments, "If I," said Dr. Prideaux, "had been parish clerk of Ugborough, I should never have been Bishop of Worcester."

POPLAR HOSPITAL,

(NEAR THE EAST INDIA DOCK GATES.)

We have just received the first Annual Report of this Institution, in which we find some facts recorded which will be gratifying to many of our readers. In consequence of the increase of the population around the East India Docks, the numerous cases of accident constantly arising from the loading and unloading of vessels, as well as in ship building yards, and various manufactories around, added to the fact that no *Hospital* could be reached within three miles' distance, (a distance, which, in some cases, would occasion the death of the sufferer) it was laid upon the hearts of a few noble minded and liberal hearted gentlemen to establish a Hospital at Poplar, specially for cases of accident amongst workings men. The Hospital has been open twelve months, and we find that during this period the following cases have been relieved:—

Fractures -	134
Contusions -	283
Wounds -	515
Sprains -	168
Inflammation from Injury -	61
Dislocations -	18
Burns and Scalds -	54
Bites from Dogs, &c. -	46
Various -	41
	1223

Twelve hundred and twenty-three cases of suffering fully prove a necessity for such an institution as the Poplar Hospital, and we trust that the appeal which the highly influential Committee is now making for funds, will find a hearty response from those who are interested in the Merchant Navy of our country.

When we reflect upon the comfortless comforts and luxuries of life which are brought to our homes by those who build and those who navigate ships, it is our duty to render those men all the recompence we can.

It is a gratifying circumstance that many of the work men of Poplar have come forward most nobly to support this Hospital, we believe that when this notice has been well circulated among the thousands of the sons of toil in the east of London, many more will be added to the subscribers.

In some of the large ship-building yards the men have commenced voluntary contributions of a penny a week towards its support, and it is pleasing to find the following items, which we extract from the list of contributions in the report, that the Institution is *prized* by these hard-handed sons of toil.

	£	s.	d.
Workmen at Messrs. Marr & Co.	15	10	0
Workmen in the employ of Messrs. Somes, Blackwall	7	0	0
Money collected from the workmen at Messrs. Money, Wigram, and Sons	25	13	7
Collected from persons employed in East and West India Docks	49	10	6
Subscriptions received by the local Committee, principally from merchants, per M. J. Scully, chairman	107	9	5
In addition to which, we find the proceeds of a cricket match, presented by the workmen of Messrs. Green and Wigram's yards	72	5	0

The list of contributions contains noble names and noble gifts, for these we ought to rejoice, but we must confess, that we feel peculiar pleasure in thus finding the poor and the workers joining *hand in hand* in supporting a good cause. This is as it should be, and we therefore heartily desire, and fully anticipate, prosperity to the Poplar Hospital.

In case any of our readers desire to lend helping hand to this truly humane institution, we may add, that Messrs. Dimsdale, Drewitt, Fowler, and Barnard, Bankers, 50, Cornhill, London, will gladly receive any contributions.

OUT-DOOR TEACHING.

An interesting feature of the present time is the out-of-door efforts that have lately been made to benefit the working man.

While P. H. Gosse, a Christian naturalist of celebrity, has met his class of *Scholars and gentlemen* on the coasts of Hirecombe and the south of Devonshire for the study of the beautiful objects so attractively described in the "Sea-side books" that have been published, we find Mr. Hugh Miller, of Edinburgh, has met a number of his working *classes* on a Saturday afternoon, on a large boulder of greenstone, lying in the sand, between Leith and Portobello, and expatiated on the geology of the neighbourhood and on the agency by which masses like this were torn from their native bed and hurled to a distant and foreign place. He afterwards introduced his auditory to his museum, and exhibited his well-arranged collection of fossils, the fruit of many years' collection and study, when they sallied forth to inspect and visit a neighbouring quarry, &c. These enjoyments were obtained by the Saturday Half-holiday Association, which has probably other treats of a similar kind in store.

Besides other efforts of this kind much is being done by out-of-door *religious* services to interest and bless the masses of our country.

ALL HANDS AT WORK.

At Purrie, a station of the Free Church of Scotland, in South Africa, in enlarging the church, the missionary, Rev. Mr. Ross, built the walls; his son did the wood-work during his vacation; native assistants did the plastering and built the seats; Mrs. Ross laid the floor, which was of clay, whitewashed the outside and coloured the interior with yellow ochre which the schoolgirls brought. When *all hands*, in the christian church, with equal alacrity, set to work in the spiritual building, how rapidly will the walls go up!

THE TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE.

Do you see that youth there briskly wending his way through the crowds who line the footpaths of the City? Inside that leathern satchel he carries safely carefully grasps, he carries a sealed message—a message which was probably sent up by a Manchester or Birmingham manufacturer, to one of the London merchants, in *reply* to an important inquiry sent down, but half-an-hour ago! Do you think that respectable youth is a representative of one of the greatest discoveries

of the age—The Electric Telegraph.

Our readers are familiar with the posts and telegraph wires, along the various railroads, but perhaps it has often excited their wonder, how telegraphic messages could be sent across the English Channel to France. Insurmountable at this one time appeared, persevering talent overcame the great difficulties, by means of Gutta Percha and the submarine cable. This cable has excited the wonder of millions, but a project is now on foot which promises to put *all* previous telegraphic achievements into the shade. A company has been formed for the purpose of laying down a submarine cable across the Atlantic sea, and there is every probability that before long, telegraphic messages will be sent between London and New York, a distance of 3,000 miles! All honour to the spirited men who have formed themselves into the "Atlantic Telegraph Company." May success attend their noble enterprise.

THANK GOD FOR ALL.

Beside you oak a rustic roof appears,
A cottage garden leads into the door,
A few wild plants the lowly casement bears,
And all around looks neat, though all is poor.
There Philip dwells, and takes a neighbour's part,
Though little be the means his help to lend;
Yet still, though poor, he says with grateful heart,
"To me well to labour,—and that God knows best!

The bare fits by him on her dewy feet,
As blithe of heart he quits the cottage gate,
The golden village lane with dawn is sweet,
And Philip feels content, though low his state;
For labour unto him can joy impart,
"The independence to his honest breast;
And still, though poor, he says, with grateful heart,
"To well to labour, and that God knows best!

His wife beside the door waits his return,
His children's voices meet him half the way;
And while the sun within the west doth burn,
And bird and brook sing sweet the close of day,
Philip forgets his toil, his chair to find,
By little arms and little lips caress'd;
And gazing round, exclaim, with grateful mind,
"Thank God for all,—thank God, who knoweth best!

Charles Swain.

BURYING A WHOLE PARISH.

"The sexton of Collumpton, in Devonshire, who died some months ago, had buried upwards of 4000 persons, while the population of the town is only 8656. It is said that the extraordinary loss been in his family for a period of 200 years."—Saunders' *News-Letter*.

PERSEVERANCE;

SCENES FROM REAL LIFE.

(Concluded from page 91.)

CHAPTER XII.

Patty's interview with William was of very short duration. He had given her a little workbox, and as he stood in the passage with a passionate look on his flushed face, Patty put his gift in his hands, and said simply, "William! you are not what I took you to be." "What I thought so," he interposed, "you want to get rid of me." "I want none but sober friends," faltered Patty, as the young man turned short round, opened the cottage door, and dashing the box violently on the garden path broke it to fragments, stamped them under his foot, uttering a sort of growl, and walked hastily—but not steadily, away.

"You have had a good lost!" said Mrs. Drift, as Patty, trying to compose her fluttering heart, entered the room where her mistress, who had heard all, was seated at her knitting. Patty made no answer, and from that time no more was ever said of William or his sister. But it was not the last that Patty heard of them. Tom Wilson, in a fit of intemperance, enlisted, and Jane Flight left the place in disgrace, followed her sodweer to Portsmouth, and became an outcast from all her friends, and a fearful looking for of judgment.

"William married in six weeks, as he said, to spite Patty." It proved that he had spited himself. An idle, extravagant wife, with a sharp temper, and a sharper tongue, fell to his lot. Disgusted at his life spent divided between toil at work and brawls at home—varied by what he called "spree," his means in his hands, his money, and his once strong frame to the very bone. What he called his pleasures became his miseries, drove him on early grave, and hurried him into it.

Patty continued for four more years to tend her aged mistress; in that time Mrs. Vincer and her younger children, helped by Miss Maitland, had emigrated. Captain Drift had taken them out in his vessel to Sydney, which was the only way to escape from her bad husband. It was an unexpected comfort to the poor woman that her eldest daughter Jane, tired of the father's intemperate ways, and disgusted at the people among whom he lived, returned to her mother, and went with her to the land of refuge, and as it proved to them, of prosperity. As a family they had suffered so severely from intemperance and carelessness of the husband and father, that they emigrated with the strong determination to be steady sober and industrious, and they did not make that resolution without looking upward for Divine aid to keep it, though they had many privations and trials in the outset, they overcame them all, and made a comfortable home in their adopted land.

Captain Drift was so well pleased with Patty's brother, that he taught him to be a very skilful seaman, and promoted him until he became mate of the vessel, and no one who had seen the fine young man, who now and then at long intervals came into Blackpert, would have supposed he had been the ragged boy, whom an orphan sister's love had been the means of rescuing from a life of idleness and crime.

At length there came a day, when, as Patty wheeled her mistress in a garden chair to a pretty summer house, where she liked to feel the sunshine as it fell softened through a well of jessamine and clematis, she thought there was an unusually bright look upon the aged pilgrim's face. Mrs. Drift was very feeble, but not ill, yet Patty had a strange dread some over her, and she noticed a restless movement of the hands, and a quicker clearer voice than usual, and she thought it was time to leave herself to be taken back to the house. A gentle refusal was uttered, and there seemed an intense enjoyment of the open air and the bright day. At last, after a long period of silence, as the faithful attendant was again urging a return to the house, Mrs. Drift said, in a steady clear voice, lifting up her trembling hand, "Patty, my dear! I see a bright light, blessed be God! in His light I shall see light." A sort of hiccup stopped her utterance, and the hand fell down helplessly; Patty ran to hold her head as it drooped forward, and was conscious that a shiver ran through the aged frame, and then a great quiet. She called aloud for help, and the labourers in the adjoining field came to her assistance. She concluded that dear aged friend was in a fit—but it proved to be death.

Never in her loneliest days had Patty felt so utterly lonely as now that she looked upon the still holy brow of one who was mother—for had she not been a mother to her mind and soul? Deeply, yet not rebelliously, Patty mourned for her friend and guide, losing all thought of her own future course in the greatness of her bereavement. After the grave closed over her friend, remains of the aged christian, then, and not till then, Patty began to think what she should do. Miss Maitland had, by the orders left by Captain Drift—directed the funeral, and taking Patty to her own house afterwards, she told her, very much to the good servant's surprise, that all the household furniture and linen of her late mistress, and fifty pounds in money, was hers, as a reward for her long and faithful services. "Dear good soul!" and the grateful Patty, "it was reward enough to serve her."

The district had altered very much in the years that had passed, and the coast was beginning to be frequented as a bathing place and winter residence for invalids. Many new houses had been built, and all the symptoms of prosperity were manifest. Patty was advised by Miss Maitland to continue in the cottage, and to take lodgers during the autumn that was just at hand. She followed this advice, taking her youngest brother to live with her, the other brother being in a very comfortable situation in a shop at Blankport. And so it happened that our poor Patty, once an orphan workhouse girl, became a householder on her own account. A family from London took her neat lodgings for the entire winter, and she found enough for herself and brother to do in waiting on them. Patty was scrupulously neat and clean, conscientious, and her good reputation constantly procured her lodgers, until she was obliged to have a larger house and a servant of her own, and became, in the course of a few years, a prosperous woman, and as good a mistress as she had been a servant.

Captain Drift married a lady of the mail coach, but, every year his wife and children came to lodge with Patty, at Patience Grant, and it gave them most sincere pleasure to find that she remained the same Patty, unassuming, unselfish, generous she had ever been. Her brothers' welfare was near her heart, and they, well knowing that they stood here, were both a comfort and a credit to her. Just as she had wept and striven for them in her days of poverty, so they proved to be unwearied in her best interest—for Patty well knew that "man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeded from the mouth of God." At first her brothers respected religion, and outwardly conformed to it, but gradually and gently Patty's influence, one after another their hearts were impressed with the beauty of holiness, as she had constantly set it in her life, and she became experimentally acquainted with Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. They were very proud here, over both their sister and brother, and they saying; for who heard Him ourselves."

Patty never married—but in course of years nephews and nieces sprung up around her, and cheered her with their love. Often on a Sunday afternoon, when the weather was cheerless, they ask her to tell them about the workhouse, and the hardships and sorrows of her early life, and now that she was hale, healthy, active girl, one of the best scholars at the best day school in the town, often said, "Oh, wish we had all our dreadful hardships and education, we may do half as well as Aunt Patty."

Ah, reader, there is no evil of friendlessness and poverty but by the blessing of God, on patience and perseverance, may be overcome. Patty was a poor boy, only one little childhood has been called an "enormous, a poor scrap of a creature," a sickly frightful, who but grown up to be "Aunt Patty" all around. Strength of body is a good thing, but strength of mind, and soul, and principles is better.

"What is the mind of man strong?
God's breath within the soul."

THE DYING COAL MINER.

Stephen Kakket, twenty-five years old, whilst employed underground in a mine, in the parish of Newlyn, was buried alive, by the falling down of the shaft in which he was, at the depth of five fathoms from the surface. The first person who discovered the spot was a man named George Trevarrow, who called to know if any living being was beneath, when Kakket answered, in a firm voice, "I feel the cold hand of death upon me, if there is any hope of my being rescued from this untimely grave, tell me; and if not, tell me." Trevarrow said, he was grieved him that there was not a shadow of hope left, as upwards of four tons of rubbish had fallen around and upon him, and inflaction must inevitably take place before human aid could afford relief. On hearing this, Kakkett exclaimed, "Well, I'll will, if the Lord! let him do what seemeth Him good. Tell my dear father and mother not to be sorry as those without hope for me; tis now only that I am happy—tis now that I feel the advantages of a religious life; now I feel the Lord is my stronghold, and now I feel I am going to heaven. Here his voice failed; he was never heard to speak again.

THE CHRISTMAS BOX.

"WELL, Nancy, you may do as you like, William and I mean to enjoy ourselves Christmas comes but once a year, and it's hard if we can't make merry."

"Oh, I hope you will enjoy yourselves, or mean to do so, our tastes and differences as to what you call enjoyment. Going to Tom Swiller's house-warming on Christmas-day would be no pleasure to Joseph, or me either."

These words passed between two young married women, who each for the first time, was expecting to keep Christmas in their own separate homes, with the husbands they had been but a few weeks married to. They had no father or mother, and no near relation, but an old uncle, who, after a quiet fashion, had been kind to them through the years of their orphan girlhood, that is, he had on the death of their parents (which happened within a few weeks, or fewer, sought out places for both Nancy and Kate with decent people of the small trading class, and he had encouraged the girls to patience and economy in the content of their career as servants, by giving them the reward of a new gown and cloak each year they had been in their first places a year, and he made it a rule to double the money they had left at interest, when their wages every New Year's Day. As the sisters at first had very small wages, it was only by great care, that they could contrive to have any money; so uncle Gregory's purse or "Old Greg," as some called him, was not much taxed for three or four years. In that time, Kate, the younger by a year of the sisters, had changed her place three times, and Nancy once; and both had grown from little girls of fourteen, fifteen, to tall young women, looking a year or two older than they really were. They were both active, cheerful, and well-disposed, but they differed greatly in character, Nancy was very affectionate, and once she spent all her spare money in buying a pair of stockings for her uncle two pairs of warm woollen stockings, and had only one sixpence left on New Year's Day when he went to fulfil his promise, and double his niece's money, while Kate, who was ambitious, by managing to get extra work in the hours of her leisure, had wanted during the quarter, displayed twenty-four shillings to Uncle Gregory, and as she said her bill, which amounted to more than the sum she had shewn as her savings, she triumphed not a little in having been "better than old Greg," particularly when she found that he never gave Nancy anything for the stockings. Kate was, however, sadly put out when next year, by a similar scheme, she shewed her uncle two pounds savings, and he took out a handful of silver, and counting down four and twenty shillings, said, in his grave way, "Niece Kate, I should double your savings, but this is owing to me for last year, and I shall add it to my pocket, and I've brought you the hundredth's bill for this quarter, which I am glad to see, is not more than two pounds, one shilling, twopence less. There, child! is a fourpenny piece, which just doubles your savings, if you were making more of 'em do, and are trying your cleverness on "Old Greg," why, fourpence won't ruin me."

From that time Kate had no more schemes on Uncle Gregory, and though eccentrical for a time, yet she always considered herself better than poor Nancy, who acted in a poor place when she might have bettered herself, because she had got attached to the family and the little boy, while Kate looked sharp after her own interest, and was receiving much higher wages than her elder sister. Nancy, indeed, had had an opportunity of going to a place of worship, or time to mend her clothes, and was quite worn with constant work, and employed with the cares of prodigate servants in a great noisy household; but yet the high wages and the glory of serving "rich folks rather than poor folks," and "humdrum people" was her recompence.

But what was "Uncle Gregory?" He was a Scotch gardener, who had set out when a poor boy from his native country to earn an honest penny, by any means that his ingenuity could devise, and had worked through many trials; his industry had supported his widowed mother, but though she said she had her good son to thank, that her lot had whisky-bottle better, and when the poor fellow had scraped up enough to open a little shop, had taken his old mother home, and in time felt himself justified in marrying, all his prosperity was destroyed by a fire, caused by the carelessness of the aged drunkard. She perished in the flames, and her son was ruined; his wife, though she escaped with him from the burning house, never recovered the fright, she lingered for years an invalid, and Gregory took again to his pack and travelled the country, so sobdened by his troubles, that people noticed he was never again the cheerful, conversable man he once had been. After some years his poor wife, whom he fondly loved, died, and shortly after her death, her sister and brother-in-law, the parents of Nancy and Kate, died. Light as was the kindred tie between Uncle Gregory and his deceased wife's nieces, for her sake he undertook to superintend them, and though his manner was cold and odd, he really looked after them far more than they ever knew. He wanted them to be made good servants, and placed them out well for that object, and though he would be away for weeks at a time going his rounds among his customers, he contrived to know all about their doings, and came into their neighbourhood much oftener than they had any idea of. At first, if he had any preference, it was for the lively, bustling Kate, whose rosy face and active manner made her a sort of prize, though he found her difficult to manage; but as time the timid, mild, orderly Nancy won upon him, and when she gave him the warm stockings, though he took them with a cold and cautious thanks, he felt a glow at his lonely heart, such as he thought could never warm it again.

But servitude, it seemed, was not long to be the lot of the sisters. Kate's noble employers broke up their household and went abroad, just at the time that Nancy's mother died and the widow with her sons went to live at Bedford for the benefit of education at the schools there. A young coachbuilder and wheelwright Hardy had wanted what he thought an uncencumbering long time for Nancy, and now obtained her consent to the marriage. Kate, who had refused many offers, did not like that her sister should be beforehand with her, and so, after balancing between the merits of a young carpenter with good sense, and a fine footman with good looks, she chose the latter, much to the grief of Nancy, who feared that a gentleman's servant, even if able to marry, saw too much grandeur and luxury in his master's home to like his own humble cottage, and to whom the invitation was given in great glee, at once declined it; and so the remarks at the beginning of our narrative were uttered, and it seemed the sisters had a different notion of enjoyment.

"I mean to ask Uncle Gregory," said Nancy, "and I had thought, Kate, that you and William would have come; Joseph quite builds upon having a nice family gathering, such as we had in our childish days when poor father and mother were alive."

"Uncle Gregory! family gathering indeed," said Kate, "why who could have any pleasure where old Greg is? Now don't be looking so grave, Nancy! I will say it, if he's been kind in the main to us, and I don't deny it, he's done it all in the queerest way possible with his pinching, prying ways."

"For shame, Kate, for shame, he was our only friend for years before we could well help ourselves, and as to our having pleasure with him, we ought to give him pleasure."

"We can't, not as young folks could give him pleasure, with his crusty ways."

"Well, I shall try," said Nancy, turning to go to her house.

"And much you'll get by it, like the stockings you gave him that he never took notice of. I shall please myself," retorted Kate, and so the sisters parted.

Christmas Day at length came, and from her sitting room window, that looked up a long street that opened opposite, Nancy saw William (who had been in a job place for a time, and was now waiting a gentleman's return to town, who had promised him a regular place) set out with Kate, both very smartly dressed, to take part in the entertainment given at the "Fox and Grapes." brought home instead a book—"Young's Night Thoughts." The poor young couple had but a make-shift dinner, but each loved reading, and the husband read aloud the book he had bought. After he read it, he told that and bought three others, and then he read them, and as Nancy first to have old books, and then to have an old book stall, and so from less to more until he had a library, and became a great book collector, and a rich man.

"Oh," said Joseph, as uncle Gregory finished his story, "it was Lackington's, or Finsbury Place. I remember once seeing his shop when I was a very little boy; there was a circle, like a dome, went entirely up the building, lined all through with books."

"Yes," said Uncle Gregory, "and that prosperity was all built on one half crown volume, 'Young's Night Thoughts.'"

They separated early, but not before Uncle Gregory had opened the half crown volume, and read the wondrous story of the babe in Bethlehem, and offered up a prayer for his young relatives. As he went away, he gave Nancy a little parcel that felt like a book to give to her sister Kate, and an old tin box with a little padlock on it, and a little slit at the top, for herself; and with a kind "good night," he went his way.

Nancy had not expected anything from her uncle, and if the truth must be told, would rather have had nothing than the old tin box, which was empty, except for a slip of paper addressed to her, and marked "Private." Joseph laughed good-naturedly at the old man's oddity, but added,

"He's a real old brick, and I like him Nancy!"

When Nancy opened the paper, she found it to a request, that she would put into that "Christmas-box" the price of a quart of beer, and a quarter of an ounce of tobacco Tady, and let him see it when he came again. Nancy had been used to obey the old man, and so she resolved to gratify his whim.

Next morning, she set off with her parcel to Kate, but though it was nearly ten o'clock in the morning, the little shop was not opened; at last, a strange woman let her in, and Nancy in a few moments stood by the bedside of her sister, who was weeping bitterly. Kate's arm was in a sling, and she looked very ill. It was with some difficulty, that Nancy made out amid sobs and tears of the narrator, that there had been a great gathering, and a deal of drinking at the "Fox and Grapes," and that William had lost both his senses and his temper over his cups, and taken it into his muddled head to be jealous of some foolish pranks Tom Swiller offered to Kate, and a regular row had ended the pleasures of the day. William was for fighting in all directions, and his wife in jumping round him, and trying to soothe him, had got thrown down and trampled on in the scuffle. She had been brought home senseless at ten o'clock in the morning, and William had rushed off she knew not where. For some days Kate kept her bed, sick in body, and very more distressed in mind, for William kept away, and all she knew was, that he had made up his quarrel with Tom Swiller, and was drinking there with companions as reckless as himself. At length Joseph Hardy coaxed him home, and Kate, but, in the meanwhile, William had lost the situation he had expected, for the gentleman had sent for him while he was drinking, and surmising the cause of his not making his appearance, sent word he need not come, for "I never," said he, "take servants who make Christmas a time of brutal carousal."

The gift uncle Gregory sent Kate was of much more value than that he gave Nancy. It was a nicely bound pocket Bible in a leather case, which he charged his niece to read through in the year, and no excuse, whatever might be her need, to part with it, unless to her sister Nancy. Ah, it would have been well for poor Kate if she had read that book, and profited by its wisdom and consolations. She needed both badly, for William did not get a place, and he was always longing about the "Fox and Grapes," and Kate mourned the day she had ever entered its doors. It was a dear Christmas treat, and though working early and late she could not renew or keep up the stock of her little shop. Her health failed with bad living, and sitting up alone to her needle; and William's coming home, was a terror to her—his words were so harsh, and she began to have little dread of gin to cause her ill, and piece by piece all their clothes and best furniture was parted with; at last one day when Nancy, with an infant in her arms, called, Kate reached from a shelf, where it had lind covered with dust, uncle Gregory's Christmas gift, the little Bible, and asked her Nancy to buy it. More to save the Bible for her sister till better days than to make it her own, Nancy gave her the little sum, and taking it home laid it on the little table in her bedroom.

Before the next Christmas both life and death had entered their circle. William left his wife in search of employment and wandered from one place to another, until he died at the end of September he found himself at Pantefract Races, where, in a quarrel with some drinking companions, he was thrown down, and died a few days after.

Nancy became a mother soon after, and offered a home to her widowed sister, now completely broken down by sorrows. The recovery of the invalid was slow, but her heart was cheered by the kindness of a tender husband and she had the comforts of a happy home around her. She was sitting one day reading in the pocket Bible; she had got nearly to the end, when, as she tried to turn over a leaf in the book of Revelations, she found it was slightly joined to the next page as if with a touch of gum. Very carefully she undid the adhesive pages, and a five pound note dropped out on her baby's face as he slept on her lap. She looked at it in astonishment, and read in one corner under uncle Gregory's name the words, "Kate, make good use of it." "That five pounds if it had come at time would have saved Kate's furniture from being taken in execution by her landlord. Nancy and Joseph had helped her as long as they could, but her poverty went beyond their power to relieve until she was completely thrown upon their sympathies."

With a beating heart Nancy held up the note, and instantly the full meaning of their eccentric old uncle, in putting it out of the power of Kate to deceive him as to having read all through the Bible, flashed upon their minds. "Keep it Nancy, keep it," said Kate, "I don't deserve it and it is not mine."

It was the first time for some years that Kate had ever opened her heart to the wrong, and more precious than the money, ten times told, was the conviction that hushed the Christmas hymn that never had wrought a blessed change in her sister's heart. She put away the note until Joseph's return, and they both insisted on giving it to the widow, who at first had refused it, and retired to bed, weeping tears of penitence at their tenderness.

From that time poor Kate lived a new life.

Uncle Gregory had been some time in Scotland, and did not come to them until Christmas day, when just at dinner time he joined the family, both to the delight of Nancy and the surprise of Kate, who went up and told him how she had neglected the Bible and did not deserve his present.

In the evening he was asked about the old tin box. Nancy had carefully complied with his request, thinking that odd as it was, it was right not to try to keep from one who had so often benefited her. When the beard was unlocked and turned out, and the fourpenny bit was found, amounted to 14 shillings and sixpence to seven pounds. Nancy had not exactly computed the total, and it surprised her.

"See," said uncle Gregory, "which the great of a very moderate amount of beer and tobacco comes to in a year!"

The next day he doubled the sum, and a good stock of coals, and groceries, and potatoes, and meal, was laid in with the proceeds. Meanwhile "the Christmas box" was raised to stand on its pedestal on the shelf of a closet to hold the weekly savings of another year.

The lesson was not lost on any of them; poor Kate, whose feet had well nigh slipped, especially took heed to her ways, and though uncle Gregory did not live to see another Christmas day, he left his savings to his nieces in the full certainty that the money he had earned carefully, would be spent wisely and nicely. And a happy and prosperous home was that of Joseph and Nancy Hardy, and their widowed sister. May you, dear reader, make for yourself a similar Christmas box!

C. L. BALFOUR.

"Curiosity led me to step into one of the cabins; it was a small one, where nine females were spinning, and one reeling." Dr. Adam Clarke.

REAL BENEVOLENCE.

PERHAPS it is amongst the poor themselves that the greatest amount of disinterested benevolence is to be found; indeed, generally speaking, every species of assistance which they render to one another, must be regarded in this aspect, inasmuch as they cannot leave the burthen of others without augmenting their own. The following circumstance which came under the observation of the late Dr. Adam Clarke, will, however place this subject in a clearer point of view. "In our way from Ballycastle to Coleraine (he says) we stopped at a village called Moss Side. As there was no stable in the place we led the horses in the street. Curiosity led me to step into one of the cabins; it was a small one where nine females were spinning, and one reeling the produce of their labour. There was a bed in the place, in which a young lad of about fourteen years of age lay, who had received a hurt in his ankle several weeks before, and was still confined to his bed. On asking them if they all belonged to one family, I was answered 'No.' One who spoke for the rest said 'We are only neighbours of this poor woman; her son got a hurt several weeks ago by which he has been rendered unable to work; our neighbour being distressed and getting behind hand, we have agreed to give her a day's work.' They were all spinning as hard as they could in order to make the most possible profit for the poor family, by their day's work. There was not one of the nine who did not herself appear to be in the most abject poverty; and they now conjoined their labours to relieve one who was only more miserable than themselves. *This was one of the finest specimens of philanthropy I had ever seen.* I had admired the wonders of the Giants' Causeway, the impressive aspect of Fingal's, and the sublime grandeur of Fair Head; but all these were lost in the scene now before me. The former were the wonders of the God of Nature, these the works of the God of humanity and mercy; and to witness the sight of the poor labouring for, and in order to relieve the poor, and those to whose poverty was added affliction, read me a lesson of deep instruction." The benevolence of the working classes seldom however transpires, or is thus brought out before the public eye. In general it is buried as well as born in obscurity; but instances equally lovely as the above are of more frequent occurrence amongst them than many have my idea of; and though they are not here blazoned abroad by the trumpet of fame, the day is coming when they will be both proclaimed and rewarded. Indeed it is probable that when the givings of the rich and the poor, together with the "abundance" of the one, and the "penury" of the other, are brought under the cognizance of the unerring scrutiny of human actions, it will, in myriads of instances be made manifest, that the hard-earned "two mites" which did utter had "of their penury" contributed, were of more value in His sight, than the princely sums which the former had "of their abundance" cast in unto the offerings of God.—J. N. B.

"If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."—2 Cor. viii. 12.

"We, then, that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."—Romans xv. 1.

FAMILY PRAYER.

SIR THOMAS ABNEY was, as is well known, the beloved friend of the celebrated Dr. Watts, who found in his house an asylum for more than thirty-six years. This knight was not more distinguished for his hospitality than his piety. Neither business nor pleasure interrupted his observance of public and domestic worship. Of this, a remarkable instance is recorded:—On the evening of the day on which he entered the important office of LORD MAYOR of LONDON, without any notice he withdrew from the grand banquet at the Guildhall after supper, went to his house, there conducted family worship, and then returned to the company.

THE REV. JOHN BAILY, an eminent divine of the seventeenth century, was so honoured of God as to be made the instrument, even when a child, of the conversion of his own father. His mother was a very pious woman, but his father was a wicked man. The good instructions and frequent prayers of the former were so blessed to the soul of little John, that he was brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ whilst very young, and having a remarkable gift in prayer, his mother wished him to pray in the family. His father, overhearing him engaged in this hallowed exercise, was so struck with remorse and shame at finding his child, then not above twelve years of age, performing that duty in his house he had neglected himself, that it brought on a deep conviction of his wretched state as a sinner before God, and it proved through the Divine blessing, the means of his conversion. *"I cried unto God with my voice; even unto God with my voice; and He gave ear unto me."* Psalm lxxvii.

JOHN HOWARD, the philanthropist, is said never to have neglected the duty of family prayer, even though there was but one, and that one his domestic, to join in it; always declaring that where he had a text God should have an altar. This was the case not only in England, but in every part of Europe which they visited together; it being his invariable practice, wherever and with whomsoever he might be, to tell Tomeson to come to him at a certain hour; and well knowing what the direction meant, the latter would be sure to find his master in his room, the doors of which he would order him to fasten. Let who would come, nobody was admitted till the devotional exercise was over.

A FATHER once received from his child, not four years old, one of the most severe reproofs he ever met with. Some pressing business matters were made the excuse for neglecting the duty of family prayer one morning, and the little child was, as it were, out of its element all the forenoon. At noon, when the father came home to dinner, the little reprover climbed on his knee, and with a sigh, said, "Father, you did not pray with us to-day."

"No, my dear, I did not," replied the father.

"But father, you *ought*, ought you not?—why did you not?"

The father had not a word to reply, and the child's rebuke happily proved a lasting blessing.

Reader! have you a family altar?

TO OUR READERS.

THE close of 1856 calls upon us to return our thanks to our numerous friends for their valuable co-operation. It will greatly them to learn that there has recently been a considerable increase in the circulation, and that the sales for last month has reached 76 000.

We are still 25,000 *below* the required number. The loss upon the twenty-four numbers issued having exceeded £700, we feel justified in respectfully *urging* our readers to *canvass* at once for new subscribers, so that we may have the pleasure (D. V.) of commencing the NEW YEAR with a *self-sustaining* circulation.

In closing our columns for this eventful year, we would ask our readers to unite with us in *thanksgivings* to the God of all our mercies, that we are again blessed with PEACE and PLENTY. The appointed weeks of harvest have been vouchsafed to us, and the bountiful crops of corn have been safely gathered. Had we been smitten with a bad harvest, the state of the country during the approaching winter, would have been fearful. With David we would exclaim, "*Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.*"

"O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. For He is our God, and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand." Psalm xcv. 6, 7.

VERSES BY DR. HUIE, ON **THE FLIGHT OF TIME.** WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

HARK! how the solemn midnight bell,
From yonder turret lone,
Proclaims, with loud and startling knell,
Another year is gone!
And shall we drain the wassail cup,
Or raise the song of glee,
As swiftly, surely, winding up
Our thread of life we see?

No! if in youth's unthinking day,
Ere care had marked the brow,
We trifled months and years away,
Let us be wiser now:
And, conscious of the mighty debt,
We to our Maker owe,
No longer struggle to forget
We reap but what we sow!

No! Let us seek, with holy dread,
Through his exalted Son,
A pardon for the year that's fled,
And grace for that begun.
Grace, to improve the little hour,
For peace and safety given;
Grace, to resist temptation's pow'r,
And tread the path to heaven.

O! think that, if an opening year
A lengthened period seem,
It will but at its close appear,
A short, a troubled dream;
Approaching, Time ne'er travels fast,
To scythe and crutch he clings,
And 'tis not till for ever past,
That we perceive his wings!

BRITISH WORKMAN

GLOUCESTERSHIRE COLLIER.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE COLLIER.

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CELEBRATED COLLIERS AND MINERS.

[To Colliers and Miners we are so much indebted for our *fire-side* comforts at this season, that we give them the first place in our New Year's number.]

GEORGE STEPHENSON, the celebrated civil engineer and the father of the present Robert Stephenson, was, in the early part of his life, a miner. He was born in a collier village near Newcastle, in 1781. His father was an engine tenter at a pit, and George was taken when very young to earn twopence a day as an engine boy. In due time he became strong enough to work underground as a collier's assistant; and, after serving such an apprenticeship as is usual, became a pit labourer, afterwards a breakman. In this humble capacity he worked steadily, soberly, and cheerfully; drawing the attention of his immediate superiors by his intelligence and readiness of resource when anything went wrong in the pit and required amendment. He was also remarked for a vigilant habit of observation, and a constant regard for the interests of his employers. The engine at the pit mouth becoming unworkable, and the regular engineer having pronounced its condition hopeless, Stephenson came forward and offered to repair it. This he did completely, and he was forthwith installed by his employers in the place of engine man. From this he rose by various steps to the important position he ultimately occupied. He does not appear to have had any school education, and it is said that he could not readily read till he was twenty. He was a self-educated man, feeling his own deficiency he devoted himself to mental improvement by observation, experiment, reading, and study, at all times when he had the opportunity, and thus became useful, wealthy, and famous. About the same time that Sir Humphrey

"NOW LADS—I THINK I'VE GOT THE *WHEAT*, AND YOU'VE GOT THE *CHAFF*." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Davy invented the safety lamp in London, Stephenson at Newcastle made one also. But his chief fame rests upon his improvements in locomotive engines and railways, and upon the lines of railway which he planned and carried out. He died at his residence, called Tapton House, near Chesterfield, August 22, 1848, aged 67. In the central hall of the Euston Square terminus of the North Western Railway, there has recently been placed a marble statue, by Baily, in honor of this man, who, having fought manfully the battle of life, raised himself from obscurity to renown, and became the benefactor of his country and his age.

George Elliot, Esq., of Houghton Hall, Durham, viewer of the extensive mines of the Marchioness of Londonderry, a gentleman to whom the nation is indebted for a mass of most valuable evidence on mines, given before various committees of the House of Lords, and the House of Commons—whose untiring efforts for promoting the domestic comfort and social elevation of the colliers, have secured for him the affection of tens of thousands in the colliery districts, was originally a trapper boy in one of the very coal pits of which he is now the viewer! By industry, perseverance, and "redeeming the time," he has attained a position in society, which secures for him the regard of the nobler of the land.

William Llewellyn, a celebrated collier of Margoitshill, Gloucestershire, who died December 2nd, 1773, aged 86 years.

He worked as a collier all his life for the support of himself and family; he was passionately fond of the study of astronomy—he frequently spent whole nights in stargazing and the study of the heavenly bodies. He saved thirty pounds in his youth, and spent the whole in books of science. He read the works of Newton, Halley, and other great writers. He made telescopes and microscopes of every kind—he calculated eclipses to the greatest nicety. He made an almanac, and when he died left behind him a name that will be long remembered.

Several of his descendants are now moving in highly respectable circles.

The following poetry was written by a friend after his death:—

EPITAPH

To William Llewellyn, the learned collier of Margoitshill, in Gloucestershire.

Beneath this humble turf there lies
An honest collier, learn'd and wise;
His mind by love of knowledge fired,
To wisdom more than wealth aspired:
And thought it was a happy joy
To dwell with Newtonian in a cot,
To leave off from early youth,
His search was philosophic truth,
And oft from slightly reel he stole
To seek the chamber of his soul
In nature's book; by nature taught
He learned to think as Newton thought;
And with an astronomic eye
Measured the rolling orbs on high.
He knew the courses, modes, rights,
Of all the planetary train.
And was precision just and clear
Marked out the orbit of this year
To him were nature's treasures a store,
And science made them all his more.
What thinkest not wealth nor honour'd birth
Distinguished him from dirt of earth—
What thinkest he state nor titled name
Ennobled him in the eye of fame—
His soul aspired to nobler things,
And left the world to toils and kings;
Content to enjoy the better part,
A knowing hand and honest heart.

Accept O sage, the tribute due,
To worth so simply cast as thine;
And let the learn'd with scornful eye
What friendship offers at this shrine.

The Collier-Bishop.—When Gregory conferred with the church at Comana re specting the choice of a pastor, some of the people were for having a man of rank and splendid abilities; but Gregory, recollecting that the prophet anointed David to shepherd, to be King over Israel, he requested them to look amongst the lowest order of society, and see whether a person could not be found, possessed of piety and ministerial qualifications. This was received with indignation by some of the inhabitants of the city, and one high-minded man told the worthy bishop by way of contempt, that he should then be take a person from the scum of the people, they might as well select Alexander the *collier* from their ranks. Gregory took the hint, and sent for Alexander, who appeared before them, ragged in his apparel, and bemoaned with the dirt of his employment, exciting the laughter of the less sedate among the assembly. The bishop soon perceived him to be a man of humble mind and piety; and, after withdrawing with him, and instructing him how to act, returned to the assembly, and delivered a discourse on the pastoral office. It was not long before Alexander, who was a exactly looking man, was again presented to the brethren, washed and attired in the canonicals of the episcopal order, and was chosen *collier* as he had been—bishop of Comana, with only one dissenting voice!

John Oyle.—Amongst the celebrated men who have risen from the ranks of the miners of Cornwall, may be mentioned John Oyle the artist, who was the son of a carpenter at St. Agnes, near Truro, and has left a name honourably remembered in English art. One was discovered in the tin mines of Cornwall by an equally celebrated man, Peter Pindar. Peter, or more truly, Dr. Walcot, found Oyle to be tough and unpolished, but full of talent. Peter Pindar had many ways of making Oyle known. He talked about him, and wrote about him, and printed about him, for this purpose. He introduced persons of importance to the artist's rooms, and many of them sat for their portraits, while some became commissions. Oyle soon became celebrated as the "Cornish wonder," and his fame soon overspread all England. But so, that, when Pitt and Nelson died, the "Cornish wonder" was in the list behind of his superiors. He, therefore, made money more rapidly than spendthrifts consume it, was courted by all, and became a full Royal Academician, and better still, a good man. He was more blessed than many men of genius; for, almost as soon as he proved that he possessed genius, the world was on his side, and honours were awaiting him. Some fifty years since, he died, leaving as his widow the "Amelia Opie" of thousands of admiring readers. Opie's remains were deposited in St. Paul's Cathedral, near to those of Wren, but nearer still to those of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In the lead mines of the north of England is found another instance of intelligence among miners in Mr. Leybrand, who has printed a small treatise on the formation and filling of metallic veins, in which he has ably discussed questions connected with their electrical origin. Mr. Leithart was a working miner, whose only education was at a Sunday school.

Samuel Drew, the Cornish metaphysician, may be traced back to the mines, for at eight years of age he worked as a *buddle-boy*, that is, he was employed at the surface works of a mine in carrying up the fractured deposits in the *buddles* or pits, and in keeping them in agitation until this part of the separating process was complete. This fact is narrated in that interesting book, "The Life, Character, and Literary Labours of Samuel Drew," by his eldest son.—*From "Cornwall, its Mines and Miners."*

Martin Luther, the reformer, was born at Eisleben, in Saxony, in 1483. His parents were poor, his father being a *miner* and worker in metals, and probably the hardships and struggles of his early years did much for the development of Martin's character. Luther received his early education at Magdeburg, and was kept so scantily supplied with the necessaries of life that he was compelled to beg his bread in the town from day to day. After this he went to a school of the Franciscans at Eisenach, and here, also, he, in common with the rest of the poor scholars, had to sing in the streets of the town in the evenings, in order to procure a daily maintenance; the convent only affording them lodging and education in return for all manner of domestic service. By his sweet voice and ingenuous manner young Luther frequently gained upon the regard of the good people of the town, and obtained food or money. He afterwards went to the University of Erfurt, and while here, the sudden death of a companion by lightning, who was walking by his side in the country, impressed his mind so much as to cause him to determine to devote himself entirely to God's service, instead of entering, as he had friends desired. With this view he joined a monastery of Augustinian friars, and while here the discovery and reading of a Bible in the Latin language in the library was the means of enlightening his mind and gradually producing the important change in his views which influenced all his after life. He died Feb. 18th, 1546.

James Hakes, Esq., a clever mathematical writer, "was, I believe," says the author of *Cornwall its Mines and Miners*, "a boy working with the late George Stephenson underground." During some years of his early life he filled the station of a fireman in one of the small steam vessels used in the Tyne for towing ships. Even in this humble position, however, he was acquiring knowledge, and overcoming difficulties of which few persons acquiring other opportunities of self-culture could readily form a conception, and while quite a young man he published his first work, "Mechanics for Practical Men," still a standard work, which had the good fortune to draw attention to the position of its author, and contributed in no small degree to his success. For many years he was a resident of London, having been engaged as Professor of Mathematics in King's College soon after its establishment, and his contributions to the mathematical works of the day have been exceedingly copious and important. He died in the year 1836.

SONG OF THE MINERS.

Down in the mine which the sunbeams
ne'er lighten,
We cheerfully labour our living to win;
For where are the hardships which hope
cannot brighten,
What matters the gloom if there's sunshine within!
On the home of our sovereign the light
may be glowing,
Round the parcels of the peasant the
roseboids may twine,
But both palace and cottage, their comforts
are owing
To brave hands and busy hands down in
the mine!

We toil here for all that in life is endearing,
We toil for the wives and the children
we love,
Their smiles are as bright, and their words
are as cheering
To miners below, as to peasants above.
Begrimed though the face be, and black-
ened the fingers,
Pure lips, and a conscience unsullied be
we;
For sin is the dark thing that stains where
it lingers,
And true hearts and pure hearts may
beat in the mine!

Oh! yes, for the Spirit of mercy attending,
Brings tidings of pardon and peace even
here,
And when humble prayer from the depths
is ascending,
The snowy-winged angels are hovering
near!
By the light which to all those who ask it
is given,
Then search for the treasure of wisdom
divine,
That the Lord may count up 'mid His jewels
in heaven,
The humble—the faithful—who toil in
the mine!

A. L. O. E.

Authoress of the "Claremont Tales."

THE STAFFORDSHIRE MINER.

John Roberts died about ten or twelve years since—a poor mechanical genius, who could never illuminate his own obscurity by the light which he kindled for richer men to bask in. It was John's misfortune, without being other men's fault, that he could manipulate neither figures nor figures. An exuberant in the one as profuse with the other, John got money which he could not keep, and mixed up so many extravagant speculations with his really useful ones—frequent exposure to wet and cold, and extreme of heat in mines and furnaces, relieved by the suicidal indemnity of ardent spirits, "to keep out a cold," they said, but it led to death. John's complexion was constitutionally pallid—"sickled o'er" with the pale cast of thought, but his eye was singularly brilliant, and his expression unmistakeably intelligent. He could neither read, nor write, nor speak grammatically, yet he made ed explaining apparatus, and even arguing a predicament in mechanics or geometry, was all the clearer, perhaps, to amateurs, for the absence of technical terms, and the thorough insight of his own, which he could impart to others. He was a meek-tempered, kind-hearted man, with no energy of his own making, except the drink, which was a host in itself, and curtailed his usefulness, squandered his resources, damaged his character, and abridged his life. Poor John! he died in the prime of manhood, leaving nothing but the memory of his genius to his family, whom, under better auspices, it might have raised from obscurity. He breathed his last in a low house in the back street of an iron township in the "black country." Consumption set her icy hand upon his lungs, and withered them, and yet in mercy, for it afforded poor John time for reflection and repentance. During this, his last illness, he was perfectly at ease. At my last visit he had seized my hand to bid me farewell, thanking me with tears of gratitude for what I had been permitted to do for him, and held my hand so tightly and so long, that not to withdraw it unkindly I left the hand in his, and left the sons of his family at his bedside to offer prayer. When the prayer was over, he for whom it had been offered was no more; my hand was clasped in clay, and we had been kneeling for some minutes round a thing of dust and ashes!

He lies in St. Mary's churchyard, in Bilston, and if I remember rightly, without even a stone to mark where the other genius sleeps.

Rev. J. H. Owen, M.A.

WHEAT AND CHAFF;

OR,

A WORD TO THE COALWHIPPERS.

(See engraving on last page.)

During the past few months there has been no small stir amongst the coalwhippers of London relative to the late repeal of the Act of Parliament which was passed for their protection a few years ago.

We are not in a position to judge how the coalwhippers are in danger of being again brought under the fearful bondage of bygone days, but if there be well grounded fears for such being the case, we are sure that the Earl of Shaftesbury, who has so justly earned the title of *the Working man's Friend*, will soon raise his powerful voice on their behalf.

There is, how ever, a power possessed by the coalwhippers themselves, which no Act of Parliament can possibly bestow. The following, which we communicated to the Sphynx, of Holloway, will illustrate our meaning. A gang of coalwhippers, who were accustomed to the habit of spending, when in full work, from four to six shillings a day each in the "Public"—a rate of expenditure which hundreds of them in London can testify is a matter of common occurrence—had one man of the number who wisely began to *think*, thinking led to *resolving*, and resolving to *acting*. Many a night had he paid his Saturday night earnings to publicans, commencing at twice and not unfrequently to three times as much as he carried home for the feeding and clothing of his wife and family, and he now began to *think* this was not *right*. Yielding to a gracious influence, he resolved one day that he would, by God's help, spend no more of his hard-earned money so foolishly as he had done, but that he would strive to do his duty as a husband to his family.

The next day, instead of going with his comrades to the public house at drinking time, he went to the nearest coffee shop and had a cup of coffee and a good slice of bread.

His mates jeered and cursed him, but he was as firm as a rock, for he happily sought God's help. With good nourishing food and his coffee, he kept pace with the gang. Although they were obliged to admit, after a few days, that he got through his work as well as they did, yet they constantly "chaffed" him, but without effect.

The tables were turned when pay night came. The "score" for drink against every other man was so heavy that not one of them had more than thirteen shillings to receive. The man who had *thought*, *resolved*, and *acted*, now came forward, and the inquiry was made—

"What's the score against you?"

"Nothing at all," was the reply.

The astonished paymaster could not credit the statement, but on inquiry, he of course found it to be quite correct.

He then handed to the brave British workman the sum of *Two pounds, seven shillings!*

Turning round to those comrades who had been the loudest in ridiculing his wise conduct, and throwing down the two sovereigns, two half-crowns, and two shilling pieces, said, "Now lads, you've 'chaffed' me hard enough, but I think, now, I've got the *wheat*, and you've got the *chaff*."

Let coalwhippers and others act as this wise man has, and they will do more for *themselves*, than a hundred Acts of Parliament can do for them.—*God helps those who help themselves.*

"HOE OUT YOUR ROW."

One summer day, a farmer's boy
Was hoeing out the corn;
And modestly had chosen long
To hear the dinner horn.
The welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he threw his hoe;
But the good man shouted in his ear,
"My boy hoe out your row."

Although a hard one was the row,
To use a ploughman's phrase;
And the boy, in his heart, wished it,
Beginning well to "haze."
"I can," he said, and manfully
Again he seized the hoe;
And the good man smiled to see
The boy hoe out his row.

The lad the text remembered,
And learned the lesson well,
That perseverance to the end
At last will conquer all.
Take courage man, resolve you can,
And strike a vig'rous blow
In life's wide field of varied toil,
Always "hoe out your row!"

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THE WIDOW'S SON.

OR

A NIGHT WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[The effort in America for the reclamation of drunkards is called "The Washington Movement," is one of the most remarkable ever known. We trust that the relenting compassion and sympathies of the Wesleyan methods will lead many of our readers to care for the poor inebriate.]

It had snowed heavily throughout the day, but towards evening the temperature moderated, and it commenced raining steadily with every appearance of the storm continuing for the night. The light snow now thoroughly saturated with water, made the walking so bad, that few individuals ventured forth, unless acted upon by the impulse of necessity, or seeking the gratification of some strong desire.

It was the last named motive that induced me to leave a comfortable fireside. So much had I become interested in the progress of the great Washingtonian movement, that I was eager to observe all its phases, I therefore availed myself of every opportunity to attend the meetings of Moral Reformers. This was the regular night, and I considered the question but a moment, before resolving to think but lightly of the storm.

As I picked my way through the streets, I observed a man staggering along before me evidently intoxicated. At the corner he paused and looked for some time, down towards the wharf, evidently debating an undecided question. While he thus stood I came up to him; I saw that he was a man in the prime of life, miserably clad, and shivering with the cold. The rain had penetrated his garments until they were dripping—his feet, upon which were a pair of worn stockings, and shoes fall of holes, were, of course, thoroughly soaked with the snow water, and were, as I supposed, nearly frozen.

Hundreds of times before had I passed such miserable creatures in the street with a feeling of shrinking disgust, but now my heart yearned for the poor wretch, shivering and shrinking in the storm, even though he was a debased drunkard, and in a state of intoxication.

"What are you doing out on such a night as this my friend?" I said to him in a kind tone

"I should think it would not take you long to guess" he replied, with some bitterness.

"Not after more of the accursed poison that has ruined you?" I said.

"What else do you think could bring me out such a night as this? But I have no money, and am burning up with thirst. Give me a few cents sir, in the name of Heaven!"

"I cannot do that, my friend, because it would do you harm. But why not drink water if you are so dry?"

"Water! water! then give me some water, or I shall be consumed with the fire within me."

I took hold of the wretched man's arm, and led him along until I came near a little shop, into which I went, and procured for him a glass of water. He drank it off with trembling eagerness.

"Now, my friend," I said kindly and encouragingly, "would'nt you give worlds, if you had them, to be able to break away from the bondage in which you now are?"

"Worlds!" he ejaculated with energy; "Yes, millions of worlds! But my case is hopeless. Hundreds and hundreds of times have I resolved to reform, and hundreds and hundreds of times have I broken my pledge! I put my good resolution into practice, but it was no use—I always went back again, and at every such relapse, became worse. There is no hope—no hope!"

O how sad and mournful were his tones as he uttered that brief sentence!

"There is hope my friend! I remarked in a quick, confident, energetic voice, meant to inspire him if possible, with a new resolution.

"How? where? Do not mock me, sir," he replied—at first in a tone of confidence, that subsided into one of despondency and doubt.

"Have you not heard of the Washingtonians?"

"Washingtonians? No; who are they?"

"Reformed drinkers. Many of them men who were as far gone as you are."

"You are trifling with me, sir," the poor man said, shaking his head slowly. "No one ever heard of men like me reforming. Every body gives us over to destruction, and to destruction we go without a hand strong enough being reached out to save us."

"I have heard of many such," I replied, with emphatic earnestness, "and if you will go with me to-night, I will show you more than a hundred men once as bad, if not worse than you are, who are reformed. And they will tell you how you may reform. And not only tell you how, but will assist you to reform. Will you go with me?"

"I will," was his prompt answer.

And then he walked along with me, much sobered, while I said every thing I could to encourage him. We soon arrived at the meeting house. Notwithstanding the very inclement night, there were several hundreds present. The meeting not being yet organized, many individuals came round the poor wretch I had brought in, and commenced talking to him. I pointed to the condition of his feet, when, on examination, it was found that they were benumbed, and nearly frozen. A bucket of pump water was immediately obtained and his feet plunged into it, and hold there until sensation was restored. Then a pair of dry, warm stockings, and a pair of new, stout shoes were placed upon them, and some of his drenched clothes removed, and warm, dry, coarse garments were given to him in their stead.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD MINER.

"THERE's danger in the mines, old man," I exclaimed to a miner, who, with his arms bent, leaned against the sides of the immense vault, absorbed in meditation—"it must be a frightful life."

The old man looked with a steadfast, but somewhat vacant stare, and then, in half-broken sentences he muttered, "Dangerous where is there not danger—on the earth or beneath it—on the mountain or in the valley—on the ocean or in the quiet of Nature's most hidden spot—where hath not death left some token of his presence?"

"Truly," I replied, "but the vicissitudes of life are various, the sailor seeks his living on the waters, and he knows each moment that they might engulph him—the hunter seeks death in the wild woods—the soldier in the field of battle—and the miner does not but that the spot where he now stands to-morrow may be his tomb."

"It is so, indeed," replied the old man, "we find death in the means we seek to perpetuate life, 'tis a strange riddle, who shall solve it?"

"Have you long followed this occupation?" I asked, somewhat struck with the old man's manner."

"From a boy; I drew my first breath in the pit—I shall yield it up in their gloom."

"You have seen some of these vicissitudes," I said, "to which you just now alluded."

"Yes," he replied, with a faltering voice, "I have. There was a time when three small boys looked up to me, and called me father; they were sturdy strippings. Now it seems but yesterday they stood before me in the pride of their strength, and I filled, too, with a father's vanity! But the Lord scattered the proud hearts—where are they now? I saw the youngest—he was the dearest of the flock, his mother's spirit seemed to have settled on him—crushed at my feet, a bleeding mass; we were together, so near that his hot blood sprung up into my face. Mother, lead had been more lasting than those fearful drops. One moment, and his light laugh was in my ears; the next, and the large mass came; there was no cry of terror, but transition to eternity as was the lightning's flash, and my poor boy lay crushed beneath the fearful load It was an awful moment! but time—that brought relief, and I still had two sons. But my cup of affliction was not yet full; they, too, were taken from me. Side by side they died, not as their brother, but the 'firedamp' caught their breath, and left them scorched and lifeless. They brought them home to the old man; his jewels, than whom earth's richest treasures in his sight had no price, and told him he was childless and alone. It is a strange decree, that the old plant should thus survive the stripling things we shield, and for whom it would have died a thousand times. Is it surprising that I should wish to die here in the mines?"

"You have, indeed," I replied, "drunk of affliction; whence do you derive consolation?"

The old man looked up—"From HEAVEN; *God gave, and he taketh away, blessed be his name.*"

I bowed my head to the miner's pious prayer, and the old man passed on.

THE PIT BOY.

The sun is sinking fast, mother,
Behind the western hills;
The bell is telling loud, mother,
The breeze of evening chills.
It calls me to the pit, mother,
My nightly toil to share;
One kiss before we part, mother,
For danger lingers there.

My father's voice I hear, mother,
As near his grave I tread,
He bids me comfort thee, mother,
And share with thee my bread.
And whilst I see thee smile, mother,
My labour light shall be;
And should his fate be mine, mother,
Then Heaven will comfort thee.

THE REV. BENJ. PARSONS PREACHING IN THE COAL PIT.

UNDERGROUND PREACHING.

THE late Rev. Benjamin Parsons, of Ebley, preached to the colliers in the employ of Messrs. Westbered, Cossham, and Wethered, at Parkfield Colliery, in August, 1855.

Time—Six o'clock in the morning.

Place—Bottom of Cook's pit.

Text—40th Psalm, 1st and 2nd verses.

Congregation—About two hundred.

Mr. Parsons stood with his back to the pit—the lads sat down round Mr. Parson's feet—the young men formed the next ring, and the older men sat at the sides of the branches. The greater portion sat on the ground, some few on their heels, and the rest on old budgets and tubs. About half the men and boys had their candles lighted. Mr. Parsons was dressed in pit clothes.

The men listened with the greatest attention, and were much pleased; many of them were deeply affected, and often advert to the sermon and incidents with sincere pleasure and delight.

THE SERMON.—Mr. Parsons referred to the Psalmist having been lately brought out of trouble, and comparing it to a "horrible pit and miry clay." He then showed that a life of sin and transgression might be compared to a "horrible pit and miry clay," and proved that the religion of the Bible was designed to bring us "up out of this stage," and give *stability* to our *characters*, and firmness of purpose to our conduct and pursuits. He also told his hearers in what respect real religion might be compared to a man with his feet upon a *rock*.

1st. It supported the soul in trial and temptation.

2nd. It enabled the man under its influence to stand firm to principle amidst opposition and obloquy.

3rd. It would support and strengthen in the hour of death.

The whole sermon was marked by the peculiarities of style and manner so characteristic of Mr. Parsons. Many of his illustrations were taken from the place where he was preaching, and the circumstances connected with pit life.

He often referred with pleasure to this occasion, and his remark as he came up out of the pit, and saw the rays of light brighter and brighter as he neared the top was, "That is like it is with the Christian in death. *Heaven looks brighter as he gets nearer.*"

For the benefit of those of our readers who have not visited a coalpit, we give, in the preceding page, a sketch of the surface works of the Parkfield Colliery. We do so with the greater pleasure, as its spirited proprietors have exerted themselves so much to improve the social condition of their workpeople, and promote their temporal and eternal happiness.

On inquiry, we have been gratified to learn that the 350 men and boys employed at this colliery receive their wages on *Friday* afternoon—that they have a good free circulating library—an excellent sick fund—that a weekly Bible class for the children of the miners is conducted by one of the principals, and occasionally lectures are given.

The efforts of this firm to promote habits of temperance amongst their hands have been signally successful. About one third of the men never known to touch spirits or malt liquor.

A striking illustration of the value of temperance to miners is furnished by the following fact which we extract from one of the volumes of "Anecdotes" published by the Religious Tract Society, some years ago.

"In the copper mines of Knockmahon, in Ireland, as we are informed by their manager, Captain Petherick, more than one thousand persons are daily employed, of whom eight hundred have taken the total abstinence pledge. Since doing so, the value of their productive industry has increased by nearly £5,000 per annum, and not only are they able to put forth more exertion, but their work is done better, and with less fatigue to themselves. Besides this, they save at least £6,000 every year, which had previously been expended in the purchase of alcoholic liquors".

We trust that many miners will be led by this important testimony to *take care of* their hard-earned money, and not squander it at the ale house and dram shop.

MINING SCHOOLS.

We are glad to find that schools specially for the children of miners, are being established in various districts. Our attention has been called to the one in Bristol, under the superintendence of Mr. Mark Fryer, a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with practical training in all its details. The course of instruction includes geology, mining, surveying, boring, sinking, pumping, winding, ventilation, lighting, timbering, drawing, book keeping, and the lowest possible rate is charged, so that *all* the working miners may have the opportunity of giving their children a little *fortune in a good education*.

As some of our readers may desire to know more of the Bristol Mining School, we beg to refer them to Handel Cossham, Esq., of Shortwood Lodge, near Bristol.

For Wives & Mothers.

SUNDAY PLEASURING.

"Do you call this pleasure! I never worked so hard, or felt so tired and vexed in my life!" These words were spoken by a mother to her two boys as they all three trudged along the bridge over the canal, and turned towards the Harrow Road. They had been by barge up the canal to a drinking and dancing booth at Harlesden Green. The woman was a widow, who earned a living as a laundress, and her two sons were errand boys at shops in Paddington. Instead of encouraging her children to go to a Sabbath school, or going with them herself to a place of worship, this weak and wicked mother yielded to their wishes and went with them pleasuring on the Sabbath. On their return the mother was tired and cross; the boys, both of whom had been drinking, were quarrelsome, and the day ended wretchedly.

The next morning one boy was too tired and poorly to rise in time for his work, and so lost his place; now was that the worst, they wanted to go again to their Sunday sin and folly, and not long after the eldest boy was taken up for robbing his employer, and his mother, as being an accomplice, both were convicted, and confessed that to get money for Sunday excursions had been their temptation. The wretched mother's despair grief arose from the thought that she had been the means of taking them first among a company of Sabbath breakers; and then had led the way to their ultimate ruin.

THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.

Two respectably dressed women were walking along the Harrow Road, when, as they were about to pass a gin palace at the corner of a street, one of them said, "Let's go in here; I call this my half-way house," and they accordingly went in, without a blush of shame, and without fear of consequence. These women were the wives of mechanics, and yet they would go to a place where the blasphemous oath, the indecent jest, the brutal word, were as common as the drams they drank.

These two women had the means of living comfortably out of their husbands' wages; but they required to be careful and orderly in what they spent. Yet in that gin-shop, what they had not for drink would have bought a leaf or the best part of a good meal. Could a thrifty saving wife go there?

Think, what a process of sin and folly must have gone on in the mind of a wife and mother before she could call a gin-palace "her Half-Way House."

Yes! She might well call it the "Half-way House."

The gin-palace is the half-way to poverty. Ask the able-bodied pauper—he owns it with a sigh. It is the half-way to theft. Oh, that opprobrious boy weeping at the prisoners' bar, robbed his master's till to go to the concert or the tavern garden. It is the half-way to murder. Strong drink must be taken to drown the voice of conscience, and then the murderer can load the pistol, or sharpen the knife, or mix the poison

Yes! reader, it is half-way to the prison, the hulks, the scaffold.

"Avoid it—pass not by it—turn from it and pass away."

THE TWO PARTINGS.

"You make a fellow's life so miserable, Jane! I that I don't care if I never come home again, that I don't," said a stout young jaunty as he flung out of his house, and ran down the best of his way out of the hearing of his wife's shrill tongue.

Jane Dingwell, the wife, would have been happy enough, however poor she had known how, and to use her fingers as nimbly as her tongue. She was always respected by her neighbours, and her husband came home from his work, he seldom found a meal ready, or the house in order. So there would be angry words, and Joe would go off to the public, when, if he had a decent home, or the best of his wage would have gladly staid at home. With all their quarrels this couple were not without love for each other; when Jane was poorly sick, Joe watched over her bed as tender as a woman; and when Joe was slandered by a malicious fellow workman, Jane's tears were shed far more freely than they ever would have been for herself. But she wanted the tidy, orderly, punctual ways, that make home cheerful. The three great acquirements of a woman—*needlework, cooking, and housework*, were not known to her, and when fault was found she flew in a passion, and so it was this morning, and poor Joe left with anger in his words, and sorrow in his heart, a despairing man.

That very morning, just a few doors beyond, there was another parting. An old woman, the grandmother of the family, was very ill, and her son, John Arnold, and his wife, and their three children, after a plain, comfortable breakfast, had gathered round the bed of the sufferer, and John read the

103rd Psalm, and knelt down, his family all kneeling round, and had prayer—the prayer of faith, and hope, and love. He rose, pressed the hand of the invalid, whose feeble lips moved with the words, "God be gracious to thee, my son." John dashed a tear from his eye—his wife followed him to the door and kissed him—his little once hung about him, and one rosy prattler ran after him down the lane, and said, "Father, father, one more kiss for Nelly." Ah, clasp her close, poor child! for it is the last embrace her father will ever give her. He went with his heart overflowing with gratitude for all the sweet human ties that God had permitted to gather round him.

Hark! what is that? a shock! a rush! A sudden quiet, as if the hearts of the whole village had stood still—and then loud shouts and cries of men, and the wild scream of frantic women. Ah, it's too true! there's an explosion in the pit. Oh the agonies of wives, the terror of children, as they run in wild alarm to the place. Who can paint—nay, who imagine the scene; but what an added pang there is for those who have parted in anger, and in sin. "Ah," said a widow in my hearing in South Wales, "if we had but parted in peace!" Oh, reader, try so to part with those you love, that the last words uttered on earth may be fit to echo in Heaven.

MRS. BALFOUR.

THE PIT EXPLOSION.

BILSTON.

BILSTON is a smoky episode between Birmingham and Wolverhampton, a town of miners and japanners, and various workers in metals. Under many a coal-dusted face beats a thorough-going friendly heart, with as much of the milk of human kindness in it, as if it came naturally, like a moral secretion. We who have lived long and moved among them, have often had to admire their patient practical attention to one another—the poor to the poor, in those seasons of accident, sickness, or any other calamity to which the nature of their work exposes them. We have seen great all muscular fellows carrying home a child from the house of a bruised fellow-workman, that "the woman (his wife) mote tak care on it till the feyther got round again." We have known a neighbouring housewife dress the burn wounds of some bachelor man who had no wife nor mother to tend upon him, through the trying and repulsive period of such an accident as a pit-burning, and continue to wait upon him hand and foot, without fee or favour, for nine or ten weeks together. All this is in their favour greatly and nobly, but the drink ruins their other social virtues to a fearful extent, not to mention how awfully it tells upon their spiritual character and eternal destinies. Their wages are generally considerable, in some town possesses all the materials for civil, moral, and intellectual improvement, and he who writes this would be thankful to see all classes striving together to banish from among them vice, drunkenness, swearing, Sabbath-breaking, and their intolerable love of "justicing," and seeking to promote each other's social and religious welfare.

REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.

A BILSTON MINER.

WELSH HOUSEWIFE.

DON'T laugh dear reader! at the round high crowned black hat, worn by the tidy, hard working Welsh woman. That hat often covers a good sensible head, full of wise true thoughts. I've looked into the miners' homes in Wales, and when religion and sobriety were there, there are no working men's homes in wide Britain more comfortable.

The good wife has a decent pride in having nice, and sometimes handsome furniture in her house. There's a row of houses all occupied by miners, that extends up hill out of the town of Merthyr Tydvil. There's good mahogany presses, and tables there, that reflect from their polished surfaces the glow of the bright large fires. Plenty of hard work there must be to keep the rooms so neat and nice; and plenty of hard thrift to get such capital household gear; aye, and plenty of employment too, as at evening the wife spreads the plain plentiful meal, and waits her husband's return. He steps into his house like a king! How bright and warm and neat it is. And more than all it is his home! His kingdom! Who would crowl into a tap-room smelling of saw-dust, tobacco smoke, stale beer and dirty clothes, who could cheerfully go to a decent, quiet, snug little house, kept orderly by a good wife's hand, and lighted by her smile? But dear wife and mother, hear a word of advice from a friend. Have the fire, the meal, and the smile always ready; or the beer house keeper may cheat you of your husband.

B.

PLEASANT TIDINGS.

THE REV. W. HAYWARD, M.A., late Chaplain at the Aldershott Camp, writes us from the Camp of the Curragh, thus:—

"The 'BRITISH WORKMAN' so liberally sent to Aldershott, has been most *highly valued* by the men. Some of the copies were placed in each ward of our hospitals and in every reading room. I have little hesitation in saying, that judging from their appearance (they were *literally thumbed* till they came to pieces) and from comments I heard made about them, they are the *most popular* of the many illustrated magazines with which our hospitals have been furnished."

TOUCHING ANECDOTE.

THE following beautiful anecdote illustrative of the power of gospel principles amongst uncivilized Indians, is given in a note attached to the last poem, by Judge Conrad:—

"It has been alleged by high authority that the Indians cannot be converted; the readiest answer to the impious and profane absurdity is, that they *have* been converted. A large body of Indians have been converted by the Moravian missionaries, and settled in the West, where their simplicity, harmlessness, and happiness, seemed a renewal of the better days of Christianity. During the revolutionary war, these settlements, named Lichtenau and Gnadenhutten, being located in the seat of the former Indian contests, were exposed to outrage from both parties. Being, however, under the tuition and influence of the whites, and having adopted their religion and the virtuous portion of their habits, they naturally apprehended that the hostile Indians, sweeping down upon the American frontier, would take advantage of their helplessness, and destroy them as allies of the whites. Subsequent events enable us to compare the red and white man, and determine which is the savage. A party of two hundred hostile Hurons fiercely approached the Moravian Indian town. The Christian Indians conducted themselves in this trying extremity with meekness and firmness. They sent a deputation *with refreshments* to their approaching foes, and told them that by the word of God they were taught to be at peace with all men, and entreated for themselves and their white teachers peace and protection. And what replied the savages, fresh from the wilds and panting for blood? Did he mock to scorn the meek and christian appeal? Did he answer with his war-whoop, and lead on his men to the easy slaughter of his foes? What else could he expected from an Indian? Yet such was *not* the response of the red warrior. He said he was on a war party and his heart had been evil, and his aim had been blood, but the words of his brethren had opened his eyes. He would do them no harm. 'Obey your teachers, said he 'worship your God, and be not afraid. No creature shall harm you.'"

"They sent a deputation WITH REFRESHMENTS *to their approaching foes."*

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LOST AND FOUND
OR,
DICK JONES, THE SAILOR.

DICK JONES was the only son of a pious widow. He was self-willed, and well-nigh broke her heart by running away to sea. For years she never heard of him, for he gave way to dissipation and vice, and he never sent her even a single letter.

One night, as he paced the deck in his midnight watch, while the vessel went rushing onward through the deep, dark sea, solemn thoughts settled heavily around him. Here, and there, a star looked down upon him with watchful, reproving eye. He felt alone, in the presence of some mighty, mysterious Being. Early memories returned; the lessons of the Sabbath school, the plaintive toll of the church bell, the voice of his mother, as seated on her knee, she taught him of the dear Saviour, who took the children to his breast, and blessed them.

A few drops of rain, from a passing cloud, fell upon his head. In the excitement of the reverie, he gasped,—

"These are *her* tears! Yes! Just so they fell on my forehead, when she used to beseech me to forsake the foolish, and live, and go in the way of understanding."

These good impressions scarcely wore away during the brief remainder of the voyage. When he saw in dim outline, the hills of his country gleaming amid the clouds, a new joy took possession of his soul. And when his feet rested again on the solid earth, and he received his wages, his first thought was to hasten and share them with his mother and only sister, whom he had so recklessly forsaken.

"Will you come to my house, sir?" said a man upon the wharf, near him. "Good accommodations, sir, for sailor gentlemen. Everything, first cut and first cost."

"Where is your house?"

"Near by. Here, boy, take this fine young man's chest along. I'll show you the way, sir. The favourite boarding-house for all jolly, noble-spirited tars."

"I'll show you the way, sir. The favourite boarding-house for all jolly, noble-spirited tars."

10,093, 3-69.

It was evident that he was now in the power of a hard-shark. Alas! for all his hopes the struggles of conscience, the rekindling of right affections. Temptation, and the force of habit, were too strong for him. Almost continually intoxicated, his hard earnings vanished, he knew not how, or where. I was not long ere his rapacious landlord pronounced him in debt, and produced claims which he was unable to meet. His chest with all its contents was seized, and he, miserably clad, and half bewildered, was turned into the streets.

As the frames of prolonged revelry subsided, horrible images surrounded him. Shipboard revelations, and pampered vices, sprang from the seething caldron of his brain, frowning and gibbering like ghostly tormentors. Monstrous creatures grinned and beckoned, and when he would have fled, a cold slimy serpent seemed to coil around and fetter his trembling limbs.

Still, with returning reason came on a deeper misery. He desired to die, but death fled from him. Covering his face with his hands, he lay down on the ground, in the damp, chill air of evening, he meditated different forms of suicide. But the poison, fain have plunged into the sea, but his tottering limbs failed him. Searching for his knife, the only moveable that remained to him, he examined its blunted edge, and loosened blade, as if doubting their efficiency. Thus engaged, by the dim light of a street-lamp, perhaps as if the pangs of death had seized him, burst from his heaving breast, "Hal believing himself already a dweller with condemned spirits, he started at the sound of a human voice.

"Are thee in trouble, I think."

The eyes once so clear in the days of innocence, opening wide and wild, glared with amazement on the calm, compassionate brow of a middle-aged man, in the garb of a Quaker. The knife fell from his quivering hand, and sounded on the pavement. But there was no answer.

"Are thee in great trouble, friend?"

"*Friend! Friend!* Who calls me *friend?* I have no friends, but the tormentors to whom I am going."

"Poor man! I see thou art a sailor."

"I was once. What I am now I know not. I wish to be nothing. Leave me to myself, and those that are howling around me. Here! here! I come! and perhaps unkissy for his last knife.

The heart of the philanthropist yearned at over so sad a sight. The spirit of the Master who came to seek and to save the lost, moved within him.

"Alas! poor victim. How many have fallen, like thee, before the strong man armed. Sick art thou, and the very soul. I will give thee shelter for the night. Come wil' me, to my home."

"*Home!* Home!" shouted the inebriate, as if he understood him not. And while the benevolent man, taking his arm, staid his uncertain footsteps, he still repeated, but tones more humanized and tender,—"*Home! your home?* What! *as a sinner?*" and a burst of tears relieved the burning fires within.

And as that blessed man led him to his own house, and had him upon good bed, speaking words of comfort; heard he not from above that deep, thrilling melody, "I was sick, and ye visited me, I was naked, and ye came unto me? Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto me?"

With reviving day the sinful man revived, humbled in heart, and sad. Subdued by suffering, and softened by a kindness, which he felt to be wholly undeserved, he poured out a fervent prayer for divine aid in the great work of reformation. He was glad to avail himself, without delay, of the proposal of his benefactor, to enter on service in a temperance ship ready to sail immediately for the East Indies.

"I am acquainted with the captain," said the good man, "and can induce him to take thee. I am also interested in the vessel, and in the results of her voyage. A relative of mine goes out as surgeon. Both of them will be thy friends, if thou art true to thyself. But temperance brings much gain to the soul, as well as to the body. Wherefore, pray for healing, through the merits of Christ, and he who rejoiceth over the repentant sinner, will give thee aid."

Self abasement, and gratitude to his preserver, overfloed him an overwhelming flood, and choked his utterance.

"All men have sinned, my son, though not all in the same way. It is meet to weep for every one that sorroweth, and forsaketh the evil. God hath given me the great happiness of help some who have fallen low as thee. Thank Him, therefore, and act the poor arm of flesh. May He give thee strength to stand firm on the Rock of Salvation."

Broken words, mingled with tears, struggled vainly to express the emotions of the departing sailor. His benefactor once more shaking him heartily by the hand, bade him farewell.

"Peace be with thee, on the great waters. And remember to strive and pray."

A new world seemed to open upon the rescued one. Of the repentance and order he pervaded a temperance ship, he had no anticipation. There was neither profanity nor profaneness, no common among the crew, nor arrogance, and capricious punishment, on the part of those in power. Cheerful obedience, and just authority prevailed, as in a well-regulated family. He was both surprised and delighted to find his ship not an object of interest with the officers of the ship, to receive kind counsel from them, and to be permitted to employ his brief intervals of leisure with the well-chosen volumes of a seaman's library.

Still it was not with him, as if he had never sinned. Not all at once could he respire freely in a pure atmosphere. The sicd exhaustion, from the withdrawal of stimulants, to which he had been long accustomed, sometimes caused such deep despondence, that life itself seemed a burden.

Christian wisdom brings also a degree of moral obliquity. Every permitted sin lifts a barrier between the clear shining of God's countenance, and the cold and frail human heart. Perverted trains of thought, and polluted remembrances still lingered with him, and feelings long debased, did not readily acquire an upward tendency. Yet the parting admonition of his benefactor to *strive and pray*, ever sounded in his ears, and became the motto of his soul. By little and little, through faithful obedience, he obtained the victory. His improvement was noticed by others, before he dared to congratulate himself, for humility had strangely become a part of his character, who once defied all laws, human and divine. His countenance began to resume the ingenuous expression of early years, and the eyes, so long fiery, or downcast, looked up with the clearness of hope.

"Blessings on the temperance ship!" he often ejaculated, as he paced the deck in his slightly wasted, "and otherwise" hand on the holy man, who snatched me from the lowest hell."

At his arrival in a foreign port, he was tactfully to avoid every temptation. His friend, the supercargo, took him under his special charge, and gave him much better educated than is usual with sailors, gave him employment of a higher nature, which was both useful and pleasant. His expences were regulated with extreme economy, that he might lay up more than pay for those days once so dreary, whose images became more and more vivid, as his heart threw off the debasing dominion of intemperance, and the fetters of sin.

The returning voyage was one of unmingled satisfaction. Companions, not only subject to a healthful virtue, whose root was not in himself.

"Why is this?" he often soliloquized; "why should I be saved, while so many perish? How have I deserved such mercy, who willingly made a beast of myself through the fiery drauaht of intemperance? Oh, my *mother!* I know that thy *prayers* have followed me,—they have saved me."

With what a sanctified feeling did the hills of his native land gleam upon his eye, unfolding before him, like angels' wings. He felt also, that an angel's mission was this to the hearts that loved him, and which he, in madness had wounded. Hastening early on reaching the shore, he began his journey to them. Stopping his ears to the sounds of revelry, where he formerly found solace, he hurried by its haunts of temptation, less from fear, than from sickening disgust.

Autumn had ripened its fruits, without sacrificing the verdure of summer. It was the same season that, seven years before, he had traversed this region. But with what contrasted prospects, and purposes! How truly has it been said, that no two individuals can differ more from each other, than the same individual may, at different periods of life, differ from himself.

Richard Jones scarcely paused on his way for sleep, or for refreshment. He sought communion with none. The food of his home thoughts sufficed. As he drew near the spot of his birth, impatience increased almost beyond endurance. The rapid wheels seemed to make no progress, and the distance to lengthen interminably. Spitting the public vehicle, which did not pass that secluded part of the village where his parental cottage was situated, he sought it in solitude. It was pleasant to him to come unknown, and he meditated the rapturous surprise he was about to create.

Thoughtless that river! can they be the same? The roof! the very roof! and the maple that shaded it. That the garden-fence, the gate, are broken and gone. Where is the honeysuckle that my sister Margaret trained? He was about to lift the latch,—he hesitated, as if in days of old. But other thoughts came over him, and he lifted it gently, as a stranger, again, more earnestly.

"Who is there?"

"*The knife fell from his quivering hand and sounded on the pavement.*"

While the gartulous sexton made his way to his own dwelling, to describe his mysterious guest, and imminent peril of life, the supposed maniac was traversing the intervening space with breathless rapidity. Rushing onward towards a long, low building of gray stone, which appeared to have many tenants, he leaned a moment against it, to recover respiration, and bowing down, looked through an uncurtained window in its gloomy basement. By the flickering light of some brushwood, burning in the chimney, he saw a woman placing the fragments of a loaf upon a table, beside which sate two young children. She was thin, and bent, but having wrent down into the bosom, he was unable to see her features. Could that be *her*; so changed? Yet, the "*come in*," that responded to his rap, was in a tone that thrilled his inmost soul.

"Have you any food to bestow? I have travelled far, and am hungry."

"Sit down, sir, here at the table. I wish I had something better to offer you. But you are welcome to our poor fare."

As she spoke, she towards him the bread and the knife. He cut a slice, with a trembling hand. The youngest child, frightened at the movement, whispered, with a reproachful look,—

"Granny! you said I should have two pieces of bread, 'cause there was no dinner."

"Hush, Richard!" said the little sister, folding her arms around his neck.

The returning wanderer with diffiently maintained his disguise, as he marked the deep wrinkles on that brow, which he had left so smooth.

"Have you only this broken loaf, I fear the portion I have taken, will not leave enough for you and these little ones."

"We shall have more to-morrow, sir, if God will. It was not always thus with us. Years ago, our father died, and the hands were alive, there was always a sufficiency for the children, and for me. But they are both dead, sir; the father, last year, and also, when that boy was born."

"Bad you no other children?"

"Yes, sir. One, a son, a dear and most beautiful boy. Long years have passed, since he went away. Whether he is in the land of the living, God only know."

Her suppressed sob was changed to surprise and resistance, as the stranger would fain have folded her in his arms. Then, kneeling at her feet, and holding her thin hands in his, he said,—

"*Mother! dear mother!* can you forgive me all?"

There was no reply. The sunken eyes strained wide open, and fixed. Color fled from the lips. He carried her to the prophet bed, and threw water upon her temples. He chafed the rigid hands, and in vain sought for some restorative to administer.

"Wretch that I am! Have I indeed killed her?"

And then the shrieks of the children grew shrill and deafening,—

"The strange man has killed grandmother!"

But the trance was brief. Light came to the eye, and joy to the heart, known only to that of the mother who, having sown in tears, beholds suddenly the blessed, unexpected harvest.

"Do I live to see thy face? Let me bear thy dear voice once more, my son."

But the son had vanished.

At his return, came supplies, such as that poor, half-subterranean apartment had never before witnessed. For a time long, with those half-banished children, they partook of a repast, whose rich elements of enjoyment were known beyond paradise.

"Want a good, strange man!" said the satisfied boy.

"We cannot not call him the strange man any more, but our uncle," said little Margaret; "so he told me himself."

"Why mother say so?"

"Because he was dear mother's dear brother, just as you are mine. Did not mother say that he cried, when grandmother told him she was dead?"

"Well, I shall love him for that, and for the good supper he gave us."

"Have you been in my father's large Bible?" asked the son of the widow. She brought it forth from its sacred depository, carefully wrapped in a towel. Tears of rapturous gratitude chased each other along the furrows, which bitter and burning once had made so deep, as she heard him, with slow and solemn utterance, read that self-sharing melody of the Psalmist. "*Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according to the multitude of thy mercies, blot out my transgressions.*"

This was the Psalm, that during his brokenness of spirit, on the deep waters, had been his comforter; and now he seemed to breathe into its eloquent words, the soulof penitence and devotion. At its close, he kneeled and poured out a fervent prayer to the God of their salvation and the sleep which fell that night upon all the inhabitants of that lon'ly abode, was sweet as an angel's smile.

The daily efforts of Richard Jones, for the comfort of his mother, were delightful. Her unspoken wishes were studied with a zeal, which felt it one sweet duty fully fulfilled, to the last. For her sake, and for that of the little orphans intrusted to their care, he rejoiced at the gains, which through the blessing of the supercargo, he had been enabled to acquire in a foreign clime, and which to their moderated desires was abundantly sufficient.

But amid the prosperity which had been granted him, he still retained the humility in the remembrance of his wasted years. In his conversations with his mother, he frankly narrated his sins; and while he trembled at the dark depths whither intemperance had led him, she shuddered and was silent. Yet, when he spoke of the benefactor who had found him in the streets, ready to become a self-murderer, she raised her clasped hands, and with strong emotion exclaimed, "Blessed on him who had "saved a soul from death." They felt that it is not the highest and holiest employment to heal the sick, or to ease the ill; but to rescue and bind up the poor heart that hath wounded itself, and which the world, and even itself, and which the world, and even itself, and which the world, and even

RAIN OR NO RAIN.

In the little parish of Yellowdale the farmers had long been without a minister. One day the Rev. Mr. Surely visited the village, and was asked to stay over Sunday and preach to them. The people were pleased with his sermons, and some were anxious to have him stop. A meeting was called to know the mind of the parish. "I don't see any use in having a minister," said Sharp, a rich old farmer, "a parson can't do anything; if we've any money to spare, we better lay it out in something that will bring a fairer return." The Sabbath-breaking part of the people argued strongly against him. "Well," answered Sharp, not choosing to show himself convinced, "I've heard tell of ministers that could pray for rain, and bring it, if we could hit one of that sort I'd go for keeping him."

Mr. Sharp was a man of consequence, and the younger and less knowing of his neighbours were quite taken with the idea. "Pray would be a minister worth having, they thought. And after much talk it was agreed to ask Mr. Surely to stay on this condition, that he would give them rain, or fair weather when they wanted it; for their farms often suffered both from severe drought and too much rain. Mr. Surely was immediately waited upon by a committee of the parish, who soon came back bringing the minister with them. "I will accept your terms upon one condition," said he, "that you must *agree upon* what sort of weather you want." This appeared reasonable, and matters were arranged for a year's stay at Yellowdale.

Weeks passed on, bringing Midsummer heats. For three weeks it had not rained, and the young corn was beginning to curl with drought. Now for the minister's promise, "Come," said Sharp, with one or two others, whose lofty farms were suffering, "we need rain. You remember your promise." "Certainly," answered the minister "call a meeting." A meeting was called. "Now my friends," said the pastor, 'what is it you want?"

"Rain, rain," shouted half-a-dozen voices.

"Very well, when will you have it?"

"This very night—all night long," said Sharp.

"No, no, not to night," cried Mr. Smith, "I've six or seven tons of well-made hay out; I would not have it wet for anything."

"So have I," added Mr. Peck, "no rain to-night."

"Will you have it to-morrow," asked the minister, "I will take all to-morrow taking it in. So objections came up for the two or three next days. "Have there?" said Mr. Sharp.

"Yes," cried Sharp, "all the hay will be in, and no more need to be cut till ——"

"Stop, stop," said Mr. Sharp, pulling her husband smartly by the sleeve, "this day we have set to go to Snow Hill. It *must* rain than."

In short, the meeting resulted in just no conclusion at all for it was found quite impossible to agree.

"Until you make up your minds," said the pastor on leaving, "we must all trust in the Lord."

Both Mr. Smith and Mr. Peck got their hay in, but the day the Sharps were to go to Snow-hill it began to rain in good earnest. Sharp lost his visit; but his crops gained.

And so it happened once or twice again. The year rolled by, and the people could *never all agree* upon what kind of weather they wanted. Mr. Surely, of course, had no occasion to fulfil his part of the contract, and the result was that they began to open their eyes to the fact that this world would be a strange place if its inhabitants should govern it. They saw that nature's laws could be safely trusted in the hands of nature's God.

At the close of the year the minister spoke of leaving. This the people would not listen to; "But I cannot stay under the old contract," said he.

"Nor do we want you to," said Sharp, much humbled, "only stay and teach us and our children how to know God, and *to obey his laws*."

THE WIDOW'S SON;

OR, A NIGHT WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS.

(Continued from page 95.)

He seemed bewildered at all this; he but dimly comprehended its meaning. But he was becoming more and more sobered every moment. By this time the regular proceedings of the meeting had begun, which consisted principally of the relation of experiences. To these he listened with the deepest interest, many tears could be seen drawing his hand across his eyes, evidently much affected. As one and another told how he had been enabled to overcome the thirst for liquor, that had at one time been intolerable, I could see him hitting his head with an air of confidence that made my heart feel glad in my bosom.

After the speaking was over, and the pledge was read, he was the first to come forward and inscribe his name. As he returned to his seat, I stepped forward and took his hand.

"You will keep that pledge? I believe you will," I said confidently.

"By God's help, I will! O sir, I can never thank you enough for bringing me here!"

"Remain faithful, and that will be my highest reward."

"I will, I will, God being my helper," he replied, earnestly grasping my hand, and then turned on to his seat.

I need not say that my heart glowed in my bosom, and that I felt more than ever resolved to speak a warning or encouraging word to the poor drunkard wherever I should meet him. The history of the individual I have alluded to is one of much interest, involving details of a tender and pathetic character. I received it in part from his own lips, months after his reformation, and partly from his aged mother, who has invoked blessings on my head a hundred and a hundred times. Without further preliminaries, I will introduce it to the reader.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

"Alfred!"

"I am here, father," replied the son, coming quickly to the bedside, and bending over his dying parent with tender solicitude, mingled with deep sorrow as the sad bereavement he was evidently about to sustain.

"Is your mother here, Alfred," the father said, as his son, just verging upon manhood, stood near him.

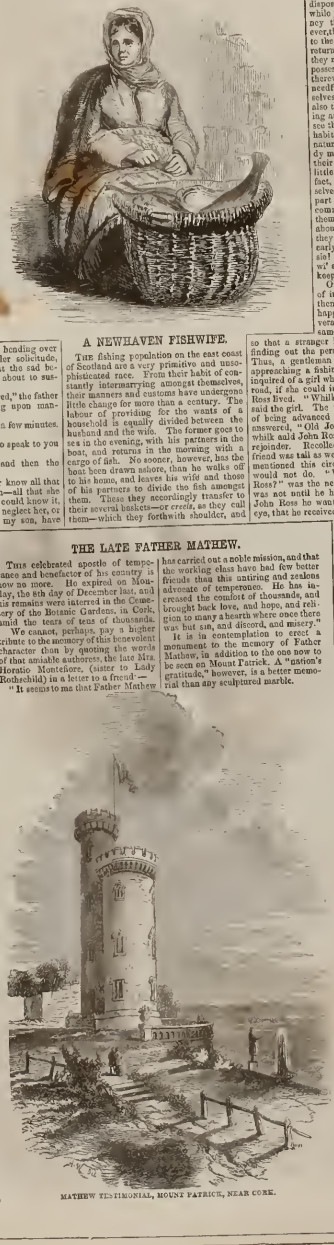
"She has left the room for a few minutes. Shall I call her?"

"No, my son, for I wish to speak to you alone."

A brief pause ensued, and then the father proceeded:—

"Alfred, a child can never know all that a tender mother feels for him—all that she has suffered for him. If he could know it, and feel it, he would never neglect her, or think lightly of her. You, my son, have been blessed with the tenderest mother—one, who from the moment the light of this world dawned upon you, has not ceased to love you and care for you with the most affectionate solicitude. Time nor strength will permit me to tell you of all her care, and anxiety, and watchfulness over you through the period of infancy and youth, nor how nobly she has been our exertions in the effort to impress upon you those high and pure principles, that, if obeyed, will be your guide and defence in manhood. And now, that I am about to leave you—now that he, upon whom your mother has leaned so long, is about being taken from her, will not her only son repay her deep and untiring solicitude by a return of care and affection that shall, in some degree, compensate for so great a loss? But I need not ask you this question, my son, I have confidence in you. I am sure that the genuine truths we have endeavoured so carefully to implant in your mind, must and will take root, and produce good fruits. As for me, my son, standing as I now do upon the almost verge of time, I am not afraid to pass through the narrow strait of death. I am conscious that I have endeavoured, through a long life, to live in obedience to the pure and elevated principles of the Gospel of Christ, and that now sustains me. And I pass away from this stage of existence with the more calmness under the deep consciousness which I have, that my removal will only bind the two beloved ones whom I leave behind me, in stronger bonds of affection.

(To be continued.)



MATHEW TESTIMONIAL, MOUNT PATRICK, NEAR CORK.

A NEWHAVEN FISHWIFE.

The fishing population on the east coast of Scotland are a very primitive and unsophisticated race. From their habit of constantly intermarrying amongst themselves, their manners and customs have undergone little change for more than a century. The labour of providing for the wants of a household is equally divided between the husband and the wife. The former goes to sea in the evening, with his partners in the boat, and returns in the morning with a cargo of fish. No sooner, however, has the boat been drawn ashore, than he walks off to his home, and leaves his wife and those of his partners to divide the fish amongst them. These they accordingly transfer to their several baskets—*of credit*, as they call them—which they forthwith shoulder, and so that a stranger has some difficulty in finding out the person he is in search of. Thus, a gentleman some years ago, on approaching a fishing village in the north, inquired of a girl whom he overtook on the road, if she could inform him where John Ross lived. "Whilk (which) John Ross?" said the girl. The man he was in search of being advanced in life, the gentleman answered, "Old John Ross." "Ay, but whilk auld John Ross?" was the immediate rejoinder. Recollecting that his humble friend was tall as well as old, the gentleman mentioned this circumstance, but still it would not do. "Whilk auld lang John Ross?" was the next interrogatory; and it was not until he had explained that John Ross he wanted had a squint in one eye, that he received the final answer, "Oh, John Ross! ye mean John Ross! He bides in the farrers' awa' hoose in the back raw; yonder, wha' yo see the lum reekin."

DR. HEIR.

THE LATE FATHER MATHEW.

This celebrated apostle of temperance and benefactor of his country is now no more. He expired on Monday, the 8th day of December last, and his remains were interred in the Cemetery of the Botanic Gardens, in Cork, amid the tears of tens of thousands.

We cannot, perhaps, pay a higher tribute to the memory of this benevolent character than by quoting the words of that amiable author, the late Mrs. Horatio Monteifiore, (sister to Lady Rothschild) in a letter to a friend:—

"It seems to me that Father Mathew has carried out a noble mission, and that the working class have had few better friends than this untiring and zealous advocate of temperance. He has increased the comfort of thousands, and brought back love, and hope, and religion to many a hearth where once there was but sin, and discord, and misery."

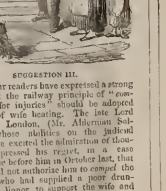
It is in contemplation to erect a monument to the memory of Father Mathew, in addition to the one now to be seen on Mount Patrick. A "nation's gratitude," however, is a better memorial than any sculptured marble.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

[The following admirable lines, by an American lady, were found in the corner of a tipling house, in the United States. They had the happy effect of winning him from the noisy club or tap room, to his own domestic hearth.]

You took me William, when a girl, unto your home and heart,
To hear in all your after fate a fond and faithful part;
And tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forget,
Or pined there was not joy for me when you were sunk in woe?
No! I would rather share your tear than any other's glee,
For though you're nothing to the world, you're all the world to me.
You make a palace of my shed, this rough hewn beach a throne,
There's sunlight for me in your smiles, and music in your tone.
I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim,
I cry, O Parent of the poor, look down from Heaven on him!
Behold him toil from day to day exhausting strength and soul—
O look with mercy on him, Lord, for thou art merciful!
And when at last relieving sleep, has on my eyelids smiled,
I pray that God forbad to close in slumber by our child;
I take the little murmurer that spoils my rest of mind,
And feel it is a part of thee I lull upon my breast.
There's only one return I crave, I may not need it long,
And it may soothe thee when I'm where I can never do it wrong.
I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind;
I ask not for less frugal fare, my fare I do, and only be,
If you will read, I'll sit and work, and then when you're away
Lest sickness I shall find the time, dear William, of your stay;
A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours,
And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers;
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind,
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your mind.

WIFE-BEATERS.



SUGGESTION III.

Some of our readers have expressed a strong desire that the railway principle of "*reservation for the ladies*" should be adopted in cases of wife beating. The late Lord Mayor of London, (Mr. Alderman Salomons), whose abilities on the judicial bench have excited the admiration of thousands, expressed his regret, in a case which came before him in October last, that the law did not authorise him to compel the publican who had supplied a poor drunkard with liquor, to support the wife and family whilst the prisoner was undergoing his six months imprisonment. It is worthy of being made extensively known that this principle *has* been adopted in some of the American states, with evident advantage. If a publican supplies a man with liquor until he becomes intoxicated, and if the man commits any crime whilst so intoxicated, and during the time that the publican is called upon by the authorities to *pay for the support* of the poor wife and children during the time that the drunkard is in prison!

Let not enjoyment lessen but augment affection; it being the basest of passions to value what we have not, yet slight it when possessed.

Let us not trouble ourselves and our neighbours with unprofitable disputations, but all agree to spread to the uttermost of our power, the quiet and peaceable Gospel of Christ. Some fifty years ago, a great and good man, Dr. Potter, then Archbishop of Canterbury, gave me a piece of advice, for which I have ever since had reason to bless God, "If you desire to be extensively useful," said he, "do not spend your time and strength in contending for or against such things as are of a disputable nature, but in testifying against open notorious vice, and in promoting real essential holiness."

JOHN WESLEY.

The Rev. Rowland Hill, on going to preach at Bristol Tabernacle, began his sermon of sermons on the eve of Bristol fair. His text was, Isaiah lv. 1, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat, yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." The congregation was large. Thus he began, "My dear hearers, I guess many of you are come to attend Bristol fair. So am I. You do not mean to show your goods until to-morrow; but I shall exhibit mine to-night. You are afraid purchasers will not come up to your prices; but I am afraid my buyers will not come down to mine; for mine (striking his hand on the Bible) are '*without money and without price*.'"

A NOBLE TESTIMONY.

We have met with various striking instances of Sabbath-keeping families who have prospered in the world, and of Sabbath-breaking ones who have been brought down to poverty, but have never known a Sabbath fact told with such thrilling effect as the following. Edward Cordery, Esq., a highly esteemed merchant in the metropolis, was called upon to address a meeting of several thousands of the men of London in Exeter Hall last February on the question of SUNDAY REST, and in the course of his telling remarks, which were listened to with the deepest interest, he said:—

"I knew a man once, who honored the Sabbath day. He was the manager of large works for a Government contractor, and had to pay some hundreds of men on a Saturday night. I think it was at a time, when, by a change in the contract, some temporary works were required in haste—(I was but a child then)—the employer told him he must work on the Sunday, and have his men in the yard. 'Sir,' replied he, 'I will work for you till twelve o'clock on the Saturday night, but I dare not work on the Sabbath. I have a higher master to serve.' 'George,' said the master, 'my back is not so broad as your's, but *I* will bear the blame.' His foreman told him, 'There is a day coming when each must give an account for himself,' and firmly but respectfully, he declined to work on the Sabbath.

"Yet that man was but a servant; he had a wife and six children: had he lost his situation, he had nothing but his character and his skill as a workman to sustain him. You would say,—O yes! he had far more, he had the blessing of the God of the Sabbath!

"The Sabbath morning came—who that witnessed the sight ever could forget it? The men assembled and went to work under other orders than those they were accustomed to receive. This good man assembled his family—the Scriptures were read—prayer was offered—the frugal meal was despatched—and then, father and mother, and the six children left the yard (for they all lived on the premises) in the sight of the assembled workmen, and walked solemnly away to the House of God.

"I thank God that that working man was *my* FATHER.

"The situation was not lost, the God-fearing workingman was all the more honored and trusted because of his religious consistency. He closed the eyes of his employer when the friends of more prosperous times had nearly all forsaken him. The family my father served consisted of four brothers, the eldest of whom was buried with honors in Westminster Abbey—my father attended the funeral of the youngest in an ordinary grave-yard, and none were found to erect a tombstone!

"*My friends, whatever of prosperity* has been vouchsafed to my brothers and myself, I unhesitatingly attribute, under God, to that honored father's instruction and example, who would not break the commandment to '*Keep holy the* SABBATH DAY.'"

PERAMBULATING LIBRARY.

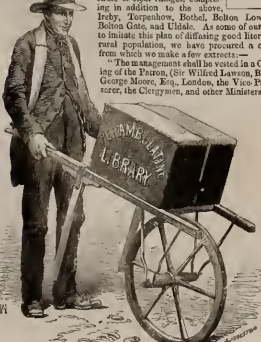
We have been much interested by hearing from a gentleman who recently travelled in Cumberland, of a happy looking old man who was wheeling along the high road a novel looking burden. On enquiry, it proved to be the *Perambulating Library*; the large box containing a supply of books which the messenger was taking from Mealgate to Bolton New Houses. On depositing his burden, he would then have to take the books which had been in use at Bolton New Houses forward to another village, and so on for a circle of *eight* villages, comprising in addition to the above, Ireby, Torpenhow, Bothel, Bolton Low Houses, Sandal, Bolton Gate, and Uldale. As some of our readers may wish to imitate this plan of diffusing good literature amongst the rural population, we have procured a copy of the Rules, from which we make a few extracts:—

"The management shall be vested in a Committee, consisting of the Patron, (Sir Wilfred Lawson, Bart.) the President, George Moore, Esq., London, the Vice-Presidents, the Treasurer, the Clergymen, and other Ministers of the district, &c.

"A Librarian shall be appointed at each station, to receive the Books, and to lend them out to the Members of the Society.

"No Books shall be admitted into the Library, either by purchase or donation, until the same shall have been examined by the Committee."

"Each person on paying the annual subscription of one *shilling*, shall be furnished with a list of the rules, &c., &c., also with a *Member's Card*.



SELF-ELEVATED MEN.

GEORGE MOORE, ESQ.

We are anxious to impress upon the minds of the thousands of hard-handed workingmen who monthly peruse our pages, that it is one of the peculiar blessings of Great Britain, that there is perhaps no one, however humble his position in life, who may not, by industry and perseverance, under God's blessing, *elevate himself* in society.

No nation in the world can boast of such a noble array of Peers, Baronets, Knights, Magistrates, Merchant and Manufacturing Princes, who have *sprung* from the *industrial* ranks of life.

In order to inspire our readers with an earnest desire for self-improvement and the wise employment of their leisure hours, we purpose giving, occasionally, portraits, with brief notices of well-known characters, who, although by the Divine blessing upon their industry, are now ranking amongst the wealthy of the land, are not ashamed to speak of their early days.

We have much pleasure in commencing these notices with the portrait of George Moore, Esq., one of the Merchant Princes of the City of London, partner in the celebrated firm of Messrs. Copestake, Moore, and Crampton, of Bow Church Yard.

At a recent festive gathering of the Commercial TravelLers' School, the chairman, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton said,—

"Mr. George Moore, the treasurer of this society, is an eminent example of the qualities by which wealth is obtained, and of the virtues in the exercise of which it should be spent. He may well be proud of having been the architect of his own fortune. When he came to London he was but seventeen years old, and was *without a friend*. At the age of twenty-two he became a traveller for an eminent firm in the lace trade. His zeal and his abilities founded his reputation. That reputation led on to fortune. He became partner in that great firm which he has since so conspicuously advanced. Well has he since used his advantages, by doing all the good in his power, in promoting charities for the relief of distress and for the education of the young. He has there given his whole heart and soul into services of that nature with as much ardour as if he were again building up a fortune for his own children."

Mr. Moore was a Cumberland youth, and we rejoice to find that he takes a special interest in the diffusion of pure literature amongst the working classes of his native county. He established the *Perambulating Library* at the place of his birth, and he is now originating

A BOOK-HAWKING SOCIETY FOR CUMBERLAND.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the encouragement which he has afforded to our labours by the circulation of many thousand copies of the *British Workman*, and by presenting Yearly Pars* for the railway waiting rooms on the various lines of railway in Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Northumberland.

In Ragged Schools, and Reformatories for Criminals, Mr. Moore now takes an active part, and we pray that his life may be long spared to aid these and many other philanthropic enterprises.

* The Yearly Pars for 1855 and 1856 are strongly bound together in cloth for this purpose.

TO OUR READERS.

We take the earliest opportunity of thanking our numerous friends and correspondents for the earnest response which they have so very unanimously given to our appeal for new subscribers. It is with feelings of gratitude that we announce the pleasing fact of having commenced the New Year with a circulation of eighty-four thousand copies. We indulge the hope that another three months of continued effort will realize the required 100,000.

Amongst the various excellent plans for extending the circulation, we have felt peculiar pleasure in the very successful one adopted by a few ladies in Middlesex. Some months ago, they *gave away* a copy to *each cottager* in the village, promising to *call again* for the names of *subscribers*. About *one hundred* agreed to take copies monthly, and the ladies cheerfully undertook to deliver these *themselves*. The monthly visits have afforded many pleasing opportunities for conversation with the wives and families of the working classes. The subscribers have gradually increased, and we have now a letter before us from one of the ladies, in which she says,

"I am glad to state that we have now the pleasure of supplying about *two hundred* copies monthly, and that we have met with no interesting case of a reformed drunkard, whose change of life is owing to his perusal of the *British Workman*."

For such a testimony we desire to record our thanks to God. That he has been pleased to bless so feeble an instrumentality is our highest reward.

Several other communications of a somewhat similar character we purpose noticing in our next, particularly the one from Mr. Jackson, of the Dunfermline and Charlestown Foundries.

WAYS OF HELPING US.

The following are effective modes of extending the circulation:—

1. *Getting booksellers to expose copies for sale in their windows. (A large Show Bill for Booksellers may be had on application to the Publishers.)*
2. *Recommending Employers to present copies to their men, for two or three months, with the intention of inducing them to purchase the future numbers for themselves.*
3. *Sending out specimen copies to your friends in the Colonies, and requesting them to promote the circulation.*

How to secure Monthly Packets of the BRITISH WORKMAN delivered at your own door, post free.

Packets of the *British Workman* will be forwarded to every part of the United Kingdom, *post free*, according to the following scale, the amount being *paid in advance* by post office order, (or if under 10s., in postage stamps) to the Publishers, Messrs. PARTRIDGE AND CO., 34, Paternoster Row, London.

A packet of		£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
*4	copies for	0	4		Or for one year	0	4	0
8	,,	0	8		,,	0	8	0
16	,,	1	4		,,	0	16	0
24	,,	2	0		,,	1	4	0
32	,,	2	8		,,	1	12	0
40	,,	3	4		,,	2	0	0
50	,,	4	2		,,	2	10	0

* *Fewer* than 4 copies cannot be sent at this rate post free.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are again compelled to postpone the insertion of several Notices.

ARE you not surprised to find how independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion, but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.

WHEN we fancy others better off than ourselves, it may only be because we know our circumstances, but do not know theirs.

LORD BYRON, in speaking of his life, said, I once attempted to enumerate the happy days I had lived, which might, according to the common use of language, be called happy. I could not make them count more than eleven, and I believe I have very distinct remembrance of every one. I often ask myself whether between the present time and the day of my death, I shall be able to make up the round dozen.

BRITISH WORKMAN

H. Parrott, Coxswain of the Tenby Life-boat.

The Broadstairs Life-boat rounding from the rescue of the "Northern Belle."—See next page.

The Shipwrecked Mariner.

No. 27.] Published for the Editor by Messrs. PARTRIDGE & Co.; A. W. Bennett; W. Tweedie, London. [Price One Penny.

LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.

The months of December and January last will long be remembered for their melancholy catalogue of wrecks which strewed nearly every part of our sea-girt isle. Whilst, however, many a noble-hearted sailor perished in the fearful storms, and hundreds of bereaved families now mourn over their lost ones, we rejoice in being able to record the heroic deeds of various life-boat crews, whereby not a few of our fellow men were saved from a watery grave.

The following interesting account of the rescue of nine of the crew of the Spanish ship, *Nuevo Torcuvato*, which went to pieces near Tenby on Sunday night, the 7th December, is from the pen of Robt. Parrott, the brave coxswain of

The Tenby Life-boat.

There is something so graphic and yet so unostentatious in the narrative, that we feel we cannot do better than publish the letter entire, without note or comment of our own.

"Tenby, *Sunday Night, Dec. 7.* Wind S.W.; strong gales and squally. Several vessels in Caldyroad riding heavily. At 8 p.m. a vessel was reported on the White Rock (the shoal on which the French schooner Alexandre was lost last winter). The life-boat being already out of the house, on the slip, was very soon run down into the water and launched off the carriage. We were then compelled to go round St. Catherine's Island, as it was only one hour's flood. There we had a flood tide and heavy cross seas to contend with, which for half-an-hour almost baffled us, as the sea was constantly breaking over us. Passing this, we progressed gradually till we got to windward of the vessel, which had beaten over the shoal and was lying on the strand bow on, the sea making a clear breach over her stern and port quarter. We dropped the anchor and backed in. We stood I have made quick work now, but, unfortunately, the mainsail boom and gaff were washed over the lee quarter, in backing clear of which, to avoid being stove, a sea struck us on the broadside, going over us, the force of which broke three of our lee oars, leaving us clear of the loose wreck. Here we found the benefit of

The Tenby Life-boat proceeding to the rescue of the crew of the "Nuevo Torcuvato."

10,000, 3-60.

our anchor, for the next sea would have thrown us on the strand but for the anchor bringing us up. The boat parted from us then thrown aboard, and nine poor fellows were soon stowed away in the life-boat. *We gave a hearty cheer*, and then hauled her through the surf and pulled away to windward with a will, and then bore up for the harbour, *thankful to Divine Providence* for enabling us once more to perform this errand of mercy, and to snatch nine poor fellows from inevitable destruction; for in about two hours from our leaving her (before high water) she went all to pieces. The boat behaved admirably; in fact, I am persuaded the crew would cheerfully face *any sea* in her when it is possible for any ship to stand, or also showed the most perfect coolness and fixed determination to effect their purpose, if possible, which, by the Divine blessing, they accomplished."

ROBERT PARROTT, *Coxswain.*"

Lowestoft Life-boat.

This boat and its intrepid crew nobly did their duty during the fearful storm of the *8th January.*

A brig on the Newcombe Sands made signals of distress by a flag in her rigging. The life-boat was immediately launched and went off to the brig, and having been enabled to anchor to windward of her, dropped under her lee stern and succeeded in taking on board half her crew, when in a tremendous squall, the cable of the life-boat parted, but having fortunately taken a strong rope from the brig, the crew were enabled to hold on till the remainder of the ship's crew were got on board with the exception of the master, who, when striving to get into the boat, was washed overboard. With considerable difficulty he was recovered and hauled into her in a senseless condition, after having more than once disappeared in the sea! The life-boat's crew then immediately ran for the harbour, in order the more expeditiously to land the crew and the master, as the latter had, since he had been taken into the life-boat, shown unmistakable signs of life. By the prompt and unwearied exertions of a surgeon and his assistants on the master's landing, they succeeded ultimately in his resuscitation. The vessel was the *Tennant*, of Stockholm, with a crew of eight hands. Nothing could exceed the zeal and hardihood of the life-boat's crew, including the gallant Captain Joachim, R.N., who was with them throughout the trying occasion.

Broadstairs Life-boat.

No event connected with the late gales has caused more general interest than the gallant rescue of the crew of the *Northern Belle.* Mr. John Lang, who witnessed the transaction, gives the following touching account of it in a letter to the *Times.*—

Broadstairs, Jan. 8, 1857.

On Monday, the 5th inst., at 3 a.m., an American ship, the *Northern Belle* of 1,100 tons, bound from New York to London, with a general cargo, came to an anchor off Kingsgate, and distant from the shore about three-quarters of a mile.

At 6 a.m. the rain very heavily, and the sea at times broke completely over her.

At 6 30 a.m. the crew cut away the mizzen and main masts. The ship then rode easier, but as the day advanced the gale increased in violence, and the sea ran proportionately high.

At 8 a.m. it was feared that the ship would part from her anchors and come on shore, and a message was despatched to Broadstairs to that effect. The Broadstairs boatmen, who are renowned for their alacrity, immediately hurried with wheelbarrows to the truck on which the lifeboat—the *Mary White*—is always ready, and proceeded to drag it from Broadstairs to Kingsgate, a distance of two miles, over a heavy and hilly country.

At 9 a.m. the boat arrived at Kingsgate. By this time the news of the ship's dangerous position was spread throughout the neighbourhood, and by 11 o'clock the cliffs were crowded by persons of all ranks from Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs. Some hundreds of persons were present.

At 11.50 a.m. the multitude assembled were destined to witness a very painful sight. A Margate lugger, called the *Victory* was hovering about the ship in the hope of rendering her some assistance, when a huge sea struck her and she suddenly turned over from our sight. She and her crew (from twelve to fifteen in number) went down, and were no more seen. Another lugger, the *Ocean*, of Margate, had, at 6 a.m., put five hands on board the *Northern Belle.*

At noon, it was expected by many present that the ship would come on shore upon the rocks beneath the cliff; but she held on, the crew remaining safe, until dark, anxiously watching the vessel, despite the hail, sleet, and snow which began to descend.

Between 10 and 11 p.m., the ship parted with her anchors and drove upon the rocks. At this hour it would have been utterly impossible to launch the life-boat, for the hail, sleet, and snow prevented the men from seeing any object whatever; and the spot where it would be necessary to put off was distant more than half a mile. When day broke, at between 6 and 7 o'clock this morning (Tuesday), an awful sight was revealed to those on the cliffs, and on the beach. With the naked eye we could discern 23 men lashed to the rigging of the only mast left standing. What these poor creatures must have suffered during the night the reader will readily imagine.

The ship had parted 7 a.m. the life-boat, the *Mary White*, was launched. Since July 1850, when this boat was presented to the boatmen of Broadstairs by Mr. Thomas White, of Cowes, she has saved many lives, and they have never encountered many dangers; but never has she been engaged in a matter of such peculiar peril as that of this day. Wrecks and the saving of life are such common occurrences in this part of the country that an ordinary case would create no comment, but this was a very extraordinary case, and it has elicited the wonder and applause of the many who witnessed it.

Ten brave men pulled through a boiling surf and raging sea, which several times hid them from our sight, and filled us with alarm for their safety.

When seven out of the twenty-three men upon the wreck had been got into the lifeboat, it was found necessary to cut her free and disembark her from the ship. With these seven men the boat returned to the shore amid the cheers of the many persons assembled on the beach.

A second lifeboat, which had also been wheeled from Broadstairs, to be ready in the event of the first lifeboat being lost, was now launched, and went off to the wreck. She succeeded in bringing away fourteen. The two remaining were the captain and the pilot, who had been taken in at Dover. The former declared that he would rather die than leave his vessel, and the latter expressed a desire to remain and perish in the old man's company.

After an hour and a-half had elapsed the lifeboat for the third time left the shore in order to persuade these two men to save their lives. After much difficulty, the crew of the boat succeeded in inducing them to come off to the rigging and in the hold. I do describe the scene on the beach when it was known that all hands had been saved is beyond my power. A more affecting scene was seldom witnessed. There were tears of gratitude shed by the Americans, tears of joy and of pride by the Broadstairs' boatmen.

Benembed as the shipwrecked men were, they could scarcely partake of the refreshments which was provided for them in the little warm parlour of "The Captain Digby," the ordinary inn which stands upon the cliff at Kingsgate.

There is a little episode connected with the saving of these men which I am tempted to chronicle:—At 3 o'clock, p.m. this day, the *Mary White* was dragged upon her truck by three horses into Broadstairs. In the boat sat her gallant crew. Tied to an American oar was the American standard, which was so recently hoisted as a signal of distress. The tattered flag fluttered over the broken bows of the *Mary White.* It was here that the boat passed through the streets of Broadstairs, amidst the joyous shouts of the inhabitants of the town.

It was not in vain that those heroes of this day captured that banner which is still waving over the bows of the *Mary White.* That banner is not an emblem of a bloody victory. It is the emblem of a deed of daring, worthy of being recorded in the immortal type of *The Times*—a deed of daring which the Recording Angel will dot down without a sigh or without shedding a single tear of sorrow.

In your issue of this day you record the names of 18 brave men who perished on the wreck, in a lifeboat at Mylor, when trying to save the crew of a ship. Would it be too much to ask of you to record the names of the 23 men who, at the imminent peril of their own lives, were this day engaged in restoring to American the lives of 19 of those beasons of whom she is justly proud.

Nearly all of them are married men with large families of small children, and there is not a man among them who has not assisted in saving life, and who has not lost a father, brother, or cousin in the same glorious cause.

In a second letter, Mr. Lang says:—

"I have now the pleasure to transmit to you a list of the crews which manned the lifeboats engaged in saving the crew of the ship Northern Belle.

Crew of the Mary White—John Castle, George Castle, William Biller, Robert Miller, William Rowe, Edward Emptage, George Fox. This boat saved seven hands.

Crew of the Culmer White on her first trip to the wreck—Jethro Miller, William Cowell, William Ward, John Sandwell, George Emptage, Thomas Holborn, William Ralph, Robert Gilbert, Charles Emptage. Saved fourteen hands.

Crew of the Culmer White on her second trip to save the captain and pilot, John Miller, William Wales, Jerry Walker, Fred Lawrence, Thomas Sandwell, Robert Simpson, Albert Bird, Robert Gilbert, George Emptage, Robert Gilbert, Jethro Pettit.

These men, sir, were not labouring under any species of excitement, as they are engaged in the perilous duty which they performed so nobly and so well.

Under the impression that there men would never return—the impression of all who witnessed their departure from the shore—I watched their countenances closely. There was nothing approaching bravado in their demeanour—nothing to give a spectator an idea that they were about to engage in a matter of life or death to themselves and the crew of the ship clinging to the lone rigging of the *Northern Belle.* They had no hope of a "decoration" or of pecuniary reward when, with a coolness of manner, and a calmness of mind which contrasted strangely with the energy of their movements, they stripped to their shirts" and bounded into the *Mary White* and the *Culmer White* to storm batteries of billows far more appalling to the human mind than batteries surmounted by cannon and bristling with bayonets. There could be no question about the *heroism* of these men.

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

John Lang

"They fell on their knees, imploring the Almighty to save them."

Hauxley Life-boat.

On the 6th of January this Northumberland life-boat, manned by twelve men, put off and rescued eleven men from the brig *Sophia*, of Oporto. The sea was at the time making a complete breach over the vessel, which soon afterwards went to pieces.

Later in the day the same life-boat went off again, manned by the same intrepid crew, and saved the crew of the *Georgina*, of Inverness, which, in stress of weather, had run on a bank near Hauxley. This vessel also became a total wreck.

The Piley Life-boat

also went out on the same day, and rescued the crew of nine men from the brig *Ratcliffe*, of Whitby. She was unable to keep off the land, from the violence of the gale and the partial loss of her sails; she afterwards sunk.

Walmer Life-boat.

On Monday, the 5th January, this boat, which the National Life-Boat Institution has just placed on that important station, saved the crew of eleven men, of the *Rebecca*, of London, which was driven ashore by the gale near Walmer Castle. The cost of this life-boat was generously presented to the National Life-Boat Institution by some members of the Royal Thames Yacht Club.

Scarboro' Life-boat.

Crews, consisting of twenty-six persons, were saved from the brig *Thompsons*, of London; the *Northumberland*, of Whitby; and the *Wilsons*, of Shields. A silver medal has been once presented by the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, to Thomas Clayburn, the gallant master of this lifeboat, for his repeated services in saving life during the last forty years.

Various other instances of noble deeds by life-boat crews have been performed, the details of which have not reached us, but we may state as a summary that there have been 340 cases of wrecks during the late gales, reported to the Board of Trade, with the loss of 186 lives. It is a gratifying fact that the number of lives saved during these fearful storms, chiefly by life-boats and the life-preserving apparatus, amount to *six hundred and sixty-two!*

A NOBLE GIFT.

MR. E. PRUSS, Consul-General of the King of the Belgians at Rio Janeiro, has presented the sum of £500 to Henry Bath, chief boatswain of the coastguard station, St. Albans's Head, for his noble conduct in saving the lives of himself and other passengers from the Mail Steamer, *The Tyne*, which was stranded during the storm in January last. The Lords of the Admiralty, have not only sanctioned the acceptance of this munificent gift, but have given Mr. Bath promotion in the service.

THE CARD-PLAYERS.

THE ROYAL MAIL Steam-ship *America*, which sailed from Liverpool in December last, encountered a gale when off Cape Clear. A heavy sea suddenly struck the vessel with such force that even massive iron stanchions, several inches in diameter, were *snapped asunder*, and it was thought for some moments that the vessel must inevitably sink. Providentially, the worst fears of all on board were not realized. Capt. Lang and his brave crew succeeded in bringing the vessel back to Liverpool for repairs.

At the time the ship struck the vessel, some of the passengers in the saloon were playing at cards, but when the water suddenly rushed amongst them, and the fear of death stared them in the face, they immediately fell on their knees imploring the Almighty to save them. May the lessons taught by these gamesters in the *storm*, be remembered and fulfilled by them in the *calm*.

HARBOURS OF REFUGE.

THERE is a loud call for a few harbours of refuge on our east coast. Captain Lees, R.N. with reference to the late fearful gales says:—

"It is melancholy to reflect that the greater part of the loss of life and property *might have been preserved* had there been harbours of refuge existing for which vessels could run at times of need.

The subject surely is one of urgent national importance. 1,185 persons were last year relieved by the *Shipwrecked Mariners' Society*, among whom were 2,542 widows and orphans. In all human probability, the half of these sufferers might have been spared had they had a safe port to run for. As it is, there is no place but the Humber between *Great Yarmouth and the Firth of Forth!* Our unfortunate seamen caught in the gale on the coast have no choice between foundering at sea or giving themselves a bare chance for their lives by beaching their vessels."

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

We have much pleasure in calling attention to this valuable and humane society, (supported by voluntary contributions) which, during the past year, was instrumental in saving the lives of *five hundred and nineteen* persons from wreck on our coasts. It is a very gratifying fact, that during the thirty-three years this institution has been established only one fatal accident—and that occurred more than twenty-one years ago—has happened to any of its life-boats.

We trust that in the great and extraordinary exertions which this truly philanthropic society is now making to supply exposed points with efficient life-boats, liberal public support will be extended to it. A life-boat establishment, with its boat, carriage, house, and life-lotte for the crew, costs about £250. So that without the cordial co-operation of the public the National Life-Boat Institution cannot keep up its numerous life-boat establishments and progressively increase the same on the coast.

Let the wealthy of the land and others help it in this mission of mercy. We rejoice to find that the Duke of Northumberland, who is the President of the Society, has set a noble example in this matter.

Contributions should be addressed to the Secretary, R. Lewis, Esq., Royal National Life-Boat Institution, 14, John St., Adelphi, London.

THE LATE AWFUL GALES.

At the Weekly Meetings of the Committees of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society for the month of January, at which attended Vice Admiral Sir Henry Hope, K.C.B., Chairman, Captain the Hon. Francis Maude, R.N., Deputy-Chairman, William Stuart, Esq., Rear Admiral Bertie C. Cator, Captain Rowstorne, R.N., Lieut. Gayon, R.N., Captain Perrott, R.E.M., Captain Dixon, R.N., and Rev. C. B. Grubbe, M.A., Chaplain of the Sailors' Church and "Home."

Relief was given to the following sufferers—Widows and Orphans, 1,185; Widows and Orphans, 401 Mariners, to assist them to replace loss of clothes, and 570 Shipwrecked persons who were relieved, having been clothed, when necessary, and sent to their homes, or if foreigners, to their nearest Consuls. The Widows and Orphans of drowned Mariners, who had been relieved last year, received a further grant. £75 for, was paid to the widows of the men drowned in the Point of Air Life-boat, and £25 to the Widows of those drowned in Whitby Harbour, Yorkshire. Total numbers suffering from Shipwreck relieved during the month, 2095 persons, at a cost of nearly £3000!

The Committee trust that the benevolent will cordially help to alleviate the horrors of Shipwreck caused by the late gales. The thrilling scenes described by the honorary Agents of the Society on the coast are most appalling. The shrieks of the drowning—the wail of the untimely widow and orphan—or the sight of the naked and destitute Mariner cast upon the beach, worn out by the devouring elements, should call forth the best sympathies of humanity.

We have much pleasure in transcribing the notice, and commend this most valuable society to the liberal help of our readers. Contributions should be addressed to the Secretary, Captain Lees, R.N., Hibernia Chambers, London Bridge.

MELANCHOLY EVENT.

On the morning of the 4th January, a vessel of thirteen was observed near Rhyl, on the Welsh coast. The Rhyl life-boat having already gone out on a mission of mercy to rescue seamen from Rhyl, who were in the rigging of another wrecked vessel, the men belonging to the Point of Ayr life-boat readily launched their boat, and for sometime bravely battled the tempestuous waves. When opposite the town of Rhyl, and to relate, the boat was struck with a sudden gust of wind, and capsized. Ten of the poor fellows were instantly drowned, leaving their helpless wives to cling to the keel of the boat for upwards of *forty minutes*, when at last a wave washed them off, and they were seen no more. All what pen can describe the agony of those forty minutes to the poor dying men, as they clung to the keel of the upstarts on shore, who could render no help.

The names of these thirteen brave men, who lost their lives while attempting to save others, were R. Beck, J. Sharlock, J. Bleddyn, J. Davies, H. Davies, D. Davies, R. Roberts, E. Phillips, E. Roberts, J. Ellis, R. Williams, T. Roberts, T. Owens.

All except four have left widows with children. Poor Jerry Hughes, who appears to be "a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow," raise up friends who shall care for these bereaved ones.

GALLANT CONDUCT.

THE brig *Era*, of Rochester, while off Margate, was in great danger of being lost by which one of the crew was washed overboard. The vessel was shortly afterwards driven on shore between Cauldon Sands and Hordon, where a number of villagers were gathered together, among whom were Mr. Richard Burdon, a gentleman of the quarter sessions, and the curate of Castle Eden. Mr. Burdon proposed that a chase *of hands* be formed for the purpose of reaching the rope which had been thrown from the wreck, but would not reach to the shore by *twelve fathoms* (one of the men said he. The proposal was at once agreed to; a stalwart gamekeeper went first, Mr. Burdon second, and the curate of Castle Eden next. They had advanced into the water until Mr. Burdon was up to the shoulders, when the end of the rope was caught, and a communication obtained with the vessel, and the crew were safely drawn on shore, where warm clothing and refreshment were immediately provided. All honour to these brave deliverers of their fellow men!

A BLACK CLOUD.

A BLACK cloud makes the traveller mend his pace, and mind his home, whereas a bright day and a pleasant way waste time, and that stealeth away his affections in the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it as a mercy that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun, and many times some troubles do concern my comforts: for I perceive, if I should find too much friendship in my inn, in my pilgrimage I should soon forget my Father's house, and my heritage.—*Jacob.*

THE WIDOW'S SON;

OR, A NIGHT WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS.

(Continued from page 103.)

"LOVE your mother, then, my boy, with a deeper and purer love than ever you have yet felt for her. Regard her with a tenderer interest. Do not mourn for me, for I shall not be absent or separated from you. They who truly love each other are, I think, spiritually present, though they may be absent as to body. I shall be no longer encumbered with a gross body, and shall therefore be, in affection, more intimately conjoined to you. Remember, then, of this—think often of me, and this very thought will bring a degree of presence."

The feeble old man spoke thus much, and then sank back upon the bed exhausted. At that moment she to whom he had been preaching the long time in the room, and supplanting the bed-side, bent over her dying partner, with eyes dimmed by the waters of affection that would almost their fountain. As she stood, thus, he took her hand, and placed it within that of his son, and pressing them both said—

"Alfred, love your mother, and confide in her. You are just entering the world—a strange and evil world, and thronged with varied allurements and temptations. Trust much to your mother's experience and counsel. Never do anything that she cannot approve of, remember that she has ever loved you and cared for you, and must still continue to regard your good in all that she says or does. A mother who truly loves her son, has perceptions of right and wrong, far above his rational discriminations, and her advice is just entering upon life. Would that you might ever feel this truth, that a mother's affection for her child is like a sensitive plant, that perceives the slightest touch of that which might injure! But I need say no more—I know your love for her, whose guardian care has ever been about you."

Weak physical nature sunk under this effort, and the old man closed his eyes, and clasping the hands of his two most beloved earthly objects within his own. For many minutes he lay in a deep calm, with his eyes closed. Neither the mother nor son attempted to withdraw their hands. At last the still apparent repose of his frame began to subside, and they perceived that his touch was growing colder. This aroused them to consciousness. He was dead!

We will not linger to picture the deep grief that weighed down the spirits of mother and son for months after, for to them their affections had clung for many years was removed from them. Gradually the keen edge of sorrow became less acute, as the cares of this world, from which none are free, pressed upon them, and demanded a due consideration.

Alfred Lennox, acting under the advice of his father, who had devoted the best years of his life to legal pursuits, studied law as a profession, and became a partner with his father and had made in stocks, was likely to prove a loss. Before he could make arrangements to sell out, he found the corporation which had issued the stock, failed, leaving no assets to pay the holders of its bonds. This was a severe blow, and made it necessary for Alfred to devote himself more assiduously to his profession. Under the direction of his father, and counsel, he had felt only the impulse of a desire to be eminent in his profession, urging him on—now he felt the necessity, and the necessity insisting him to activity. The consequence was, that he bent himself to his legal studies with a degree of intensity that, with his mind and education, could not but ensure him success.

It had not been the dying injunction of Mr. Lennox to cause Alfred to be devoted to his mother. But that injunction had caused him to feel more deeply and more earnest solicitude. Before his father's death, he had always consulted him, and had ever found in his judicious advisor. Now, he transferred his confidence to his mother—but with this difference, that he endeavoured to add her rational counsel to the consideration of a heated point, where action was required, by a full statement of all reasons, pro and con, that were present to his mind, leaving to her to that intuitive perception of the true difference, for which the female mind, when not biased by the influence of the passions and sustained by man's rational faculty, is so remarkable. He did not, of course, as a man, lay aside his rationality, and allow himself to be blindly influenced. He only sought the aid of a woman's perceptions to enable him to see a doubtful point in a truly rational light. For he had been taught by his father this truth—that there are many things in which a woman's perceptions are more to be confided in than a man's reasonings.

This confidence drew him nearer to his mother, and caused her widowed heart to lift itself up with a new emotion of pleasure. Still, conscious of the evil that must beset the path of one so young, and altogether inexperienced in the world's ways, she felt for him a daily concern, that made her close in all her observations. But she was judicious in this earnestness. She was cautious not to make him feel restraint—nor to destroy his rational freedom; but rather to guide him by counsels that did not seem, and were not felt as such.

It is alas! an evil world in which we live, and its evils are rendered tenfold more powerful in consequence of the reciprocal evils in ourselves; and often while we are guarding one point, the enemy is making a breach at another. It had ever been sad to either Mr. Lennox or Alfred's mother, to warn him of the evils of intemperance, the dangers of which had not been so generally perceived and felt, as they have in later days. The rare cases of drunkenness which had occurred in their circle, had been increasing, however, about that time, had been looked upon as such degrading instances of human folly, that no one of the standing and moral purity of Alfred Lennox, was dreamed of as in danger. Liquors of various kinds, were, therefore, habitually used as beverages; and it had become a custom of the young lawyers to meet frequently in a tavern and wine-drinking parties in various places, but most usually at some tavern where a room was hired for the purpose. Alfred had long a favourite with the young men of his profession, was usually an invited guest at all of them, so that he was present at such parties almost every week. It pleased his mother to see him thus enjoying himself, for in that enjoyment she did not perceive the slightest danger.

This course of life continued for some two or three years, during which time young Lennox was fast rising into distinction, and acquiring an extensive practice. But, alas! during that time, habits had gradually been forming, that were ultimately to be his ruin. The keen relish with which a young man of buoyant mind enters into almost anything that presents itself involving excitement and companionship is well known. And it greatly depends on his entrance into life, and upon the character of those who become his associates, whether he rises to honourable distinction, or becomes debased by the predominance of low and sensual appetites. Unfortunately for Alfred Lennox, his companions were not of the truly right stamp. Not that they were base and low, but because they too readily joined in the gratification of mere appetite and passion, and thus gradually bore each other downwards, instead of encouraging each mutual superiority over the grovelling power of sensuality.

Nothing had reached Mrs. Lennox's ears, or was the ever eye, that warned her of the danger that was lurking in the path of her son. But she felt, at the end of the second year after her husband's death, that all was not right. The presence of Alfred, affectionate and attentive to her, though he still loved her, and though he still loved her with unabated tenderness, did not affect her so pleasantly as it had previously done. She seemed to feel, as she sat by his side, an emanation of something from him that was repulsive to her own pure and high feelings. It was not long afterwards that she noted something in the expression of his face that pained her—something indistinct, yet ever and anon recurring, that indicated a progressive change in his moral character, that her heart pronounced not good.

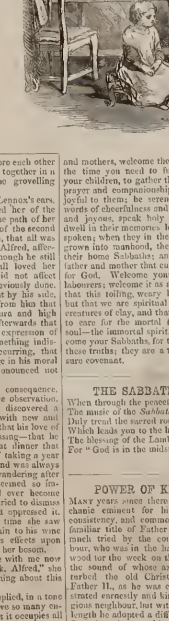
A sudden alarm was the consequence, rousing her mind into active observation. It was not long before she discovered a weakness that startled her with new and painful fears. She observed that his love of wine and brandy was increasing, and he drank double the quantity at dinner that he had been in the habit of taking a year before, and, that his mind was always a little excited, confused or wandering after this indulgence. Still, it seemed so improbable that her son could ever become debased by drink, that she tried to dismiss from her heart the fear that oppressed it. But she could not. Every time she saw him, recurring again and again to his wine or brandy, and observed its effects upon him, her heart would sink in her sad.

"I never stay at home with me now a single evening in the week, Alfred," she said to him, kindly, one evening about this time.

"It is true, mother," he replied, in a tone of affection, "but then, I have so many engagements on my hands that it occupies all my time."

"Still, I cannot help thinking that you might spare me a single evening now and then. I am old now and lonely."

(To be continued.)



THE LABOURER'S SABBATH.

BY THE LATE MRS. HORATIO MONTEFIORE.

LABOURERS, welcome your Sabbath. Your minds may be free to-day, free to devote themselves to a moral and spiritual life, to the true, to the good, to the Eternal. You are free to-day, free to be with your families, to teach your little ones to know and serve their God, to give pleasure to those around you, to think of better things than the weekly toil and drudgery; you are free to go to the house of prayer, and together with your brethren, offer up praise to God. Welcome your Sabbaths—they are the noblest institutions that time has handed down to us, and through us, to the whole civilized world. Let nothing induce you to violate the solemn ordinance that is enjoined so emphatically and lovingly recommended in the Bible. Thou shalt "remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy," was a commandment proclaimed in the name of God, to the whole house of Israel, and it was to be an everlasting covenant between the Almighty Father and his children. God knew how necessary such a day it is to man, and He appointed it to be a season of repose from the world's warfare, a season of refreshment and calm. Welcome your Sabbaths, they give you the leisure you need to attend to life's noblest and truest duties. Fathers and mothers, welcome them; they give you the time you need to fulfil your duty to your children, to gather them round you in prayer and companionship. Make the day joyful to them; be serene, be calm, speak words of cheerfulness and love to the young and joyous, speak holy words, that shall dwell in their memories long after they are spoken; when they in their turn shall have grown into manhood, they shall remember their home Sabbaths, and shall bless their father and mother that cultivated their love for God. Welcome your Sabbaths, all ye labourers, welcome it as a token from God that this toiling, weary life is not our all, but that we are spiritual beings as well as creatures of clay, and that we have something to care for the mortal frame, but for the soul—the immortal spirit. Welcome, welcome your Sabbaths, for they proclaim to us these truths; they are a type, a hope and a sure covenant.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

When through the peaceful parish swells
The music of the *Sabbath* bells,
Gaily troop the gaily dressed
Which leads you to the house of God,
The blessing of the Lamb is there,
For "God is in the midst of him."

Bickon Mem!

POWER OF KINDNESS.

MANY years since there lived a poor mechanic eminent for his pious zeal and consistency, and respected by all who knew him. Father Hall, of Father H. He was very much tried by the conduct of a neighbour, who was in the habit of cutting his wood for the week on the Lord's day, and the sound of whose axe continually disturbed the old Christian in meditation. Father H., as he was called, often remonstrated earnestly and kindly with his irreligious neighbour, but without any effect. At length he adopted a different course. One Saturday afternoon his neighbour found the old man very busy at his wood pile, and inquired in astonishment what he was doing. "Why," said Father H., "you will persist in cutting your wood on God's holy day, and it grieves me so much, that I mean to do it for you this afternoon so that you will have no temptation to do it to morrow." The man was at once overcome and exclaimed—"No, you shall not; I will do it myself. Nor will you ever after this have reason to complain of me chopping wood on the Lord's day." And he was true to his word.—*Christian Treasury.*

THE CONTRAST.

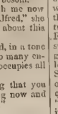
A FATHER and mother and three children, all neatly dressed and healthy and cheerful, were walking along a pleasant road near London on a fine summer's evening. They were returning home from the house of God; there was peace in their hearts and smiles on their faces. They were last poor people, and had to work hard for a livelihood, but they were rich in faith—they had read the words, "Trust in the Lord, and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed," and so they were happy with a happiness that the world knows nothing of. They loved the blessed Sabbath; it was to them, and their children, a delight. They loved the *rest* of the Sabbath, the *order* of the Sabbath, the *instruction* of the Sabbath, the *worship* of the Sabbath, the *conversation* of the Sabbath. And they made the most of it by spending its hours together, whether in the sanctuary, or walking by the way; they heard and spoke of good things, they were a happy united family, loving God and loving one another.

But as they returned that night, they met a crowd going towards the public house. There was a policeman holding a man flushed with drink, and his clothes torn and covered with blood, ragged smokes children ran wailing, and crying after him. "Oh, William," said the mother of the happy group we have described. "It is cousin John, what can he have done?" Alas, the dismal tidings were soon told—at a doctor's shop near, lay the miserable wife of the man in custody, waiting to be carried to the hospital. The man had been spending all his wages in drink on the Sabbath day, he had returned to his miserable home, and the reproaches of his wife and the rage of his children added to his frenzy, and caused him to commit the outrage which ended in his being imprisoned six months, his wife being nearly half that time in the hospital, his children sent to the workhouse, his home, such as it was, broken up for ever. And yet, reader, the Sabbath-breaker John L——, who never had a comfortable home, a decent suit of clothes, earned twice as much wages as the Sabbath-keeper, William X——, whose home and family were so neat and well to do, to say nothing of the spiritual difference—the one "sowing to the flesh, and of the flesh reaping corruption," the other "sowing to the spirit, and of the spirit reaping life eternal." B.

FRANKLIN AND THE MUSQUITOES.

"Better to bear the present ills of life,
Than fly to others that we know not of."

ALL human attentions have their inconvenience; we find those that we find in the present, but we neither feel nor fear those that exist in succeeding times. Here we make frequent and troublesome changes without amendment, and often for the worse. In my youth, I was a passenger in a little sloop sailing sounding the river Delaware. There being no wind, we were becalmed, when the ebb was strong, which carried us down the river. The heat of the sun on the vessel was excessive, the company strangers to me and not very agreeable. Near the river-side, I saw what I took to be a pleasant green meadow, in the middle of which was a shady tree, where, it struck my fancy, I could sit and read (having a book in my pocket), and pass the time agreeably till the tide turned; I therefore proposed to the captain to put me on shore. Being landed, I found the greater part of my meadow was really a marsh, in crossing which, to come up to the tree, I was up to my knees in mire; and I had not placed myself under its shade five minutes before the musquitoes and gnat-sings in swarms found me out, attacked my legs, hands, and face, and made my reading and rest impossible; so that I returned to the beach and called for the boat to come and take me off board again, where I was obliged to bear the heat I had strove to quit, and also the heat of the company.



FRANKLIN'S LETTERS.

To endure injuries with fortitude, is to half overcome them.

I'LL SHOOT YOU.

AN ungodly gamekeeper, who resided in Lancolnshire, a few years ago, was very abusive towards a simple hearted but pious villager, who occasionally reproved the open profanity of his neighbour. On one occasion the gamekeeper was very angry, and on being kindly reminded that on a *dying bed* he would probably *desire* to have the support of the religion of the Bible, he impiously replied "If you come to me when I'm dying, with your religious cant, if I've strength to reach my gun *I'll shoot you.*"

Many months had not rolled over when the gamekeeper, whilst in the pursuit of his daily occupation, got a prick of a thorn under his nail. It mortified. The disease extended up his arm into the body, and the medical men pronounced the case HOPELESS. The poor man's son was despatched to the persecuted neighbour with the urgent request, "Oh, sir, do come and pray with my Father, he's dying."

The pious man replied, "Why, your father threatened, some months ago, to shoot me if I came to see him on his death-bed; Is he really in earnest?"

"Oh yes, sir, do come, *he's dying,*"

On arriving at his bed-side, the dying man faintly said, "*Pray* for me—*pray*, I'm a dying man."

"I'll read a portion of scripture, and then we will pray together," said the christian man. He sat down, opened the sacred volume, and read a portion of scripture, and when the gamekeeper heared a convulsive groan, and the next moment he was silent for ever. His spirit had entered eternity.

Bold and daring sanner, you who ridicule the Bible, beware lest those solemn words of the inspired writer prove your fearful experience. "Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me. C. R.

THE WORLD'S GREAT ENEMY.

BY H. ROWLAND BROWN.

THERE'S a demon forth! there's a demon forth!
He reaneth a conqueror free,
He is loos'd from the realms of dark despair,
And a maniac's laugh, laughs he.
He leaps in the midnight fearful breast,
He mocketh the haggard eye,
And death and disease are his bosom friends,
Want, sorrow and misery.
He goeth forth with a treacherous smile,
And his blood stain'd banner unfurl'd
His hand doth the fairest scenes defile,
But followers many has he.

I see him go forth in the dark, dark night,
He goes with a dashing eye,
And mocks, with a fiend's impure delight,
The God of the Heavens on high.
He enters the door of the happiest homes,
But the children flee in dismay,
And the youngest wife wept a burning tear,
Which in vain she wipes away.
But he mocketh the grief of that guileless heart
And curses her innocent form,
And the home that is touch'd by this fearful art
Becomes like a wreck in the storm.

There's a demon forth! there's a demon forth!
His blood from the golden flows,
And the lips that have drunk the cursed draught
His ty'rants within them glows.
I have seen him wed the fairest bride,
I have heard his bridal song,
But have seen how he paled the cheeks of his bride,
And harrowed her brow with cares!
At the happiest homes, at the purest hearts,
Are his bolts of vengeance hurl'd;
And he prides himself on his fiendish darts,
The curse of this sinful world!

There's a demon forth! there's a demon forth!
He comes with a tempting wile,
With a wreathing touch, but a cursed touch,
With a gay, jeritbons smile.
From his lips flows the poisoner of oaths,
From the fonts of the murderous bowl,
And the curse of God is on his brow,
And a lightning flings to his soul.
Beware, beware of this demon form,
Pluck the serpent from his hand,
For shame and disgrace are his bosom friends,
Linked with him hand in hand.

There's a demon forth! there's a demon forth!
Sound loud the warning bell,
Raise the hue and cry, for the traitor die,
Toll over his grave a knell.
The nations will give a shout of joy,
And smiles will illume the sad
When men shall this fettering hand destroy,
Oh how many a heart will be glad!
Children will smile with childhood's smile,
And strong will become the weak,
And the bloom of youth will return again
To many a withring cheek.

THE WEALTHY DRAPER,

AND THE

BANKRUPT SABBATH-BREAKER.

Some few months ago, in company with a friend, I visited a large and flourishing market town in the north of England.

As we walked along one of the principal streets, we approached an old building, near the Bank, in the pulling down of which, a number of workmen were busily engaged. "Stop," said my friend, pointing to the building, "twenty years ago, I was engaged in that house as a draper's assistant. It was one of the largest, if not *the* largest concern in the country. My master was mayor of the place—had his country house—ran his carriage—had his livery servants—lived in great style, and was looked up to as one of the wealthiest men in the place. He died very suddenly. His affairs were found to be in a bankrupt state, and within a few weeks of his death the establishment was closed, and large posting bills announced the sale by auction of all the effects.

The creditors lost many thousands of pounds and his family were thrown on the world in a penniless condition."

"Tell me," I enquired, "how it was that his affairs got into such a state?"

"There were, I think," replied my friend, "several causes which assisted in bringing about the downfall of this once stylish family, but the *chief cause*, I believe, was this—the man was a *sabbath-breaker*."

He usually spent the sacred day with his accounts and ledgers, and in drinking and card playing. I have marked the history of not a few sabbath-breaking masters, and have generally found, that *sooner or later*, they have had the Almighty's blight falling upon either themselves, their circumstances, or their families.

"Do you know what became of your old master's family?" I asked.

"I do not know what became of the daughters," was the reply, "but the last that I heard of the son—he who had been nursed in the lap of luxury—was, that after leading a career of iniquity, he was working in a gang of convicts, with a leg chained to his leg!"

Reader! the above is far from a solitary case, and if you will carefully note the career of sabbath-keeping and sabbath-breaking men, you will find that there rests *a curse* on the one, and *a blessing* on the other, for doth not the Scriptures say, "Blessed is the man that walketh in all the ways of my commandments, to do them," and, "My Sabbaths they greatly polluted: then I said I would pour out my fury upon them."

S.

HONESTY REWARDED.

In the year 1854, a stranger lady, who was passing through Carlisle, naturally visited the cathedral, as a place of interest in our ancient City.

After having seen everything of note, she handed a *douceur* to Mr. John Scott, the verger, for his attention, and departed.

Mr. Scott did not at the time observe what he had received, but soon afterwards discovered it was a sovereign. Thinking there must be some mistake, he sought out the lady, and found her on the point of starting for London. The lady thanked him for his honesty, and for the sovereign returned him a shilling, telling him that in her present circumstances she could not spare a larger sum.

Mr. Scott heard nothing, nor did he expect to hear anything more of the lady, till his recollection of the incident was recently revived by receiving a large handsomely bound illustrated family Bible, with the following inscription in the donor's own hand-writing.

"This sacred volume is presented to John Scott, in remembrance of an act of his integrity, by a lady who visited the Cathedral of Carlisle in 1854."—*Carlisle Journal.*

SELF-ELEVATED MEN.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

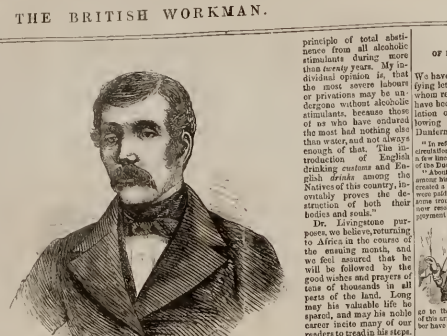
It deserves to be generally known amongst the working classes, that Dr. Livingstone, the celebrated African traveller, whose recent return to his native land has been hailed with delight by the nation, was originally a *working man*.

He laboured in early life as a pioneer in the celebrated Blantyre Print Works, in Scotland. By his habits of industry, temperance, and the wise employment of his *leisure hours*, he rose, step by step, Providence signally smiled upon the efforts of this good Scotchman, until he became a Missionary of the Gospel to Africa.

Few men have done more for the cause of civilization and Christianity than this unwearied minister of the Cross.

It will afford pleasure to the friends of the temperance cause, to read the following testimony, written about four years ago, by Dr Livingstone, from Kuruman.

"I have acted on the



TEA v. OBOO.—Few circumstances have afforded us so much pleasure since the commencement of the *British Workman*, as the receipt of several letters from an officer on board one of Her Majesty's ships of war, in which he informs us that through the circulation of some of the monthly numbers in the forecastle of the ship, some of the men have discontinued their daily rations of spirits, and had tea and sugar instead. By an excellent arrangement adopted by the Admiralty a few years ago, sailors in the Navy have the option of taking the value of their grog in tea or money. We are informed that on this ship's crew having fourteen days' leave of absence recently granted, one of the above seven men had a surplus of about 6 lbs. of good sugar, and 14 lbs. of tea, which the happy-looking Jack Tar took on shore in two canvas bags, amid the cheers of some, and the self-reproachings of others! Those two bags, containing the savings of but *three* short months would be no despicable present for Jack's poor old mother, or wife.

We shall have more to say relative to this matter in a future number, and we trust that the little band of *seven* will persevere until the whole crew have followed their excellent example.

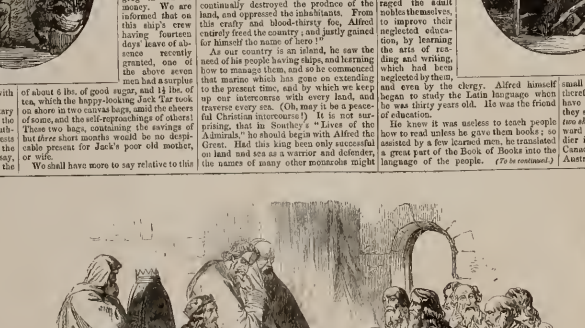
ALFRED THE GREAT.

ALFRED the Great, in some respects, stands alone among monarchs. He may certainly be considered as unsurpassed; but in a few particulars he is unequalled, either in the history of our own or other countries. There have been many kings who were great warriors; there have been many learned monarchs; there have been a few pious monarchs; but it is not easy to call to mind any monarch who was equally brave, wise, true, and just with our good and great Alfred. It is now 1007 years since he was born. England then was only very partially cultivated, and all its ports and rivers were infested by ernel enemies—the Danes, who continually destroyed the produce of the land, and oppressed the inhabitants. From this crafty and blood-thirsty foe, Alfred entirely freed the country, and justly gained for himself the name of hero!"

As our country is an island, he saw the need of his people having ships, and learning how to manage them, and so he commenced that marine which has gone on extending to the present time, and by which we keep up our intercourse with every land, and traverse every sea. (Oh, may it be a peaceful Christian intercourse!) It is not surprising, that in Southey's "Lives of the Admirals," he should begin with Alfred the Great. Had this king been only successful on land and sea as a warrior and defender, the names of many other monarchs might have matched with his—but he was greatest in the arts of peace. Think of the work he undertook in dividing all the land of Britain. It had been roughly parcelled out into seven kingdoms—then into four—then into one; and these divisions were again allotted into something like the limits of the present counties; but Alfred minutely subdivided each county into hundreds, dykings, and parishes, and thus brought all his people under regular government. He was the friend of order.

He established schools, and compelled the nobility to send their sons; and he encouraged the adult nobles themselves, to improve their neglected education, by learning the arts of reading and writing, which had been neglected by them, and even by the clergy. Alfred himself began to study the Latin language when he was thirty years old. He was the friend of education.

He knew it was useless to teach people how to read unless he gave them books; so assisted by a few learned men, he translated a great part of the Book of Books into the language of the people. *(To be continued.)*



ALFRED THE GREAT AND THE LEARNED MEN OF HIS COURT.

METHODS

OF INCREASING THE CIRCULATION.

We have received a number of very gratifying letters from correspondents, several of whom refer to various excellent plans which have been adopted for extending the circulation of the *British Workman*. The following is from Mr. A. Jackson, of the Dunfermline Foundry:—

"In reference to the best method of increasing the circulation of your excellent paper, I can allow me a few lines to explain a plan adopted by Mr. Whitelaw of the Dunfermline and Charlestown foundries.

"About six months ago he gave three copies gratis to our Dunfermline workers. In two months this created a demand for fourteen copies additional, which were paid for by the men themselves; but as there was some trouble in collecting the price of them, he has now resolved to present every individual in his employment with one copy for twelve months, and allow them to pay for it should they choose, and for this purpose, a little box, with a slit in the top, was put up in a conspicuous place, with a paper above it having the words "subscription for the B. W." As at the end of the year, if the amount subscribed be definite, to cover the expense he will make it up, but if there be a balance over, such balance is to go to the funds of the sick society, in consequence of this arrangement every copy issued for the January number have been got and distributed.

Mr. John Horne, of Aberdeen, writes as under. We hope that his good example will soon be followed in many other places.

"I have gone to almost all the Heidreesers in this city with a copy of the *British Workman*, and I also a number of the *Scottish Messenger*, (an excellent paper by Mr. Drummond, of Stirling) asking if they will allow me to leave a monthly copy of each gratis, as that their customers, who are generally poor, may have opportunity of seeing them. I have found some lead them to become subscribers. Should some subscribers by this means, good may be done by their simply reading them while waiting in their shops. I have called on seventeen, and only received one refusal."

SUPPLY TO SOLDIERS.

We have received several letters from officers and chaplains in the army, expressive of the hearty welcome the *British Workman* has had amongst the soldiers. We trust that it will prevent a few Court Martials for drunkenness, particularly in India! We regret that we are unable to grant so many copies as we could desire in this direction. Several grants have been made by the Gratuitous Fund Committee, but the funds at their disposal are too small for any extensive distribution. We therefore suggest to all our readers who have relatives in the army that they send off to each a copy *monthly*. For *two shillings* a year our publishers will forward *post free* a copy monthly to any soldiers in any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, East and West Indies, China, Australia, Nova Scotia, New South Wales, New Zealand, &c., &c.

HINTS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

If would save much trouble to our publishers if correspondents would kindly attend to the following hints:—

I.—In all letters, write as distinctly as possible, especially the name, with the address in full.

II.—Do not refer to former letters for orders or address, but let each letter contain the full information needed.

III.—When packets are ordered in exchange for postage stamps, be careful that the stamps are not omitted by mistake. Omissions of this nature frequently occur and occasion loss of time and expense.

IV.—If you find your monthly packet chances to reach you, examine if your subscription has not run out, and if so please remit again to the Publishers.

How to secure monthly packets of the British Workman, delivered at your own door, post free.

A packet will be sent *post free* for 12 months, viz:—

	£	s.	d.
1 copies for	0	4	0
3 "	0	12	0
16 "	0	16	0
24 "	1	4	0
32 "	1	12	0
40 "	0	0	0
50 "	0	10	0

Paid in Advance.

* Fewer than four copies cannot be sent at the rate.

Packets as above, sent to any part of the United Kingdom, post free, on the amount being remitted as aforesaid by post office order, or if under 10s., in postage stamps.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & COX,

34, Paternoster Row, London. (E. C.)

BRITISH WORKMAN

Mr. Atkinson finds Isaac with some Latin and Greek books at the side of his loom.

No. 28. PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & Co.; A. W. BENNETT; AND W. TWEEDIE, LONDON. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

CELEBRATED WEAVERS.

THE TWO MILNERS.—It was a gloomy day in the early spring of 1760, and Quarry Hill, Leeds, had a full share of the gloom. Though not so densely populated then as now, still the clouds hung low like an ill-spread awning of dirty blankets, and the drizzly rain fell on the muddy and ill-kept roads. But cheerless as was all without, there was one dwelling on Quarry Hill far more cheerless within. In the centre of a large room, very clean, but very poorly furnished, stood the trestles that supported a coffin; a woman pale with grief sat near the head, and her three boys stood round taking their last tearful look of their dead father's face. The eldest son, Samuel, was nearly grown up, the next, Joseph, was a youth of about sixteen, and the youngest, whose head was buried in his mother's lap, was a child of ten years old. The undertaker was there waiting to close the coffin; not a word was spoken, but just as the man bearing the lid approached, the mother rose with a convulsive effort, lifted her youngest boy in her arms, and holding him over the coffin, said, "Look, bairn, at thy father once more, and see to it that thou art like him, for he were a good man if ever there were a good man on this earth." Then after a moment's pause, clasping the sobbing child to her bosom, she walked out of the room, followed by her eldest sons, and a short time after, the widow and her children stood by the grave, and consigned their earthly stay and support to its keeping.

The family had long been struggling with difficulties, for the father had been unsuccessful in business; but amid all his privations, he desired to get a good education for his boys. He had felt the want of learning, and he therefore the more earnestly craved it for his children. At that time, the Rev. Mr. Moore was master of the grammar school of Leeds, and Joseph and little Isaac, were among his scholars. How hard they studied—for every half year's schooling they feared would be the last they could have. But their father's

"Look, bairn, at thy father once more, and see to it that thou art like him, for he were a good man, if ever there were a good man on this earth."

10,000. 3-60.

sudden death ruined all their prospects of further learning; with a heavy heart the widow had to take her two studious boys from school, and put them to learn some branches of the woollen manufacture in Leeds. Disappointed as they doubtless were, and desolate as they must have felt, they did not give up to murmuring and discontent. They thought of their widowed mother now advanced in life, and they resolved as they could not be men of learning, they would try to become men of industry. But their diligence while at school had attracted the attention of the good master, and after our story, Joseph, the eldest, was taken from his weaving, and enabled by the kindness of friends, to pursue the studies he had so well begun. Poor little Isaac felt his toil the harder now he had no companion, and if he had possessed one particle of envy in his nature, he might have felt his disappointment the more when his brother was enabled to prosecute his studies, but he rejoiced in his brother's joy, and never thought of self, except as to doing his duty to his mother and his employer.

Then came a day, a joyful day, when Joseph left Leeds and went to Cambridge University as a student. The little weaver lad and his mother saw the young scholar depart—and breathed many prayers for his welfare; they might be pardoned if a thought arose, "will he forget his humble home, his illiterate mother, his poor toiling brother?" No! Joseph did not "forget his father's house," he was worthy of his name. He worked hard and won honours at the University, and in six years from his father's death, he left college and became master of the grammar school at Hull.

As soon as Joseph found himself secure in his new position, to use his own words, "his bowels yearned upon his youngest brother," and he sent a friend to ascertain what remained to Isaac of his early knowledge, and whether he might be qualified to become a junior master in the school at Hull. Isaac was now sixteen years old, and had not been inside a school since he was ten. But he had never allowed himself to forget what he had learned, and he had on all occasions added to his store of knowledge. His mother had been his true friend in counselling him to employ his *little leisure in study*, and so it happened that when the clergyman (Mr. Atkinson) sent by Joseph to examine into the acquirements of Isaac, entered the long work-room in which the youth was employed, he found him seated at his loom with TACITUS, and another volume of some Greek author, at his side, and the result was most satisfactory. Isaac was an apprentice, and Mr. Atkinson immediately acquainted the terms of his release, when the master came up shortly after to the loom and said, "Isaac, lad, thou art *off*; the *joy* of the youth was indescribable—he laughed and wept in a breath as he took leave of his companions and the loom, and accompanied his new friend to Hull.

He immediately became the usher of the younger boys, among whom was one who will be ever remembered with gratitude, William Wilberforce, then a child of seven years of age, but whose training was even then so good that he used to be put on a table to read aloud for the benefit of the school.

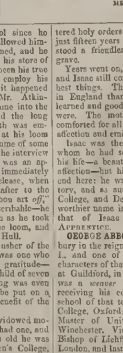
The good Joseph took his widowed mother to his home as soon as he had one, and when Isaac was twenty years old he was sent by his brother to Queen's College, Cambridge. The generous kindness was most deeply felt by the young brother, who, long years after, when he was an eminent dignitary of the church, used to say with tears of gratitude and love, "He made I-saac glad with his acts, and his memorial is blessed for ever."

Isaac was a sizar, and at that time some menial offices were required of the sizars; and one day, when Isaac had been annoyed by some mechanic in performing his duties, he said "When *I* get into power, I will abolish this nuisance." These words, *When I get into power*, caused great laughter—he, the poor Yorkshire lad! But the words were prophetic, for he was afterwards president of his college.

His career was very brilliant. He became eminently pious as well as learned, and which he cultivated a knowledge of anatomy. He learned the Greek and Latin languages; and also made himself intimately acquainted with French, German, and Italian. He invented an optical instrument maker, entering into partnership with his son Peter, who had been apprenticed to that trade. He invented the achromatic object-glass, the application of the micrometer to reflecting telescopes, &c. He died in 1761.

(*Sketches of Weavers to be continued in next number.*)

MEETING IN HOLYHEAD TOWN HALL FOR THE DISTRIBUTION OF 5,320 LBS. OF BEEF BY MESSRS. RIGBY.



JOHN DOLLOND, the eminent Optician, was a descendant of a French refugee family, resided in Spitalfields, London, and was born in 1706. His father was an operative *silk weaver*, and John's boyhood was spent in laborious industry; like a wise lad, he redeemed his *leisure hours*, and made considerable progress in the study of mathematics, natural philosophy, and ecclesiastical history; besides tered holy orders in his twenty-fifth year—just fifteen years from the time that he had stood a friendless orphan at his father's grave.

Years went on, and the brothers Joseph and Isaac still continued to prosper in the best things. There was no better teacher in England than the elder, and no more learned and good clergymen than they both were. The mother lived to a great age, comforted for all her early sorrows by the affection and eminence of her sons.

Isaac was the survivor of the brother whom he had so deeply loved. He wrote his life—a beautiful memorial of brotherly affection—but his literary labours did not end here: he wrote a capital Church History, and as author, President of Queen's College, and Dean of Carlisle, there is no worthier name in the English Church than that of Isaac Milner, the WEAVER'S APPRENTICE.

GEORGE ABBOTT, Archbishop of Canterbury in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and one of the most active political characters of that period, was born in 1562, at Guildford, in Surrey, where his father was a weaver and clothworker. After receiving his education in the grammar school of that town, he was sent to Baliol College, Oxford; and became successively Master of University College, Dean of Winchester, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, then of London, and lastly, Primate of all England. He was one of the eight divines who, in 1604, by the order of James I., translated the edition of the Bible now in use. He died at Croydon, in 1633, and was buried in his native town, where he had founded and liberally endowed a hospital.

THE RESIDENCE OF DEAN MILNER, CARLISLE.

WELL DONE, WALES!

HINTS FOR MASTERS AND MEN.

LAST Christmas Eve, the New Market Hall of Holyhead presented one of the most gratifying meetings of employers and employed ever held in the Principality of Wales. Messrs. Rigby, the eminent contractors for the Holyhead Breakwater, gave their 940 workmen, a novel, but excellent treat in the form of a substantial piece of *beef*, whereinto the men might secure a good Christmas dinner for themselves, their wives and their children. We have been kindly furnished with a sketch of this interesting gathering, shewing the Hall, with the seven prime beeves suspended from the rafters.

The Hon. W. O. Stanley, M.P. presided on the occasion. Animating addresses were delivered by the chairman, the Rev. J. Richards; Dr. Wm. Jones; Mr. Richard Jones, and C. Rigby, Esq. Mr. Rigby paid the following tribute to the temperance of Welsh working men.

"I most strongly, emphatically, and heartily state, that not in any part of England, Ireland, or the British Isles, have I met with men who have shewn that great virtue—sobriety, as you do in Wales. I am not paying you a compliment, but I am saying what you deserve. I have had no less than 1,200 or 1,500 men employed on these works, and, compared with an equal number employed by me in other parts in England, I say, that you possess one virtue which is the essence of all good to workmen—soberness. Once fact I know from experience, that here not one in ten of you, compared to those employed on other works in England or elsewhere, are drunkards." (Cheers.)

In the course of one of the best speeches ever delivered by a master to his men, Mr. Rigby further said:—

"Send your children to *school*. I will give *preference* in employing boys on these works, to those who can *read and write*, without reference to religious or parentage. I intend to institute an enquiry, and record the names of those men who neglect to send their children to school, and they must not complain of me if I put them *last* on the list of applicants for employment. Those who are the children of *wisdom* on these works, may be sent to school at *my expense*."

Prior to the distribution of the 5,320 lbs. of good beef, the chairman remarked—

"It is a satisfaction to us Welshmen to hear a Saxon bear testimony to the fact that he never found better men, and men so well conducted, and that you are a sober, industrious and a saving people. One of the great reasons why you have this character, is because you live in Wales, have been taught in the Sunday schools to respect the SABBATH, and to respect the Lord's Day is a *keep-bone* to all the other virtues. Instead of treating it as a day of idleness, and contaminating yourselves with drunkenness and debauchery as some do, you *respect it*."

Let all working men respect *the Sabbath*; and let masters where they have their treats, give *beef* instead of *beer*, and the happiness and prosperity of both *employers* and employed, will be in every way promoted.

We trust that the good example set by Messrs Rigby will be followed by not a few.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

(*Concluded from p. 108.*)

Alfred also translated a "Church History," by the Venerable Bede, who had lived in the eighth century.

He established trial by jury on a firm basis. Ethelbert, the first Christian King of England, had instituted something like trial by jury, but it had never been fully carried out. It is an interesting fact that the good Queen Bertha, the wife of this Ethelbert, was the instrument in the conversion of her husband. She was a Christian, and loved the doctrine she professed, her piety and sweetness of temper so won upon her husband, that he was induced to inquire into the faith she had adopted; he thought it must be true, because Bertha was so much more gentle and compassionate than the Heathen Princesses. Oh! that Christians would always remember that their faith is not only a creed, but a life, and then many of our modern infidels would be put to silence, and constrained to admire, and perhaps adopt that which was proved to be so lovely in the lives of its professors.

Under the sense of justice that Christianity inspired, there was thus established trial by jury,—before then, a rich man could buy himself off, or an unjust judge pervert the law; but Alfred was so determined that the rights of the people should be maintained, that some of his sternest acts arose from a sense of justice. In one year he condemned no less than forty-four unjust judges, who had tampered with jurisc, or passed wrong sentences. Alfred was the friend of law.

He had compassion on the poor. He had lived in the days of his adversity in a poor man's hut in Somersetshire, and there he learned to know and feel for the laboring classes, and he never forgot their claims. Once he met a boy driving pigs in a wild part of Hampshire, he spoke to the lad, and was so pleased with his answers, that he had him instructed; and that pig driver became Bishop of Winchester. Alfred was the friend of the poor.

How was it that this monarch crowded so much into a life of only fifty-two years. Great on land and sea, a ripe scholar, a wise ruler, a just judge, a true patriot? The question is soon answered. He was a *Christian*. C. L. BALFOUR.

PERSEVERANCE.

LET not the *failure of your first efforts* deter you. Alexander Bethune's first effort for print was a contribution to the "*Amethyst*," but the lady at whose request it was written, advised him not to send it. He wrote an article for "*Blackwood*," and it was declined; most of others have tried, and failed; but where there has been a firm and settled purpose to succeed, they have tried and tried again, and in the end have been successful.

Let not the *unfavourable opinion of others* deter you. Xenocrates was a disciple of Plato, and a fellow-student with Aristotle. Plato used to call Xenocrates "a dull ass that needed the spur," and Aristotle "a mettlesome horse that needed the curb." When, after the death of Plato, the Chair of Instruction in the Academy was vacant, the choice of a successor by between Aristotle and Xenocrates, the honour was conferred on Xenocrates.

Industry is an excellent guard to virtue; the more active your life, the less opportunity have the passions to corrupt you.

A HINT FOR WORKMEN IN POOR HEALTH, who have to rise early, and to walk a great distance before breakfast:—Into the bottom of a tumbler or sugar-basin put the yolks of two eggs, and mill them up into a froth, with some powdered lump sugar or brown sugar: then fill the tumbler or basin with *boiling* coffee, and you will have a "before breakfast" fit for a king, and on the strength of which you may defy *malaria*, or a *ten* miles' walk. I write this for the "delicate," as health is everything to them, for themselves and families; and it is far better than taking the morning dram, or glass of beer, and it is a cheaper and far better tonic than can be purchased at the doctor's shop. Engineers on railways agree that coffee is the very best thing to take early in the morning. Plumbers, painters and glaziers should drink good milk."—*From the Builder.*

PRAYER.

Prayer is the modern God has given
To wait our wishes up to heaven;
And he has promised to appear
For all who bow in humble prayer.

Prayer is the language of the soul—
Lifts every burden, makes the whole—
Relieves the mind in deep distress,
And cheers the sad and comfortless.

When the Redeemer sojourned here,
He taught a solemn form of prayer,
And who or where can be a foe
Who wrestled in Gethsemane?

When in the house of God we meet,
And bow before the mercy-seat,
We realize the bliss of prayer,
For God hears and is present there!

But, see the soul in solitude,
Where earthly cares cannot intrude,
With holy awe and ardent love,
He supplicates the throne above!

Such is the Christian's Bethel-place,
Where God appears in mercy, grace;
He gives his choicest blessings there—
Oh! blessed fruits of closet prayer!

J. P.

Nottingham.

TESTIMONIES.

It is gratifying to me that on the same page as we publish the narrative of the *Weaver's Apprentice*, the celebrated Dean Milner, we have to acknowledge the receipt of the following encouraging letter from the *present* Dean of Carlisle, whose efforts in the County of Gloucester for the welfare of the working classes will long be remembered.

Deanery, Carlisle, Feb. 28, 1857.

SIR,—Amidst so much that is trashy, and so much that is wicked, in the ephemeral publications of the day, it is refreshing to turn to the pages of the *British Workman*, assured that in them not only shall we find nothing offensive to good taste, morals, or religion,—but that there is calculated to benefit both the hands and hearts of those for whom it is especially written. *It has my cordial support.*

Yours faithfully,

Francis Close
Dean of Carlisle

FEARFUL EXPLOSION.

THURSDAY, the 19th of February last, was a day of sorrow long to be remembered at Wombwell, near Barnsley. An explosion took place in the Lund Hill Colliery, by which nearly two hundred of our fellow creatures are supposed to have been hurried into eternity without a moment's warning. How uncertain is life, and how fearful that we should be *prepared* for another world! Many prayers have ascended to heaven that the numerous bereaved families may be gradually sustained under their severe trial. Whilst deeply sympathising with the mourners, we would affectionately remind them, in the words of the late Mr. Jacob Post,* that, "*The* BIBLE *is a book of consolation for the fatherless and widows in their affliction.*—God hath said, "Leave thy *fatherless children*, and let thy *widows* trust in me."—"A father of the *fatherless*, and a judge of the *widows*, is God in his holy habitation."—"The Lord relieveth the *fatherless* and *widow*."—And "I will be a swift witness against those that oppress the *widow* and the *fatherless*." Christ hath said, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." This book is the friend of every repenting sinner; in the hour of his extremity, it directs him to a wonderful counsellor to plead his cause—a ransom to obtain his pardon, and thus to save him from the penalty of sin—even Jesus Christ the righteous."

* From "Bible, the Book for All," a valuable little work, which deserves a place in every working man's home.—Published by Messrs Cash, price 6d.

THE WIDOW'S SON;
OR,
A NIGHT WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS.

(*Continued from page 107.*)

MRS. Lennox's voice slightly trembled.

"I feel that I have done wrong, mother," Alfred said, at last, adding, "I ought not to neglect you for any engagement—and I will not. To-night's engagement I will break, and stay at home with you."

"No, Alfred, I will not have you fail to keep any engagement on my account. Mrs. Lennox said, in a more cheerful tone, for the prompt resolution of her son had re-assured her. "Go as you have promised. Perhaps I shall be glad to have your society whenever I can have it without interfering with your duties or your lawful recreations."

Alfred hesitated awhile, but at length, urged by his mother, went out. He proceeded at once to a room in the Foresters' Inn, Light Street, where half a dozen young men were collected for a wine-drinking frolic.

"Here's Lennox at last! Why, we've been waiting this half-hour for you," said one, as he seated himself at the table, which was plentifully supplied with glasses.

"Why did you wait for me?" he asked.

"O, because we wished to start fair," was the reply. "I'm going to make every man here drunk to-night."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I can drink more wine than any person in the room, and then walk home to my lodgings without staggering, while every one of you list under the table as drunk as Bacchus."

"I can stand as much as you, I know," responded one.

"And so can I," added another.

"I'm not afraid," chimed in a third.

And so it ran round the table; no one showing any disposition to reject the challenge. Then the trial commenced at once between three young men, unknown of degradation. For a moment or two Alfred thought of his mother, and the interview which he had just had with her, but the spirit of insane emulation that prevailed among his friends, was almost instantly superinduced upon his mind, and he was not only ready, but willing and delighted, to enter upon the trial.

The consequence was, that at eleven o'clock he fell from his chair perfectly intoxicated. One after another of his companions followed him, until only two remained—the challenger and another, who, though far gone, had just sense enough left to egress upon a truce, and then to go off home, leaving the others to take their drunken sleep out under the table.

It had been Mrs. Lennox's habit to retire at the usual hour, whether Alfred were in or not. But on this evening she felt in hopes that he would return early, and therefore continued to sit up, expecting his return every moment, until the clock struck twelve.

"He ought not to stay out so late," she murmured to herself, the impropriety of his doing so, forcing itself strongly on her mind.

Another hour passed away, and then she retired to her bed and lay, listening an hour longer, in the hope of hearing him enter. Finally she fell asleep, but was frequently awakened, even the morning broke, by troubled dreams. At day dawn she arose, and ascertained that Alfred had returned. This was a relief to her mind—though the fact of his having staid out so late troubled her, she scarcely knew why.

When the bell rang for breakfast, Alfred came down. He had returned a little before daybreak, pretty sober, though, and deeply mortified at the result of his drinking frolic. His inclination was to lie down again and sleep off the effects of his late bunch, but his anxiety to keep it from his mother's observation was so strong, that he roused himself up, and made every preparation that he could to meet her, so as to throw off any suspicion of the truth. But he could not disguise the too evident marks of a deep debauch, from which he was but partially recovered. One glance of his mother's eye sufficed to tell her but too truly that her son had fallen.

(*To be continued.*)

A HAPPY CHANGE;
OR,
THE RECLAIMED SMUGGLER.

WE may sometimes learn a lesson of great and beneficial importance from the lowest we see. With many of them we are so familiar, that the fulness of their signification escapes us, and they pass from our lips without impressing the mind. Now, one of these words is *intoxication*; I would not say that we are quite ignorant of its evil import. The picture which it places before the mind, is one of the grossest moral degradation; the drunken husband returning home to inflict increasing suffering on his unhappy family; the children ignorant and neglected, and worse than all, the drunkard himself daily becoming more and more addicted to the vice which has ensnared him, loss by degrees all control over his passions, until at length the mind which God has given him in common with his fellow men, has lost the energies with which it was endowed. Now it strikes me, that if we knew the true meaning of *intoxication*, many a youth would tremble ere he touched the fatal cup, and would shrink instinctively from the draught which can contain such evil.

The word *intoxication* comes from a Latin word signifying poison, and shows, I think, clearly, in what light we ought to consider it. It is a pity that it has lost its original meaning, for it still acts as poison upon those, who, enticed by bad company, or urged on through fear of the jeers of their associates, first enter the drunkard's haunt.

In a village by the sea-coast, which I often visit, there is a cottage conspicuous among the rest for its neat exterior; the trim garden is always with well flower and London pride, and the little porch covered with luxuriant creepers. There is a look of comfort too within, the clean-swept floor, the brick floor strewn with the freshest sand, the white deal table, and the little row of china treasures upon the mantlepiece, all speak of comfort, if not of plenty. It is a poor cottage though; the owner, a fisherman, gains but little in his calling, and a hard one it is—but he brings his gains home to his wife, and they sit there and have many a happy evening over their small bit of fire. One day when I called to sea them, I asked the poor fisherman how it happened that his scanty earnings could allow them to live in such comfort.

"It is almost a wonder to myself, sir," he said, "but it *doesn't always* so I can assure you. When first we married I was about as bad and as wild a fellow as you could see anywhere. My mother had brought me up very careful like, and had saved all she could to send me to school that I might get a little learning, well, I don't know how it was, but I fell in with bad company, lads a little older than myself, who taught me to hate my books and to despise all my mother's advice; then I used to dread going home at night, for my mother used to look so sad like at me, and I couldn't bear that, so I began to join the boys at the public house; I *didn't mean* to drink when I first went there, but one step leads to another; I liked the first resin, and I became a drunkard! It broke my mother's heart, sir; she couldn't look at the wretched state of the son of her widowhood and old age, and one night when I was carried home senseless and intoxicated, the final blow was struck, and on coming to myself in the morning, I found my mother was released from all the sorrow I had brought upon her grey hairs. She was dead.

"I was very unhappy for some time, but I received no deaden my grief by drink, and very forthing I could earn went in this way. I fell in with a set of smugglers, and was the most lawless of the band, notorious for a evil conduct through all the country round. I had married my wife soon after my mother's death, but I left her often, and she had many a heart-ache I doubt not, when the winds and waves reared in some of our furious storms. Still my mother's words were often in my mind, I used to *drink* to stifle the sound of them in my ears, and I sunk deeper and deeper into vice.

"At last a widow lady and her daughter came to settle in the village; they were kind to my wife, and often used to have her up to the Hall, and gave her work to do, and all that sort of thing. No one had ever before said *a kind word* to me, but Mrs. M. has often said to me since that she felt sure, even then always is 'Despite none, despite of none; for there may be some hidden work of grace in the heart which one spark may kindle into a flame.'

"Well, one day when she came to our cottage, I was at home, and she pressed me to go to church. I made many excuses, but she had such a sweet way of talking, and she told me she would give me clothes to go in if I wouldn't let Jenny go alone. Well, sir, I went, and I heard *that* which I had not heard since I stood at my mother's knee! It seemed to come back to me, then, how she used to say to me in after-times—

"'Bob! Bob! you'll rain yourself if you don't mind!' and how she showed me in the Bible that drunkards cannot go to Heaven. Well, I made not heed, sir. Now, I listened and listened, and it came strange over me, and I did not want to drink to forget it all, but I made up my mind, that by God's help, I would never taste a drop again; and God *has* helped me, sir; I came home that night with my wife, I gave up all the old haunts; I wouldn't notice the lads who laughed and jeered at me, and our little cottage soon began to look as pleasant and happy as it looks now.

"And do you never drink now?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "sometimes when I get wet at night, when out on the sea, my wife say 'take a drop, Bob! to warm you;' but I *need* do it—it tastes like poison to me now, and I cannot put it to my lips, and often and often I thank God for sending such kind help to my wife, by His blessing, was the first to arrest me in the evil course in which I was tending."

Oh! that all who have tasted the poison-cup, could thus learn its effects! I walked home from the fisherman's cottage, thankful that one at least had abandoned the draught, which, alas! has robbed too many a hearth of comfort, peace, and love. W.

THE OLD FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE.

FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

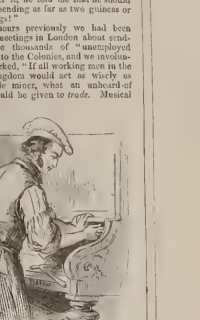
THE HUSBAND'S REPLY TO HIS WIFE.

"DEAR partner of my heart and home, in sadness, joy, or woe,
You're ever proved a faithful wife, and will prove ever so:
When I have been oppress with care, your ready help was near;
And you could find fresh cause for hope, your husband's heart to cheer.
My little cot has always proved the dearest place to me,
And sweeter joys I never found than those I find with thee.
So I will stay, if 'tis your wish, and strive to seek, at home,
Those solid comforts of the soul they seldom find who roam.
And while you sit, and sew, or knit—my ever loving wife—
We'll search for truths that all may learn, in Wisdom's Book of Late:
So, while I read, you'll meditate, and then, by rest'ning o'er,
And thus communing, mind with mind, each will increase in store.
Thus, toiling on from day to day—how sweet the evening's rest!
When Knowledge sweet is with us found, and Truth a constant guest.
We then can teach our children dear, to walk in wisdom's way,
For home-taught truths are sooner learnt, and longest felt, they say.
And why should we, in ignorance, ride o'er life's troubled sea?
With charts to guide, and course to steer, away from danger free!
Henceforward, then, I'll stay with thee, and as the evenings roll,
We'll traverse earth from east to west, from distant pole to pole.
I'll read to thee how nations rose—their progress thus shalt view—
How mighty kings made thousands fall, and then have fallen too!
We'll wander by the sacred Nile, through Egypt's ancient land,
O'er Abyssinia's hills and vales, and Africa's burning sand.
Arabia's happy fragrant plains their sweetest balms shall shed,
And Canaan's milk and honey flow, for us, by fancy led!
Young Persia shall be old again, and Babylon, once more,
Shall hear her wills, and countless gates, and armies, as of yore.
So we will go from north to south, from land to land we'll roam,
And see all there, yes, more than these, in this our cottage home.
Thus shall my books their stores unfold, my mind its gems display,
To teach and cheer the wife I love, with whom henceforth, I stay."

Thus spake the Husband to his Wife. The wife looked up and smiled;
While tears were sparkling in her eyes, thus her sweet accents mild:—
"I thank thee, William, from my heart; my home will happy be,
When with thy constant self each night, a heaven on earth to me."

"OOOD FOR TRADE;"
OR,
THE MINER'S HARMONIUM.

WE recently had the pleasure of paying a visit to Parkfield Colliery, near Bristol, where we saw and heard many things which we hope to make use of in a future "Colliery Number." One fact, however, we cannot refrain from publishing at once. Our esteemed host, Mr. Handel Cossham, of Shortwood Lodge, took us into the cottage of one of the miners, where, to our surprise and pleasure, we found the "house" not only most respectably furnished, but just under the pretty plants in the window was a capital *Harmonium*, for which the worthy owner had paid his "ten guineas!" On the opposite side of the room was a neat mahogany and glass bookcase, with a considerable selection of good books. Around the walls were hung a few paintings, and everything betokened peace and plenty. The good wife, who was clean and tidy like her cottage, showed us the music-books from which her husband played various tunes on the Harmonium, adding, with a smile of laudable pride, "Nobody *taught* him music, sir, he *learned himself!*"



As we left the cottage, Mr. Cossham said, "Now, sir, you have just seen the fruits of savings from *beer* and *tobacco!*"

Mr. C. added, "A few evenings ago, that miner asked me if I would procure for him a good FAMILY BIBLE, with a commentary, and when I enquired how much I might expend over it, he told me that he should not mind spending as far as two guineas or fifty shillings!

A few hours previously we had been hearing of meetings in London and sending out the thousands of "unemployed workmen" to the Colonies, and we involuntarily remarked, "If all working men in the United Kingdom would act as wisely as this sensible miner, what an unheard-of impetus would be given to *trade*. Musical instrument makers, cabinet makers, jewellers, bookbinders, carvers and gilders, and many other trades, would soon have more orders than they could possibly execute, and "unemployed workmen" would indeed be "few and far between."

We sincerely hope that many of our readers will take a leaf out of the Gloucestershire miner's book. It will not only be good for *trade*, but good for *wife* and *children*; good for *body*; good for *soul*; good for *time*, and good for *eternity*.

HOW TO SUPPORT A FAMILY.

JAMES HODGES went home one night very sorrowful, for his piano master's death had thrown the business, where he had been employed many years, into the hands of a grasping worldly nephew of his former employer, and James was told that he would be expected to render some service on the Lord's Day.

"What a look, Jim! on your face," said the wife as they sat down, as she stirred up the fire to a blaze, and held out the baby laughing and crowing to welcome her peasive husband.

"Ah Betty, I may well be sad, I'm told to come to work on the Lord's Day."

"Never!" said the wife, "never! If you can't support your family by keeping the Lord's Day, you'll never support them by breaking it."

"Bless your brave heart, Bess, you've helped me by that word," he said, as the cheerful smile broke over his countenance, and from that moment his resolution was taken to obey God's law. The next morning he gave notice to leave; but before the day was out, one of the clerks was sent to speak to him. James was a good servant, and worked well the six days, so they agreed to his terms, and left him the Lord's Day.

By this consistency, he not only did himself good, but the cause he worked for the firm—for the injustice was soon seen of exempting one man and oppressing others, so the plan of working on the Lord's Day was given up by the master through the consistency of his God-fearing servant. B.

THE HONEST HALFPENNY.

In a country parish in the south of Devonshire, near the town of K——, an aged christian widow receives the turnpike tolls, and for that purpose occupies by day one longest little tenement at the end of a bridge crossing the picturesque river Avon. Not long since, a gentleman and his daughter passed by the neighbourhood, whilst taking a ride, overpaid her a *halfpenny*.

The widow only discovered this when they were out of reach, but resolved herself of the earliest opportunity to return it. The gentleman made no remark at the time, but a few days afterwards, when riding through the village, left her a parcel containing a warm knitted jacket, and a pair of cuffs, accompanied by a note to say that they were the "fruits of an honest halfpenny," and that he hoped they would help to keep her warm during this winter.

"He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly, bread shall be given him—his water shall be sure."—P.

THE SABBATH BREAKING MANUFACTURER AFFLICTING AT THE HOUSE OF THE GUARDIAN FOR PARISH RELIEF.

"HIS MIND HAD NO SABBATH."

MR. WESTON was a manufacturer, who for years employed hundreds of workers in his mill, and was thought to be a very prosperous man. He had always a careworn look, and no one ever saw him in the house of God, or quietly reading in his dwelling, on the Lord's Day. Sometimes he would go off to his office, lock himself in for hours, and be busy with his account books; sometimes he would pace up and down his rooms lost in thought; and on Monday morning, he would tell his clerk he had planned some great business transaction on the previous Sabbath. Mark the issue of all this toil. He was seized suddenly with congestion of the brain. The physician who attended him, said very impressively, "he is over-wrought, his mind has had no Sabbath." He recovered the first attack, but his faculties were so impaired, that he had to be placed in a lunatic asylum, where he remained six years. His affairs meanwhile, were too confused for strangers to know how to arrange them, and though his wife made the effort of carrying on the concern, its failure added to her grief, and hastened her death in the fourth year of her husband's lunacy. At length he recovered his reason, and found himself a ruined man, alone in the world, with a shattered constitution at his only inheritance.

Ah! to think of his applying for admission into the Union, at the house of the poor-law guardian, who lived within sight of the mill he once called his own!

God's holy law of one day of rest in seven, is good for body as well as soul, for time as well as eternity. MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

THE BLIND PIPER OF KILLARNEY.

AMONGST the celebrities in humble life whom English tourists have encountered in every Irish locality, famous for its scenery or antiquities, none will be remembered with more kindly or pleasurable feelings than old Gandsey, the blind piper of Killarney. Accompanied and guided by his son, himself a proficient in the tuneful art, the old man has, for many years past, delighted visitors to the far-famed Lakes of Killarney with his genuine humour, and the musical skill with which he executed the sweet and simple melodies of his native land upon the bagpipes. Those who have listened to his performances, and been amused with his smart repartees and good-humoured drolleries, will regret to hear that the old man is no longer of this world. He died a week or two ago at his humble cottage in the village of Killarney, at the advanced age of eighty, and in the full possession of all his faculties. Future visitors to the Lakes will encounter, as heretofore, much originality of character among the guides, boatmen, and car-drivers, but such a piper as old Gandsey they are not likely to meet for many a season.

YEW TREE IN MUCKROSS ABBEY, KILLARNEY.

Killarney, the village in which poor old Gandsey passed his long life, is situated a little to the north-east of the Lower Lake, and a road thence, skirting the domain of Lord Kenmare, leads to Ross Castle, from which may be seen Innisfallen and Rabbit Island, with Toomies Mountain towering to the height of 2,215 feet on the opposite side. More southward, and bordering on the Middle Lake, is the demesne of Mr. H. Herbert, M.P. for Kerry, on which stands the ruins of Muckross Abbey. "No one," says Inglis, "should visit Killarney without seeing Muckross Abbey, a very beautiful and perfect ruin, containing within it, the most gigantic yew tree I have ever seen; its arms actually support the crumbling wall, and form a canopy above the open cloisters, while the majestic trunk is thirteen feet in circumference."

Toomies, though a fine object in the landscape, from the woods which clothe its base, is far from being the highest of the Hills encircling Killarney. That dignity belongs to Carrantuil, which rises to the height of 3,394, and is the loftiest peak in Ireland. The one most frequently ascended, however, is Mangerton, the summit of which is 2576 feet above the sea. Within 600 feet of the highest rock is the Devil's Punch-Bowl, a lake of considerable extent, occupying a deep chasm, and the water of which is extremely cold, though it never freezes. From the summit of this mountain a charming view is obtained, extending as far northward as the Shannon, and to the bays of Dingle, Kenmare, and Bantry, on the south-west coast. A magnificent prospect is obtained of Mucgillicuddy's Reeks, the ridge from which Carrantuil rises, and which are here seen to the greatest advantage. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the beauties of Killarney by any written description. Lady Chatterton truly says, "A hundred descriptions have been written, thousands of sketches made, but no description I have read, or sketch I have seen, made me familiar with Killarney. The Upper Lake, and the Lower Lake, Muckross and Innisfallen, must be seen to be understood. It is the colouring, the gleam of sunshine, the cloud, the tone, the effect, —what, in short, cannot be conveyed by the pen without the aid of art, and is beyond the power of the pencil—that gives a magic to the scenery of Killarney. I say, beyond the power of the pencil, because everything changes its hue so rapidly, and the forms of objects seem to change with their colour; it is impossible to convey the variety of images presented to the eye, the eye may follow them as it follows the flash of lightning; but to record faithfully requires thought and profound repose, which dwell not here." N.

TOOMIES MOUNTAIN, LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

GNOTTUS, a little before his death, said, "I would give all my learning and honour could I change situations with Jean Urrick," an illiterate neighbour, who spent much of his time in prayer, and in the study of the Scriptures.

"Pray without ceasing."

THE SCOTCH PIPER.

THE Bagpipe is so generally represented as being played upon by a Highlander, in a full suit of tartan, that it is commonly believed to be an instrument of music peculiar to Scotland. This however is by no means the case. It is in truth one of the most ancient instruments of music known, and has been popular throughout Europe for more than two thousand years. It was common amongst the ancient Scandinavians, when their country was invaded by the Romans; and, whether borrowed from them or not, the instrument was also popular in Rome, in the time of the Cæsars; for it is matter of history, that the emperor Nero, so celebrated for his cruelty, and his skill in music, was no contemptible performer on the bagpipe!

In modern Italy and in Spain, the bagpipe is a favourite instrument amongst the peasantry. In England, except in the Northern counties, it is now seldom met with; but in former times, and especially during the reigns of the three first Edwards, it was very popular. In Wales it does not appear ever to have competed with the harp, at least to any extent: but it has long been, and still is, a favourite instrument in Ireland.

But though not peculiar to Scotland the bagpipe has been for ages, and still continues a popular instrument of music there. In feudal times, the piper was an unfailing appendage to the household of a Highland Chief. He performed at his birth, at his wedding, and at his funeral; and when he led his clan to battle, the piper always accompanied them, to inspire fresh courage by his martial strains. This hereditary connection between the warlike ardour of the Highlander and the notes of the bagpipe still continues in full force, or is believed to do so. There is accordingly a piper attached to all our Highland regiments; and not a few of our readers will yet remember, that on the occasion of one of the late Duke of Wellington's victories in the Peninsula, the attack was commenced early in the morning, by the Highland brigade, while the pipers played the well-known national air of "Hey Johny Cope, are ye wonkin' yet?" "May the happy day soon arrive, when the nations "shall learn war no more," and when the sweet strains of music shall no longer be associated with scenes of bloodshed and woe!

Among other uses, to which the Highland chieftains occasionally put their pipers, was that of making their pleasure known in the form of proclamations. Some of these had at times a spice of royalty in their character. It is not quite a hundred years, for instance, since the proprietor of one of the smallest of the Western Islands, after dining in state, sent his piper out to the front of his mansion, there to proclaim with a loud voice, that "all

the kings of the world might now take their dinner, in the great Mc Neile of Barra laid out his!" It is but fair to add, that, (in consideration doubtless for the convenience of other potentates,) this sovereign of a few square miles dined at twelve o'clock!

DR. HUTT.

No. 29]

BRITISH WORKMAN

THE SAILORS' HOME, WELL STREET, LONDON DOCKS.

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR BY S. W. PARTRIDGE, AT THE OFFICE OF THE "BRITISH WORKMAN," NO. 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE SAILORS' HOME;

OR,

Brunswick Maritime Establishment,

WELL ST., LONDON DOCKS.

We recently paid a visit to the well known SAILORS' HOME in Well Street, Whitechapel, near the entrance to the London Docks, which is under the superintendence of Captain Pierce, R.N. We rejoiced to hear from so many of the "jolly sons of the sea," that they had found this HOME "a *harbour of refuge*" to them. This large establishment forms a boarding and lodging house for seamen and apprentices, where they can live comfortably at a moderate charge. It has a registry office for recording the characters of the men, and aids in shipping them when they are ready to go to sea. Instruction is also provided, without charge, to those who may desire to acquire the knowledge or improve themselves in the science of NAVIGATION. A savings' bank; money order office; reading room, and church are also to be numbered amongst the advantages of this Institution.

It is an interesting fact, that since the opening of this Sailors' Home in May, 1835, the sum of *five hundred and sixty-nine thousand pounds* has been deposited by sailors in the Institution, of which *one hundred and ninety-three thousand six hundred and seventy-two pounds* have been remitted to "Jack's" relatives and friends!

Many seamen, both old and young, will doubtless have to thank God throughout eternity for the advantages they have gained, and the evils they have avoided through taking up their residence at the Sailors' Home, in Well Street. The Rev. Mr. Gribble, the chaplain of the Institution, having himself been a sailor, knows *how* to sympathize with the disadvantages of a seaman's life. It is not only that the inmates are brought under the beneficial influence of the moral and religious counsel of the worthy chaplain, but the men have the advantage of *good company*. A pleasing instance of this was afforded not long ago in the case of an intelligent and noble-hearted American mate, who, during his temporary sojourn in the "Home," sought to win his fellow sailors to habits of temperance and he paths of piety.

THE AMERICAN MATE IN THE SAILORS' HOME, WELL STREET, LONDON DOCKS.

Not a few weather-beaten tars, men who had braved death at the cannon's mouth, were softened down under the Sailors' Home ministrations of this worthy mate, and we believe that the great day of account will show that the seed thus sown has been as "bread cast upon the waters, found after many days."

As many of our seafaring readers may not be aware of the advantages of this Institution, we insert the following extract from one of the circulars published by the Directors of this excellent "Home."

Address to Seamen.

The Directors of the Sailors' Home, cordially acquainted that the Institution was designed with no other object than to benefit the Seamen who may come to the Port of London; and they are peculiarly anxious that the men who frequent it may, in every respect, and under all circumstances, find it to be truly a Sailor's "Home."

Care will be taken that the Provisions in the Home shall be of good quality, that the men's Lodging Cubicles shall be kept as clean and made as comfortable as possible, and that the Wedding of their Clothes engaged for according to the Regulations, shall be properly done.

Seamen will have to pay two shillings a day, or fourteen shillings a week, for living at the Institution; each man has a sleeping cabin to himself, for meals a day are provided for the boarders, and a trifle allowance of washing is included in the weekly charge.

Ordinary Seamen (under twenty years of age,) twelve shillings a week, washing included.

Apprentices will have to pay one shilling and sevenpence a day, or eleven shillings a week, upon the same terms.

The blessing of religious instruction, the opportunity of living a sober and a decent life, a just account of wages entrusted to the care of the Institution, and security of property, with free use of Library and Reading Room, are the advantages that the Sailors' Home holds out to the Seamen.

Navigation Schools are open,

From 9 to 12 in the Morning.
2 to 4 in the Afternoon.
6 to 9 in the Evening.

which afford to Seamen who are desirous of rising in their profession, the opportunity of qualifying themselves to become Mates or Masters of vessels, and *without charge* to Seamen and Apprentices boarding at the Sailors' Home.

The Institution is considered responsible for all monies that may be deposited by the Seamen; but all private money transactions with the Officers, or all money deposits in any way with the servants, is strictly prohibited. Officers of the Institution will attend the Pay-ships, when it is proper to do so, but the better security of the Boarders who may wish to lodge their surplus money at the Sailors' Home, and the men will find whatever sums they may place in the Agent's hands carried to their credit in the Accountant's Office. By these means, men may be protected from that system of imposition and loss that so frequently occurs when the seamen receive their wages. The Seaman can receive any part of his money from nine o'clock in the forenoon until five in the evening, and the Cashier will receive money from the men at any time between the same hours. Sundays in both cases, always excepted. The Boarders are strongly recommended not to keep money in their chests, or about their person, but on their arrival at the Sailors' Home to lodge it in the hands of the Cashier, or, if after office hours, with the Superintendent.

The Officers of the Sailors' Home are instructed to advise the men where they may purchase their Clothes, and whatever else they may require, so as to ensure their procuring them of a good quality, and on the most reasonable terms. The Secretary of the Institution will assist the men in writing to their friends, and in making any remittances of money they may desire to forward to their relations.

Abstract Notes for the benefit of the Families of absent Seamen, when payable in London, will be received by the Sailors' Home, and the amount thereof paid by the Cashier to the relatives of Boarders.

The Board of Trade, being desirous of encouraging Seamen to save their earnings, and of preventing, as far as possible, the risk of losing their money after being "paid off" from their ships, have established a "Seamen's Savings' Bank" at the Sailor's Home. Deposits from £5 to £200 will be received, and interest of £4 per cent. allowed.

Money Orders are also granted to Seamen and Apprentices, *free of expense*, for the purpose of enabling them to send a part of their wages to their friends or relations, residing at any other Port in the United Kingdom.

A Shipping Office is established under the provisions of the Mercantile Marine Act, where Captains can obtain Crews, sign Articles, pay off their Men, &c., and Seamen can register their Names, and obtain employment. GEORGE PIERCE,

Secretary.

Other Sailors' Homes.

We are glad to be able to state that Mr. Green, the eminent Ship owner, who opened an excellent "Sailors' Home" in the East India Road, Poplar, for the crews of his own vessels, has liberally extended the admission to all seamen of good character. We hope that the large Ship-owners in other parts will follow Mr. Green's good example. They will doubtless, secure to themselves a blessing, whilst conferring a blessing on others.

Sailors Homes' may now be found at

Aberdeen.	Devonport.
Belfast.	Dover.
Bristol.	Dublin.
Cardiff.	Falmouth.
Chatham.	Folkstone.
Cork.	Greenock.
	Liverpool.
	Plymouth.
	Portsmouth.
	Shoreham.
	Sunderland.

When any additional "Homes" are opened, we shall be glad to be informed.

THE OLD SAILOR'S REBUKE.

A merchant and ship-owner of the city of New York, stood at the entrance of his store, conversing with a gentleman on business. A poor sailor, belonging to one of his vessels, approached the store with the intention of entering it, but observing that the door was occupied, modestly stepped aside, not wishing to interrupt the conversation.

As he stood waiting patiently an opportunity to pass into the store, he overheard profane allusions made to Christ, and turning to look, he received it was his employer who was speaking. Instantly he changed his position, and stood in front of the gentleman with his head uncovered, and his hat under his arm, and addressed his employer in the following language. "Sir, will you forgive me if I speak a word to you?" The gentleman recognising in the sailor one of the crew of the vessel recently arrived, and supposing he might have something to communicate affecting his interests, kindly encouraged him to speak. Without further hesitation, the sailor proceeded: "You won't be offended then, sir, with a poor ignorant sailor, if he tells you his feelings." The gentleman again assured him he had nothing to fear. "Well then, sir," said the honest hearted sailor, with emotion, "will you be so kind as not to take the name of my blessed Jesus in vain! He is a good Saviour: he took my feet from the pit and the miry clay, and established my going. O sir, don't, if you please, take the name of my Jesus in vain! He never did any one any harm, but is always doing good." The rebuke was not lost upon him for whom it was intended; a tear gathered his eye, and he replied in the argent request, "My good fellow, God helping me, I never will again take the name of your Saviour in vain." "Think you, sir," said this faithful witness for Christ, and putting on his hat, he walked away to his work.

ANECDOTE OF A SAILOR.

When the late Rev. Charles Buck was once preaching in Silver Street Chapel, in London, a sailor, passing along, and hearing the singing, thought within himself, "I am shortly going to sea. I shall perhaps never have another opportunity—I'll go."

During the sermon something deeply impressed his mind. He inquired the name of the preacher, which he never forgot. He went to sea, and all his serious impressions were away, but after he returned he was taken ill, and was visited by some pious gentlemen, who found him very ignorant. He acknowledged his neglect of divine things, but said there was a religion that he liked, and that was what he once heard a Mr. Buck preach at Silver Street Chapel. They continued their visits, and at length witnessed his happy death. One of his last expressions was, "I now take my *cable*, and fix it on my *anchor*, Jesus, and go through the *storm*.

Jesus, lover of my soul
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

WIFE BEATERS.

SUGGESTION IV.

There are but few men in the world whose opinion on matters affecting "reformation of manners" is entitled to attention as those from the lips or the pen of Dr. Guthrie, the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, the celebrated author of the successful "Plea for Ragged Schools."

The worthy Doctor has written us a letter in which he recommends the adoption of the "shaving process," as an efficient mode of punishment for those miscreants—the wife-beaters.

Dr. Guthrie urges his recommendation by the fact that the plan *has been tried* in the army and found successful. He says, "the colonel of a regiment was annoyed and distressed greatly at the prevalence of drunkenness among the men. Severe punishments were tried, but all in vain—all the common remedies were tried, but off its horn. It occurred to him to try the effect of *shame* and *ridicule*. He announced his intention, and ordered his plan. Next day an offender was caught. He was neither lashed nor ironed, simply committed to the hands of the regimental barber, who operated upon him forthwith; and whom he appeared with his head as bald as a peeled turnip, he became such a laughing stock for all, women, men, and hard boys, that no man ventured thereafter to get drunk! It wrought like a charm. Thousands will stand corporal punishment, who can't stand ridicule."

We hope that when the next Act of Parliament for the protection of women is framed, the "shaving process" will not be overlooked. It will certainly be much more economical to the rate payers than the present plan of "six months with hard labour."

PROPOSED "SHAVING PROCESS" FOR WIFE BEATERS.

CELEBRATED WEAVERS.

(Continued from page 100.)

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, a youthful poet of great promise, was born at Nottingham, in 1785, and from his infancy manifested an ardent love of learning. His father being a butcher, he assisted him in his business for some years, but in his fourteenth year was not apprenticed to a *stocking weaver*. Aspiring, however, for some situation in which his mental energies could be developed he was at length placed in an attorney's office, and applying his *leisure hours* to the study of languages, was able, in the course of ten months, to read Latin with tolerable facility, and had made some progress in Greek. At the same time, he acquired a knowledge of Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, and even applied himself to the acquisition of some of the sciences. In 1802 he published a volume of poems, and in the preface stated that they were published for the purpose of facilitating his future studies, and enabling him "to pursue those inclinations which might one day place him in an honourable station in the scale of society." These verses procured for him the notice and encouragement of Southey and other influential friends, and he was indebted, through the generosity of Mr. Wilberforce, he was admitted a student of St. John's College, Cambridge. There he applied himself to his studies with such unremitting labour, that his constitution sunk under the continued effort, and he died in 1806. It is worthy of remark that all the poetry of Henry Kirke White was written before his twentieth year. His "Remains," consisting of poems, letters, and fragments, were edited by Southey, who also wrote a sketch of his life.

JOHN FIELDEN, M.P., whose exertions on behalf of the labouring classes deserve honorable mention, was originally himself a weaver. He gradually worked his way up to competence, influence, and authority, and when, through the influence of his combined industry and intelligence he had raised himself, his fidelity to the class from which he sprung, made him the earnest and untiring champion of the rights of his fellow toilers. He sat in Parliament for Oldham, from 1832 to 1847. His exertions in reference to the memorable Ten hours' Bill, will not speedily be forgotten. He died in 1849.

Dr. JOSEPH WHITE, an eminent divine and orientalist, was the son of a poor journeyman *weaver*, of Gloucester, where he was born 1746. His father brought him up to his own *trade*, but sent him for a time to a charity school. The education he there received had the effect of inspiring him with a love of reading and study, which he carried so far in his *leisure hours*, that his attainments attracted the attention of a neighbouring gentleman, who furnished him the means of entering Wadham College, Oxford, in 1775, he was elected Laudian Professor of Arabic, and subsequently took the degree of D.D. He published several learned works, and died in 1814.

JOHN BACON, the eminent English sculptor, was the son of a weaver, in Southwark, Surrey, where he was born in 1740. When he was fourteen, he was apprenticed to a porcelain manufacturer in Bow Church-yard, who taught him the art of painting china and making figures for chimney-piece ornaments. The sculptors of that day were accustomed to send their clay models to be burnt at the furnaces of his employer, and the superiority of their execution over the figures he was accustomed to model, struck his observation, and caused him to aspire after the higher exercise of his art. On this occasion he gained the first premium of the Society for the Encouragement of Society, he became a student, and afterwards a Royal Academician. Among his statues may be mentioned, that of the Earl of Chatham, in Guildhall; Dr. Johnson and John Howard, in St. Paul's, and the allegorical figure of the Thames, in the Court-yard of Somerset House. He died in 1799, and was buried in Whitfield's Chapel, Tottenham Court Road; the tablet placed over the grave bearing the following inscription, written by himself:—

"*What I was as an artist seemed to me of some importance while I lived; but what I really was as a believer in* Jesus Christ, *is the only thing of importance to me now.*"

THOMAS SIMPSON, an eminent mathematician, was born in 1710, at Market Bosworth, and was the son of a *weaver*, who brought him up to his own trade. He employed *his leisure hours* in the acquisition of knowledge, and was led to the study of mathematics by obtaining possession of a copy of Cocker's Arithmetic, to which was annexed a short treatise on Algebra. For many years he worked as a weaver during the day, and taught a school in the evenings, but his attainments and abilities becoming known, he was enabled to give up his trade, and devote himself to the study and teaching of mathematics. In 1745, he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and three years afterwards was admitted a fellow of the Royal Society. He died in 1761, after having written several works of considerable value.

(Notices of Weavers to be concluded in next No.)

CHRIST IS ALL, AND IN ALL.

Col. iii. 11.

Compar'd with Christ, in all beside,
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with thee.

The sense of thy expiring love,
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow! for thee alone
My All in All, I pray.

THE BOARD OF TRADE

Being desirous of encouraging Seamen to save their earnings, and of preventing, as far as possible, the risk of losing their money after being "paid off" from their ships, have established a

SEAMEN'S SAVINGS' BANKS

at the Shipping Offices at the principal ports (Gravesend, Lowestoft, and Stornoway excepted). The following are a few of the

ADVANTAGES

which Seamen will derive by depositing their money therein:—

1st. That the Seamen's money will always be SAFE, it being under the care of the Board of Trade.

2nd. That they will PAY the Deposit first at one port and then at another, just as it may suit their convenience.

3rd. That they can WITHDRAW at any port they please the whole amount of their deposit, or withdraw portions of their money first at one port and then at another.

4th. That the deposits, if allowed to remain in the "Seamen's Savings' Bank," will be increased by the INTEREST which the Board of Trade allow to depositors at 4£ per cent. per annum.

5th. That in the event of the Seaman dying without a will, any deposits or interest that may have accrued to him will be paid over to his nearest relation or legal representative.

The Wives, Widows, and Children of Seamen are also allowed to open accounts in the "Seamen's Savings' Bank."

Seamen are also allowed to deposit sums of Money for their Children,

Which the Children can withdraw whenever required, if they are above 14 years of age.

THE SAILOR'S EVENING PRAYER.

Long the sun hath gone to rest,
Dimmed is now the deepening west;
And the sky hath lost the hue
That the rich clouds o'er it threw:
Lonely on the pale blue sky
Gleam lone streaks of crimson dye,
Gloriously the evening star
Looks upon us from afar;
And we, o'er the changeful deep,
God of power,
Bless the sailor's ocean sleep,
Guard his nightly hour.

On the still twilight air
We would breathe our solemn prayer,—
"Bless the dear ones of our home,
Guide us through the wild waves' foam,
To the light of those dear eyes,
Where our hearts' best treasure lies,
To the love in one fond breast
That another home of rest!
Hear her, when at even tide
She kneels to pray
That God would bless, defend and guide,
Those far away!"

Now the moon hath touched the sea,
And the waves all trembingly
Throw towards heaven their silvery spray,
Happy in the gladdening ray;
Thus, Redeemer, let thy love
Shine upon us from above;
Touched by thee, our hearts will rise,
Grateful towards the glowing skies,
Guard us, shield us, mighty Lord,
Thou dost not sleep,
Still the tempest with thy word,—
Rule the deep!"

GENTLENESS.

If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Thou may'st light it, may be lighted;
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in thy ear be again
Give to thy touch a token!

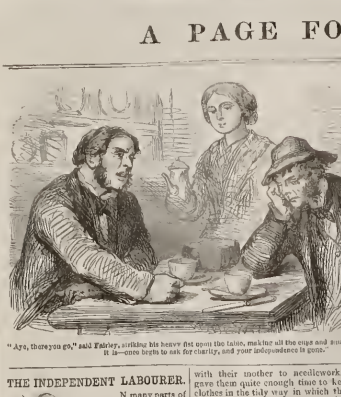
If thou hast loosed a bird,
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still he may be won
To sing for thee in warble near thee.
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unbedeck,
Hope not that the wind or wave shall bring
The treasure back when needed!

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its cluster yet may glow
Thro' the heaven that bloom revealing.
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
With a bright draught filled—oh, never
Shall earth give back that lavished wealth
To cool thy parched lip's fever!

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee,
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee;
And like that string of harp or lute
Whence the sweet sound is scattered—
Gently, oh, gently touch the cords,
So soon for ever shattered!

Mrs. Hemans.

A PAGE FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.



"Aye, thereyou go," said Fairley, striking his brave fist upon the table, making all the cups and saucers rattle. "That's how it is—once begins to ask for charity, and your independence is gone."

THE INDEPENDENT LABOURER.

In many parts of England, but more particularly in the south,—where agriculture is the chief employment of the poor—may be seen, amidst the green hills and wooded valleys, many a peaceful cot, with a little garden neatly kept, showing that the inhabitants are of a thrifty sort, spending their leisure hours in usefulness, raising vegetables for their own table, and sometimes earning a few pence by selling them in the village.

You will often find, too, that those of an industrious turn take a pride in rearing a few flowers, training the rose and honeysuckle round the windows or over the porch, making their humble cottage look more inviting. It is such as these who can lie down at night with a feeling of contentment, they know they have served their master well, and that in so doing they have done their best for the support of their family; they can therefore ask Heaven's blessing upon their labours.

In the outskirts of a small town, in such a cottage as is here described, there lived an honest labourer—one, who by the "sweat of his brow" had contrived, by his example and industry to bring up a family likely to be as independent as himself, although his wages were not high. His wife, too, was one of those who make the best of everything; she knew how much was gained by neat and careful habits, and the advantage it would be to her family to bring them up in such ways; and she well knew that there was no way so respectable for her daughters to get a livelihood as that of household service; and what lady would not prefer taking a girl out of a cottage that was always neat and clean, rather than from one where you may very plainly see that the mother must be a slovenly woman?

In going from cottage to cottage, how striking the difference in their appearance! On entering one you see nothing but dirt and confusion—the family all dirty too, presenting a most squalid picture; at first sight you may think there is real distress here. You enter the next, so neat and tidy—everything in its place, and nothing put away without being properly cleaned—giving the whole such a look of comfort that you can hardly believe want has ever entered at its door, but upon inquiry you may find as much hardship and as great a struggle for a maintenance as in the former, although they put a smiling face upon it, and who would not feel more pleasure in helping such, who are evidently striving to make the best of their scanty means, than those whose dirty condition very plainly shows that from their carelessness and idle habits they are not likely to improve, however much you may try to help them.

These girls of Mrs. Fairley (for that was the name of the family) were seen going to school every day neatly dressed, and never loitering by the way or playing with the idle ones—they knew their mother could give them something to do when they got home. By showing them how to do things properly in their own little cottage, she knew they would have a better idea of setting about their work when they got a place in a gentleman's house. The cloth was neatly laid on the table by the time their father and brothers returned from their work; and when everything was washed up and put in its place, there was nothing more left for them to do after the tea hour but to sit down with their mother to needlework, which gave them quite enough time to keep their clothes in the tidy way in which they were always seen. This is a time too often spent in idle gossip, in consequence of which you may see many looking very deplorable and wearing nothing but rags, entirely from their own idleness.

How important it is that wives should strive to make a comfortable home for their husbands and sons; by so doing, many evils are avoided. Oh! let every wife think of this; think how much more pleasant it is to the husband who has to toil from morning to night, and how it must lighten his labour to see that, by the good and frugal management of his wife, she has made out of the fruit of his scanty earnings a happy home, and brought up his sons and daughters to be respectable; respectability belongs to the poor as well as to the rich, that man who is known to be steady and industrious and to have brought up his family well, merits respect.

Mrs. Fairley never used an angry word in urging her children to their work; she knew they would take far more pleasure in what they had to do when led to it by kindness and fair words, than when driven to it by scolding, and not unfrequently by hard blows, which must give them a distaste for work, and often drives them to idleness, preferring to play in the streets rather than to return to their home, where they know there is nothing but discomfort and harsh treatment. Her boys usually employed their leisure hours in the garden, or reading useful books.

One evening, as Fairley was returning from his work, he met John Styles, with his head hanging down and looking very gloomy—"Well, John, what's the matter now? you look as if things were not going quite right somehow."

"Going right? no, and when are they likely to be going right, I should like to know?—I'm very hard!"

"Ay, that was always the saying, and I suppose ever will be; but the way to make things go right, is to do what you can for yourself and never think anybody else is to blame if they do go a little cross sometimes; but step in, John, I dare say my good woman has some tea ready by this time. Sally, my gal, put another cup and saucer on the table, and make your pot hold a little more, if you gan, and now tell me, John, what is it that makes things wrong now?"

"Why, there's my little gal has got the fever —my mesus is gone to Mrs. Selby there, to see if she can get a sick-ticket, or something—"

"Ay, there you go," said Fairley, striking his heavy fist upon the table and making all the cups and saucers rattle. "That's how it is—once begins to ask for charity, and your independence is gone! Live on your own earnings, and then you may hold up your head, and in the fulness of an honest heart thank God for all his mercies."

"But," continued John, "I hav'n't had regular work lately—master hadn't enough to employ all, and I was one that was turned off."

"Ah, John, I mean no offence, but I dare say your master turned off the idle ones—they are sure to go first; a master soon finds out who serves him best; you seldom find a good steady labourer out of work. Depend upon it, John, there is generally something wrong in the character of that man who is often complaining that he can't get work. Always turn your hand to something, John—never be idle; it was an old saying in my father's days, and it's a true saying still —"The devil tempts idle people, but idleness tempts the devil."

"And then," continued John, "when any thing's out of work goes to the Board, they only tells 'em that they may go into the house."

"And that's where they ought to go—why they're out of work and hav'n't laid by anything against a rainy day, which everybody should do; you can't expect the sun always to shine. But just look here, John—perhaps you have never thought of it, though it is what all ought to think of; those who make themselves and some upon the parish to be kept, ought to be willing to be as little chargeable as possible, seeing that they are not the only poor, but heavier it makes the poor-rates—and heavy enough they fall upon some poor creatures; thing's many a little tradesman, I'll be bound, that does not earn more than some of us labourers, but because he lives in a house only a little bit bigger than some of our cottages, he is obliged to pay to the poor-rates, little as he can afford it, sy, I know it's a sore pinch to some of them. Now, it's very clear that it must cost the parish less to keep a family in the house than out of it."

"But then it lowers a fellow so, to go into the house; when he comes out he feels so sheepish, as if he had been in disgrace like."

"No, no; that's not the way to look at it, John; the disgrace is in what brought you to it. If it is allowed to be employing your time at the public-house, or such like bad habits, it is that that has disgraced you. There are some that live by begging, or even by dishonesty, rather than go into the house; and such are pretty sure to go on from bad to worse till they get into jail,—that's a disgrace, if you like—"

"There's a great deal too much of that begging going on," said Mrs. Fairley, "when I was charing at the squire's, the other day, the servants said it was almost work enough for one to open the door to the beggars, and mistress thought she must put a stop to it."

"Ay, they are like the birds," said her husband, "I suppose the hard weather makes them bold, and they come flocking round the rich man's door to pick up the crumbs that fall from his table. But it ought not to be; I often think whether folks can do, is to find employment for the poor."

"But how do you make out that charities do more harm than good? tell me that."

"Why, in this way: the more relief the rich man gives, the more he may give,—the flies come in swarms when there is a honey-pot near. If his wife gives a blanket to one poor creature, soon there be ever so many more coming to her, telling her how badly they are off—with only one blanket to cover them all! And every blanket that the rich man gives is sure to bring another family shivering round his door to excite his compassion—"

"And no wonder, either, when they are starving with cold, as we often do."

"But if you had the proper spirit of independence, my man, you would shiver on, till you had laid by money enough to buy one. I should feel much more comfortable under a blanket that I had got by my own earnings than one I had begged for. When once you take to begging, you become careless; you think it matter little comes there will be some one to help you out of it, and that's how charity does harm; it's of no use to help the man who does not try to help himself—he's sure to go lower and lower, whatever others may do for him. Many's the time that I have been hard up myself, and that we have had nothing to look to for a dinner but bread and water, but, my good wife knows there's John's one of the clever sort, that I will say for her, though she is here to hear it) she skiss away at the bread, and, after sprinkling a little pepper and salt over it, pours scalding water on; and I can assure you it goes a great deal further in that way than the dry bread, and is no bad thing, either, especially if you have an onion to pull up in your garden to give it a flavour. Ay," he said, with a sigh, "I should have saved myself a hard struggle when I first married if I had been taught how to save young. Why, just look here. If a lad lays by in a week when he is eighteen, he's a-week rich; help in mind, he's a-week wise; but, by the time he is twenty-two years old, he'll find he has £23 8s. in the savings-bank and that without reckoning the interest—I never learnt enough about figures to do that. At twenty-six, I always says, its quite time enough for a man to think about marrying, and then he has a nice little sum to begin upon; he can make a little cottage look comfortable to bring a girl to, and if he chooses one that can turn her hand to anything, she'll keep it comfortable. It's only for a man to marry before he can keep himself."

"That's all very fine, Master Fairley, but how do you think a man's going to lay by 3s a-week?"

"I know that if he has not found out how to do that he has no business to think of marrying. How is he to keep a wife and family too, if he can't keep himself? In these inventions we sometimes that bring so many on the parish. But, John, I must say, a good deal depends upon the wife,—good management of a little can make a great deal further than a bad one, and give a place a more comfortable look, too. Why, there are some wives very fond of coming to drive any man out of doors, to get comfort where he can—anywhere rather than in his own cottage, which might be comfortable enough if his wife only tried to make it so. Look at that Pet Gibbons, there, over agen the mill yonder, a dirty, gossiping creature; why, she could rather go in rags than take the trouble to thread a needle to put a stitch into 'em. And the children of such a woman are brought up to be beggars, like herself, and never sent to school. In many a family, I'll answer for it, there's more money spent at the alehouse than would pay for the schooling of all the children; so, by the bad habits of the parents, the children are brought to ruin!"

This was a harder blow to poor John Styles than Fairley was aware of; he felt that if he had not just spent his last half-pence in indulging his own selfish propensity, he might have bought some little thing to alleviate the burning fever that was wasting the strength of his little girl, instead of sending his wife to beg for it. He could stand it no longer; he left Fairley's with a heavy heart, but with a resolution to reform in future. He knew Fairley was right; but, having sank so low, the difficulty was how to get up again. His wife observed his dejection, and wondered what could be the matter.

"How downcast you look, John; I never saw you in such a way before—I hope you are not going to sicken with the fever."

"No, wife, that isn't it, I have been entirely wrong; and what Fairley says is right."

"Why, what has Fairley been saying?" asked his wife.

"Oh, he has been talking a deal about independence, and how a man is sure to go down if he once begins to look for charity. But what's done can't be undone; I must try and do better in future," and he sighed deeply. He hardly liked to confess, even to his wife, how much he had been in the habit of spending in drink. After a long silence he said, "How many of the children, wife, should you say are old enough to go to school?"

"Old enough for school? why, there's Tom and Sam for certain—they are always playing in the street and getting into mischief for want of something better to do; it would be a great blessing if they could learn to read to keep them out of such idle ways. And there's this little Nell, too, if it should please God to spare her," and she bent mournfully over her little sick child. Her husband sighed again as he thought how much he had wasted in the indulgence only of his own appetite whilst his family were left almost starving. He knew he spent that week, and most weeks it was just the same, more than enough to pay for the schooling of the three children.

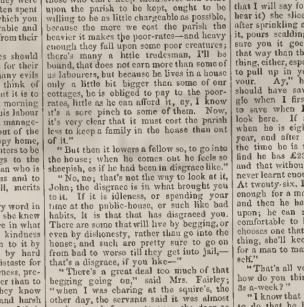
"It went do, wife," he said, at last, "it must not be so any longer; the parish have some schooling, or they will grow up to be idle, and make no better men than their father. I went spend another farthing at the alehouse, and that's what I won't!" What joy it was to his wife to find he was come to that at last! She had long mourned over the sad way in which they had been living, and all the more so from her hopeless belief that her husband's wants were the cause of it. But she ventured to remark that such resolutions, though good in themselves, often failed from not seeking for help to carry them out, we are so weak of ourselves that we cannot do any thing without the assistance of Him who is the author of all good.

That night—shall I say it?—for the first time in his life, his voice for help ascended to the Throne of Grace! Yes, I believe it was the first time! for it is often found that those who have got into bad habits have lived in forgetfulness of God. But, reader, if thou art one of these, think of the many repeated promises of a gracious God extended to such, and take courage. What encouragement is there in these words: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."—Isa. lv. 7.

The next morning he arose with a lighter and happier heart than he had known for years, and from his earnest importuntes for work his master was induced to take him on again. His children were in ecstacy, and it was not long before they took pleasure in it. And when their father returned at noon to the dinner meal his wife had prepared for them, humble as it was they sat down to it with a feeling of contentment hitherto unknown to them. He was able to stand firm against the idle taunts of his former companions. As he returned home one evening from his work, one of them standing at the door of the house he was in the habit of frequenting, said to another,—"See how blithely Jack Styles walks home to night, looking neither to the right or left.

"Hallo, Jack! what's up now, I wonder? you've nothing to have a part?"

"No," said John, still walking on, "I have found out something better to spend my money on, and have you will one of these days." That Saturday night he thanked God for the happiest week he remembered in his life.



WHAT A WIFE SHOULD AND SHOULD NOT DO.

A Wife, domestic, good, and pure,
Lets a sad, slovenly husband stand at her door;
But not like smallin silver track,
Place all her wealth upon her back!

"As the sunbeam cheers the morning dew,
That glitters on the grass;
So much husband are our earthly solace,
And make them lightly pass."

Contentment like a sunbeam had entered his humble cottage, that cottage, which before looked one of the saddest places in the land, now wore the aspect of cheerfulness, as if the sunbeam had rested there. His wife took a pride in arranging her children neat and clean, and in training them up to be industrious; not even Fairleys look more tidy than they do now, or more orderly, for they are no longer looked upon as idle beggars. And little Nell, after long and anxious watching, is playing about again, and think what a pleasure the reflection must be to the father when his work is over and he can sit down and hear her children read,—that it is all owing to his having given up one sinful, one selfish gratification. Often does he thank God for enabling him to resist his former temptation. He can now lift up his head with a feeling of independence. Truly, "Unto the upright there arisseth light in the darkness."

SELF-ELEVATED MEN.

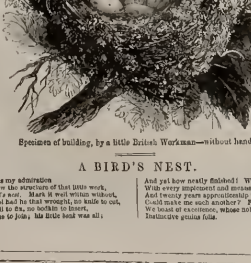
PROFESSOR FARADAY.

An electrical machine was in the window of a scientific instrument maker's shop, and a young lad stood looking at it with eager eyes. He was observing every part with intense curiosity. At length, after a long absorbing gaze, a neighbouring clock struck—he started like one awakened from a sleep, and ran with all speed to his master's workshop. The boy was the son of a working man—a smith, and was intended also for a working man—but not quite so laborious a trade. Perhaps the man, but not quite so strong enough for his father's manly trade, so he was apprenticed to a bookbinder in Blandford Street, Marylebone. He was a diligent lad, fond of work in hours of business and fond of a book in hours of leisure. In particular he loved books on scientific subjects. He liked to read about the wonders of chemistry; still more about electricity—that wonderful power that flashes out of the thunder cloud, that dwells unseen in the dew drop, that at a touch thrills through the startled nerves, and lies as an invisible but mighty spirit, pervades all things, from the clouds of heaven to the clods of earth. One day he found out the shop window with the electrical machine, and at every spare moment he haunted that window, taking the shape and measure of every knob, and wire, and wheel, and plate, with earnest eyes. Then he resolved to try and make one for himself. So by the light of the early summer mornings, he was up and working away at his machine. In time he completed it and found it would act. He touched the brass knob, and the shock that went through him was as nothing compared to the joy that throbbed in his heart at seeing his work complete. He showed it to his master, who, being a kind and genuine man, was pleased and surprised at the ingenuity of the lad. The master was fond of showing the electrical apparatus of his industrious apprentice to every person likely to be interested in a clever youth. Among them were some Fellows of the Royal Society, who might, perhaps, have an admission ticket to give.

Some few years after, the lad, now a young man, was again gazing with wide open eyes, and laying up all he saw in his mind. This time, it was not through a shop window that he looked. It was from a seat in the Royal Society's lecture room, that he witnessed Sir Humphrey Davy making some beautiful chemical experiments. The youth did not know which most to admire, the beautiful apparatus, the wonderful experiment, or the eloquent lecture—all was so new to him, so interesting! But the lecturer himself was above all the rest, the object of his admiration; our youth having been a reader, knew that Sir Humphrey Davy was not born of rich parents, though his kindred and his breeding were virtuous and respectable. In the remote town of Penzance, in Cornwall, from the most western extremity of England, the great man had come. He had taught himself mostly all he knew—and now the youth saw him standing before the mighty and the noble of the land. The light of genius in his flashing eyes, the words of wisdom on his eloquent lips. "Oh! if I could but follow the steps of such a master," was the involuntary wish of the youth fal hearer. That thought produced action; promptness was a leading part of the young man's character, so he resolved to write to the great chemist and state that he wished to follow some other trade than that to which he had been apprenticed, that he loved science, and would think himself happy to be employed in any way in the laboratory of so great a man. It was a bold step, but the request, though urgent, was full of the noble humility of real worth. His letter was not neglected—enquiries were made; the good master had no wish to prevent the youth entering on a career for which his talents and studious habits fitted him. The electrical apparatus was another aid to him, so the wish of his heart was granted; he entered the laboratory of the great man, and had ample opportunity to study and to improve. There is no need to say he did not waste his time or neglect his opportunities. Sir Humphrey Davy died, leaving a name dear to the philanthropist as well as the man of science; but his place was not long vacant. Who fills it? He whose youth we have feebly sketched—he, whose lectures at the Royal Institution are listened to by Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales—the celebrated and much beloved PROFESSOR FARADAY.

"Seest thou the man that is diligent in his calling, he shall stand before princes."

B.



Specimen of building, by a little British Workman—without hands.

A BIRD'S NEST.

It was my admiration
To view the structure of that little work,
A bird's nest. Mark it well within without,
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no lathin to insert,
No glue to join; his little nest was all;
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hands
With every implement and measure of art,
And twenty years apprenticeship to boot,
Could make one such another? Firmly then
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils.

A PLEA FOR THE OMNIBUS-MEN AND CABMEN.

We know no class of men in this country who undergoes a more severe life of toil, for the convenience of the public, than the Omnibus-men and Cabmen of London. Some time ago, a few gentlemen who felt a deep sympathy for the Omnibus-men, collected from them a considerable number of testimonies. We give the following brief extracts from six of the cases, as illustrations of the whole. They carry with them their own affecting appeal.

JOSEPH POWELL, *a well-known six-day London Cabman.*

No. 1.

—"I have driven for seven years on the Paddington line. Never have more than one Sunday to myself in the course of twelve months. Have forty-five minutes for my meals, but cannot get them at home. I commence work at eight in the morning, and leave off at eleven at night. Would gladly go to a place of worship if I could."

No. 2.

—"I have been a driver for fourteen years. Seldom can get to a place of worship. I have sometimes asked master for a day's rest on a Sunday, but his reply has always been '*Rest when you are dead.*' My wife is a religious woman, and it is a sad trouble to her that I can never go with her to church."

No. 3.

—"I am on the Islington road. I have one Sunday in every five, but am generally so worn out, that I day in every five, but am generally so worn out, that I am glad to spend most of that day in bed. I should willingly sacrifice my day's wages for this purpose. I was once a Sabbath school scholar, and know that I ought not to work on the Sabbath, but what am I to do? I have no other employment to go to, and my wife and family must not starve."

No. 4.

—"I am time-keeper at ——. My day's work commences at nine in the morning, and finishes at ten at night. *I have no leisure for meals, but get them as I stand in the street. I never have a Sunday's rest.*"

No. 5.

—"I leave home for the stables at half-past seven and I never see my own door again until twelve at night. Week days and Sundays are all alike to me. I get two or three Sundays in the course of a year, but I have to sacrifice my wages, and *employ a substitute.*

No. 6.

—"We have a hard life of it. I sometimes think that Omnibus-men are regarded as men *without souls*, or else the religious people would surely do something for us. I *never* have a Sunday. I believe God intended that not only me but *my horses*, should have a day of rest, and I think that God will bless us. To have an evening with my family is a pleasure unknown to me."

The condition of many of the Cabmen, is even worse than that of the Omnibus-men. We are glad however to state, that during the last three years, a most remarkable improvement in the condition and morals of a large portion of the London Cabmen, has been effected. The Jest Hackney Coach Act, which gave to cab proprietors the option of taking out *six-day* licenses, for a less weekly charge for Government duty than for seven-day licenses, has proved a great boon to this important class of our countrymen.

It should be generally known, that all cabs numbered 10,000 and *upwards*, are six-day cabs, and never come out on the Lord's Day.

To the inquiry, "How many of the cab owners and their men have availed themselves of the six-day licences?" the answer is most pleasing, and gives the clearest proof that cabmen refuse the weekly boon of the Sabbath, and that the observance has an intimate connection with the moral and spiritual welfare of society.

Out of about five thousand cabs in London, upwards of fifteen hundred of them have now six-day licences!

Sometime ago we were told of a cabman, who, once giving up work on the Lord's Day, had risen from a state of wretchedness to one of comfort, and was now known as an active tract distributor. At some pains we found out his address, and in the course of our pleasant interview, he informed us that for many years he lived a wretched life of dissipation—working all days like. For years he had not entered a place of worship, but one Sabbath evening, when passing Liverpool Street, King's Cross, he was powerfully arrested by the singing of the children at a Sunday School anniversary sermon. The sweet sounds of childhood brought back to his remembrance the admonitions of early life, and he secretly resolved to attend that place of worship on the following Sabbath. He kept his resolution, and in the merciful providence of God, the first sermon led to his conversion.

He now commenced a new life, and although for a time he had to suffer for his observance of the Sabbath, yet, Providence gently smiled upon his path. God has honoured the industry and temperance of the man, and now, instead of being a seven-day driver of a shabby *hired* cab, he is the *owner* of sixteen cabs and twenty-nine horses!

On subsequently requesting the permission of this respected individual to publish the foregoing particulars, we received from him the following letter.

Feb. 10th, 1857.

Sir,

I should wish my brother cabmen to be informed that it is a mistaken notion to think that they get more money by working on Sundays. One hour sooner in the morning will make up for the supposed loss. The *horses* are fresher for the rest they get on Sundays. I can testify that horses can do more work in the long run in six days, than they can in seven. We have several poor horses which we have bought of masters who worked them on Sundays. They were thought to be "*worked out*," but now they are getting *fat!* If it will do any good by mentioning how the Lord has blessed me with cobs and horses since I have kept the Sabbath, you may give my name and residence.

Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH POWELL.

No. 2, Sermon Lane, Islington.

We trust that many will ponder on these facts. We desire that they should create a feeling of sympathy for the ever-worked omnibus-men and cabmen, and at the same time encourage the proprietors to take out in future six-day licences. Render will you do what you can to secure your toiling fellow countrymen the privileges of the Lord's Day.

THE HAPPY WORKMAN'S SONG.

I AM a poor workman, as rich as a Jew;
A strange sort of tale, but, however, 'tis true;
Come, listen awhile, and I'll prove it to you.

I live in a cottage, and yonder it stands;
And while I can work with these two honest hands,
I'm as happy as they that have houses and lands.

I keep to my labour, aye, all the day long;
I sing and I whistle, and this is my song—
"Thank God who hath made me so lusty and strong.

I never am greedy of delicate fare,
If He gives me enough, tho' 'tis never so bare,
The more is His love, and the less is my care.

I envy not those who have thousands of pounds,
Who spot o'er the country with horses and hounds;
There's enough but contentment can keep within bounds.

I ne'er lose my time o'er a pipe or a pot,
Nor cower in a nook like a sluggardly sot;
But I buy what is wanting with what I have got.

And if I have more than myself need to spend,
I help a poor neighbour or diligent friend.
He that gives to the poor, to the Lord he doth lend.

With national quarrels and matters of state,
With factions and parties, I ver not my pate;
There's some that I love, and there's none that I hate.

What though my condition be ever so coarse,
I strive to embrace it for better and worse;
And my heart, I thank God, is as light as my purse.

In short, my condition, whatever it be—
'Tis God who appoints it, as far as I see;
And I'm sure I can never do better than He.

Gt. Baveley. H. N——, Carpenter.

THE WEEKLY REST.

Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun,
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest.

In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasure pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

THE SABBATH.

"ORDER and obedience, morality and power, are all in Britain connected with the observance of the Sabbath. Amidst the activity which pervades all things, the bustle of the times, and the energy with which the inhabitants pursue their earthly callings, what would become of them if they had not a day of rest in which to recruit themselves, and, laying aside things temporal, which are seen, to look forward to things eternal, which are unseen!"—*Dr. Merle D'Aubigné.*

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[Price One Penny.

THE LAST PENNY.

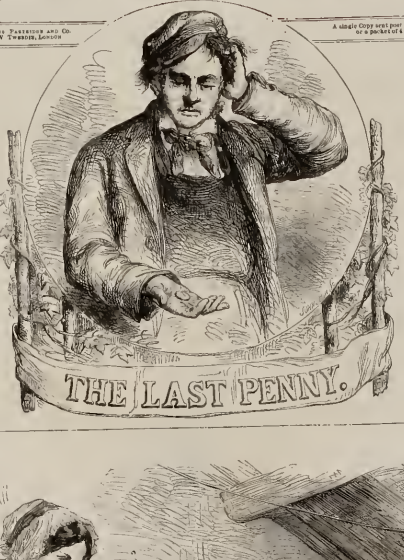
Thomas Claire, a son of St. Crispin, was a clever sort of a man; though not very well off in the world. He was industrious, but, as his abilities were small, his reward was proportioned thereto. His skill went but little beyond half-soles, heel-taps, and patches. Those who, willing to encourage Thomas, ventured to order from him a new pair of boots or shoes, never repeated the order. That would have been carrying their good wishes for his prosperity rather too far.

As intimated, the income of Thomas Claire was not large. Industrious though he was, the amount earned proved so small that his frugal wife always found it insufficient for an adequate supply of the wants of the family, which consisted of her husband, herself, and three children. It cannot be denied, however, that if Thomas had cared less about his pipe and mug of ale, the supply of bread would have been more liberal. But he had to work hard, and must have some little self-indulgence. At least, so he very unwisely argued. This self-indulgence cost from two to three shillings every week, a sum that would have purchased many comforts for the needy family.

The eldest of Claire's children, a girl ten years of age, had been sickly from her birth. She was a gentle, loving child, the favourite of all in the house, and more especially of her father. Little Lizzy would come up into the garret where Claire worked, and sit with him sometimes for hours, talking in a strain that caused him to wonder; and sometimes when she did not feel as well as usual, lying upon the floor and fixing upon him her large bright eyes for almost as long a period. Lizzy never was so contented as when she was with her father; and he never worked so cheerfully as when she was near him.

Gradually, as month after month went by, Lizzy wasted away. Her cheeks became paler and paler, her eyes larger and brighter, and such a weakness fell upon her slender limbs that they could with difficulty sustain her weight. She was no longer able to clamber up the steep stairs into the garret or loft, where her father worked; yet she was there as often as before. Claire had made for her a little bed, raised a short space from the floor, and here she lay, talking to him or looking at him, as of old. He rarely went up or down the garret-stairs without having Lizzy in his arms. Usually her head was lying upon his shoulder.

And thus the time went on, Claire, for all the love he felt for his sick child—for all the regard he entertained for his family—indulging his beer and tobacco as usual, and thus consuming, weekly, a portion of their little income that would have brought to his children many a comfort. No one but himself had any luxuries. Not even for Lizzy's weak appetite were dainties procured. It was as much as the



THOMAS CLAIRE'S SICKLY DAUGHTER GETS THE ORANGE PURCHASED FOR HER WITH THE "LAST PENNY."

mother could do, out of the weekly pittance she received, to get enough course for the table, and carver the nakedness of her family.

To supply the pipe and mug of Claire, from two to three shillings a week were required. This sum he usually wrested out of his earnings, and gave the balance, whether large or small, to his frugal wife. No matter what his income happened to be, the manner was necessary to obtain these articles was rigidly deducted, and as certainly expended. Without his pipe, Claire declared, he imagined that he would not have strength sufficient to go through with his weekly toil—but his wife managed to get pipe and tobacco even her regular cup of good tea, if had never ventured to him to ask—and not to have had a pipe to smoke in the evening, or after such meal, would have been a deprivation beyond his ability to endure. So, the reward therefore shillings were regularly in the old way. When the sixpences and pennies congregated in goodly numbers in the shoemaker's pocket, his visits to the ale-house were often repeated, and his extra pipe smoked more frequently. But, as his allowance for the week diminished, and it required some searching in the empty pockets, where they had dispersed, and in the struggling coins, Claire found it necessary to put some check upon his appetite, and to limit, at least, the number of pipes and mugs, and the number of times he should go to the ale-house. Not could he resist, and yet love the little sufferer; for to one of his order of mind and habits of acting and thinking, a self-indulgence like that of his pipe, or a regular draught of beer, becomes so much like a second nature, that it is as were a part of the very life; and to give it up, costs more than a light effort.

The penny was between his fingers, and he took a single step towards the ale-house door, but so vividly came back the image of little Lizzy, that he stopped suddenly. The conflict, even though the spending of a single penny was concerned, now became severe. love for the child pleaded earnestly, and as earnestly plead the old habit that seemed as if it would take no denial.

"I will be less penny that was between the cobbler's finger. Had there been two pennies in his pocket, all difficulty would immediately have vanished. Having thought of the orange, he would have bought it with one of them, and supplied his pipe with the other. But, as matters now stood, he must utterly deny himself, or else deny his child.

For minutes the conflict was renewed.

"I will see as I come back," said Claire at last starting on his errand, and thus, for the time, putting a stop to a compromise that he walked along, the argument still went on in his mind. The more his thoughts acted in the new channel, the more light came into the cobbler's mind, at all times rather dark and dull. Certain discriminations, never before thought of, were made; and certain convictions forced themselves upon him.

"What is a pipe of tobacco to a healthy man, compared with an orange to a sick child?" uttered half aloud, marked at last the final conclusion of the mind. And as he was said, the penny which was still in his fingers, was thrust determinedly into his pocket.

As he returned home, Claire bought the orange, and in the act experienced a new pleasure. By a kind of sympathy, he was worked on, daily, for his family, upon which was expended nearly all his earnings; and the whole matter came so much as a thing of course, that it was no subject of conscious thought, and produced no emotion of delight or pain. But, the giving up of his tobacco for the sake of his little Lizzy was an act of self-denial entirely out of the ordinary course, and it brought with it its own sweet reward.

When Claire got back to his home, Lizzy was lying at the bottom of the stairs, waiting for his return. He lifted her, as usual, in his arms, and carried her up to his bed. After placing her upon the ride couch he had prepared for her, he sat down upon his bench, and as he looked upon the white wasted face of his dear child, and met the fixed, and gaze of her large, earnest eye, a more than usual tenderness came over the feelings. Then without a word, he took the orange from his pocket, and gave it into her hand.

Instantly there came over Lizzy's face a deep flush of surprise and pleasure. A smile trembled around her mouth, and a warm and light glittered in her eyes. Eagerly she placed the fruit to her mouth and drank its refreshing juice, while every fibre of her body seemed quivering with a sense of delight.

"Is it good, dear?" at length asked the father, who sat looking on with a new feeling at his heart.

The child did not answer in words; but words could not have expressed her sense of pleasure so eloquently as the smile that sit up and made beautiful every feature of her face.

While the orange was yet at the lips of Lizzy, Mrs. Claire came up into the shop for some purpose.

"An orange!" she exclaimed with surprise. "Where did you get it from?"

"Oh, mother, it is so good!" and the child, taking from her lips the portion that yet remained, and looking at it with a happy face.

"Where in the world did that come from, Thomas?" asked the mother.

"I bought it with my last penny," replied Claire. "I thought it would taste good to her."

"But you had no tobacco."

"I'll do without that until to-morrow," replied Claire.

"It was kind in you to deny yourself for Lizzy's sake."

This was said in an approving voice, and added another pleasurable emotion to those this was already feeling. The mother sat down, and for a few moments, enjoyed the sight of her sick child, as with unabated pleasure she continued to enjoy the refreshing juice from the fruit. Then the fruit went down-stairs, and resumed her household duties, her heart beat more lightly in her bosom than it had beaten for a long time.

And once through that whole day did Thomas Claire feel the want of his pipe, for the thought of the extra comfort he had in so pleasant a state, that a mere sensual desire like that of a whiff of tobacco had no power over him.

Thinking of the orange, of course, brought other thoughts; and before the day closed, Claire had made a calculation of how much his beer and tobacco money would amount to in a year. The sum actualised him a little, for it was a little house in which he lived, four pounds sterling a year, when he always thought a large sum. But could he do and tobacco cost nearly seven pounds! He went over and over the calculation a dozen times, in doubt of the accuracy, but it was always the same result. Then he began to go over in his mind the many comforts seven pounds would procure for his family, and particularly how many little luxuries might be procured for Lizzy, whose delicate appetite turned from the coarse food that was daily set before her.

But to give up the beer and tobacco, or both, when it was thought of seriously, appeared impossible. How could he live without them.

That evening, the customer whose boots he had taken home in the morning, called in, unexpectedly, and paid for them. Claire had made a calculation of the money, and gave the balance to his wife. With this sixpence in his pocket he went out for a mug of beer, and some tobacco to replenish his pipe. He stayed some hours longer than he usually took for such an errand.

When he came back he had three oranges in his pocket, and in his hands were two fresh buns and a cup of sweet new milk. No beer had passed his lips, and his pipe was yet unsupplied. He had passed through another long conflict with his old appetites. Love had for a time, gained the conqueror.

Lizzy, who dropped about all day, lying down upon her bed, never went to sleep early. She was awake, as usual, when her father returned. With scarcely less eagerness than she had eaten the orange in the morning did she now drink the nourishing milk and eat the sweet buns, while her father looked on with a new feeling, and with an little fatigue; in fact, he found himself brighter in the morning, and ready to go to his work earlier, by which he was able to increase, at least, a shilling or two his weekly income. Added to the comfort of his family, was the pleasure he now produced a great change. But the greatest change was in little Lizzy. For a few days the penny saved from the beer and tobacco, the father regularly expended for his sick child; and it soon became apparent that a change was taking place, more than mellone, that Lizzy needed. She revived wonderfully, and no long time passed after the poor child sit up for hours, the little tongue, too, became free once more, and many an hour of labour did her voice again beguile. And the blessing of better food came also in time to the other children, and to all.

"*So much to come from the right spending of a single penny,*" Claire said to himself, as he sat and reflected one day. "*Who could have thought it!*"

And as it was with the poor cobbler, so it will be with all of us.

There are little matters of self-denial, which, if we had but the true benevolence, justice and resolution to practise, would be the beginning of more important acts of like nature, that, when performed, would bless not only our families, but others, and be returned upon us in a reward of delight incomparably beyond anything that selfish and sensual indulgences have it in their power to bring.

T. S. A.

CELEBRATED WEAVERS.

(*Concluded from page 114.*)

WILLIAM HUTTON, a celebrated bookseller of the last century, was born at Derby, in 1723. He was apprenticed to an uncle, *a stocking weaver at Nottingham. During his leisure hours he taught himself bookbinding.* In 1746 he walked to London, to purchase a few bookbinder's tools, and three years afterwards commenced his operations as bookbinder, renting a small shop at Southwell, fourteen miles from Nottingham, at twenty shillings a year, and attending there every Saturday. "I was," says he, "my own joiner, put up my shelves and furniture, and in one day became the most eminent bookseller in the place. Throughout a very rainy summer, I got at six every Saturday morning, carried a burden of from three pounds' weight to thirty, opened shop at ten, took from one to six shillings, shut up at four, and, by trudging through the solitary night, and the deep roads five hours more, I arrived at Nottingham at nine, where I always found a mess of milk porridge by the fire, prepared by my valuable sister." An object worth a small sum to enable him to commence business in a large town, and the next year, being offered twenty-five hundred pounds' weight of old books, on his note of hand, for twenty-seven shillings, by a discounting minister to whom he was recommended, he left the establishment at Southwell, and took the lesser half of a small shop in Birmingham at a rental of five shillings per week. He succeeded so well, that, by over allowing his expenses to exceed five shillings a week, he found, at the end of the first year he had saved about thirty pounds. This enabled him to extend his business, which he soon found very valuable one. He acquired an ample fortune, and filled successively all the local offices of the town. He built the house in Birmingham, and villa near that town, were destroyed during the Church and King riots, for which he received £5300 from the county. Mr. Hutton died in 1815, a few days before the completion of his 92nd year. In 1816 his daughter published "The Life of William Hutton, Stationer, of Birmingham, and the History of his Mind." An edition of this work was published in 1841, in the series of Knight's Miscellanies.

JOHN BROWN, M.D.—Founder of the system of medicine termed "Brunonian," was born near Dunkeld, in Fife. His parents, who were poor, apprenticed him to a *weaver.* His love of learning, however, was such, that he accomplished the study of physic, and in the course of time, was admitted as an indigent scholar, to a gratuitous attendance on the lectures at the University of Edinburgh, then he obtained the patronage of Dr. Cullen, who employed him as a tutor in his own family. He now rose step by step to eminence in his profession. He died in London, in 1778.

ROBERT DODSLEY.—A celebrated bookseller and publisher, was born in 1703, at Mansfield, Nottinghamshire. His parents were very poor, and his education, consequently, of the scantiest description. He was apprenticed to a *stocking weaver*, but after some time, he abandoned this employment, and became footman to the Hon. Mrs. Lowther. In this station, he met with a poet, and a copy of verses to Pope, he obtained the notice of that celebrated poet, and under his patronage, commenced his first publish by subscription a volume of poems, to which he gave the title of "The Muse in Livery." Shortly afterwards he published a pamphlet, called "The Toy Shop," the success of which was so great, that its author was enabled to retire from his humble extraction, and set up as a bookseller in Pall Mall. By prudence and attention he became one of the most eminent London publishers of his day. He died in 1764.

JOHN DOLLOND, the eminent optician, was a descendant of a French Refugee family, settled in Spitalfields, London, and was born, in 1706. His father was a silk dyer, and weaver, and his boyhood was spent in a manufactory; like a wise lad, he redeemed his leisure hours, and made considerable progress in the study of mathematics, natural philosophy, and ecclesiastical history; besides which he cultivated the science of astronomy. He learned the Greek and Latin languages; and also made himself intimately acquainted with French, German, and Italian. In 1752, he became an optical instrument maker, entering into partnership with his son Peter, who had already acquired a knowledge of that trade. He invented the achromatic object-glass, the application of the micrometer to reflecting telescopes. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and his name will long be honoured. He died in 1761.

ALEXANDER WILSON was born at Paisley, in Scotland, in 1766, and at the age of thirteen was bound apprentice to a *weaver.* This he followed for seven years, when he turned pedlar. He early tried his hand at making verses, and in his pedlaring tours solicited subscriptions for a collection of his poems, but failing in this and other schemes, he sailed for the United States, where he arrived with only a few shillings in his possession. He was employed successively as copper-plate printer, weaver, pedlar, land measurer, and teacher, and in 1802 he took charge of a school. He became acquainted with a gentleman who was a botanist and naturalist, and also with an engraver, who gave him some idea of drawing and sketching natural objects, and stimulated his taste for such pursuits. A trial of his skill in drawing birds was unexpectedly successful, and from that time it became the ruling passion of his life. In October 1804, he made a pedestrian tour to the Falls of Niagara, and with his gun and bundle traversed forests and plains, making a journey of 1257 miles. His plan was to make drawings and write descriptions of the birds on the spot where they were taken. Four years after appeared, the first volume of his work, *American Ornithology*, which was received with admiration and wonder, not only in the United States, but in Europe. The long exploratory tours he took, and the results of all his observations form nine splendid volumes, his subscription list which included almost every royal personage in Europe. He died at the age of 47. Few instances are on record of such a genuine enthusiasm and taste, of enterprise and perseverance, of success and fame, all within so brief a period.

JAMES STEEL, the late able Editor and proprietor of the *Carlisle Journal*, was the son of an industrious working weaver in that town. He began life in the humble effort of winding bobbins for his father, subsequently he became a weaver boy, and lived to become the master of the establishment in which he was originally a servant. By his talents, and his perseverance, he attained great prosperity and influence, and for two years he filled the honourable and responsible chair of the Chief Magistracy of his native town.

MARIE JOSEPH JACQUARD, the inventor of the loom known by his name, and so extensively used, was the son of a journeyman weaver at Lyons, and raised himself by developing his ingenious ideas, by patient and persevering toil. He was first placed with a bookbinder, then with a cutler, then with a type founder, and on his father's death, followed up his business, he having left him, together with a small sum of money, a couple of looms. Twice in the revolutionary war he lost all his property, but when peace was restored, he became known by having his new loom in the Exposition of Industry in Paris, in 1801, and was called to Paris to have an interview with Napoleon, who gave him a residence in Paris, and a pension of 1000 francs, for perfecting his views, and multiplying his invention. He died in 1834, and was buried in the cemetery of Oullins.

SABBATH EVENING SONG.

MILLIONS within Thy court's have met,
Thy sacred day hailing from hence blowed,
Their faces Zion-ward were set,
Vows with their lips to Thee they vowed

But Thou, soul-searching God! hast known
The hearts of all that worship Thee
And last accepted Thy worship?
In spirit and truth, that worship'd Thee.

People of many a tribe and tongue,
Men of strange colours, climates, lands,
Have heard Thy truths, Thy glory sung,
And offered prayer with holy hands.

Still, as the light of morning broke
O'er island, continent, and deep,
Thy spirit with the morn awoke,
Sabbath all round the world to keep.

From east to west the sun survey'd,
From north to south darkness shrinking,
And still, when evening stretched her shade,
The sun came forth to hear their songs.

Harmonious as the winds and seas,
In whom no discord, no jarring are found,
Rose all earth's Babel languages,
In pure accordance to thy throne.

Nor angel trumpets sound more clear,
Nor elder's harps, nor seraph's lays,
Yield more sweet music than the voice
Than humble prayer and thankful praise.

And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath fall'n to-day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble Thou wert nigh,
Not one hath sought Thy face in vain.

The poor were bountifully fed,
Thy chosen ones have kiss'd the rod;
Thy mourners have been comforted,
The pure in heart have seen their God.

Yet one prayer more; and he it one
In which both heaven and earth accord!
Fulfil thy promise to thy Son.
Let all that trouble call Jesus Lord.

His throne and sovereignty advance,
For his sou's travail let him see,
The brethren, his inheritance,
And earth's last bound his portion be.

MONTGOMERY.

OUR BEST BOOK.

SALMASIUS, one of the most consummate scholars of his time, shortly before his expired, said, "O, that I have lost a world of time—time, the most precious thing in the world! Had I but one year more, it should be spent in perusing David's Psalms, and Paul's Epistles. Oh, sirs," said he, addressing those about him, "*mind the world less, and God more.*"

In this age of book making, we are in danger of forgetting *the* Book of Books. There are many good books, but none of them can afford a peep sinner solace in the hour of death like the Bible. Hear what that blessed volume saith:

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16, 17.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." 1. Tim. i. 15.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Psalm cxvi. 15.

"Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Psalm xxiii. 4.

THE WIDOW'S SON

OR, A NIGHT WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS.

(Continued from page 111.)

The effect of this discovery upon her mind was too painful to be concealed, at moment or two she looked into his face with a forced calmness—but nature was too powerful to be controlled. The tears gushed from her eyes; and rising, she left the table, and retired to her chamber.

"Mother!" he called after her in a feeble, hesitating tone. But she did not hear him; or, hearing, did not pause at her name. Then he, likewise, arose from the table, and went into his own room, his mind oppressed with the keenest remorse. Conscious that his appearance was such, that to seek her presence would only add to her distress of mind, he threw himself upon his bed, and endeavoured to lose himself in sleep. Still oppressed and sleepless from the effects of his debauch, he soon fell into a profound slumber that lasted for several hours. When he awoke his mother was standing over him, and looking down into his face with an expression of tender solicitude, mingled with a look of suffering that deeply touched his feelings.

For some time after Mrs. Lennox retired to her chamber, her mind was in a tumult of distress. None but a mother can imagine the anguish of her heart, on making the discovery that her noble-minded boy had fallen. And with this discovery, was the chilling fear, that, being once upon enchanted ground, no power could awaken him from his delusion. The paralyzing influence of such feelings could not long remain. A ray of hope at length fell.

"What can I do?" "What must I do?" were questions hard to answer. Still, she must act. Danger was hanging over the head of her son, and she must, if possible, so make him sensible of that danger, as to arouse him to wakefulness.

It was nearly an hour after she had retired abruptly, as has been stated, to her room, that she found herself sufficiently composed to leave it. On coming down stairs, she was greatly relieved to find that Alfred had not gone out. She did not inquire for him, for she was particularly anxious not to have, if possible, the attention of the servants directed to his condition. Not finding him in the parlour, she concluded that he was in his chamber, and perhaps, sleep. But, an hour after had passed away, and he did not appear, her anxiety about him increased to such an extent, that she could not rest until she had seen him, and learned something of his state of mind. She went to his chamber, and tapped at the door. She tapped again and again, but there was no answer.

"He is asleep, and I will not disturb him," she said, and she retired again to her own room. The very tenderness of her affection now caused her to begin to make excuses for him. She reasoned, that, like hundreds of other young men, he had been led on to drink, unsuspectingly until he was overcome. He had spoken of an engagement for the previous evening, which was doubtless with some of his male companions, with whom he had lingered too long over the wine.

Thus she comforted herself and excused him—her anxiety to meet him increasing every moment. It was not long before she was again tapping at his room door, but with no better success. Finding that he did not answer, it was suddenly suggested to her mind that he might not be there. Instantly she opened the door and entered. He was lying in a deep sleep upon the bed, his face flushed, and his breathing hard. The air of the room was oppressed with the vile odour of his breath, the exhalation of which made his mother sick. Stepping lightly to the windows, she opened them, and after letting the room get thoroughly ventilated, closed them again, and went and stood over him. His face had already become paler, and his breathing more deep and oppressive. The pure air had already imparted its healthy influence.

"Alfred, my son!" she said in a low, earnest voice, laying her hand gently upon him.

But his ear was too deeply sealed. He could not hear her.

"Alfred, Alfred!" she called, still louder. Her voice was now evidently heard, for he aroused partially, in which state he lay for some time, consciousness gradually returning. At length he opened his eyes, and saw his mother bending over him. But he quickly closed them again, and for some moments endeavoured to collect his scattered senses.

"Alfred, my son!" Mrs. Lennox said tenderly.

That low, earnest tone, full of maternal pathos, thrilled upon his heart. He felt it was a tone of forgiveness, but mingled with grief. It touched the fountains of emotion, and the waters could not be restrained. Mrs. Lennox saw the quivering of his closed eyelids, and then the drops oozing forth, the tokens of repentance.

"My dear child!" she murmured, stooping down and kissing him. "Let this one lesson be a sufficient warning.

"It is—it shall be!" he whispered, the tears long gushing forth, and rolling in large pure drops over his cheeks.

"Then Alfred let the past be thought of not with remorse that gives present unhappiness, but with a resolution, fixed and immutable, never again to be charmed by the voice of a deluding syren—never again have your garments soiled."

"Can you forgive me, mother, this first and last departure from right path—that path in which you have so steadily guided my early footsteps?" the young man asked, looking up into his mother's face.

"You are already forgiven, Alfred," was her reply, "only guard well against in future, and the past will soon cease to be remembered by us with pain. If again tempted, think of the widowed mother, who has ever been resigned to your care by a dying father.

Recur to that parting scene, and I think you will not yield to temptation again."

Thus soothed and encouraged, Alfred Lennox gradually recovered himself. From that time he was more attentive to his mother, and remained at home with, and read to her more frequently in the evening. But painful feelings in thinking of his debauch, arose principally from the fact that his mother had discovered his secret upon him. But she knew nothing of it, he would have felt little concerned about the matter, and recurred to it only to laugh with his gay companions.

As to the use of liquors, he did not dream of abating that in any degree, except in the presence of his mother, to whom he plainly perceived that it gave pain. What he abated in her presence was, however, made up when out of it. As often as half-a-dozen times a day would he resort to the tavern with some two or three of his professional and other friends to drink, and as frequently during the evenings meet them at wine parties and oyster suppers. But he was careful not to permit himself again to lose his consciousness. Thus he succeeded in completely blinding his mother, to one he increased his guilt and criminal—not hypocritically, for he loved her as she deserved to be loved, purely and tenderly. He deceived her only because he knew she would esteem his course of life an exceedingly dangerous one, and he did not wish to give unnecessary pain. As for himself he had no fears on the subject.

But he had great cause of fear. He had never calculated the power of habit, although, like others, he could utter and admit the adage, that "habit is second nature." It must not here be imagined, that Lennox was abating his professional zeal—that he was forming to himself a new and admitted end of life. Not so. He was still a legal student of great industry, and was rapidly rising into eminence, not by the overpowering and dazzling brilliancy of genius, but by the strong, clear, steady light of a well-balanced, well-furnished intellect. A good cause, placed in his hands, was sure of success, because his mind, acting upon truth, was like a burning glass, revealing in intensest light every minute particular. In a word, he was the pride and first promise of the——bar.

At the age of twenty-six, he became deeply attached to Florence R——, the daughter of a wealthy merchant. That affection was plainly reciprocated, although no declaration had yet been made on his part. After consultation with his mother, as to the young lady's true character and fitness for a wife—for in this matter he felt willing to confide in her implicitly, and close observation—he concluded to make proposals and did so accordingly. He was referred by Florence to her father.

"Mr. R——," he said, on waiting on that gentleman, with the genuine frankness of his character, "I wish to say to you, and without preliminaries, that I find myself deeply attached to your daughter Florence. Will you consent to our marriage?"

Alfred had expected a prompt and cordial assent, but he was mistaken.

"Allow me a week to consider your proposition, Mr. Lennox," was the grave reply, "My daughter is very dear to me, and I cannot part with her lightly."

"All perfectly right," Lennox endeavoured to say with a cheerful air, but his heart sunk within him. He perceived the tone of hesitation in the voice of Mr. R——'s voice, and, he thought, disapprobation in the expression of his countenance. That this he could not do. The denial thus unexpectedly thrown over his prospect of obtaining her, increased ten-fold his love, and made him ten times more desirous of possessing her.

(To be continued.)

EARLY RISING.

"Up, up," cries the wakeful *Cock*,
"Did you not hear the village clock?
I have been up for an hour or more,
Crowing about at the stable door.
Dobbin has gone with the boy to plough,
Betty has started to milk the cow;
Sure there is plenty for all to do,
And all are up, young friend, but you."

"Up, up," cries the soaring *Lark*,
"Only sleep, my young friend, in the dark.
Oh let it never, never be said
You wasted the morning hours in bed;
Out of the window glance your eye,
And see how blue is the morning sky;
Open the casement, your slumber release,
And smell how fresh is the morning air."

"Up, up," cries the busy *Sun*,
"If there is work, little friend, to be done?
Are there no lessons to learn, I pray,
That you be doing the hours away?
Who would give light to the world below,
If I were idly to slumber so?
What would become of the hay and corn,
Did I thus waste the precious morn?"

"Up, up," cries the buzzing *Bee*,
"There's work for you, as well as for me;
Oh how I prize the morning hour,
Gathering sweets from the dewy flower;
Quick comes on the scorching noon,
And darksome night will follow soon;
Say, shall it chide for idle hours,
Time unimproved, and wasted powers?"

(From Rhymes worth Remembering, by S. W. Partridge. A valuable stepping book for the Nursery.)

"Be thou *diligent* to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds." Prov. xxvii. 23.

COLUMNS FOR WIVES.

HINTS

FOR THE WIVES OF WORKING MEN.

BY ONE WHO HAS LIVED AMONGST THEM.

CHAPTER I.

"A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband."—Proverbs xii. 4.

MY DEAR FRIENDS. Are you aware of your very great influence at home—how very much you may do to make your home happy, your husband steady and sober, and your dear little ones grow up to be good men and women? Now just fancy that I am a friend speaking to you very earnestly, but very kindly—that I am sitting in one chair and you in another, and listen to what I am going to say. Well then, in the first place, I hope that you have a BIBLE, and that it does not lie unopened to collect the dust, but that you read a few verses out of it every day of your lives. I intrest you never to let a morning pass without asking God's blessing for the day, nor a single evening without thanking Him for the mercies you have received. Pray earnestly, in the name and for the sake of the Saviour, in faith and humility, and yourself your prayers will draw a blessing upon you and yours.

"He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich."—Prov. x. 4.

Small houses are often in rows; what goes on in one is often overheard in another, and I am sorry to say that it is a great temptation to many working men's wives to lose much valuable time in gossiping, which very often leads to quarrelling. But, my dear friends, time is money to you; do not be thus tempted away. Especially do not allow yourself to waste away the *first* precious hours of the morning; you must regulate your work, or it will always be behind-hand. You have, perhaps, your little ones to wash and dress, others to send to school or to set to work; then you must think of what you have to prepare for dinner, and if it be something to be boiled or stewed, you will need to look to it early in the day, that it may be gently simmering while you are cleaning and tidying your house, or washing.

Always make it a rule to do the dirty work as much as possible in the early part of the day, or during the absence of your husband at his work, so that the house may be clean and comfortable, and yourself *tidy* and ready to receive him. Many men take to drinking because these little comforts are never attended to; and when a man has been working hard for his family, it is certainly the wife's duty to do *all she can* to make his home comfortable, and to spend the money thus hardly earned, as carefully and judiciously as possible.

Neatness and Cleanliness.

NEATNESS and cleanliness cannot be too much cultivated, and when once you find the advantages of it, you will wonder how people can live in the dirty, slovenly way they so often do.

One day I went to the house of a superior workman. It was a convenient, roomy house, for the man received very high wages, but I saw at a glance that neatness and cleanliness had no place there. Everything was out of order, the chairs and tables looked as if they had never been dusted since they were bought, the floor, as it it had not been cleaned for a week at the least. The children were very dirty, ragged, and noisy, though some of them were old enough to have helped their mother to clean the house, if they had been trained to do so, but they were not brought up "in the way they should go." The woman herself was a pleasant, gentle-looking person, but dirty and untidy in the extreme. I felt very sorry for her, for I know how much happier she, and everybody in the house would be, if she would be practical neatness, order, and cleanliness. I enquired if her husband was at all given to drunkenness; she replied that sometimes he was, but not always. This reply made me even more sorry for her, for I plainly saw that the dirt and misery of such a home would almost any man from it.

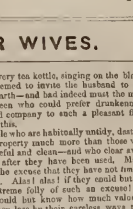
Presently I visited another house in the same row; here all was different. The furniture looked clean and bright, the chairs were in their places, the floor was clean, and there was throughout an air of great comfort and neatness.

The wife, too, was clean and tidy in her dress, and looked good humoured and cheerful. She had finished her dirty work early in the day, and now, in the afternoon, she was quietly sitting sewing for her little ones. It was a pleasant sight.

The very tea kettle, singing on the black hob, seemed to invite the husband to his own hearth—and had indeed much the man have been who could prefer drunkenness and bad company to such a pleasant fireside as this.

People who are habitually untidy, destroy their property much more than those who are careful and clean—and who clear away things after they have done with them. Many make the excuse that they have not *time* to be tidy. Alas! alas! if they could but see the extreme folly of such an excuse! If they could but know how much valuable time they lose by their careless ways they would certainly try to alter them.

There are many who are very careless in their general habits, but who are not exactly fond of dirt; and these have every now and then a grand scrubbing and setting to rights; of course it is better thus, than not to do it at all, but quiet, constant neatness is far, very far better—and part of neatness is ORDER, of which I shall write in another number.



THE SECRET.

I NOTICED, said Franklin, a mechanic among a number of others, at work in the erection of a house but a little way from my office, who always seemed to be in a merry humour, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. That day he ever so cold, gloomy, or sleepless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits.

"No secret, Dr.," he replied; "I have got one of the best of secrets, and when I go to work the always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home, the meets me with a smile and a kiss, and then the tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day that please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody."

What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and good emotions. Speak gently then—a happy smile and a kind word of greeting after the toils of the day are over cost nothing, and go for toward making a home happy and peaceful. Whenever a young man asks my counsel about getting married, I tell him to look out for a young woman who is *domesticated, healthy, and pious.* With these three good qualifications, she will be worth her weight in gold, even if she be penniless; whilst if she is without them, she will be a bad bargain, no matter how rich she may be.

GRANDFATHER GREGORY.

SPEAK NOT TO HIM A BITTER WORD!

Would'st thou a wanderer reclaim?
A wild and reckless spirit tame?
Check the warm flow of youthful blood,
And lead a lost one back to God?
Pause, if thy spirit's wrath be stirr'd,
Speak not to him a bitter word;
Speak not that heart to harden more
The stamp that seals his destiny.

If widely he has gone astray,
And dark excess has marked his way,
'Tis sinful, but yet, he sears.
Reform must come from kindly care;
Forbid thy parting lips to move,
But in the gentle tones of love.
Though sadly his young heart has err'd,
Speak not to him a bitter word.

"And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Eph. iv. 32.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

There are few ways in which the *British Workman* can be made more extensively known, than by presenting copies of the volumes* to the Directors of Railway Companies for the Railway waiting rooms. We are glad to state that Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., has presented 119 of the volumes, bound in cloth, for the various stations on the London Brighton and South Coast Railway. Such presentations will bring the *British Workman* under the notice of tens of thousands of persons during the time they are waiting for the trains, and we trust that good will result therefrom.

* A complete edition, bound in cloth, may be had, price 2s.

WORKING MEN'S LIBRARIES.

An important Society has been formed in London which deserves the active support of persons of wealth and influence, and of all the friends of the Sons of Toil. We allude to the "Society for the Diffusion of Pure Literature amongst the People," of which the Earl of Shaftesbury (justly styled "the Working Man's Friend), is the President.

We have much pleasure in calling attention to the Catalogue of Books for Working Men's Libraries, just issued by this Society. Through the liberality of a member of the Committee, numerous grants of Books are made at *half-price*.

Further particulars, together with a copy of the Catalogue, List of Pictures and Diagrams for Lectures, &c., may be had by enclosing a postage stamp to Mr. Richard Turner, the Assistant Secretary of the Society, 9, John Street, Adelphi, Strand, London.

LL.D.

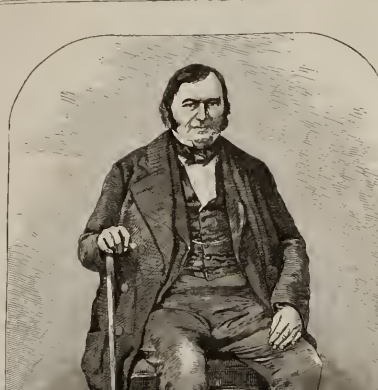
"I know what that means," I hear a schoolboy say; "it means *Doctor of Laws!*" and perhaps he adds musingly, "I hope it will come day be attached to *my* name. How fine it would sound! '*Richard Williams, LL.D.*'" Well, *I* won't soil my hands at a dirty trade, like Philip Smith, who is learning to be a blacksmith, but I'll stick to my books, go to college, study law, and then I shall have a chance for a great name in the world."

All that may be, Master Richard, though I warn you to look out for Philip Smith, that he does not become an educated, honorable man before you, with all your high notions, and hope of college training. His love of reading, and fondness for listening to the conversation of sensible men speak well for him, even though his hands and face are soiled with his trade. I read of an LL.D. the other day, very unlike the kind you hope to become. He never went to college, and worked hard most of his life, at the trade of leather-dressing, so that he was called LL.D., or the *Learned Leather Dresser*." He scorned not to soil his hands at what you call a "dirty trade," and worked so well at it, that the leather he dressed was the best that could be obtained. Yet with all this, he became a truly educated, refined man. *He found time at night to read and improve his mind*, and when he died left a library to the Historical Society of Massachusetts worth ten thousand pounds. What was better than all, he did not buy his books for display, or to pretend to a literary taste, but read them himself, and as his native language was the only one he understood, selected principally English books. Yet to compensate for his lack of college training, he owned and read translations of all the Greek and Latin authors.

He died, leaving behind him the name of an honorable, refined, and truly educated man, and yet worked most of his life at a trade. So you see, Richard, the boys who are forced to learn trades have a chance to make as great attainments as those to which you aspire. You must study hard, and improve your advantages well, or some of them will outstrip you.

The sons of working men like Philip Smith, may receive great encouragement by the life of the "*Learned Leather Dresser*," and those who say they have no time for books, and no need of knowledge, as they are expecting to become mechanics, should blush as they read of his wonderful acquirements and faithful labours. I hope that if any who read this paper, sigh over their shortened schooldays and hard work, and envy their companions who have more liberal advantages, they will remember that there is more than one kind of LL. D.

M. E. W.



PUNCTUALITY AND TEMPERANCE.

A LESSON FROM THE LIFE OF THE LATE J. BROTHERTON, ESQ., M.P.

No man, whether rich or poor, can make, or retain, a good and useful position in life without the two valuable habits of punctuality and temperance.

The first of these compels careful employment of time, and the second, careful employment of money.

Health and wealth, under God's blessing, may be gained by these two principles being combined. The late M.P. for Salford, (whose portrait is given above), though born among those manufacturing classes where wealth has so largely increased during the present century was one of the most temperate and punctual of men.

On vegetable diet, adopted in early manhood, his health became perfect. A constant serenity of temper, and even flow of spirits, made him, to use a common phrase, always in "good working trim." As a man of business he was prompt and ready. A time for every thing, and everything in its time, was his plan. He had not only a strong brain, but a warm kind heart. His benevolence will be gratefully remembered with gratitude in the populous town he so long represented in Parliament.

When Mr. Brotherton relinquished commercial pursuits, and commenced serving his country in the Senate, he was no longer a young man; but his sound health, vigorous mind, and regular business habits, made him one of the most valuable men in "the House." His punctuality was proverbial; whoever was absent he was always in his place; on this account he was selected to be on all the Committees that had to transact the private business of the nation. Such as passing railway and canal bills, and all those matters that have to do with the social progress of the people. It was not only that Mr. Brotherton's judgment was sound, that he was thus occupied, but he was always to be relied on, true to the minute, ready as the day.

A punctual man is almost always a *good tempered* man. He is never irritated and fretted by being "just *too late*," "a little behind time." His occupations as they are taken in regular order, all progress regularly and calmly, without hurry and without anger. Thus as Mr. Brotherton advanced to a green old age, his urbanity won him the respect of all and the warm affection of many. Those who differed from him in opinion always paid the tribute of sincere esteem to the aged water-drinker, who walked down to the House so regularly, sat so closely on Committees, did so much real hard work and yet always looked so bright, and had such manners so urbane.

This truly good man was permitted to work to the last, and to die apparently without pain. Seated in an omnibus (for he did not scorn the conveyances of the people), a little languor crept over his kindly face, his head drooped, and on his friends hastily offering their aid, it was found his peaceful spirit had departed. In the words of the funeral sermon preached on the occasion, it is justly said:—

"A sudden death, if men could have their choice, is not generally desirable, because so very few of us are sufficiently prepared for it. But to him, the constant employment of whose life was the best preparation for death, no death could be sudden. Indeed, his removal, might, without impropriety, be termed a *translation* rather than a death; and what was said of *Enoch* might be applied to the departure of our lamented friend: 'He walked with God, and was not, for God took him.'"

Mrs. C. L. Balfour.

VALUE OF MACHINERY.

Time works many changes both in men and things, and the last thirty years have shown not a few instances where inventions in machinery, which at *the time* were regarded by the working classes as *injurious*, have in the course of time been found to be "blessings in disguise." Within the recollection of many persons, horses and even *hand* power were in use at the Lambeth Potteries for crushing the clay; and the potters all used wheels, called "*kickers*," which were turned by the *foot*.

When Mr. Green determined to introduce the new wheel into his manufactory, *the whole of the workmen struck!* All the men left except one, who was allowed to continue at his "kicker" until his death, a period of fifteen years, he earning 30s. a week, while the man with the improved lathe, who sat next to him, earned double that sum. So much quicker could the potter work at the new wheel than the men at the "kicker," that he could make as many stoneware ink bottles for 6d., as the other could throw off by his machine for 1s. 5d. Since the day of the "*kicker*," the number of men and boys employed at Mr. Green's pottery alone, has increased *five fold!*

What strikes and riots were witnessed in Lancashire and Yorkshire in bygone years on the introduction of power looms and other machinery! Short sighted policy said, "These will injure the working classes, and reduce the number of hands employed." The result, however, has been very different to what the despoiling and faint-hearted dreamed of. Those very inventions which were regarded with such bitter hostility, have in the providence of God, been the means of extending the commerce of our nation to an extent previously unknown. Great Britain and Ireland are now the great markets for the world, and the products of our power looms are now to be found in nearly every part of the habitable globe. The old "*kickers*" *could not* possibly have supplied the present demand for pottery, neither could the old hand looms have produced one half of the cloth now required for the clothing of the people. Men and women are now employed by tens of thousands in the weaving mills throughout the manufacturing districts, and they con produce for more work and earn better wages than under the old system. What was thought to be a national evil, has proved a *national good*.

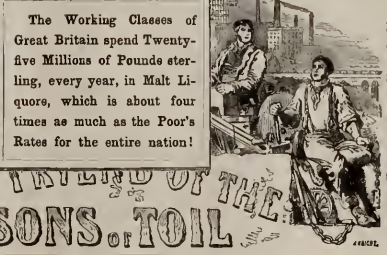
We have to thank Messrs Dixon, of Carlisle, for kindly favouring us with a photograph of two of their power looms.

T.

POWER LOOMS IN MESSRS. DIXON'S MILL, CARLISLE.

BRITISH WORKMAN

The Working Classes of Great Britain spend Twenty-five Millions of Pounds sterling, every year, in Malt Liquore, which is about four times as much as the Poor's Rates for the entire nation!



AND FRIEND OF THE SONS OF TOIL

No. 31, July 1st, 1857.] Published for the Editor by Messrs. PARTRIDGE & Co.; Messrs. CASH; and W. TWEEDIE, London. [Price One Penny. Post Free for 13 months, 3s.

"Strike at the Real Cause, Doctor."

A wealthy invalid, who was far too fond of the bottle, sent one day for his physician, and after detaining him some time with a minute description of his pains, aches, and nervous affections, summed up with these words,—

"Now Doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and worthless draughts; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you to *strike at the real cause* of my ailments, if it is in your power to reach it?"

"It shall be done," replied the doctor, and at the same moment he lifted his cane and demolished a decanter of gin that stood on the table.

"Now then," continued the honest physician, "I *have* struck at the real cause of your ailments;—banish the 'bottle,' and you will have far less need of my pills and draughts."

Working Men! here's a lesson for you, and for me. For many years past, statesmen, politicians, and reformers of every grade have been trying to improve our social, moral, and religious position. Notwithstanding much has been done, yet it is a melancholy fact that new prisons and new workhouses are always being built, or old ones enlarged, and it is also true, that the inmates of these huge buildings are chiefly supplied from *our* ranks, and that through our drinking habits.

Acts of Parliament are very good things in their place, but like the doctor's pills and draughts they will not do much to raise our morals, if we do not strike a blow at the 'bottle.'

"Who would be free,
Himself must strike the blow."

Fellow working men! let us strike the blow *ourselves*; instead of spending twenty-five millions a year as we now do in Public Houses, Gin Palaces, and Beer Shops, let us act wisely and take this immense rich mine of wealth to our *own homes*. A Working Man.

"Now then," continued the honest physician, "I have struck at the real cause of your ailments;—banish the bottle, and you will have far less need of my pills and draughts."

THE CRUCIBLE,

OR,

"LET US SEE WHAT IT HAS IN IT."

BY THE LATE GEO. MORIDGE DPG.

(Now better known to the world as the celebrated OLD MORTALITY.*)*

"It is hard to ascertain the value of the wisest opinions until they have passed through the crucible of trial."

CHAPTER I.

We have entered on a new, and we trust, not unpromising projectwe have established a crucible to test, as correctly as we are able, the worth of many things about which opinion is divided. But think not, reader, because we have undertaken to try by our mental crucible, whether things are what they seem, that we are about to enter on our calling with an illustrated scowl. Undue severity is a worse error than injudicious kindness, avoid it, therefore, we will, if it be possible. Grave we must be, and honest and faithful to a fault, as becometh our vocation and the object we have in view, but we have no intention of setting a less value on aught around us than it is worth. If it be true that—"all is not gold that glitters,"it is equally so that many things are of value which are not gold. We may be unskilful in the practice of our art, and err in our estimate of the contents of our crucible, but we will not err wilfully, or, nor withhold watchfulness in a thoughtful, careful, diligent and upright attempt to make our undertaking speedy. We intend to be chymists, refiners, and alchymists, according to the occasion, not only separating and purifying what is put into our crucible, but endeavouring, also, to get gold from the scoriaceous dross. The transmutation of the apparent base, to the precious metals, is a part, and an important part of our bold and novel enterprise.

We purpose to try in our crucible, restraining as far as possible our prepossessions and prejudices, many things which have the reputation of worth, and much that is reputedly valueless, and after having done our best with our moder and multifarious materials, we desire to be put in the crucible ourselves. If an honest alchymist, after trying us to the utmost in the fire, if we find in us kindly affections to our brother man, and a desire in all things to give God the glory, then we pray we be despised, our fire be extinguished, and our crucible be broken for ever.

Here, then, we are with our fuel fire and furnace, here is our mental crucible in the very heart of the glare, and we are ready to play the refiner, the chymist, and the alchymist. What a ruddy glow shines around us! what a warmth pervades our laboratory! the refiner of iron knows that the stone fellest of metal is the hardest to melt, but the intensity of our furnace would burn the very diamond. But into our crucible the two hundred and seventy-nine-carat diamond of the Great Mogul, and in the fragments of an hour you shall see what is at your pleasure.

As our crucible is a mental one, so can we with ease, subject to its influence persons and things both small and great, from a prince to a peasant, from a dwarf to a giant, from an ant to an elephant, from a pebble cushion to a pyramid, and from a mole hill to a mountain. We are ready accordingly, for ability to try the merits of a pamphlet, or an encyclopædia, a single book or the Bodleian library, in short to try anything that will help in upholding truth, and aiding error, in restraining evil, and in increasing good.

We shall not be confined to the present, but take cognizance, when it suits us, of past events. If we are disposed to sit in judgment on Plato, Solon, and Socrates, Xantippe, the scolding wife of the latter cannot hinder us. If it is said that crooked-backed Æsop was flung from the top of the Tarpeian Rock, but for all this we can call him before us, and force him to confess how many of the fables he wrote, that pass under his name, or, indeed, whether he wrote any of them at all? Blind as Homer, we can summoned by us, he will find his way to our side, and Hesiod, Archimedes, and Aristotle, Philosophers, Poets, Pleaders, Cicero, Sallust and Cæsar, Virgil, Horace, Livy, Juvenal and Josephus, with alacrity would obey our bidding.

Physiognomists judge of character by faces, and phrenologists by heads, and while some believe all that their favourite sphere assert, others deny every thing they affirm; were we questioned about the matter, we should agree with neither the one nor the other nor the sceptical. We should say that such as accustom themselves to self-examination, soon understand some of their weaknesses, positions than physiognomists or phrenologists can discover. He must be ignorant, indeed, who knows less of his own heart and heart than is known to his neighbour.

Some there are who have recourse to the astrologer, supposing that he is able by the assistance of the stars and planets to explain the past, the present and the future, but these pay a penalty for their weakness. When the shrewd and the simple meet, the weak-minded "go to the wall." Should you consult us, you may find our conclusions as correct as those of the physiognomists and phrenologists, and our predictions as much to be relied, on as those of the astrologer. If you desire to know yourselves, we will readily afford you the information you wish to attain, but, then, we must put you into our crucible. Whether you are what you appear to be,

> Force or gentle, black or white;
> False or faithful; wrong or right;
> Worthy of a wreath, or bread;
> Pure in heart, or soiled in lust;
> Acting ill, or doing well?
> This our crucible will tell.

The Clown.

We have made it known that our crucible is ready, and very lately we shall soon be crowded with customers. We have seen glittering things fly away in fumes from the crucible, and has which was valuable in the eyes of many, prove worthless when properly tested. False appearance may, in their pretensions when closely examined, and the experiments teach us to look beyond the surface of things, and greatly quicken our sight.

We know that the pantomime clown may make a show of mirth, and excite laughter in his heart is sad, and that the soldier may be affected with fear, though he shows a bold front and seeming courage, for what armies have been seized with sudden panic. There are moments when even the miser's heart feels a kindly glow, warmed with the love of his kind. The cruel sometimes relent, and the firm of purpose have been found wavering. The crucible teaches us not to be too quick to blame, or to applaud, for the most perfect are faulty, and the erring have often some redeeming qualities.

We laugh at the lightness of many who visit us with weighty pretensions, while we encourage those who are depressed with a sense of their failings. Imperfection is indeed an attribute of humanity. The self-sufficient are cast down, ere they leave us, while the humble often come cheerfully out of the crucible; but we must put an end to need reflection, for we hear the sound of coming feet. Whoever they are let them speak and we will attend.

"Put your door, you of the crucible! for we have brought you the clever clown that convulsed the crowd with laughter at the Christmas pantomime. Oh, he is a merry one! He lives on jokes and jests, and grows fat upon them. Melancholy must smile, or quit his presence. Care cannot look at the clown and keep the corners of his mouth from turning upwards. Laugh or leave! they must do one or the other.

"Will your crucible melt the clown's mirth away? Why his very laugh has power enough in it to make crowds merry! His antics and grimaces cause his auditory to rock on their seats, to hold their sides, and to shed tears, but the merry tears from their laughing eyes.

"Get your furnace to white heat! Try him with the force of fire! The clown challenges your crucible to test his cheerfulness. Ha! ha! he will laugh as you put him in, and scud upcomic shrieks from its glowing bottom that will make us lose our footing with very merriment. Here he is! In with him! Plunge him into the crucible! Try the genuineness of his mirth! But there is no need for violence, for see, he will spring with a somerset into the test-pot of his own accord. How the rogue sings as he falls in,

> "Make your furnace all of a glow!
> Alive and laughing, in I go."

"How is this! Silence hovers over the crucible! What! Is his mirth gone, evaporated, vanished in fumes away? Tell us how it is you of the crucible!"

Listen, then, and you shall have the benefit of our remarks, the crucible will tell us whether the mirth of the clown was real or not.

> Will pantomime and strange grimace,
> The clown brings smiles in every face;
> And yet, sometimes, the comic elf
> Makes merry crowds and mourns himself.

A French physician was once consulted by one subject to distressing fits of melancholy. He advised his patient to mix in scenes of gaiety, and particularly to see frequently Carlini the celebrated clown, adding the remark, "If Carlini does not expel your gloomy complaint, your case must be desperate indeed." The patient replied, "Alas! sir, *I am Carlini*; and while I divert all Paris with mirth, and make them almost die with laughter, I myself am dying with melancholy and chagrin."

We see that you are struck with our observations. Now make room! make room! for we will have the clown out of the crucible. He has been tried and tested long enough, it is time to set him at liberty. We shall use whether he be, or be not Carlini.

If the clown come out of the crucible cheerfully as he went in, the rogue will be in no haste to leave us. He will stay and make us the subject of his jests and jibes, but if he be cast down and drooping, he will want to hurry on, and it would be cruel to stop him. Make room, and give the clown a fair passage to go away from the crucible.

Is that chrivelled thing the clown? Why he is creeping gravely away with one hand pressed against his side as if he were in pain! Is that the clown?

Yes, that is your crest-fallen clown, your second Carlini, who jumped so merrily into our furnace. We had heard something before of his life, and we knew he would never stand the crucible.

It seems he was cruelly injured, in one of his somersets, and suffers pain at times from the effect of his accident. His grimaces create laughter in others, but no mirth in himself. He is getting old, and would gladly relinquish his present mode of life, if he could do so in peace, but he is unfitted for any other pursuit, and extravagant habits have always kept him poor and unprovided for, though he sometimes gets well paid for his performances.

The clown has too much reason to believe that his jumping and tumbling will cause his death some time or other, and yet he must run the risk or starve. He often drinks deeply when he is low-spirited, and this frequently happens, to enable him to go through his part, and perhaps he acts his best when in his cups, for it is long since he lost his youthful fire. He seldom laughs unless when he is paid for it. Laughing is task-work to the clown. His holidays are passed in gravity and quietness, and he laughs and dances, and sings at work-time. But let us spare him! Poor fellow! He will soon again occasion roars of laughter, and make his audience think that he is as merry as themselves. But he will be more melancholy than usual, on account of his failure here. The clown can cheat the crowd, but he cannot deceive the crucible.

We have tried him in our glowing furnace with three tests, reason, experience, and revelation. Reason says, "though we may affect mirth, we cannot be merry when we choose."

> "The man must feel, not act his part
> True pleasure rises from the heart."

Experience says, "that the trade of laughter is a bad one, and that he who laughs much, sows the seed of much sorrow."

> "How ill grey hairs become a jester!"

And revelation shows that in some cases, "even in mirth the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness."—Prov. xiv. 13. "I said in my heart, go to, now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure, and behold this also is vanity; I said of laughter it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it?"—Eccles. ii. 2. "The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning, but the heart of fools, is in the house of mirth."—Eccles. vii. 4.

(To be continued.)

THE WHOLE BUSINESS OF LIFE.

This amiable and gifted Jane Taylor, the last time she took up her pen (it was on the day preceding her death), wrote as follows:—

"Oh, my dear friends, if you knew what thoughts I have now, you would see as I do, that the whole business of life, is preparing for death." How much time is spent in preparing to live! How little in preparing to die!

One who had lived more than fifty years, said, as the hand of death was upon him, "I have been all my days getting ready to live, and now must die!"

Would men spend as much time in preparing to die, as they spend in preparing to live, the physical agonies of death would not so frequently be heightened by the agonies of despair.

"The whole business of life is preparation for death." Thousands of death-beds—death-beds of rejoicing, and death beds of despair—have been witnesses, to this truth. The reader will bear witness to it, perhaps at an early day.

In view of this truth, this very day should be spent in preparing to die. Our chief attention should now be given to those things which shall prepare us for the termination of life. In the same manner should all our days be spent. Such a course would not render life a dreary waste. That man best enjoys life who is best prepared to leave it.

H. H.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

TOWARDS the end of the thirteenth century, when the philosophy and learning of Arabia begun to diffuse themselves over Europe, a singular delusion followed in their train. This was no other than the belief that there existed somewhere in nature a substance, which, when added to the baser metals in a state of fusion, would convert them into gold. This imaginary substance was called THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE. It was not, however, really supposed to be a stone, but a chymical composition of a peculiar nature. It was now sought for in the quarry or in the mine, but in the furnace of the laboratory; and so universal was the belief in its existence, and so intense the expectation of its discovery, that names were given also to the pursuit and to its followers, the former being called alchymy, and the latter alchymists.

This singular delusion was not confined to any one country; it spread itself over Europe, and kept possession of the public mind for centuries. Kings were great, and fortunes wasted in the chase after a phantom, which continually eluded the grasp of its pursuers; for the labours of the last teacher after the philosopher's stone were as fruitless as those of the first. But although originally a visionary, alchymy was not, in the long run, the entirely useless pursuit; for, if its votaries failed in discovering the immediate object of their research, they made many incidental discoveries of even greater importance to mankind. It was in the courses of his experiments in search of the philosopher's stone, that Roger Bacon is believed to have found out the composition of gunpowder. Many of the metals too owed their discovery to the labours of other alchymists; and there can be no doubt that the researches of those misguided men, pondered over, repeated, and treasured upon by their more sober-minded successors, eventually laid the foundation of scientific chymistry.

It is unnecessary to explain to even the most inexperienced reader of the "British Workman," that the idea of discovering such a substance as the philosopher's stone was a vain, as the attempt itself was fruitless. In so far as the advanced intelligence of our own age has revealed to us their nature, the metals are believed to be simple bodies, capable, under certain circumstances, of being combined with, but altogether incapable of being converted into each other. There is, however, a mine in which every reader of "British Workman" may dig, and in which, if he digs aright, he will find a treasure, which will make him a richer and happier man than ever was the possession of the philosopher's stone. That mine is the Bible, and that treasure the knowledge of God's love. "Godliness with contentment is great gain!"

"Godliness with contentment," says the Apostle, "and he hath ample reason for classing the two together. There can be no real contentment without godliness, and there can be no real godliness which is not followed by contentment. The one cannot exist without the other, and neither one nor the other can exist without faith in Jesus Christ, and sanctification by God's Spirit. Justifying faith and sanctifying grace are the foundation of all godliness, and of all true contentment follows godliness as its surest and sweetest fruit. The belief that God "has given his Son, his only Son to die for us," is invariably accompanied by that other belief that "he will with Him also freely give us all things." And that this belief is planted in our minds the indelible conviction, that as our lot, and station, and circumstances, are appointed by Infinite wisdom and love, they must be the very lot, and station, and circumstances, which are best suited to us.

And where the exercise of this godliness and contentment on the daily experience of the christian? Why, they are the true philosophers' stones, for they turn everything into gold. They gild the very clouds we gaze at, the ground we tread upon, the bread which feeds our poor bodies. They gild the mason's mallet, the carpenter's adze, and the plasterer's trowel. They gild the beggar's rags, and convert his poverty, so far they remind him that he is "a king and a priest unto God," and destined to "reign with him" for ever. In short, they gildeth in the heart of every true believer, be his rank and position which they may, the feeling of a beauty and happiness, by a wonderful metamorphosis, unknown in this world's goods, but rich in faith, who, on sitting down to her humble meal of bread and water, exclaimed with joyous rapture, "What! all this and Christ too!"

DR. HUIE.

GIVE!

See the rivers flowing downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures beautiful and free—
Giving, to help their brothers, hidden gems or sand,
Or, if need be, showers fed them from their land.

Watch the prizely flowers, their rich fragrance spread—
Load the air with perfumes, from their beauty shed!
Yet their lavish spending leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished by the mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures! from fair Nature learn!
Give thy love—and ask not, wait not, a return!
And the more thou spendest from thy little store,
When a double bounty, God will give thee more.

Household Words.

THE WIDOW'S SON;

A NIGHT WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS.

(Continued from page 119.)

As soon as Alfred left the house, Mr. R— sought his daughter's room, where she had retired with a trembling heart, to await the result of an interview, the meaning of which she well imagined.

"Florence, my child," he said, seating himself by her side, and taking her trembling hand within his own, "since your mother's death, have you ever felt for a single moment that your father did not love you, and care for your happiness with a constant care?"

"No, dear father," she replied, looking up into his face while the tears came to her eyes, "Why do you ask?"

Mr. R— felt that her hand trembled within his still more.

"Do child, tell me," he said, "I see that you are conscious of the subject upon which I am going to converse with you. In speaking of it to such a sufferer, then, let us lay aside all reserve. Tell me, then, in the beginning, do you feel an affection for Mr. Lennox?"

"I cannot deny it, father."

"How long have you felt this sentiment, Florence?"

"It has been growing upon me for some time," replied the blushing maiden, "but, unhesitatingly, I must now be forced to acknowledge it to myself, until he made to me a declaration of a like sentiment."

"And what reply did you make him? was Mr. R——'s quick interrogation.

"I referred him to you, father, of course."

"Without acknowledging a kindred sentiment."

"Not by words, father."

Mr. R— paused a few moments, and then resumed:

"Suppose, my dear, that I were to object to your union with Mr. Lennox, do you think that you could weigh, rationally, my reasons for doing so?"

"I do not know, father," Florence said, leaning her head upon his arm, as she hid her face with her hands, and gave way to an involuntary burst of tears.

The heart of Mr. R— was moved. He knew the power of the sentiment that it could have had been implanted in her mind. He knew the affectionate nature of his child, and was conscious, that if once her love were called into exercise, how worthily, she would be robbed of happiness, it might be of hope. Under this feeling he hurriedly kissed her and bade her to act. After a long silence, as the agitation of Florence's mind began to subside, her father said—

"You are aware, my child, that, in many instances, we see only the appearances of truth around us. That it is often hard to judge of a man's real character. That—"

"Dear father, speak out plainly," Florence said, looking up earnestly into her father's face, "surely you cannot mean that Mr. Lennox is not a man of good character?"

"Perhaps that would be too strong a term, Florence. Still, to speak out plainly, I do not think that you would be happy as the wife of Alfred Lennox."

"O father! why do you say so? I am sure Alfred is all that is excellent."

"My dear child, I appreciate your feelings; but do you not think, that, as a man with my years and experience, I ought to be able to judge of another man's true character, much better than you?"

"I certainly do, father."

"And are you not willing to repose some confidence in my judgment?"

"Have I not always confided in it?"

"You have, Florence, and I trust you still willing to confide in it, especially in a matter of so much moment."

"Not you will not exact a blind confidence?"

"No, my dear child, I will not. Nor did I intend to exact such a confidence. I implied that your trust has made the discrimination."

"Then, father, let me hear plainly, why you think I would not be happy as the wife of Mr. Lennox?"

"Because, I am afraid that he is forming bad habits. I do not like the company he keeps."

"Do you know that he is forming bad habits?"

"If I can form any judgment from appearances, I certainly think that he is. I have employed him to conduct my affairs, a very important suit, and have, in consequence, frequent interviews with him. The more I see of him, the more I am inclined to think that his habits are not good."

This did not seem to satisfy Florence.

"Is it not possible, father," she said after a few moments silence, "that you may have a prejudice against him, that is not based upon any rational ground?"

"No, my dear, I can safely say that I have not; for I know of no young man, whom I would rather see your husband than he, were I satisfied in respect to his habits of life."

"May not your suspicions be groundless?"

"It is barely possible that they may. But if we are to judge of a man's character, by the company he keeps, Alfred Lennox is far from being above suspicion. You know L——?"

"Yes."

"They are often together and seem to be intimate."

"O, father, I could not have believed it."

"And worse than all, he is said to drink too hard for a young man of his age. You could not, certainly run the fearful risk of becoming the wife of a drunkard!"

"Not after having witnessed the heart-aching grief of my aunt Anna," was the reply of Florence.

"I am glad you have alluded to your aunt, Mr. R——and, while I was warned by me, as I am now warning you. Since my youngest sister, and the favourite of us all, but was unwilling to confide in my judgment in a matter where her affections were concerned. I knew the man who addressed her to be addicted to the vice of immoderate drinking, and I warned her not to marry him. But she would not hear me; but went so far as to tell him what I had alleged against him, thus making him my bitter enemy. I need not tell you the result in her case."

(To be continued.)

BALMORAL CASTLE.

THE PEDLAR AT BALMORAL.

BY THE REV. J. W. WILSON.

A GREAT drunkard in the Highlands of Inverness-shire was led to attend a lecture on temperance. He was induced to become a member of a temperance society. For months the craving of his appetite for strong drink was excessive, but true to his resolution, he set his face like a flint against every temptation. The marsh of his heart being thus drained of one poison, he next received the seed of the word into its soil. It was hid there until quickened by the sun of Righteousness, and nourished by the rains and dews of the Spirit, when it brought forth fruit in Christian life and character. Having so settled occupation, he yet could not be idle, and having, by the help of a few friends, managed to stock a little box with trinkets and other cheap ware, he set out as a pedlar. In the course of his peregrinations, he found himself at Balmoral, and thinking that if he could get the patronage of the Queen it would help him greatly, he resolved to make the attempt. There was something in his look and manner which at once commended him to the favour of some of the household officials, who had it in their power to put him under the notice of the Earl of Carlisle, then attending the Court as a minister of state. The noble earl, with his usual frankness and goodness of heart, sympathised with Donald, and promised to recommend his case to the Queen. When her Majesty came to know it, Donald was commanded to appear in the Royal presence, and met with a most gracious reception. Not only did the Queen purchase of his wares, but gave him permission to wear the royal arms as the Queen's Pedlar, and sent Donald away with a lighter heart and a heavier purse than he had when he entered the royal chamber. On leaving, the Earl of Carlisle took him to his room, and there Donald was presented with a glass of wine with which to drink the Queen's health. Looking at it, he felt at first a kind of trembling, but then, lifting his heart in prayer for Divine aid, he said,—"Your lordship will excuse me,—I cannot drink the Queen's health in wine, but I will drink it in water." The noble earl asked his reasons. "My lord," said Donald, "I was a drunkard. I became an abstainer, and I trust by God's grace I have become a Christian; but I know that if I were to taste intoxicating drink, it would at once revive an appetite which is not dead, but dying, and I should most likely go the whole length of the drunkard again. God has only promised to support me in the path of duty, and that path, in my case, is plainly to abstain." The noble lord at once commended Donald for his frankness and honesty, and, in taking leave, assured him that it would afford her Majesty the highest satisfaction to know that she had amongst her loyal and devoted subjects one who, in the midst of such strong temptations, could maintain his principles with integrity and honour. Donald left rejoicing to think that he had been enabled to "drink" to the glory of God.

THE USE OF A PENNY.

WHAT could a journeyman shoemaker do with a penny? I answer at once. Buy a pennyworth of leather, make a pair of trousers-straps, and sell them for twopence. But another proposition—What could a journeyman tailor do with a penny? I have known boy's caps made out of the merest scraps of cloth, and to be sold at a profit very large in comparison with the cost of the material. A carpenter with a bit of wood—a tinman with a bit of tin—a combmaker with a bit of bone—an engraver with a piece of copper or a bit of wood—a funmaker with a paper, and a few pieces of chips—a designer with a black-lead pencil and a sheet of paper—a glazier with a bit of glass—a needlewoman with a needle and thread—a gardener with a small basket of seed and a square yard of ground—a ticket writer with a little colour and a piece of card-board—indeed, anybody with anything resolved upon making a beginning may do. Many will say, that, had they a few pounds, they feel that they could do something. To such persons I say—Begin and get the few pounds. Do not let life slip away and you still lamenting the want of opportunity.

From "How a Penny became a Thousand Pounds."

THE NURSERY CARPET; or, A HINT TO MOTHERS.

THE baby, now nearly four months old, lay kicking and crowing on a clean coloured quilt or nursery carpet, which was one of Anna's household treasures; and a treasure to which her babies were mainly indebted for their fine, strong, healthy limbs. This carpet deserves a mention, and as it is within every one's reach to procure, it may not be out of place to describe it to you here.

First of all, Anna had sewn together two or three widths of stout grey calico, and formed thereof a bag of about two yards square. This bag she had filled with out-fights, as they are usually called, obtained for a few pence of the corn dealers, and forming a tolerably easy mattress for the purpose. The patchwork quilt was of old dresses of various colours and dates, but gay enough to please the baby. And on this quilt, secure from all harm and from bumps, or thumps, or tumbles, the children of Mrs. Wright had passed many an hour in infancy. They had none of them those sad bent legs, so commonly seen among the children of the poor, and as commonly to be traced to bad nursing. Her children did not learn to walk very young, for the good reason that they were never tempted to do so, until they were strong enough to bear their own weight; but when they had taught themselves, and became courageous enough to leave the chair by which they practised the art, every one confessed that tiny stepped nobly and firmly along, and did their self-teaching credit. Now, believe me, this nursery carpet is worth your trying. A child is none the better, be it rich or poor, strong or delicate, for the constant heat of the lap or the nurse's arm. The enjoyment with which it will first kick and then crawl on the mattress, will soon convince you, if you try the experiment, that your baby, at a very early age, likes liberty. Of course you will watch that it does not feel neglected or alone; a word or two, a smile, a little song may be required, to tell the little one that you do not forget it, and when it shows symptoms of restlessness, it should at once be taken up; but I believe, in most cases, we do too much with our babies—we do not let them rest enough, and are too anxious to keep them constantly excited and alive. German nurses and mothers are great examples to us in this respect, they teach their little ones that, which we too often disturb—habits of tranquillity and patience. Even an infant needs rest for its newly awakened faculties.—*From "Cottage Homes," one of the* HOUSEHOLD TRACTS.* *Published by Jarrold and Sons, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.*

* This is one of the very best series of Tracts we have ever seen. ED. B. W.

Column for Wives.

HINTS

FOR THE WIVES OF WORKING MEN.

By one who has lived amongst them.

CHAPTER II.

DO EVERYTHING AT ITS PROPER TIME.
PUT EVERYTHING IN ITS PROPER PLACE.

THESE are golden rules, and ought to be printed in large letters over your mantelpiece.

Order is a law in the creation—no comfort can be expected without Order. Teach it to your children, bring them up to be orderly in all things.

You have a proper time fixed for rising, a proper time for work, for meals, for retiring to rest at night, and ob! I trust also, for thanking in your families, the Great and Merciful Giver of all the blessings you enjoy.

Just picture to yourself, a woman who has trifled away the first precious hours of the morning. Her children are late for school, the little babes unwashed, the house miserable. To make up for lost time, she scolds, and hurries, and bustles; her house is in confusion, the husband comes home, his dinner all uncomfortable, not half cooked; words arise, anger and strife take the place of affection and peace. Oh! my dear good wife, if I were to write a hundred pages on the subject, I could not say enough, and perhaps a few earnest words with God's blessing, may suffice. Do everything at the proper time. People who never waste time, are very rarely in a hurry, they go steadily forward, and ye. ? much comfort is the happy result.

Things are never done properly that is, done in a careless, hurried manner; and remember and set down for a truth, that the early morning hours are the most valuable for household work. Then as far the second golden rule, of putting things into their proper place. This is reality forms a part of the chapter on *Neatness*; for who can be neat without it? Just think of a woman going to sit down to sew, and losing at least half an hour in hunting up her materials. She finds perhaps a reel of cotton all dirty in a bread-pin, pins and needles half rusty, scattered about in sad disorder. Her thimble is nowhere to be found. Her scissors broken by the children, who had no business to play with such dangerous things at all. Now, how much time she would have saved, by having a neat pincushion for her pins, and a box of some kind, or even a bag to contain these several little articles together, in some one place where she could instantly find it. Many, many and accidents have occurred through want of care in restoring things to their proper places, and many lives lost through it.

You will know how fond little children are of tasting things they see lying about, and how their little unwary footsteps stumble over articles strewing the floor; oh! in mercy to their helplessness, try to be orderly!

Among many instances of the accidents caused by carelessness, I have heard of a poor little creature, falling into a cauldron of scalding water, left in the way by its heedless, though nevertheless, very loving mother. Just fancy her feelings! All medicines, turpentine, vitriol, and other similar things, should be very carefully put out of all reach of children; who, also, as soon as possible, should be taught not to 'meddle.'

ON SECRET PRAYER.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

See Matt. vi. 6.

Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

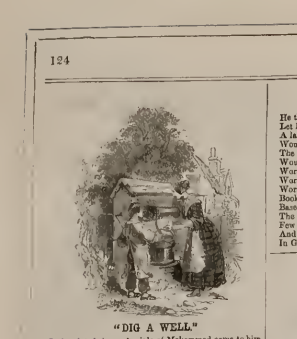
Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray too for those that hate thee,
If any such there be.

Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or, if 'tis o'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way;

Even then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
Will reach His throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth and love.

Oh, not a joy or blessing,
With this can we compare,
The power that He has given us,
To pour our souls in prayer.



"DIG A WELL."

It is related that a disciple of Mohammed came to him one day, and said, "Oh, prophet, my mother is dead, what is the best alms I can bestow for her good?" The prophet replied "Water.—Dig a well for her, and give water to the thirsty." The man did so, and said "This well is for my mother."

The idea was an excellent one. Not that the well could do the mother any good; but in that thirsty, desert land, it would be the best *monument* for her that could be erected; it would answer the twofold purpose of perpetuating her remembrance, and of giving water to the weary and parched travellers. Thus "Jacob's Well," for so long a time, has not only reminded pilgrims of the patriarch, but refreshed them with water.

The world is a spiritual desert. But there is a Fountain from which every soul may quench its thirst. The Saviour said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me." This is the fountain; and they who labour to bring souls to Christ, "dig a well." The founders of the Bible and Tract Societies, for example, in this sense, "digged a well." Thousands drink, are instructed, and saved. Still, the supply of water might be greater, if the well were deepened. Every contribution to the funds helps to deepen the well.

Would you perpetuate the remembrance of a precious mother? "Dig a well." In her name set apart a fund for the advancement of the Saviour's kingdom.

Do you wish some enduring monuments of a dear departed child? "Dig a well" Set apart, for the spread of the gospel, that which would have been devoted to the maintenance and education of the child. Better expend it thus, than in rearing costly monuments of marble.

Would you rear a monument to your own memory? "Dig a well." Paul, and Howard, and Henry Martyn, and Harlan Page, each "digged a well." They are Artesian wells. We trust many good men and women are now digging their wells. They are laying up for themselves enduring riches; building lofty monuments which time will not crumble.

Do you wish a fountain to slake your own thirst? "Dig a well." The person who digs a well, not only supplies others, but also supplies himself. It is an order of Providence that Christian beneficence shall react for the good of him who exercises it. "He that watereth, shall be watered also himself." This is the very figure we have been using. It is God's idea. "The liberal soul shall be made fat." "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom." Facts seem to confirm these scriptures. A striking instance has just been reported. A gentleman in 1855, gave £200 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; in 1854, he gave £2,700; in 1855, £5,600; and for 1856, he proposed to give a much larger sum. When asked how his charities increased so largely, he replied, "*The more I give, the more I get.*"

Reader! forget not the motto, "Dig a well."

SUNDAY TRAINS.

In a letter headed "Plunder by Railway Companies' Servants," by Mr John Begg, of the Lochnagar Royal Distillery, in the *Times* of 4th April, 1857, after detailing the losses to which he has been subject by the dishonesty of the employés on various railways and steam boats, he says:—

"I may mention that Sunday seems to be the most convenient day chosen by these people for committing their depredations. At one time I could never send a cask by the line (if out over Sunday) but it was sure to be broached. I make a point now to avoid sending whisky to be out over Sunday."

Can it excite surprise that those who employ servants on the understanding that they are to break the *fourth* commandment, should find those servants guilty of a breach of the *eighth?*

THE SABBATH—THE WORKING MAN'S BOON.

He that hath never prized the boon aright
Let him sit down and picture to himself
A land without a Sabbath. Stalwart men
Would be no more, all would deteriorate,
The race would dwindle; the robust and strong
Would sicken, and the mad be multiplied.
Worse men would fill the senate and th' exchange,
Worse women fill the parlour, nursery,
Worse children fill the playground and the school.
Books would be little read, and men would grow
Base and embruted; commerce would decline.
The wheels of business would soon jar and grate;
Few public worshippers would then be found.
And fewer private ones. Men would lose faith
In God, in one another, in themselves.
Morals would loosen, public conscience droop,
The hands that bind society would slack;
All would grow lawless, brutal, wicked. Men
Would rather live to get than get to live,
And who would reach his threescore years and ten?
Alas for woman's virtue then; alas
For man's high honour. Influence would be
Demoralised, and intellect befooled.
The labourer would be chained remediless
To sad unremitting toil. The artisan
Would be defrauded of one-seventh his time,
For in seven days the son would earn no more
Than did his sire in six.

From "Upward and Onward," by S. W. Partridge.

One of the Liverpool Drinking Fountains, from a sketch by Mr. W. Stubbs.

PUBLIC DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

It is with peculiar pleasure that we call attention to the following extract from the *Liverpool Year Book.*

"One of the most original and practical efforts ever made to increase our local sanitary appliances has emanated from a private individual, Mr. C. P. Melly, of this town. Since March, 1854, Mr. Melly has erected at his own cost numerous drinking fountains, in different parts of the town, which afford a constant supply of pure and refreshing water to the thirsty wayfarer. The first fountain was erected on 31st March, 1854, at the south end of Prince's Dock; it was of polished Aberdeen granite. In the course of the same year six small cast-iron fountains were erected along the north end of the dock property. The cost of these latter was, to a certain degree, refunded by the Town Council, who promised to erect several more, and to maintain a good supply of water to all. In neither respect did they fulfil their promises; and, in the commencement of the past year (1856), Mr. Melly, despairing of seeing the number of fountains increased by the Town Council, and finding from statistics that their usefulness far exceeded his most sanguine expectations, again commenced erecting some new ones at his own expense. Mr. M'Donnell, of Aberdeen, seconded him, by offering to furnish polished granite fountains, according to Mr. Melly's design, at prime cost, without profit to himself; and we have the pleasure to announce that fourteen polished drinking fountains have been erected in the course of the year.

Each fountain has two galvanized iron ladles attached by slight chains to the wall on each side, and is ornamented with a handsome bronze head of lion, boy, satyr, or other design, furnished by Messenger and Sons, of Birmingham. On the 6th and 7th July, the number drinking at different fountains along the south end of the docks exceeded *Two thousand five hundred persons per day at each.*"

We are glad to learn that Birkenhead and Runcorn are following the good example of Liverpool, and we trust that in London and many other places, gentlemen will be found with hearts as large and purses as heavy as Mr. Melly's, by whom WATER FOR THE PEOPLE will be provided by means of these public Drinking Fountains.

A TAME STORK.

A GENTLEMAN at Carshalton, in Surrey, has a stork, which, through kind treatment, has become so very tame that he had never seems so happy as when in the society of the labourers who are employed on the farm, or in following the ploughman up and down the field.

During the haytime last year, the mowers had scarcely taken a stroke with their scythes, before the stork was at their heels, and he never left them until their work was done.

When the men were at dinner he would refresh himself by taking a short sleep, standing on one leg, in which position not only storks but other birds usually go to rest.

CHARITY.

Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,
Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child;
She makes excuses where she might condemn,
Revil'd by those that hate her, prays them;
Suspicion lurks not in her heartless breast;
The worst suggested, she believes the best;
Not soon provok'd, however stung she was'd,
And if, perhaps, made angry, soon appeas'd;
She rather waives than will dispute her right,
And, injur'd, makes forgiveness her delight.

Christian charity is a great enlarger of means.

A NOBLE SIGHT.

A FEW weeks ago, the parish of Islington, in London, was placarded with bills, intimating a series of week-night services in the old church, specially for WORKING MEN. The well-known names of the Revs. J. C. Ryle, Robt. Mageire, J. C. Miller, C. J. Goodhart, J. B. Owen, and the Dean of Carlisle were announced as the ministers. At the foot of the placard were these words:—

"The body of the Church will be reserved for Working Men and their families. *Come in your working dress.*"

"Will they come?" was asked by a faint-hearted one. "I cannot think that they will on a week-night." "Yes," responded a friend, "there is no class of men in England more susceptible of kindness than working men, and such a disinterested effort for their welfare as this, will be sure to be appreciated by them.

The result proved the truth of this remark; night after night the smock frocks and fustian jackets crowded the noble edifice, and many were unable to gain even standing room.

A few Sabbath evenings after the above, a series of services were commenced in Exeter Hall for the working classes. The Bishop of Carlisle preached the first sermon from "What saith the Scriptures?" The vast assemblage listened with the deepest attention, and during some portion of the prelate's discourse, we saw the tears tracing each other down many a weather-beaten cheek.

It was a noble sight! No seats were reserved, but all were open alike for peasant and peer. On one side of the Bishop sat a poorly clad old man with his red cotton neckerchief, whilst on the opposite side were the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird.

England wants more of this blending of the various classes; or as the dying Judge Talfourd so emphatically exclaimed, "*Sympathy* with each other," and we therefore hail all such efforts as the above, and pray that God's blessing may rest upon them.

WATER! GIVE US WATER!

Who can pass along the crowded streets of London, during the hot summer months, without feeling sympathy for the poor dumb animals? Their parched tongues and panting bodies, speak as plainly as suffering nature can do, "we want *water*,—give us *water*."

Cases of madness amongst animals would probably be very rare, if a compassionate public provided a bountiful supply of that essential of life—Water.

When we reflect upon the service rendered to society by the brute creation, it is but a slight return for us to give them a refreshing draught of water.

We rejoice in the fact, that during the sultry days of summer, for many years past, a tub, with a constant supply of water for the poor dogs, has been placed under the window of Button's confectionary shop, adjoining St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street. All honour to the kindhearted individual by whose consideration such an excellent provision is made for the dumb, even in one of the most crowded streets of London.

We hope that the day is not far distant when good drinking troughs will be found, not only on the village greens, but in all parts of our busy towns and cities.

It is indeed a heart-rending fact, that the poor cattle and sheep which are driven to the various markets in our land, are frequently tied up in the pens for six, eight, ten—yes, twelve hours at a time, without having a single drop of water! God has said, "Thou shalt open thy mouth for the dumb"; and on behalf of those poor unoffending creatures, that have to be slain for our food, we would cry aloud, "Water—give us *Water!*"

BRITISH WORKMAN

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A TALE OF THE SEA.

BY THE LATE GEO. MOGRIDGE, ESQ.
(Now better known as the celebrated "Old Humphrey.")

IT was in walking along the edge of the High Downs that overlook the open sea, that I fell in with a one-armed old sailor, with a sun-burnt face, and a countenance calm and collected. The old man had been on an errand to the Preventive station, a mile or two from the spot. At first he seemed but little disposed to talk with me, merely returning a short, but civil answer to the common-place questions that I asked him. By degrees, however, he became more communicative, describing to me the different head-lands stretching out in the distance towards the sea. A stranger likes to pick up what information he can in a neighbourhood, so that I found the old tar a very agreeable companion.

"Excuse me, sir, in answering you short as I did," said he; "for the truth is, a lad of mine is out in the fishing smack yonder, and I don't much like the look of the weather. Coast fishing is an ugly trade when squalls are blowing, and we have had a few losses lately that make us a bit anxious like. I should'nt care so much if *I* was in the smack, but one can't be quite easy when our young ones are in danger. We somehow think that we could manage better than they can."

"I don't wonder at your feeling anxious. The sea has been the watery grave of thousands."

"It has, sir, when one's young and strong we think but little about it, but as we get older it sobers us. That sky, to the west, doesn't please me sir; I'm afraid a blow is coming on."

"I'm afraid so too. It would not be a trifle that would tempt me to quit the shore with such a prospect before me."

"May be, sir, you have never been in a storm on the wide waters, a thousand leagues from shore. You have never seen a good ship in her distress, struggling for life among the frothy billows, nothing for, and everything against her?"

"Never! never! The very thought of it makes the water look fearful to me. You are used to storms, I suppose?"

"I have been in a few, sir, in my time; but having lost my arm, I am put by now,

Mr. Mogridge (now known as the celebrated "Old Humphrey") conversing with the old Sea Captain on the High Downs.

like an old sugar hogshead, no longer fit for service. The creaking of the ship's timbers when labouring in the sea; the must ready to snap with the strain of the topsails; the waves curling over the deck, and snatching away the crew one after another; the wind fluttering the men against the rigging as they go aloft; the ship's bell dismally tolling in the darkness night, and the hoarse shouting louder than a hundred trees, are things that we don't get used to all at once. It's a rough school, sir, to be brought up in, is that of the sea."

"I must be. You were young, I suppose, when you first were aboard?"

"I was, sir, but I had a light heart, and nothing lackadaisical about me. I was fond of the sea, and did not mind hard work. If the mate gave me a rope's end, I hallooed out at the time, and laughed after. If he knocked me down, which he did, I did, I got up again, and rubbed on as well as I could. A lad that's been brought up in a hard-box wasn't do for the sea, sir."

"I should think not. How came you at first to go aboard ship? Did you run away from home?"

"No, sir, that heart ache was spared me. I have known some, though, who have had more than enough of it, one especially, his name was Alex Brown. He came aboard soon after I did. It seems but yesterday, though it is fifty years ago now, that he was telling me of his parting with his mother, for his father had died a year or two before. Taking up his bundle in broad day-light, out of brassic like, he said to his mother, 'Good-bye, old girl!' 'If you go, you'll break my heart,' said she. 'Not no! your heart's too tough for that,' replied Alex, laughing at her; 'Good-bye!' 'Come back, Alex!' cried his mother in her distress, 'or my death will be heavy on you.' Alex went on, and in three months his mother lay under the turf. Bitterly did he repent his hard-heartedness, for he never seemed to follow him everywhere. He saw her sorrowing in the darkest night, he heard her in the lonely storm crying out, 'Come back, Alex! or my death will be heavy on you.' Heavy on him it did be, sure enough, for I never saw a smile on his face after. I think, if he could, he would have wept tears of blood, or done anything to have washed away his sin, but that he could'nt do. Oh! its a bitter thing for a child to wring a parent's heart with agony. No wonder that such a deed should be punished. No wonder that God's word should say, 'Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother.' Deut. xxvii. 16.

"That must have made a deep impression on your mind."

"It did, sir, but it is only one case out of many that I could tell of. Thank God, my father and mother were both willing that I should go to sea, so that I had'nt Alex Brown's heavy weight on my heart. The wind lowers, and if it should blow stiff, we shall soon see what's the matter. I wish the smack had'nt put off from the shore."

"The loss of your arm must have been a sad affliction to you."

"Why, yes, it was; but God's word says, 'Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither does trouble spring out of the ground.' Job v. 6. I was thoughtless enough at the sea, but the loss of my arm sent me ashore, where in God's house I heard what made more than amends to me for my injury. God's ways are not as our ways, sir, for out of the storm he brings a calm, and out of a misfortune he brings a blessing. The loss of my arm was made to gain to me. 'For it is better to enter into life halt, or maimed, rather than having two hands, or two feet, to be cast into everlasting fire.' Matt. xviii. 8."

"I am glad to hear you talk in this way, but tell me how it was that you lost your arm?"

"I will, sir. Eighteen years ago, I was ashore for some time at Deptford, my wife is alive still, and we have one son, a likely lad; he is aboard the fishing smack yonder. After recovering, I went to sea again. It was off Barbadoes that our ship was overtaken by a hurricane, when the captain, who was sober enough, had been drinking hard. If ever man was mad, he was. In the midst of the storm, when a cat could hardly have clung to the rigging, and when, for such a man aloft, would have been like sighting his death warrant, the captain swore that two or three of the poorest hands should take his arm off the main topsail."

"And did he make them do it?"

"I'll tell you, sir. 'Captain,' said I, 'it can't be done.' But he swore with a tremendous oath, that it should be done. It was not many minutes after, when down from the main topsail yard, flat upon the deck, came one of the hands. His head had struck against the mainsail yard, and he lay at the very foot of the captain quite dead."

"Dreadful! dreadful!"

"It was dreadful, sir; but the drunken captain made light of it, and had the body flung overboard. When the sea gives up its dead, many a dark deed will be brought to light. The captain then ordered another young hand aloft. 'Captain, said I, 'let me go!' but he would not. 'Then,' said I, 'no other hand shall, for it would be murder,' so I mounted the rattlins to prevent it, but the captain, in a fury, picking up a hand-spike, knocked me out of the shrouds. My arm was badly broken, and afterwards had to be taken off, but I think it saved a life, for no one else was sent up to the main topsail."

"Why what a monster the captain must have been."

"He drank hard, sir, and that will make a monster of any man. Not content with my losing my arm, he swore that he would have me tried for mutiny, most likely, had he lived, he would have done so, but he was called to his reckoning soon after, being taken off in a fit of apoplexy."

"You have reason on many accounts to remember the loss of your arm."

"I have, sir, and reason to thank God for his goodness to me. Should I meet you again on the Downs; you shall be welcome to a few more tales of the sea, if you like to hear them. I must now hasten to the beach, for the fishing smack, I see, has put back, and is making for the shore. As I said, there will be a hard blow by and by, and it's coming on space. Many a craft, and many a seaman will have had enough of it."

"Thank you, heartily, for the account you have given me."

"YOU LOVE ME SO DEARLY."

THERE are times when we learn as much from our children as they learn from us. There is something in the artless simplicity of childhood that proves stronger than the experience of maturer years. I was sitting at the piazza at evening, musing too doubtfully upon the future, and letting the clouds of care darken the beauty of a brilliant sunset. I will not say what burden weighed upon the spirit, nor what doubt had risen as to the course of Divine Providence. Just then little feet were heard, and my child ran gaily to my extended arms. Catching the playful spirit of my little girl, I seized her in my hands and held her over the railing, as if to let her fall. Astonished at her want of fear, I asked, "What, not afraid? Why don't you cry? Won't I let you fall?" "*No, papa you love me so dearly!*" was the instant reply.

I cannot tell what instruction it distilled like central through my soul. The words of perfect confidence lingered in my ears, and entered my heart. It is impossible that a father's love should let fall the child who lies smiling in his arms. How then can our Heavenly father let fall the children who trust in Him. Every doubt is rebuked and every dark foreboding put to the blush, by the lesson which a child has uttered. Are we not the sons of God? And is our future destiny too sublime for comprehension, so that it doth not yet appear what we shall be, still shall we fear to lie passive in our Father's arms? Does he not love us too dearly to let us fall? If he did not refuse the greatest boon, but "delivered him up for us all," will he not also freely give us all things? With an adequate idea of our relations to God as His adopted ones, can we justly one doubt, can we harbour one fear as to the future? If God is our Father, does he not love us too dearly to let any evil befall us? Will he not make all things work together for our good?—*New York Observer.*

A SHORT SERMON.

"Owe no man anything."

KEEP out of debt. Avoid it as you would war, pestilence, and famine. Hate it with a perfect hatred. Abhor it with an entire abhorrence. Dig potatoes, break stones, peddle tin-ware; do anything that is honest and useful, rather than run into debt. At you value comfort and independence, keep out of debt. As you value good digestion, a healthy appetite, a placid temper, a smooth pillow, pleasant dreams, and happy waking-ings, keep out of debt. Debt is the hardest of taskmasters, the most cruel of all oppressors. It is a nuisance about the neck. It is an nuisance on the heart. It spreads a cloud over the firmament of man's being. It furrows the forehead with premature wrinkles; it plucks from the eye its light; it drags all nobleness and kindness out of the port and bearing of man. It takes all the soul out of the laugh, and all manliness and freedom from his walk. Come not under its accursed dominion, nor owe to its slave.

"Owe no man anything."

IOE-BOUND SHIPS.

"ALARGE number of vessels that have passed the whole of the last winter at Cronstadt have just arrived in the port of London, and many of the seamen composing their crews have been received as boarders in the Sailor's Home, Well Street. It is very gratifying to find that these men have not been neglected during their long sojourn at nearly seven months in Russia. The chaplain of the Russian Company, the Rev. Mr. M'Swiney, has been most assiduous in his exertions for their religious and moral welfare, and under his auspices they have attended the church and lectures prepared expressly for them, and also a navigation school which was opened for their benefit. They also had the advantage of an excellent supply of useful and instructive books, which were kindly presented for their use by the Christian Knowledge and Religious Tract Societies, as well as many volumes of the *British Workman*, the liberal gift of Mr. Barclay, of Walthamstow. These books were forwarded to Cronstadt by the Queen's messengers, by the kind permission of Lord Clarendon. True to their usual character, the sailors have not been unmindful of the person who has used these exertions for their benefit, and before leaving Cronstadt they subscribed a valuable sum to present their rev. friend with a very handsome silver tea-kettle, as a mark of their gratitude and esteem."—*Times, June 4th, 1857.*

We are glad to be able to add to the above, the following extract from a letter received by us from Capt. Pierce, R.N.—

"I am happy to have it in my power to inform you that sailors who have passed the last winter at Cronstadt have lately passed through the Sailors' Home, *and many of them have expressed to me their gratitude for the British Workman* and other books which were forwarded for their use, and which tended probably to employ many of the long hours of their seven months' captivity in the ice.

"It affords me great pleasure to add, that I have never seen a more orderly, well-conducted set of men enter the Sailor's Home, and I attribute this in a great measure to the care and attention which was bestowed upon them by Mr. M'Swiney, the chaplain. Had they been neglected during that long period (as they too often are at

* As Treasurer to the Religious Circulation Fund of the British Workman and Band of Hope Review, I gladly distribute Monthly Numbers and Yearly Parts gratis and constantly to ships for Sailors, Soldiers, &c., if the Committee had the needful funds. Nothing can, all Army Chaplains being (for 5000 copies for the Soldiers going out to India and China, but the Committee could only give a small portion of the required quantity.

Contributions will be thankfully received by any of the Committee viz., HENRY PAGE BAILLIE, Esq., Walthamstow, Essex, Treasurer. Rev. JOHN KINGSMILL, M.A., Government Model Prison, Pentonville; HUGH OWEN, Esq., Post Law Board, Whitehall, Rev. T. S. SMITHER, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Regent's Park, London; or, Rev. WM. TYLER, 3, Trafalgar Place East, Hackney.

New Bedford, May 20th, 1857.

"Several copies of the "British Workman" and the "Band of Hope Review" have come to hand, and I am much pleased to have them.

"I shall be very glad to subscribe for half-a-dozen copies of each monthly. We have a floating population of SAILORS. About six thousand sail from this port and return to it before they scatter away to their different homes if 'homes' they have. They are generally reckless men, but some pains are taken to see after them on shore, and to furnish them on board ship with bibles and tracts to beguile the weary hours of their long voyages which are now sometimes extended to four and a half years in pursuit of the spermaceti whale. These papers are very well adapted to read to them; and to give to some of them, as I have a friend who keeps regularly a Sabbath school and reading class for these wanderers of the deep, it is quite an acquisition to our stock of suitable matter for the purpose."

THE WIFE'S LAMENT.

There was a time, my husband's words
And acts and looks were love;
And then he said, he thought my smile
Was sunshine from above,

To cheer his heart, and nerve his arm,
And make his homestead bright,
And when a cloud of grief appeared,
To fringe its edge with light.

But now amongst his drunken friends,
Though loud his laugh may be,
When home he reels at dead of night,
There's no kind word for me.

With loving smile he sullen stood
To meet I strive in vain;
So pointless falls the slanting sun,
On winter's ice-bound plain.

Oft as I lonely rock my babe,
The drowning smile I spy,
His father's smile, and start to hear
My own deep heart-stoch'd sigh.

I often think if I were Queen,
And could this empire sway,
I'd make a firm and binding law,
To drive strong drink away.

Then many a house now sad with grief
Blessed changed would soon become,
Lit up with wife and children's smile,
The husband's happy home.

And many a wife with lightened heart
Would pray this prayer I ween,
Long live her sex's truest friend!
God bless our gracious Queen!

T. HOLME.

The Vicarage, East Cowton.

THE CRUCIBLE;
OR,
LET US SEE WHAT IT HAS IN IT

BY THE LATE GEORGE MOGRIDGE ESQ.

CHAPTER II.

The Conjuror.

COME forward, for we have now a conjuror in the crucible. Crowds used to flock to see him, but now he is all alone in our furnace. We have contrived to conjure him in, let him conjure himself out again if he can.

We have had conjurors in the crucible, before, but they were too cunning to go by the name, some of them were adepts in deceit; though after all they deceived no one so much as they at last were deceived themselves. This man, however calls himself a conjuror, and there are, people know what to expect when they go to see his performances. It is well understood that he only pretends to do the wonders he seems to perform.

"Well, and what can he do?" you will say. What can he not do? He can make pancakes without heat, and cook without a frying pan. He will put a crown piece in your hand, and though you grasp it fast, when he bids you look against your purse, the silver coin is changed to a copper one, and the crown piece is in your neighbour's pocket. He makes singing birds fly from eggs, that seem hatched, fledged, and full grown in a moment. His flight of hand is wonderful, so much so that while some spectators stare with astonishment, others feel frighted with his cleverness. Oh, he is a shrewd fellow this conjuror! What we have mentioned, are only common tricks to what he can perform. But the curious will tell us what he is, perhaps he will come out of it no conjuror.

Our fire is somewhat low, for we are not inclined to be very severe, we feel more sorrow than anger, when we see a man getting his living by such a course. We take care, however, to have our furnace at white heat when we catch another of his class, a real conjuror, who has done much mischief in his time. The offender of whom we speak, calls himself an astrologer.

He is a somewhat singular tale in print about a sailor going to see a conjuror's performances, that we must relate from memory, for it is long since we read the anecdote. The adventure is ingenious enough, if invented, and certainly curious if it really occurred.

A jolly Jack Tar, who had seen sea fights, and was no stranger to stormy weather, had spent his money in port in prize money. In pursuit of pleasure, he visited several public exhibitions, and at length entered a room with others to witness the performances of a conjuror, who was far from being a bungler in his art.

Unaccustomed to the art of legerdemain, the sailor was astonished at what he saw, and really began to think the man was a wizard and could do anything, but a sad accident put an end to the conjuror's performances, though it seems the sailor still thought it was an amusement arising out of some gunpowder which was kept underneath the room where the company were enjoying their diversions suddenly exploded, and blew up the whole party, the conjuror among them, thus making mischief, where the mischief-maker had was destroyed. The sailor fared better than many of the spectators, for he found himself, sitting without injury, on a heap of rubbish at a distance from his former seat. Here he looked about for his friend the conjuror, after what he took to be a rather rough specimen of his skill, and rubbing his eyes exclaimed, "Well! the last trick beats all he did before! I wonder what the fellow will do next?"

But while we have been telling our story, the conjuror has been commencing with himself in his crucible. Here he comes assisted by our attendants from his place of concealment. We see at a glance how it has fared with him. His confidence in his own power is abated, and all the "quick, hocus, pocus, presto," is taken out of him. Conjuror indeed!

If we look goodnaturedly and thoughtlessly on his calling, we shall see but little evil in his gleaning a few pence or pounds as the case may be, by performing a few harmless tricks for the amusement of his company, for which amusement they willingly give him their money; but a little reflection will somewhat change this opinion. Look at the thoughtlessness, the folly, the vain company, the hollowness, the dissipation, and the uncertainty that cling to the life of a juggler! Do not these, think ye, unfit a man for his daily duties. Will they more

him to fear God, and do good to his neighbour? Will they improve his time or prepare him for eternity? Will they incline him to lead a useful life on earth, or help him on the way to heaven? The conjuror knows that they will not. He is listening to our words, and fain would we do his good. Give up, conjuror, thy questionable career, and take to some useful, even if less profitable employment. Thine occupation is a bad one.

"On creation's honest industry instead,
And by sweat—the upright calling win thy bread."

We reprove thee not with severity, but rather urge thee in a kindly manner to pray fully and seek after wisdom; to renounce dissipation, to secure peace, and to live "soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world," that thy joy may be great in the world that is to come.

(To be continued.)

THE WIDOW'S SON;

OR, A NIGHT WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS.

(Continued from page 123.)

"But do you think that Mr. Lennox is as far gone as my uncle was when aunt Anna married him?"

"No, my dear, I do not. But what then?"

"You know what I would say, father."

"I believe I do, Florence. But are you willing to run so great a risk?"

"You know not, father, how deeply my happiness is involved."

Her voice trembled, and was so husky, that she could not finish the sentence.

"I know it, Florence, and I feel it; and for your sake I will make the most careful investigation of his character. When I have done so, will you confide in my judgment?"

"I feel that it is right that I should, my dear father, and, be the result what it may, I promise that I will."

"Spoken like my own dear child!" Mr. R——— said, drawing her to his bosom, and kissing her fervently.

The maiden rested confidingly there for a few moments, and then rising, retired to her own chamber, where, sinking upon her bed, she burst into a flood of tears. It was a hard task, indeed, that she had set for her young and innocent heart.

Meanwhile, Mr. Lennox left the house of Mr. R——— with his mind in a tumult. A week! How could he endure such a suspense, especially where so strong a doubt had been cast over the issue. He retired to his office, and throwing himself into a chair, gave way to gloomy thoughts. As he sat thus, a friend came in, and observing the change in his countenance, said—

"In the name of wonder, Alfred, what has come over you?"

"I've got the blues, if you know what they are!" he replied, half laughing, as he endeavored to rally himself.

"The blues! I rather think that I do know something about them. But you—what has given you the blues?"

"As to the cause it is no matter. But do you know how to cure them?"

"I know various modes of relief. But it takes time for the performance of a perfect cure."

"So I should think—and even then the prescription would be, I fear, then, is temporary relief to be obtained?"

"I have never found anything so efficacious as a good glass of old Jerry."

Lennox shook his head.

"Even a strong brandy punch is salutary."

"Then come and let us have one."

His friend needed no second invitation, and so they proceeded to a tavern and called for a couple of brandy punches. These disposed of, and a little time given for the influence to become manifest, another was taken by each, and then another. Both then returned to the office of Lennox, where they chatted about various matters for half an hour or so, until the subject of the young lawyers' most important suit, at last came up. "When the wine is in, the wit is out," all know to be true. So it proved with Lennox. Three glasses more sufficed to make him indiscreet, and so he detailed to his friend the particulars of his love for Florence—how he had offered himself and had been put off for a week—with sundry childish declarations of his undying love for the beautiful maiden.

His friend laughed in his sleeve at his weakness, and advised him to keep his spirits up, by pouring spirits down. This advice he literally followed. When he came home to tea that evening, Mrs. Lennox noticed, with raptures pain, that he was more than half intoxicated, and acted very strangely.

"Do not go out this evening, Alfred," she said, as he took up his hat after tea, and made a movement towards the door.

"I can't stay in to-night, mother," he replied, turning away with a gesture of impatience, and hastily quitting the house.

In so unkind a tone, Alfred had never spoken before to his mother. She saw that he had been drinking, and was thus able to account for the change. But for a mother thus to excuse her son—her only son, and the a widow! Slowly, and with her head drooping on her bosom, did Mrs. Lennox steal away to her chamber. Here she knelt upon her knees, and lifted up her heart in prayer for strength to bear up under an affliction that it seemed would crush her to the earth. Then, as a degree of calmness stole over her spirit, she prayed for her erring child, beseeching with intense fervour, that he might be checked in his course, ere it was too late—ere he brought down the grey hairs of his widowed mother upon her grave.

Thus did she endeavour to rest upon the strong for strength. But nature was active within her, and its claims could not be silenced. Though calmer, and still looking upwards in hope as she arose from her knees, yet her heart ached with an indescribable anguish.

As for Alfred, as soon as he had left the house, he had repaired to Malcolm's, where he drank one or four of his young friends. They saw his condition, but had not the discretion to discourage his from any further indulgence. Then they drew up to a table and commenced a conversation on the current events of the day. More liquor was called for, and as they continued to drink, their spirits rose higher and higher, and their voices with their spirits—the loudest voice of all was that of Alfred Lennox. Thus they spent the whole evening, much to the annoyance of other, and more quiet tippling "sots."

It was about ten o'clock that Lennox became conscious that an eye was upon him—the steady, searching eye of old Mr. R——, who was seated at a table near by, apparently engaged in reading a newspaper, but never off eye, and all ear to the sayings and doings of himself and his wild companions. Drunk as he was, he could not comprehend the meaning of the look which Mr. R——— cast upon him as their eyes met. Instantly rising, he passed up to where the old man was sitting, and, bending down to his ear, said in an earnest whisper,

"Don't judge altogether, from appearances, Mr. R———. Young blood is a little warm sometimes."

"If we are not to judge from appearances, Mr. Lennox, how are we to arrive at any just conclusions?" was the old man's cold reply, while his countenance assumed a more stern aspect.

For a moment or two Lennox stood silent, and in painful irresolution; then, turning away, he sought the door, and left thus abruptly the house and his companions.

"Fool! fool!" he ejaculated bitterly, as he stole along the streets, more than half sobered by the incident that had just occurred.

Homeward he turned his steps, and entered at an early hour for him, much to the relief of one waiting and troubled heart. But she knew not the wild agitation of his bosom, nor dreamed in her quiet sleep that her son was tossing nearly all night upon a waking pillow.

In the morning, when he came down to breakfast, his pale and anxious countenance instantly attracted the eye of his mother.

"Are you not well, Alfred?" she asked with some solicitude.

"Not very well," he replied evasively.

"Is there nothing that I can do for you, Alfred?"

"No, mother. I have a difficult case on hand, which troubles my mind exceedingly. It has kept me awake nearly all night, which will account to you for my appearance. Of course you cannot abate that cause."

"What suit is it, Alfred?"

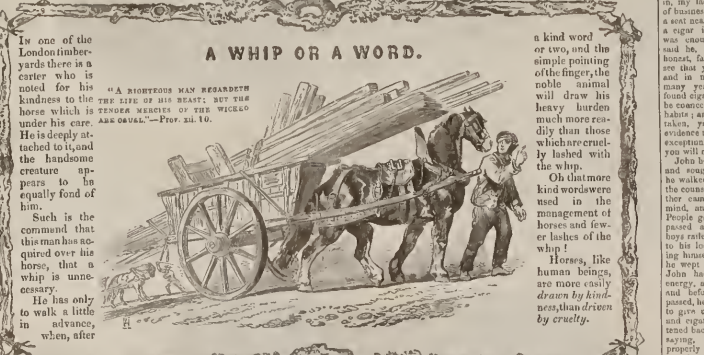
"The suit of old Mr. R———. It will be reached on the docket to-morrow."

"What suit is it, Alfred? Are you troubled about that?"

"There is more than one reason why I should feel uneasiness. The case is one of great difficulty, and I am more than half convinced that justice is not on the side of my client. Wish a bad cause I am weak. My conscience troubles me when I feel that I am in the position of an oppressor of the innocent."

(To be continued.)

A WHIP OR A WORD.



In one of the London timber-yards there is a carter who is noted for his kindness to the horse which is TENDER MERCIES OF THE WICKED under his care. He is deeply attached to it, and the handsome creature appears to be equally fond of him.

Such is the command that this man has acquired over his horse, that a whip is unnecessary.

He has only to walk a little in front, or, when, after a kind word or two, and the simple pointing of the finger, the noble animal will draw his heavy burden much more readily than those which are cruelly lashed with the whip.

Oh that more kind words were used in the management of horses and fewer lashes of the whip!

Horses, like human beings, are more easily *drawn by kindness, than driven by cruelty.*

Illustrated Hand Bills, No. 17. Sold in Sixpenny Packets, containing fifty copies of the Hand Bills, assorted or otherwise. May be had through all Booksellers; or *post free*, by inclosing six Stamps to the Publishers, MESSRS. W. & F. G. CASH, 5, Bishopsgate Street Without, London.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

CONTRIBUTION OF THE "BRITISH WORKMAN" BE A LOAN TRACT.—We are in receipt of the following communication from a Leeds correspondent:—

"The active style in which the *British Workman* is got up renders it acceptable to all classes of readers and I have for some time had an impression that it folded up like a map, with a cover, in the shape of a loan tract, it would, to a great extent, be God's blessing, serve as a stepping stone from the Sunday newspaper to the religious tract and the House of God. The size of the work was, in the first instance determined on as a binding, but I have made the experiment, and find that the numbers may be so arranged and folded as to form a neat tract cover, so as to be circulated and read with almost as much convenience as any of Hanay's tract tracts. I feel that these views are not confined to myself, for I have recently heard of some churches who are thus making use of the *British Workman*; their Bible tetchers circulating it along with their loan tracts in the ordinary way."

EDS. We regard the suggestion of our correspondent as a very valuable one, and have had a number of separate copies done up in tract covers. Any tract lover may, if he pleases, have a copy, by forwarding his address and a postage stamp to us, at No. 3, Cambridge Terrace, Shepherd's Bush, Hammersmith, (W.)

BOLTON.—At Bolton, in Lancashire, the most energetic means have been adopted by a committee of gentlemen to secure a wide circulation for Mr. J. Cundall's series a very charming letter, in which he says—

"We have made great efforts to establish a circulation the *British Workman*, so that now more than two thousand copies are delivered in this town every week. In other towns in England and Wales do the Bible women, according to population, you would have a circulation of at least 400,000 monthly. It affords me great pleasure to inform you that it is well, and I trust that our Bolton circulation will shortly exceed three thousand.

The Yearly Parts of the British Workman for 1850 & 1855, may be had gratis, in 8d. each; or bound in one, price 3s., (POST FREE.)

A Packet of the British Workman sent post free for Twelve Months,

Pkts.	s.	d.		Pkts.	s.	d.
4 copies for	0	8	6	24 copies for	1	4	0
8 "	0	4	0	32 "	1	15	0
12 "	0	12	0	40 "	2	0	0
16 "	0	16	0	50 "	2	10	0

Fewer than four copies cannot be sent at this rate.

ALL ORDERS, with remittances, to be addressed to Messrs. Partridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London.

ALL LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS to be addressed to the Editor, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Shepherd's Bush, London. (S.)

COLUMNS FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS.

HINTS FOR THE WIVES OF WORKING MEN.

By one who has lived amongst them.

CHAPTER III.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

THIS is a very good adage—and how frequently does it prove true? In a village not far from where I resule, work was at one time very plentiful, and consequently wages were very high.

It was said to see the use made of this season of plenty, the men spent very much money in drinking, while the women became recklessly extravagant. At a very early season of the year these foolish housekeepers bought lambs, and gave a very high price for them, and actually boasted about the sums they paid for poultry and other dainties. They seemed to think it grand to throw away their money, moreover they dressed very ridiculously; bought useless things and got into debt. Soon a cloud came over their prosperity, work became scarce, food dear, and much poverty and wretchedness ensued.

At the same time there lived in this village, a poor labourer and his wife, whose earnings had never been very great, but who were very sober, steady, careful people; how different were they situated when the hard times came, they had never indulged in any extravagance, but had put their savings by, then they were enabled to live comfortably until the ensuing season brought a return of prosperity.

Never allow your children to waste even a bit of bread, remember that it is *waste*, and therefore wicked; for many thousands in the world would be glad of even such a morsel, and if you can afford to throw it away, you should give it to some one more in need than yourself. Bread is the emblem of divine bounty, it is the staff of life, we use it at the altar as the symbol of the body of Christ. I firmly believe that a crime will attend those who wantonly destroy it.

Those who are extravagant are always poor, they spend so much in show, that they have nothing left for the poor and the afflicted. Oh, let me beg of you not to be tempted even by the sneers of others, remember your duty of life as set forth in holy writ:—"For the poor shall never cease out of the land, therefore I command thee saying, thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor and to thy needy in thy land." Deut. xv. 11. And again,—"But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God within? John i. 17.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

In encouraging the young mothers to begin their work early, and to do it well, we often refer to them the fact of remembered words, and early lessons taught at a mother's knee, and sometimes at a mother's death-bed. We have lately met with an interesting circumstance which may, we hope, serve as a stimulus in their arduous and important work. A mother who has been a sad sufferer from a husband, who destroyed himself by drinking ardent spirits, lay on her dying bed; calling her beloved and only son to her side, and placing her emaciated hand upon his head, she said, "Johnny, my dear boy, I am going to leave you; you well know what disgrace and misery your father brought on us before his death; and I want you to promise me, before I die, that you will not taste the poison that killed your father; promise me this, Johnny, and be a good boy, and I shall die happy." The scalding tears trickled down John's cheeks as he promised to remember his mother's dying words.

The grave received the mother's remains, and the orphan lad repaired to a distant city to seek employment. Alone and friendless, he soon fell into bad company, and forgot the promise he had made to his mother. John had good natural abilities, and had received a good education, as well as an early training in the right way; so far as a mother could train a son, under the bad example of a father constantly before his eyes.

In looking over the papers one day, he remarked that a merchant wanted a lad of his age in his office. "Walk in, my lad," said the man of business. But as he took a seat near him, he observed a cigar in his hat. That was enough. "My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest, faithful lad; but I see that you smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years, I have ever found cigar-smoking-lads to be connected with other evil habits; and if I am not mistaken, your breath is an evidence that you are not an exception. You can leave; you will not suit me."

John held down his head, and sought the door. As he walked along the street, the counsel of his poor mother came forcibly to his mind, and he wept aloud. People gazed at him as he passed along, and several boys rattled at him. He went to his lodgings, and throwing himself upon the bed, he wept in anguish. But John had moral courage, energy, and determination; and before an hour had passed, he made up his mind to give up for ever liquors and cigars. He then hastened back to the merchant, saying, "Sir, you very properly sent me away this morning for habits that I have been guilty of; but sin, I have neither father nor mother, and though I have occasionally done what I ought not, and have not followed the good advice of my dear mother on her death-bed, yet I have not been hard; I would do, yet I have now made a solemn promise, never to drink another drop of liquor, nor smoke another cigar, and if you, sir, will trust in me, it is all I ask." The merchant was struck with the decision and energy of the boy, and at once employed him. At the expiration of five years John was a partner in the business, and is now a rich man! He has kept his promise, and still remembers his dying mother's last words.—*Mother's Friend.*

THE FAITHFUL GUARDIAN.

(See engraving on next page.)

THERE is old Jowler guarding the slumbers of his little master. Woe to any one who dares to molest his precious charge. Jowler never seats himself around more attached to each other than are little Willie and his dog. Willie is a four-barrel merry child; and Jowler is his playfellow.

Though Willie is so young, he never strikes nor kicks Jowler, but lovingly pats his head, or strokes his coat, or kisses him, and saying, in his babyish way, "Jowly dar'ling, ess Dilly, Dilly love Jowly!"

Willie's kind mamma taught him this verse:

"I'll never hurt my little dog,
But stroke and pat his head;
I like to see him wag his tail,
I like to see him bed."

The little fellow frequently runs to his mamma, saying, "Mammy, Dilly say his verse to-day, Jowly—Dilly nobber hurt Jowly! no."

May not many older persons learn a lesson of kindness from little Willie? Some who professedly ought to know better, appear to take delight in teasing and tormenting poor animals. A man or boy who oppresses or injures those who are weaker than himself, and who look up to him for kindness and sympathy, proves himself a coward in the highest degree. For

"The coward wretch whose hand and heart
Can bear to torture aught below,
Is ever first to quail and start
From slightest pain or equal foe."

C. S.

THE INNOCENT VICTIM.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

"High wages, neighbour Jones, are only a blessing if people know how to use them, if not, they are a curse."

This was the remark of an intelligent young girl, Alice Rice, as she turned sadly away from the friendly dwelling of the aged woman in the district with whom she had formed an intimacy.

It was a stormy night, and Alice was seeking her father. Poor girl! hers was a hard fate; her mother was dead, and she lived with her father and uncle, who were employed in a great iron foundry situated in one of the loveliest valleys of South Wales. How happy that household might have been. Their pretty cottage was on a hill side, looking down a long winding woody glen, that stretched away for miles between green hills and moss-crowned rocks. Along the bottom of the glen, a rapid river leaped and sparkled over its rocky bed, and at night, many a full top and wild nook were lighted into a ruddy glow with innumerable furnaces. The whole region was rich, not only in external beauty, but deep within its hidden recesses it was rich with the coal and iron that make England's greatest wealth. And the workmen in that region were well paid, as they ought to be, for their hard toil; and some of them knew how to use the money that their industry had gained, and their homes were comfortable and happy—but Alice's father and uncle were not of those. Nor—though twelve pounds a month was the common earnings of each—though house rent was low, and coals, cheap, they were always in debt and difficulty. Very hard was it for Alice to get the pittance on which she contrived to keep house, and clothe herself in the plainest garb. She was a quiet girl, known to few—but those few knew her as a pious daughter, and a most patient, dutiful daughter. Her dying mother had charged her not to desert her erring father, and she had faithfully obeyed the charge. Alice had the charity that "hopeth all things," and she was wont to say that hope—but on the night that she spoke to Mrs. Jones, as the outcast of our simple narrative records, her heart was sad within her, for her father and uncle were both getting worse and worse in their habits, and when pay time came, they made the cottage not a home, but a den of horror. Only the night before, her father had come home cut and bruised by many falls among the broken pathways of the rocks, and Alice had a sort of presentiment of evil that kept her from waiting his return at evening, as was her custom, and forced her to go forth and look for him. He might, perhaps, have stretched at neighbour Jones'. He was not there—and at she went down the mountain towards the village, the night grew stormy; the rain, drifted by the wind, fell in blinding sheets. It was so dark, that, but for the direction of the furnaces, even Alice's accustomed foot would have been at fault among the many intricate pathways of the mountain side. Now and then in her walk she heard steps near, and listened for the tread she knew so well. Sometimes she called out, "Father, is that you," and received a hasty but mostly a civil answer, in the negative. At length, as she went on, she gained the river's side, and was walking as fast as the high wind would permit, towards a public house, where two men (landlords) had made fortunes, and some hundreds had lost all that was worth having in this world and the next. She listened, and lorne upon the breeze, came the wild tumult of a coarse song, raved in chorus by what seemed a large company of carousers. Alice hesitated to go on—it was no place for her! and yet, how could her father, already feeble with the excesses of the past night, get home safely amid the storm of wind and rain, and along that steep bank of the river? As she pressed forward, she fell suddenly over something that obstructed her path. Rising in haste, she felt herself clutched fiercely, and before she could do more than utter a wild shriek, she was hurled with all the strength of a sturdy arm over the edge of the narrow path, into the river! The stream, swollen by recent rains, was rushing with the force of a torrent along the glen, and Alice was swept away, like a fallen leaf, in that wild surge. The drunkard who had said or swore as he dashed out his murderous arm, "You rascal! I'll teach you to tread upon me," was roused by the scream and the plunge. He sat up—rubbed his eyes—felt his wet garments—scrambled up from the muddy ground—hiccupped, "I'll get home; my girl 'll be on the look out," and so plunged and staggered and stumbled on his way, every now and then shouting out to his brother, "Tom! where are you?"

He was too stupid with intoxication to do more than enter the door of his empty cottage, and throw himself on the ground. His brother Tom made what he called a "night of it," and staid out entirely. Hour after hour passed in the brutal sleep of intoxication, but when morning shone into the little room, and the heavy mass of filth and fever began to turn and stretch, and open the bleared eyes, there was the old familiar room, but he noticed some difference. Often, as he had slept on that floor, when he awoke he had found that a pillow had been put under his head, a blanket had been thrown over him, his neckcloth had been loosened, and generally, the first sight his dim eyes saw was his patient Alice. Now, he was stiff with cold, uncared for, alone! To call aloud until the humble roof rang again, was his first impulse, then to rise, go to the pump, and throw the fresh water over his aching head, and quaff it down his parched throat,—and in its strength to mount to Alice's chamber, dreading, he knew not what. There was her poor, but clean bed—the little table, with her Bible on it, but no Alice! A strange awe fell on the miserable man! a wild remembrance of some dream, more distinct than his other drunken visions, flashed like lightning over his brain. *A shriek—a plunge!* and he shivered till his trembling limbs would hardly bear him down the stairs. Then came the dismal search, the agonized enquiry. Widow Jones remembered Alice calling, and her words about "high wages"; one and another could testify that they met, or passed by, in the gathering darkness, for they heard her calling on her father. To trace the path with muddened steps, to reach the place where some slippery clay filled the broken space between two points of rock that overhung the river, was the work of but half-an-hour, but there was a sight there to fill a long life-time with misery! The print of two little feet, that seemed to have slipped, was traced on to the very edge, and far down, on the face of the rock, a torn fragment of a shawl hung upon the jagged point of granite, flapped to and fro over the swollen waters of the turbid river. The father thought they were Alice's footprints, he knew it was her shawl; he dimly remembered the calling down on that place, and again *the scream and the plunge* seemed to vibrate through him. The neighbours turned out to seek for the body; among them one, who wished to give to Alice a happier home. They followed the course of the river until they came near to the populous town, the great mart of the district, and there, at eight—twenty-four hours after the girl had been hurled into eternity, they found her. As they lifted the slight form and throw off the bonnet, the long fair hair fell over her shoulders, and the pale, lovely face, set in the deep calm of death, was too awful a sight for the guilty father to behold—he rushed away a raging maniac. Her lover and her uncle, as the light of the policeman's lamp shone on the face of the dead, gazed horror-struck! Both knew that she had lost her life while seeking her intemperate father; neither knew exactly how; but both in that solemn hour resolved to renounce the drink that had caused the calamity, and they kept their resolution.

The verdict of "Found drowned" satisfied the world, but when the reason of the distracted father returned, he had a consciousness of the sad truth that weighed upon his heart until it ceased to beat. On his miserable death-bed, a few months after the events recorded, he gasped out to neighbour Jones as she watched by his side, what were the real facts of the melancholy death of poor Alice.

Oh! working men! how long shall the drinking house, and the drinking company rob your homes, ruin your families, wither up your strength, plant thorns in your dying pillows, dig your graves and damn your souls! how long! Shake off these slavish fetters that bind you to the public-house. Be men, not slaves—not brutes, but men. The great God who made you, gave you the gift of reason: use it.

THE FAITHFUL GUARDIAN. (See previous page.)

POOR ALICE RICE'S DEAD BODY IS FOUND IN THE RIVER, AND HER FATHER BECOMES A MANIAC.

BRITISH WORKMAN

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THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

On passing the Great Northern Railway Company's Coal Depôt, in Holloway, not long ago, I saw a man vainly endeavouring, by means of a whip, to make one of the horses go in a particular direction.

A little strong-built man with a black cap made his appearance at the stable door, and whilst evidently annoyed at the rough treatment the noble animal was receiving, called out in kindly tones, "Come here, my fine fellow, Hard-up."

"Hard-up," for that was the name of the horse, immediately turned in the direction of the friendly voice, and went like a little child to the kind-hearted stable man, and after receiving a few pats on the neck, and a few handfuls of oats, he quietly performed the duty assigned to him. I was delighted to hear from the lips of this worthy horse-keeper, "If you cannot manage a horse, sir, by *kindness*, you cannot manage him *at all*. I don't care how vicious a horse is, I think that I can bring him *too by* kind treatment. Horses do a deal for our comfort, and it's *hard* that they should be cruelly used."

Oh that all who have the charge of horses, were influenced by sentiments like these. How much suffering—how many blows and oaths would then be avoided!

If the Royal Agricultural Society could help the cause of humanity by giving prizes to those men who can best manage their horses with *kind words*, instead of whips and kicks, then James Cornwall, the horse-keeper at the Holloway Coal Depôt, would have a fair chance of being one of the successful competitors.

J. K.

ANECDOTE OF A HORSE.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Many sorrowing relatives still survive who know the truth of the following mournful story, and, therefore, lest they should be pained by the narration we shall give only the initials of the names.

The town of B——, in the West of England, is skirted on two sides by wild and

"IF YOU CANNOT MANAGE A HORSE, SIR, BY *KINDNESS*, YOU CANNOT MANAGE HIM AT ALL."

extensive moors. A young farmer, who lived at a village seven miles from B——, was in the habit of attending the weekly market of that town, and, of course, had to ride over the moor to his home. He was an intelligent and excellent man, beloved not only by his own family circle, consisting of his wife, and five little children under eight years of age, but by the whole neighbourhood. He had the clear head and the sound heart that made him a good neighbour, friend, and master. For years he had usually rode was an old favourite, that knew his master's voice, and would follow him from the stable to the farm yard like a dog.

One winter's night, that had set in unusually early, Mr. ——, was sitting by her cheerful fire, waiting the return of her husband from market. All was still in the house, for the children had been put to bed, and the women servants were busy with their evening in the kitchen. Hour after hour passed, and the wife had looked out of the window and tried to penetrate the darkness with her glance. She had gone down and listened at the house door more than once; all was still, and she felt no particular alarm for she knew business, or family connections might have detained him. So she sent the servants to bed, trimmed her fire and sat waiting at the well-laid supper table. Still he did not come; at last she fell into a little doze—when she started up suddenly awakened by a strange noise, it was not a knocking, but seemed like something pressing against the outer door

LINES

Written by a working man and intended to be put over the fire-place.

Ale and tobacco,
Liquors and wine,
Are not to be had
At this house of mine.

Business transactions
Go on without these:
To work, then, at once,
Or go, if you please.

But don't be mistaken,
The cellar's not empty;
There's bread, beef, and bacon,
And butter, in plenty.

There's coffee and milk,
And sugar and tea,
And all that is needful
For mortals like me.

To grudge my friends these
Is not my intention;
But liquors and ale,
I beg they'll not mention.

W. S.

Dec., 1856. *Hunslet, near Leeds.*

THE WIDOW'S SON;

OR, A NIGHT WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS.

(Continued from page 107.)

"Better lose such a cause than gain it, then, Alfred."

"If I were fully satisfied that Mr. R——'s claim was unjust, and there were no other consideration in the way, I should not feel as I do in the prospect of losing it. But you know that I have offered for the hand of his daughter."

"True, Alfred, and you have never spoken to me of the result of this offer."

"He has put me off for a week, and, in the mean time this suit comes on. I have a presentiment, that, upon the result of this suit, will depend the offer."

"I do not think so," Mrs. Lennox replied, "I have known Mr. R—— for many years, and am satisfied that he cannot act in so important a matter as the marriage of Florence upon such grounds. He loves her too much."

"I wish I could think so, mother; but I cannot," was the young man's despondency reply. The reader is aware that he had another cause of fear, to which he dared not allude.

At eleven o'clock he was to have a professional interview with Mr. R——, in looking forward to it, he felt nervous and agitated. In leaving his home, it was with a secret resolution that he would drink nothing until after his interview with his client, but his mind was so unsettled, and his nerves so unstrung, that he felt compelled to fortify himself with a strong glass of brandy. This had the desired effect, and he was enabled to meet Mr. R—— with composure, and to enter on the business in hand with some degree of firmness and rationality. But the mind of Mr. R—— being keenly observant, now that he had a double reason for close scrutiny, he readily detected the effect of the single strong potation that the young lawyer had taken, in an elevation of his usual sobriety to unnatural calm, healthy tone. When the interview closed, he was more than ever satisfied, that the young man stood in a position of great danger, and less willing that his daughter should risk her hopes and happiness by marrying him.

On the next morning, the case, involving many thousands of pounds came up. It was opened by Lennox in his usual calm and comprehensive manner. He brought out the different points of dispute in a clear and apparent light, displaying, as he did so, his equal knowledge and professional tact in beautiful style. Mr. R—— was charmed by the effort made by the young man, and, at the same time, deeply pained, that one, formed as he was for esteem and usefulness should be treading a path of so much doubt and danger. The opponent, if Lennox was a particular friend, or so Lennox esteemed him—a calm, cool, observant man, who was deeply read in human nature. None could sooner see a weak point in an adversary, and none knew better how to take advantage of it, than he. Nor was he at all scrupulous as to the mode of gaining this advantage. His name was Balford.

At the close of the morning session, the advantage was clearly on the side of Lennox, who had managed the case with even more than his usual talent and skill. This, Balford plainly saw. Running his arm within that of Lennox, as the latter emerged from the court-room, he said in a tone of affected concern.

"Really, Lennox, I am afraid that you are not going to leave me a single stone to stand upon."

"I certainly shall not, if it is in my power to knock them from under your feet," was the half exulting reply.

"All fair of course. You are not going home to dine, I presume." Balford added, after a brief pause.

"Why not?"

"I never burden my stomach when I have an important cause to argue after dinner. Do you?"

"I always dine, as usual."

"There you are in error," Balford said, "I merely take a glass of wine or sherry, and a cracker, thus leaving my body free from the labour of nutrition, which draws off too much energy from the brain, while the slight portion of food and stimulating liquor that I take, keeps me up, and enables me to think with even more than ordinary coolness."

"That is all new to me—but it seems rational," Lennox replied, "but are you not exhausted when night comes?"

"Of course, to some degree. But then who would not be willing to bear a little physical exhaustion, to obtain a legal triumph?"

"Very true. And I believe I will follow your example," the young man said.

"Come home with me," urged the tempter, "I have some delightful wine, with crackers and cheese, at my chambers."

(To be continued.)

"HE HAS DRAWN A BREATH."

TRAVELLING one day along the sea-shore, I saw a number of people running to the water's edge, and a boat, at the same time, putting off in haste. I soon found, that a youth, who was bathing, had got out of his depth, and sunk. After remaining for about a quarter of an hour under water, he was rescued from his fearful position, and taken to a neighbouring bath, where the proper means for re-kindling, if possible, the spark of life, were instantly and vigorously employed.

I waited, with many more, at the door of the building, to ascertain whether any symptom of renewed animation appeared. One after another came from the bath, but only to tell the eager inquirers that there was no sign of life. At length, a person darted out of the house, showing by his looks that he had better tidings to announce, and, in an instant, he exclaimed—

"The lad has drawn a breath! He has drawn a breath!" The crowd caught, and quickly echoed the cry, "He has drawn a breath!" And joy over this first sign of life appeared in every face.

When I saw the joy which was thus felt at the first sign of natural life, I thought of Heaven's joy over a sinner when he draws the *first* spiritual breath.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "*Behold he prays.*"

For just as an infant begins to breathe when it enters the world—so does the sinner begin to pray, when he is new-born to God. Hence, he who lives habitually without true prayer, is as spiritually dead, as a body is lifeless where there is no breath.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watch-word at the gate of death,
He enters Heaven with *prayer*.

E. CORNWALL.

HINTS

FOR THE WIVES OF WORKING MEN.

By one who has lived amongst them.

CHAPTER IV.

"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice;

"And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."—Ephesians iv. 31, 32.

How exquisitely beautiful are the above texts—oh! learn them by heart—repeat them to your children. Remember also, my dear friends, that "A soft answer turneth away wrath." And let it be your aim to be peace-makers in your families. If you unhappily have a hasty temper, pray earnestly to God to give you a meek and quiet spirit, and to enable you to subdue your evil inclination to anger. Be assured your prayers will be heard.

Your little ones too will very naturally look up to you for example. Oh! be sure how you lead them into the paths of misery. I entreat you to be kind and gentle to your children. If they do wrong correct them, but *never in a passion*. Little children perceive when you correct them with violence, and they cease to respect you.

There is something unnatural and horrible in a woman violently beating a little child, in a rage. Just imagine your feelings, should a child be exposed to love and honour such a mother? Or how can a mother hope for her children's love and help in her old age, if she herself does not bring them up in the bonds of love and christian kindness.

Again, some are step-mothers. I pray you as you hope for peace at the last moment of your life, to act towards children committed thus to your care, as *if they were your own*. If they are inclined to think hardly of you, time will soon, very soon, change this wrong opinion, and you will have the sweet satisfaction of having done your duty.

Just for a moment ask yourself—If it were my case, if I were called away from my little nest, how I should love the woman who would gently tend and love them. Those little motherless ones, take them to your bosom and they will repay your love!

Let your conduct to your husband be marked by constant affection and kindness. If he should do wrong, *never expose his faults to others*; by so doing, you only lower yourself. You must forbear, and when you have a convenient opportunity, *gently* tell him wherein he has erred.

Above all, if he should come home in a state of intoxication, however painful to you, you must forbear speaking angrily to him in that state. Take him away to bed. If he has fallen with cold water, or let him sleep away the effects of his intemperance. When he is quite sober you can quietly remonstrate with him, *mildly* if you will, but never violently. Tell him how much misery such a course will bring to himself, to you, and to your little ones. Show him the following verses in your Bible:—

"Nor thieves, nor covetous, *nor drunkards*, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."—1 Cor. vi. 10.

And again,

"For the *drunkard* and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."—Prov. xxiii. 21.

Nevertheless be kind to him, for still he is your husband, but do not shrink from shewing him how wrongly he acts.

If you find this fearful habit growing on him, ask your minister, or some judicious person to speak to him.

Always let your own conduct be kind and gentle; make his home *as cheerful as possible*. Oh, how many a woman may thank her own violent temper, dirty, unpleasant ways, and bad management, for having a drunken husband.

THE REPROOF.

A VERY little boy had one day done wrong, and was sent, after parental correction, to ask in secret the forgiveness of his Heavenly Father. His offence had been passion. Anxious to hear what he would say, his mother followed to the door of his room. In lisping accents she heard him ask to be made better—never to be angry again; and then, with child-like simplicity, he added, "Lord Jesus! make *Ma's temper better too*."

A RICH DRINKER.

I KNEW a man, who was formerly an industrious tradesman, enjoying moderate prosperity in his business. At about forty years of age he came into possession of a large property, and immediately gave up business, intending not only to enjoy himself with his newly-acquired riches, but to do good to his neighbours. He was an office bearer in a Christian church. His house was hospitably open; he gave sumptuous dinners, and fell into the snare of being a connoisseur of wine. Rich and rare were the wines he set before his guests. Having nothing to do, the habit of drinking grew more and more upon him, until in ten years he had thrown off all appearance of religion, and became a *periodical drunkard*. He would be intoxicated incessantly, day and night, for two or three weeks together, the latter part of the time lying in bed altogether, until nature could bear no more; he became very ill, and the medical man was called in. The process of cure usually lasted a fortnight or more, after which he would keep perfectly sober for perhaps two months, and then begin another drinking bout, "devouring his living with harlots," and breaking his wife's heart. Again and again was he remonstrated with by ministers and friends, but in vain, in vain did his friends agree amongst themselves, for example's sake, never to taste intoxicating drinks in his presence; he would hear to be talked to when sober, but all seemed in vain; and once, when a friend was reasoning with him, he exclaimed, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "Sir, when the fit comes on, if a glass of brandy were standing on that table, and a voice from heaven were to call out to me, 'If you drink that brandy, in five minutes you will be in hell,' I know well that I should risk the punishment, and drink the brandy."

The periodical drinker is the most unmanageable of all drinkers. In a late number of the Quarterly Medical Journal, a physician, writing professionally on this subject, says that in all his experience, he never knew a periodical drunkard cured. Thank God, the experience of some of us differs from his; yet it is full of salutary warning to all, rich or poor, who feel inclinations of this kind coming upon them *at intervals*.

The above sad story, while it shews to what utter degradation a man of fair education, and even a man who once feared God, may come at last, yields also another lesson. It shews the danger of Idleness. The man who has been busily occupied all his days, and in the prime of life retires from all business, is almost sure to fall into temptation. Industry is a bar to vice, and a fence to virtue. John Cassianus, an ecclesiastical writer of the sixth century, makes this remark, "A working monk may be assaulted by one devil, but an idle monk is assaulted by a hundred."

REV. LUKE H. WISEMAN.

"COME BACK AS SOON AS YOU CAN."

EVERY morning by little Kate
Runs with "dear Pa" to the garden gate,
And cries, while bidding me sweet good-bye,
With her tiny voice and her laughing eye,
"Come back, Papa, as soon as you can;
As soon as you can, come home."

Working man, working man,
Hasten home as soon as you can;
Oh, linger not, a tavern guest,
With reckless mates in haunts unblest.
Get back, get back, as soon as you can;
As soon as you can, get home.

Where should a man and a father be,
But with his wife and his family?
She that dearest love you is waiting there,
They who so helplessly need thy care.
Get home, then, brother, as soon as you can;
As soon as you can, get home.

S. W. P.

HUMAN LIFE.

"For what is your life, &c.

I dreamed—I saw a rosy child,
Gay, thoughtless, frolicsome, a garden playing,
Now stooping here, and then alar off straying,
As flower or butterfly his feet beguiled.

Twas changed, one summer's day I stepped
aside,
To let him pass; his face had manhood's
seeming,
And that full fire of blue was fondly beaming
On a fair maiden whom he called his bride.

Once more—'twas evening, and the cheerful
fire
I saw a youthful group of forms surrounding,
The room with harmless pleasantry resounding,
And in the moot, I marked the sunning sire.

The heavens were clouded, and I heard the
tone
Of a slow-moving bell, *the white-haired man had gone!*

ANGRY WORDS.

Angry words are lightly spoken,
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep malicious power.

Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Nor'ertime by anger attired,
Oft are rent past human healing,
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Inner poison drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow,
Saddest memories of to-day.

Angry words, oh, let them never
From the tongue be unbridled slip!
May the heart a best impulse ever
Check them ere they sail the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship too much sacred fair,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to dissolve and mar.

Angry words are lightly spoken;
Bitter words are rashly spoken;
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

KIND WORDS.

By F. O. LEE.

Kind words are like the morning sun
That gilds the opening flower.
Kind words are like the blessing spread
By every summer shower;
They light the heart with sunny beams,
They shed a fragrant ray,
And cheer the weary pilgrim,
As he wanders on his way.

If you have sought to give the poor,
When winter's snow clouds loom;
Oh, me're forget, that one sweet smile,
May chase away their gloom!
Remember, too, that one kind word,
May bless affliction's dark,
And softly fall, like healing balm,
Upon the wounded heart.

Let us hear none but gentle words,
No tales of dismal strife,
But only kind things whisper,
As you tread the vale of life;
And try, by every word and glance,
The sniff'ring to beguile,
And watch them, when you speak kind words,
How happily they smile.

"HE HAS DRAWN A BREATH."

"WHIP! *I want no* WHIP, *Sir, I have him at a* WORD."

NOTHING LOST BY KINDNESS.

PASSING down Church Street, in Islington, not long ago, I observed a man with his donkey, and cart of vegetables, about to start on their "round."

The vegetables were first-rate, and the cheerful look of the man was pleasing, but what arrested my attention was the well-fed, well-groomed, and beautiful donkey.

"You donkey does you credit," said I.

"Many folks tell me so, sir, and he is a fine fellow. I don't know how I should get on without JACK."

"I conclude from Jack's appearance that you manage him without much whipping?"

"Whip! I want no whip, sir, I have him at a *word*. He knows his work as well, sir, as *I* do. If I were ill, and had to send a stranger in my place, Jack would go the 'round' and stop at every regular customer's door just as if I were with him."

"How much would Jack sell for if you had to part with him?"

"Donkeys of his age are worth about £2, but I should be very sorry to part with Jack at all. He's well worth £5, sir. My wife wouldn't let me sell him for £10."

Having got permission to take a photograph of the donkey and his worthy owner, we parted. As I passed along, I could not refrain from involuntarily exclaiming, "How true is it, that *there is nothing lost by* KINDNESS."

S.

THE RESCUED PITMEN.

I REMEMBER, some forty years ago, an accident caused by the falling in of the earth between the bottom of a shaft, and the place where the working of the pit was going on, by which nine men were instantly shut up and cut off from all means of escape. The fall of earth was so great, that it could not be removed in time to save the men. There was no other way of getting at them, but by working through from a neighbouring pit. The best and strongest diggers, immediately went to work, and in order to use their utmost strength, no man continued longer than an hour at a time; that the work never ceased night or day. Nerve and muscle, head, heart, and arm, were taxed to the uttermost. This continued for seven or eight days. At length the pick struck through, when it was found, that, though in a fearful state of exhaustion, the men were all alive but one, on whom the earth had fallen. Intelligence of this was sent up to the top. A surgeon and the owner of the pit went down. Strict orders had been given, as the men were in too weak a condition to bear any excitement, that the crowd should keep from all shouting, when the men were brought up. The skiff came up, bearing one of the men leaning on the breast of the surgeon, pale, emaciated, and seeming more dead than alive. As the feelings of the multitude could not gain vent by shouting, they all at the same moment burst into tears. Hundreds of men, who might have been supposed to be with but little feeling in their hearts, were now weeping like children. A carriage had been provided to take the sufferers home, and as the road was rough, numbers of the colliers ran forward with their picks to level it, that there might be as little jolting as possible. Who will say that colliers have no feeling? When the men had recovered, they all appeared together at church, to return thanks for their preservation, and receive an address from an excellent clergyman.—*Rev. John Angell James.*

"THERE'S ANOTHER MAN."

OH, remember the perishing, and let the first breath and efforts of your new life be spent for others.

I give you an example; and in the words spoken to a fellow-sufferer's *life*, see what you should do for your fellow sinner's *soul*.

During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a dismasted merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and every glass were on her, and a canvass shelter on the deck almost level with the sea, suggested the idea that there might yet be life on board. With all his faults, no man is more alive to humanity than the rough and hardy mariner; and so the order instantly sounds to put the ship about, and presently a boat puts off with instructions to bear down upon the wreck. Away after that drifting bulk go these gallant men, through the swell of a roaring sea; they reach it; they shout; and now a strange object rolls out of that canvass screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast. Hauled into the boat, it proves to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, so dried and shrivelled as to be hardly felt within the ample clothes, and so light that a mere boy lifted it on board. It is laid on the deck; in horror and pity the crew gather round it; these feelings suddenly change into astonishment; it shews signs of life; they draw nearer; it moves, and then mutters,—mutters in a deep sepulchral voice,—"*There's another man.*"

Saved himself, the first use the saved one made of speech was to seek to save another. Oh! learn that blessed lesson. Be daily practising it. And so long as in our homes, among our friends, in this wreck of a world, which is drifting down to ruin, there lives an unconverted one,—"*there is another man*"—let us go to that man, and plead for Christ; go to Christ and plead for that man. the cry, "Lord save me, I perish" changed into one so welcome to a sinner's ear, "Lord *save them, they perish.*"

REV. DR. GUTHRIE.

ARRIVAL OF MR. GOUGH.

WE are glad to find that this distinguished advocate of temperance has again arrived in England. We strongly recommend all our readers to take the earliest opportunity of listening to his eloquent addresses. Mr. Gough is evidently a special instrument raised up by Divine Providence to effect a great and glorious work. We rejoice in the fact that he gives temperance its *right* place. Whilst he portrays the evils of intemperance, and the blessings of temperance, with indescribable power, he exalts *religion*—the cross of Christ—high above all mere moral reformation. Ministers of the gospel and members of Christian churches! uphold this honoured labourer by your fervent prayers.

"CHEER UP, MY LAD!"

"REW for a cab—be quick—quick."—

"A boy caught in the machine."

I was waiting in a printing office in the neighbourhood of Hatton Garden, when these words caught my ear.

On hastening to the machine room, I found one of the printers very tenderly binding up with his apron the bleeding and mangled thigh of the poor boy. The wound was indeed a fearful one, caused by the boy having placed his thigh too near to the cog-wheel by which the flesh was cut out down to the bone.

"Cheer up my lad, we'll soon have you to the hospital—hope you'll soon be better."

With words like these, the poor sufferer was helped, and, although the tear started to my own eye, the poor boy bore his sufferings without a groan.—"Oh my mother! what will my mother say," were about the only words he uttered.

The cab arrived, and with the utmost possible gentleness, the maimed one was placed on the knee of one of the compositors and driven off to Bartholomew's Hospital, where every possible attention was paid to him by the medical officers.

As the cab drove off I thanked God for the untiring sympathy which British workmen constantly evince towards their comrades when in distress.

Reader! there are many around you who are suffering not only from wounded *limbs* but wounded *spirits*. A kind, sympathizing word may, by God's blessing, help them not a little.

S.

TO OUR READERS.

WE have to thank our numerous correspondents for their interesting and cheering communications as to the efforts which are being made in various parts for extending the circulation of the *British Workman*.

We are particularly obliged for the letter from Bedford, suggesting that employers should imitate the example of the Messrs. Howard, who have had the following card put up in their works:—

> **Britannia Iron Works, Bedford.**
> **J. & F. HOWARD** beg to inform their Workmen that upon application to the foremen on the first Saturday in every month they can receive a copy of the "British Workman" gratis.
> The Boys can also receive, gratis, a copy of the "Band of Hope Review."

WE have also to express our warmest obligations to those ladies who have so zealously assisted in making the *British Workman* known to their correspondents and friends by enclosing *the usual circulars* with testimonials in *their letters*. During the last two months there has been an increase of about ten thousand subscribers, and we feel assured that our female friends have had no small share in securing this pleasing result. We shall be glad to forward a packet of these small circulars, on application by letter to No. 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. N.

A LADY informs us that an interesting youth who is a cripple, and who suffers much pain by walking, has nevertheless felt so anxious to extend the circulation, that he has made *a general visitation* (not omitting the public-houses and beer-shops,) and after exhibiting a few copies, has succeeded in securing a large number of new subscribers, who are now supplied by the bookseller in the town. If the example of this young friend be generally followed, the present circulation can be speedily doubled. Will a few of our zealous friends *try* this plan?

PERHAPS there is no one to whom we are more indebted than to an elderly lady in the West Riding of Yorkshire, who, as soon as the "British Workman" arrives at the Bookseller's, may be seen with a satchel in her hand containing a supply of numbers, wending her way through the courts and alleys, endeavouring to promote their circulation.

A clergyman informs us "she is between seventy and eighty years of age, and is often seen mounting the stairs of the high tenements to sell the numbers. Last month she disposed of nearly 300 copies." We want a few such helpers in every town.

☞ *All the back numbers of the "British Workman" are now reprinted. Those who desire to complete their sets, should give orders to a Bookseller without delay.*

Registered for transmission abroad.

BRITISH WORKMAN

The reclaimed Drunkard visits the shops of the Butcher, Grocer, and Baker | The astonished wife cannot believe that the provisions are for HER.

No. 34, October 1st, 1857.] LONDON PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, FOR THE EDITOR, BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & CO., 34, PATERNOSTER ROW. MESSRS. W. & F. G. CASH, 5, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT, AND WILLIAM TWEEDIE, 337, STRAND. [PRICE ONE PENNY. Post free for 12 months, 1s.

GOOD FOR TRADE;

Or, the Happy Change in a Workman's Home.

A RECLAIMED drunkard, after a few week's abstinence, of which he said nothing to his wife, went one Saturday to a butcher and purchased a piece of beef; to a grocer and ordered some tea and sugar; and to a baker and bought some bread—desiring each of them to be sure and leave the provisions where he lived.

A few hours afterwards, a boy brought the meat; the poor woman refused to take it in, assuring him it was a mistake, but as the boy declared he was to leave it, and it was "all right," she had no alternative but to take it, although she thought it never could be for her. He had not been gone longer than half-an-hour, when the tea and sugar arrived. She now became uneasy, and told the person who brought them she had just ascertained there was a family of the same name on the opposite side of the street, and requested him to take it there. He also refused, stating that the master had described the place, and told him to be particular in giving them to *her*. At last the baker came, and he also was certain he was correct. The poor woman was now still more uneasy, and fearing that some ill-natured person, as she said, was "endeavouring to get them *into trouble*," she became depressed. The time at length arrived for her husband to return home; and as soon as he sat down she related the particulars.

"Now, John," she said, "do you think it is a mistake, or does some one want to get you into prison for being in possession of all these things? None of your relations have sent them, I'll answer for it, and nobody else would!"

Her husband seeing her troubled, placed the *receipt* for each article in her hand, and said,—

"Martha, two months since, I became a member of the temperance society. My not coming home earlier arose from my attending the various meetings, which at first I deemed necessary, in order to form new

THE RECLAIMED HUSBAND HANDING THE RECEIPTS TO HIS ASTONISHED WIFE.

10,000. 3-00.

associates. You know I used to spend a great portion of my earnings at a public house. I have since put a portion of that money by, and that is the way you now have these things!"

This were three traders supported by a new customer; and a family, which in a short time must have become a burden to the parish, was enabled to partake of substantial food.

HONESTY REWARDED.

In the year 1734 a poor foreigner arrived in England in search of employment. He was an ornamental stone cutter, and at the hope of bettering his condition had left his native city of Lorens, and came to London. Not long after his arrival, he found a purse well filled with gold and notes. On carefully examining its contents, he found a slip of paper in it, with the name of Edward Walpole, and he concluded that must be the owner of the purse. The foreigner was very poor, but he was strictly honest, and he never rested until he had enquired out the residence of the gentleman, and made such investigation as assured him that he was the rightful owner.

Mr. Walpole was not only glad to get back his purse, but he was truly pleased to see such honesty in the poorly-dressed, anxious looking young foreigner. He enquired as to his occupation and prospects, and finding that the honest youth was a stone cutter, he instantly assisted him to enter a celebrated artist's studio, instead of "Lorens," and resolved to continue his patronage. This foreigner whose honesty was the stepping stone on which he rose to fame and fortune, became the celebrated sculptor, ROUBILIAC.

One of his first works was a statue of the great musician, Handel. The Sacred Harmonic Society have this statue in their hall in Exeter Hall. This is however but the work of a student. Twenty-four years after (1762) Roubiliac executed the fine monument to the author of the "Messiah," which the British workman in his holiday visit to Westminster Abbey cannot overlook in Poets' Corner, and as the hardy son of toil gazes on the work of the great sculptor, he will recognise not only the triumph of genius, but of something higher still,—Honesty!

THE BUNDLE OF HIDES;
Or, How William Savery caught and cured a Thief.

WILLIAM SAVERY was a tanner by trade, remarkable for being known by a man who "walked humbly with his God." One night a quantity of hides were stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunken neighbour, whom was will call John Smith.

The next week the following advertisement appeared in the county newspaper:—"Whoever stole a lot of hides, on the night of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner is sincerely desirous to be his friend. If poverty prompted him to this falsehood, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by honest more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention, but the culprit alone knew whence the benevolent offer came. When he read it, his heart melted within him, and he was filled with contrition for what he had done.

He turned his back towards her, and did not speak. After leaning against the fireplace in silence for a moment, he said in a choked voice,

"It's the first time I ever stole any thing, and I have felt very bad about it. I don't know how it is I am sure, I didn't think once that I should ever come to what I am. But I took to drinking, and then to quarrelling. Since I began to go down, everybody gives me a kick. You was the first man who has ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my children are starving. You have sent them many a meal, God bless you! and yet I stole the hides from you, meaning to sell them the first chance I could get. But I tell you the truth when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," replied William Savery, "the secret shall remain between ourselves; thou art still young, and it is in my power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou will not drink any intoxicating liquor, for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow at good wages. Perhaps we may find some employment for thy family also. The little boy can at least pick sticks. But eat a bit now, and drink some hot coffee. Perhaps it will keep them from craving anything strong—to-night. Dishabitus thou will find it hard to obtain at first, but keep up a brave heart, for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will always give it to thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food almost choked him. After an ineffectual effort to compose his excited feelings, he bowed his head on the table, and wept like a child. After a while he ate and drank with good appetite; and his heart parted with him for the night, with this kindly exhortation, "Try to do well, John; and thou will always find a friend in me." He entered into his employ the next day, and continued with him many years, a sober, honest, and faithful man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after John's death, William Savery sometimes told the story, to prove that evil might be overcome with good.

Thus did this Christian man obey our Lord's injunction "not to be overcomed was to be received; but he simply acted on it, and found a rich blessing to himself, while he snatched a poor erring fellow-creature from ruin.

The preceding narrative will, we think, be read with especial interest by those who remember that the subject was made the instrument, in the Hands of God, of first awakening to the great realities of life, and of eternity, that devoted woman, Elizabeth Fry. In the journal of her early days is the following entry:—"In hearing William Savery preach, he caused to me, to overflow with true religion—to be humble, and yet a man of great abilities. Having been gay and disbelieving only a few years ago, makes him better acquainted with the heart of one in the same condition. We had much serious conversation. What he said, and what I felt was like a refreshing shower falling upon earth that had been dried up for years." A. C.

NOTICES OF BOOKS, &c.

EXETER HALL SERMONS FOR THE WORKING CLASSES. Price One Shilling. PARTRIDGE AND CO.—We have much pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to this excellent volume. It deserves a place in the home of every working man in the land.

JAMBOUL'S HOUSEHOLD TRACTS.—This is the best series of original Tracts for Working Men and their Families that has come under our notice for many years. Those on "Cottage Homes," "My First Face," and "Working Men's Bandranes," are worth their weight in gold.

THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION.

Hark! the Saviour's voice is speaking,
Words of kindness and of love:—
"Come to me, ye heavy-laden,
I will give you rest above."

Come, ye tempest-toss'd and weary,
Sinking in the stormy way,
Filled with tender love and mercy,
He is calling you to-day.

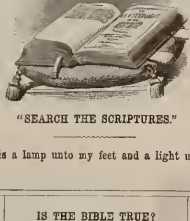
Leave, O leave this world of sorrow,
Lasting pleasure is not here,
Brightest scenes are quickly blighted,
Smiles are followed by the tear.

But the rest which is in heaven,
And the joys that are above,
(Pure as the holy Father),
Live in everlasting love.

Why delay? the time is fleeting,
Life is passing with the day,
Every stroke the pulse is beating,
Bears us farther on our way.

Cheltenham. J. L.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."



"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

IS THE BIBLE TRUE?

THE REV. C. L. LA TROBE was travelling one night by mail, the only inside passenger, when towards morning the door opened, and two young men entered. As the day was about to dawn, perceiving a gentleman in black sitting in a corner of the coach, and conjecturing him to be what they would call "a parson," they proposed to have some sport at his expense; in vulgar phrase, to "pin him." To attract his attention, they began a conversation between themselves as to the merits of the Bible and Mahomet's Koran, declaring their decided preference for the latter. Perceiving this had not the expected effect of arousing him, one of them very gently touched his knee, with the remark, "You seem asleep, sir!" He answered, that they need not wonder if he felt inclined to sleep, as he had been travelling through the night; but, he added, if they wished his society, he should be happy to afford it.

"We should be sorry," said the other, "to disturb you, but this gentleman and myself were conversing upon a subject which we thought might not be wholly uninteresting to a gentleman of your cloth,—the comparative merits of the Bible and the Koran; and we both agree, that, whether in respect of the weight of its matter, the depth of its philosophy, or the eloquence of its style, the Koran has decidedly the advantage. May we ask, sir, what is your opinion?"

"Gentlemen," said he, "you have indeed chosen a most important and interesting subject for your discussion, and I consider myself particularly favoured in having met with you. You will please to observe, that I have lived an active, busy life, which, since my college days, has not permitted me much time for study. The consequence is, that though I am pretty familiar with one of the books you mention, the Bible, I have never read the Koran, and my idea of it is, therefore, very loose and general. You, of course, have deeply studied the two works, of the comparative merits of which you have given so decided an opinion. I would therefore, if you will allow me, first ask a few questions, and having gleaned the needful information, shall then be happy to give my opinion. Does the Koran resemble the Bible in being divided into books and chapters?"

The other, who had not anticipated this mode of treating his question, and who probably expected merely some outburst of indignation at their impiety, which should prove to them food for merriment, looked at his companion, and answered, "I believe so."

"Believe so!" said the rev. gentleman, "it cannot be with you surely a matter of conjecture! Upon the supposition, however, that it is so decided, may I further ask, what may be the subjects of the respective books? Are they historical, or didactic, argumentative, or sententious?"

There was no way of escaping this direct questioning but by a confession of ignorance, and after a little further probing, the truth came out, that the party had never read the Koran.

"Perhaps, then, your knowledge of the Bible, with which you compare the Koran, is more extensive. Will you favour me with the names and contents of the several Books of which the Bible is composed?" Ashamed to confess the full amount of his ignorance, the challenger turned to his companion, and said, "You can answer him, Dennis."

Dennis protested, that, though he had read something of the Bible when at school, he had never looked into it since.

"Then," said the gentleman, addressing the first speaker, "I must say, that I have not been fairly treated. You cause me from my slumber to enter upon a discussion as to the merits of the Bible and Koran, and it turns out you have read neither the one nor the other. I should recommend you to obtain some acquaintance with the Bible before you venture another time to pronounce upon its inferiority to any book whatever."

Upon this rebuke the challenger was silent; and his comrade, turning to him, said, with a strong Irish accent, "Sure enough, Jem, y're dished."

The moral of the story may be left to the reader.

£90 IN THE BANK!

IN No. 1 of the "British Workman," we referred to the fact of a Savings' Bank having been established for their men by one of the large manufacturing firms in London. One of these workmen, who is not twenty-five years of age, recently left this country, with his father, for Australia. A fortnight before leaving, he gave notice to withdraw his savings from the bank. On examining his bank book, it was found that he had upwards of £90 in hand!

No pounds, shillings, and pence, but what thousands of young men would have wasted—nay, worse than wasted, in public houses and smoke shops, this young man had wisely husbanded against a "rainy day."

DO YOU SWEAR?

GOD says "Thou shalt not take the name of the LORD thy God in vain, for the LORD will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." See Exodus xx. 7.

"Because of *swearing* the land mourneth." Jeremiah xxiii. 10.

THE WORKING MAN'S PATRIMONY.

THE cost of subsistence is the chief element in the price of labour. The average wages of the lowest working class—the unskilled—is equivalent to the purchase of the bare necessaries of life. That is to say, wages which become lower than this, must always become exceptional—wages which will not sustain labourers in health, will inevitably thin their numbers by premature death, and thus raise the average rate by diminishing the supply.

Cost of subsistence, therefore, is the basis of wages, and the relation of supply and demand is the *regulator*. Where the demand is much greater than the supply, as in the Colonies, the lowest wages will purchase more than bare necessaries; but this does not militate against the affirmation with which we started. Assuming, therefore, that wages may become higher, but cannot become lower than the cost of subsistence, unless under exceptional circumstances, it follows, that, in every country where there exists legal restraints upon Sabbath labour, the lowest rate of wages will provide seven days' subsistence, at the equivalent of six days' labour. In other words, the capitalist will not employ labour which does not, on the average, yield a profit of six days' work, after deducting for the workman seven days' subsistence.

The speculating principle of supply and demand is as completely inoperative in this case, as if all labourers were under the influence of a week's imprisonment, and unofficially kept their Sabbath away. Supply and demand are commercial principles, and effect only those commodities which have a commercial value. The law, or the custom, which renders labour almost universally unsaleable on the Sabbath, excludes it from the category altogether, so that if Sabbath labour were ever to be set free from this influence, and thus become a marketable commodity, the law of competition would operate upon it at once, and *other things being equal*, the work of seven days would, ultimately, receive no higher remuneration than is now given for the work of six.

If these things be so, then, labourers of every class, and more especially those of the lowest, have a very deep interest in removing the Sabbath day as far as possible from the region of competition. If they once consent to give the day a commercial value, it is lost to them.

The Sabbath is the working man's patrimony, and should be guarded from alienation like an entailed estate. The inheritance should always be kept in a child's waistcoat by the ignorance or folly of those through whose hands it passes; and for this purpose it should be legally placed beyond the reach of mortgage or sale. The proprietor has a his interest in it, but no more.

There are some physical and moral necessities which make some Sabbath labour indispensable; while others are very few, and are adequately remunerated, the prospect contended for, is not compromised, the Sabbath still remains a commercial value as a property in trust for future generations, but beware of encroachments!

This estate of the working man is dangerously situated. The great sea wastes its borders on all sides, threateningly—the sea of commercial enterprise. The proprietors thus inherit a protection that needs to be vigilantly guarded. If, for the sake of temporary ease, or advantage, they become careless of their protecting sea-wall, the mighty waters will, some day, take sudden *possession*, and relinquish it no more.

J. P. F.

All the Back Nos of the "British Workman" are now reprinted. Those who desire to complete their sets should do so without delay.

Nos. 1 to 31 may now be had in order through any bookseller, or post free for 6d. each, of Messrs. PARTRIDGE AND CO., 34 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

A Packet of the British Workman sent post free for Twelve Months.

Vis—	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
4 copies for	0	4	4	24 copies for	1	4	0
8 "	0	8	8	36 "	1	12	0
12 "	0	12	0	60 "	2	0	0
16 "	0	16	0	96 "	3	20	0

Fewer than *four* copies cannot be sent at this rate.

ALL ORDERS, with remittances, to be addressed to Messrs. Partridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London.

A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock, and when the door was opened, there stood John Smith with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without looking up he said "I have brought these back, Mr Savery, where shall I put them?"

"Wait till I can get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with them" he replied; "there perhaps thou will come in and tell me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee."

As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table. When they returned from the barn, she said, "Neighbour Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee."

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 Timothy i. 15.

A SEQUEL TO THE "INDEPENDENT LABOURER."

(See page 115.)

"Well decided?" said Mrs. Dunstan to her husband, who folded up a letter he had been reading.

"Indeed it is," was the reply, "and little enough left us to live upon."

And long he sat in a musing state thinking what could be done to earn a livelihood; he who had been brought up only as a gentleman. He could come to no conclusion, so to chase and thoughts away, he took up his gun and strolled out as was his custom.

In going through the village, he passed the little cottage that always looked so cheerful; the sun was now shining on it, and the little garden in front was bright with spring flowers; everything in the look of that cottage spoke of happiness; you could see that its inmates were those who had industry and energy, and also a soul that could enjoy nature's gifts; the flowers so carefully kept, showed they were grateful for the beauties God created merely for our pleasure. An old man with grey locks, and neatly dressed, was sitting by the door; he was reading, but looked up from his book as Mr. Dunstan drew near. He stopped and addressed him.

"Good morning, Mr. Fairley, you seem to be taking your ease this fine morning."

"And God be thanked I can do so," replied the old man, "He knows I've had a hard struggle for it, though I kept up heart all along, knowing right well that the Lord will help those who put their trust in Him. I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. Yes truly, there is not one of my children but I can look on with comfort, and now my days are spent, I am left to read the bright path that will lead us to an eternal resting place."

Mr. Dunstan was struck with the simple faith of the good old man, he respectfully raised his hat as he bade him good morning; his heart was too full to reply as he contrasted his present condition with that of Farley. He thought as he turned away he might take some consolation to himself from the question he had used. It was no fault of his own that had brought him to a dependent state, else it must have borne him down with anguish.

He walked on, scarcely knowing whither he went, but the path that he followed led him into the Mill, his eye rested on the amusement, for his thoughts that morning were been on other things. He sat down on a bank to meditate, his dog laid down by his side, looking imploringly into his face as if he would know what ailed his master, for instinct seems to tell these faithful creatures when trouble assails those whom they delight to follow, or perhaps it is that they partake of it too, from missing the accustomed look of kindness and the caressing pat. It was a busy time in the fields, and at length he was roused from his reverie by the cheerful voice of a labourer as he followed the plough; he listened to the words as he sang,—

"Soon as the lark is on the wing
And cooling in the air,
With grateful heart I daily sing
Praise for my humble fare."

The tune was as if his heart responded to the words; at the next turn he saw the man turn him with a smile, yet he accosted him with these words, "The bright morning seems to make you cheerful my good mother," John Styles (for we have met with another old acquaintance) shook his head, but there was a smile on his countenance as he replied, "No, Sir, it isn't anything of the bright morning, but somehow, it seems as if God sent brightness in many things to me, since I left the place I was in, where I had trouble enough, but it was all from my own fault. I took a wrong turn, but it's a long road that never gets a good turning, and fortunately I didn't get to the end of it before a talk with good old master Fairley, up yonder brought me to my senses. I then made up my mind to leave my bad ways. I'll turn over a new leaf, says I, and by God's help I kept my word. My home has been a pleasant one ever since, and more than that, I've made my good wife happy, and she deserves it, for she never said one unkind word to me, bad as I was; and now whether the sun shine or the rain fall, thank God I am a happy man."

"It's well you fell in with such a good example as Fairley," replied Mr. Dunstan, "he shows truly a happy man." "Aye, and so you may say indeed, he looked to the right place for happiness, and has got it; those are true words, 'a man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven.' To the rich man and the poor man 'its all the same.'"

This again, gave Mr. Dunstan fresh food for thought, and the words came to him, "What? shall we receive good at the hands of God, and shall we not receive evil?" He felt that he ought not to murmur, but keep up heart like good Farley, trusting in God. "But what can I do?" he now said to himself, "I have not been brought up to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, like John Styles," I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed."

He rose and turned homeward, resolved to tell Mrs. Dunstan everything, for even she did not know the extent of their loss, and that if it were not for the kindness of their friends they should ere now have been reduced to a state of poverty. And neither did she murmur when he told her all, nor was she above his trying to do something to keep them from being dependent on their friends. She felt the struggle would be hard for him, and that it was her duty to do what she could to lighten it. But when did they not both feel when they thought of their two daughters? So young and brought up in all the refinement of high life. Mrs. Dunstan saw that she must at once give up her servants, or at any rate, all but one. Her own health being delicate, it might be necessary to send her daughter to remain with her, but the other, what must she do? Probably take a situation as governess and have to put up with all the pettiness of spoiled children, and worse than that, it may be, wither under the proud look of those who probably have not been brought up so well as herself, but now deem themselves superior because she is only a governess.

They must of course leave their delightful home in the country, as no suitable employment could be found for him there—but where must they go? After wandering at will through pleasure-grounds, and breathing the pure air as it blew over them from the hills stretched out before them in such free and picturesque loveliness, they must perhaps endure the confinement of a close street in the city, where even the blue sky is almost obscured from their view by long rows of chimney-pots on the houses opposite. Living there, they are not far from the office of some merchant or banker which he must attend daily. Yes, think of him who has known nothing but freedom from his youth, thus, of him immured within four walls where scarcely a sunbeam can penetrate, to gladden him at his toil as there he sits, writing, writing, the livelong day; Think you not that he can now envy even John Styles, when he thinks of him on that bright morning, striding his whip to urge on his steeds, and singing those words of breathing contentment, as he follows the plough. What would he not now give, as his fancy wanders to the peas, for one breath of the fresh air to cool his burning brow, as it then comes to him smelling of the earth as the plough turned up the clods? He could see not, in this retrospective gaze, the rooks on busy wing, whirring round and round and sometimes alighting on the track of the plough to pick up the worms, The little dunies too, growing on the bank on which he set were still remembered, so animate were they with the joy and gladness of that fair morn on which, as it then seemed to him, all nature smiled. His state would indeed be a wretched one did he not know that the Lord looks with compassion on those who endeavour to serve Him in whatsoever situation they may be placed.

Dismal as it may be to think of him, thus pent up day after day in the close office, it is a far brighter picture than might be drawn of many a one, who, by extravagance and folly has lost that which with care and economy would have kept him in comfort, and whose pride will not allow him, even if he had the energy, to work with his own hands. As the sun rises day after day to pursue the same unvarying round, gladdening the earth with his genial rays, so rises the labourer refreshed with sleep, ready for another day of toil: of toil, but not of weariness, for he returns at night with the heart felt satisfaction of having served his master and his family, for whom he thanks God that he is able to work. Not so the idle lounger—it matters not at what rise he begins his day—night comes round and no one is any the better for what he has done. After another restless night he comes down to a late breakfast without any fixed purpose of what he is going to do, looks at the newspaper, and perhaps reads over the advertisements with a vague idea that something may turn up to suit him, but of course it never does, because however good a thing may offer, he has a more ready wit in finding out something against it than he has for anything else. Time drags on heavily, for pleasure is not to be found in idleness. It is true he has friends who help him, but he knows full well they only look on him as an idle fellow, and would grudge every penny, did they not know how hard his poor wife must toil to keep them from utter starvation. And some who know not all, may look on such a man with envy; but were they to change places they would find how much sooner idleness wearies, than constant employment.

Some weeks from the time that Mr. Dunstan was first introduced to the reader, as Fairley and Styles were standing by the little gate of the bright little garden, a carriage rolled past bearing away Mr. Dunstan and his family from their long-loved home. They both of them raised their hats as it pass-ed, and right sorry were they to look at them as they supposed, for the last time.

"Ah," said Styles, "I saw there was trouble on his brow, as he last talked to me when I was ploughing on the hill yonder, but little thought it would come to this. There's many an aching heart that we don't know of, it isn't the poor man only that has trouble, the rich have many a care that we can never pity to be troubled with."

"That's true enough," said Fairley, "and if we have trouble it's our own faults the same free gift is offered to all, and it's right as we receive it that we shall find happiness. The prayer of the poor man will rise as straight to heaven as that of the rich, and he may be straighter too, there are not so many things to come between us and our God."

"Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together."—Hebrews x. 25.

THE WORKING MEN'S RESOLVE.

We won't give up our Sunday,
God's blessed day of rest,
Of all which He has given
The holiest and the best.

It is our one day's freedom
From earthly toil and care,
No duties then demin us
From breathing purer air.

Six days we'll toil on cheerfully,
And earn our daily bread;
But on God's holy Sabbath day
Our souls must needs be fed.

For we have lives immortal,
And souls of priceless cost,
And by our sinful toily
Shall these rich gifts be lost?

What would it us advantage,
Palace and Park to roam,
Yet find ourselves at last shut out
From Heaven's eternal home?

No! rather shall our footsteps tend
To God's own house of prayer,
With bended knees and lowly hearts
To do him homage there.

We won't give up our Sunday,
It is the *poor man's* CHARTER:
For this, our glorious heritage,
No pleasures will we barter.

Kingsdown. M. A. P.

ADVICE TO SOLDIERS.

BY SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

When Sir Charles Napier reviewed the troops on the 11th May, 1849, at Fort William, Calcutta, at the close of his speech, he said to the men of the 96th Regiment:—

"We have both been a great deal about the world since we have last together, and I am very glad to hear such a good account of the regiment. Your colonel tells me that you are not only in good health, but that you are good conduct—that you have very few men in hospital. Now this is all right, and I hope you will continue to bear a good character. But let me give you a bit of advice—that is, *don't drink.* I know young men do not think much about advice from old men. They put their tongue in their cheek, and think they know a good deal better than the old cove that is giving them advice. But let me tell you, that you *are come to a country, where, if you drink, you're* DEAD MEN.

"If you be sober and steady, you'll get on well; but if you drink, *you're done for.* You will be either invalided or die. I know regiments in this country—once drunk, the other didn't drink. The one that didn't drink, is one of the *finest* regiments, and has got on as well as any regiment in existence.

"The one that *did* drink, has been *all but destroyed.* For any regiment for which I have a respect (and there is not one of the British regiments whom I don't respect) I should always try and persuade them to keep from drinking. I know there are some men who *will* drink; but such men will soon be in the hospital, and very few that go in, do that country, ever come out again. I wish the 96th Regiment every success, and am very glad to see it in the state it is."

Between 30,000 and 40,000 soldiers have recently left our shores for India. It is calculated that not fewer than ten thousand of these men will be cut down by the climate alone. Melancholy fact! If the above advice by Sir Charles Napier be faithfully acted upon, the mortality will probably be reduced materially. We trust that many of our readers will send out the *British Workman* to their relatives in India, and in their letters reiterate the words of the renowned Sir Charles "*Don't Drink!*"

We rejoice to learn of the efforts which are being made by that venerable clergyman, the Rev. W. Carus Wilson, M.A., of Ventnor, Isle of Wight, to spread temperance principles amongst our soldiers. We are also glad to find that Mr. R. D. Alexander, of Ipswich, has prepared a packet of his excellent Temperance Tracts specially for *soldiers*, which may be had through any Bookseller, or *post free* by remitting six stamps.

THE POOR MAN'S DAY.

"Hail sabbath! thee I hail; thu poor man's day."—GRAHAM.

Up in the morning early, go
With the best clothes, and
the bright shoes cleaned last
night. It is the sabbath day—the blessed day—the happy day—the poor man's day—the best day of all the seven. On this sweet day the toiling father, who has been working all the week *at home*. The little urchins climb his knee and prattle to him, and the elder children can get their books and read to him, and the mother can spread a white cloth and lay her neat breakfast, and they can all eat the meal together in peace and thankfulness. Then off go the children to the Sabbath School, and the parents at home have hanked up the fire, and are off to worship. Oh! the comfort of the solemn soothing service to the weary heart, and toil-worn frame, the prayer that seems to open Heaven's gate, the praises that bear the soul to Heaven itself, the meditation that comforts and strengthens, and then the return home, parents and children so happy. The cheerful meal that the good mother (it is winter) has left simmering in the pot on the hob How they thank God for it, and for every social enjoyment. Then the afternoon's quiet reading, while the children are again off to school.

Then the evening worship, a filling up of the measure of spiritual good. The pleasant walks to and fro to the House of God in company; the kindly feelings and loving thoughts, that have bless and purified their minds, the rest that has refreshed their bodies; well may all, who know what true joy is, exclaim—

"Oh day most holy, calm, and bright,
The fruit of rest, the rest worth's bud;
The cluster of angelic delight,
Will by a thread and stalk his blood;
Dark were the week without thy light."

BEV. GEO. HERBERT.

A FRIEND'S KNOCK.

Brother, good day; cease my knock:
A friend, although unknown,
Would whisper in your listening ear,
In gentlest, kindest tone.

Cheer up, although the world may frown,
Nor let its smile be prized;
He who respects himself, be sure,
Will scarcely be despised.

Where there's sufficiency and health,
There should contentment be:
There's much that's better far than wealth;
Much, worse than poverty.

Though stern expenses and hard times
Surround you like a fetter,
To spend your evenings at the "Crown"
Can scarcely make them better.

Our nobles boast ancestral arms
That many an age endures;
You, sturdy friend, would never choose
"A pipe and pot" for yours?

With all your toil and industry
Let thrift and wisdom blend,
For 'tis not so much what you earn,
As how you've used to spend.

Take care your wife and you agree,
All angry feelings smother;
A pattern to your children be,
Serve, cherish one another.

Fear God, if you aspire to rise
From want and degradation;
Religion 'his improves our lot,
And elevates our station.

I thought I'd linger in the street,
On purpose to address you;
Think on my visit and advice;
Good morning, and God bless you.

GOD SEEN IN THE CREATION.

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God."

"No God! no God!" The simplest flower
Which meets my wild is found,
Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew and
trembles at the sound.
"No God!" Astounded echo cries from
out her cavern hour;
And every wandering bird that flies reproves
the atheist lore.
The solemn forest lifts its head, the Almighty to proclaim;
The brooklet on its crystal urn, doth leap
to engrave his name.
High scarcely the deep and vengeful sea,
along the billowy track;
And red Vesuvius opes's his mouth, to hurl
the falsehood back.
"No God!" With indignation high, the
fervent sun is stirred,
And the pale moon turns paler still, at such
an impious word.
And from their burning thrones the stars
look down with angry eye,
That thus a worm of dust should mock
Eternal Majesty. M. SHOOTBRET.

THERE IS A GOD.

"THERE IS A GOD," all nature cries,
The earth, the sea, the lofty skies.
The lowliest plant that decks the vale;
The insect sporting on the gale;
The carless flower that spring gives birth,
To adorn and beautify the earth;
The streamlet gliding through the plain;
The wild bird's sweet and plaintive strain;
The blue depths of the boundless sea,
Type of his own immensity;
The sun, advancing to the west;
The full moon rising in the east;
The brightly twinkling star of even,
And with united voices proclaim
Through the whole earth JEHOVAH'S NAME.
JACOBUS.

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

After three hundred miles of the Submarine Telegraph Cable had been successfully laid down, it was unfortunately broken. We trust, however, to find that all who are concerned in this great undertaking feel confident of ultimate success.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Waiver of space compels us to defer a long list of Notices until next month.

Price one Penny, with Illustrations, of the

British Workman's Almanac For 1858.

We have yielded to the requests of our friends in preparing this broadsheet Almanac. We trust that it will prove both interesting and useful in the homes and workshops of our readers.

THE LITTLE SHOES.

It is wonderful what trifling things produce an influence on the heart and mind. A seed borne on the wings of the wind, drops at last into suitable soil, and by-and-by grows up into a stately tree. A little spring leaps out of the side of a hill, and the child who stoops to drink of it, can span its breadth; but it flows on down to the valley, and winds along the plain, and gathers strength and volume in its course, until it rolls a stately river, bearing the commerce of cities in the ships that navigate its waters. And so it is with human life. A look, a word, has changed the whole career of many an immortal being. The writer once lived opposite a beer shop called "The Fox and Geese," and with pained attention often watched the doings, and also heard the sayings, of the customers. One winter evening, a shoemaker's boy came with an assortment of children's shoes, and the landlady of the "Fox and Geese," who had a most marvellous shrill voice, began calling to a little dirty slave of a nurse girl to bring "Adelheesa" (as she pronounced Adelaide) to have her new shoes tried on. I could see the little creature, who was at once fine and filthy, sitting under the gaslight in the bar and kicking and screaming as the shoes were coaxed on her feet. At last a pair fitted, and the spoiled pet was lifted up triumphantly in her mother's arms. "Here, do look at her—the darling has let me get a pair of the very best ones on—look, dad, do!" said the mother calling to her husband. Just then a tall man, very thinly clad, came out of the tap room, passed the bar, and saw the child stretching out her feet for her father to see. Now, a poor woman had been hovering about at the corner, peeping now and then timidly into the bar window, and then creeping to the door; she had a child in her arms, and looked ready to drop with cold and weariness. I had seen that woman on many a Saturday night, waiting and watching for her husband to come out. Ah, there he is! turnetted for a moment, looking at the child shewing her new shoes—with a start he rouses himself and rushes out. "What, Bill, going so soon?" bawls the landlady. Bill pulls his hat down over his eyes with one hand, clutches his old jacket tight over his chest, and answers the words with a sort of grunt. He is outside—there's his wife and little one. For a moment the woman looks at him timorously, and half swerves aside, as if she feared—what I will not write, lest the manhood of my readers should be wounded. Something in Bill's look reassures her, and she goes up close to him, feebly but yet coaxingly, he took the child from her tired arms—the little creature gave a short, quick cry of frightened as he lifted it. I saw that its little feet were bare; it drew them swiftly up under its poor frock, but not before the father saw them. I wish his hat had been off that I might have seen his face as those two little blue chilled feet met his eyes. I noticed that he put them in his bosom, and buttoned his jacket over them, and held the child close, and went on his way with a heavy stamp, as if he beat his feet down on the ground, his wife slip-shod and tottering, had hard work to keep up with him.

I had a faint suspicion of what was passing in the man's mind. From that night I was glad that I saw him no more among the frequenters of the "Fox and Geese." He, and his wife and child, for ever or woe had dropped out of my ken, and almost out of my mind.

Some months after, there was a meeting at the Temperance Hall of the district, and many working men were present, and gave their testimony to the good effects of perfect sobriety: now and then they told little bits of their history about the reasons that led them to give up the public-house. One tall, well-dressed, respectable looking man, listened earnestly, until one who sat near him said, "Say a word, William Turner, you've known as much about the mischief as anyone here or anywhere; come, tell us, for I never heard, how it was that you changed right about face, from the mouth of hell to the field of hope, come, man, out with it, it'll may be do good."

The young man thus urged, rose at the first word, and looked for a moment very confused; all he could say was "The little shoes, they did it." With a shaky voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment heard this sound, and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash, he drew himself up and looked at the audience, the choking went from his throat. "Yes, friends!" he said in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever you may think of it, I've told you the truth, the little shoes did it. I was a brute, and a fool, strong drink had made me both, and starved and stripped me into the bargain. I suffered, I deserved to suffer, but I didn't suffer alone; no man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worst share. But I'm no speaker to enlarge on that, I'll stick to the little shoes. I saw one night, when I was all but done for, the publican's child holding out her feet for her father to see her fine new shoes—it was a simple thing, but friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those little shoes. They knocked reason into me. "What business have I to clothe others and let my own go bare?" said I, and there outside was my wife and child—in a bitter night. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and I saw her chilled feet—Men! fathers! if the shoes smote me, what did the feet do? I put them—cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through and through. Yes! the little feet walked right into my heart—and turned out my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left, I bought a loaf, and a pair of little shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of the bread, all the Sabbath day, and I went to work like mad on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money at the public-house—that's all I've got to say—it was the little shoes did it."

A complete Edition of the "British Workman" for the Years 1855 and 1856 may be had, bound in gilt cloth, price 3s., in common cloth and gilt edges, price 2s. 6d. The two Yearly Parts may also be had separately, in illustrated covers, price 1s. 6d. each.

THE BROKEN PIPE.

Mr. Kaines, one of the London City Missionaries, states:—

"In October, 1852, I gave a hard-working man in Islington a copy of that excellent tract, 'The Leather Almsone.' The anecdote about 'Penny Puffs,' interested him exceedingly. After some deliberation, he took his pipe, and calling his wife's attention, he snapped the pipe-clay over the edge of the table, exclaiming, 'There goes penny puffs.'

"He then procured a wooden box, nailed down the lid, and bored a hole in it, through which money could be dropped. 'Now,' said he, 'I shall put into this box the sum I have usually spent in tobacco; three-half-pence a day shall be dropped through the hole of this box.'

"About fifteen months after, I received a very kind invitation to take a cup of tea with the man and his wife. After tea, I read a portion of the Sacred Scriptures and engaged in prayer. My host then brought the heavy wooden box, and with a happy-looking face, said, 'the box is full, and I wish to have the pleasure of opening it in *your presence*.'

"The contents were poured on the table, and we counted, in pennies and half-pennies, the sum of Three Pounds and Eleven-pence!

"I have since attended another opening of this box, when the contents were not less than Six Pounds Nine Shillings, and Fourpence!"

From Cash's Illustrated Hand Bills.

FAMILY SECRETS; OR, THE TWO WIVES AND THE TWO HOMES.

The foundry bell rang, and Matthews bestowed home to his breakfast. The first sound that met his ears on opening the door of his house was the squalling children, while his other senses were regaled with a bad smell of ashes and steam, and the sight of his wife in the act of mopping up a puddle of brown and white slop, which was spreading itself over the floor. The character of poor Matthews' domestic comfort generally, might be seen in his wife's toilet on the morning in question. Her uncombed hair sticking out under the border of a dingy night-cap, her gown open behind, apron hanging by only one string, and boots dirty and unlaced, completed the appearance of the thoroughly slattern. Her husband was up to work regularly at six, but she lay in bed till the last minute, and then all was hurry to get breakfast ready in time. On this morning, as usual, she brought down the baby, which, for want of washing and dressing, lay screaming in the cradle. A little boy, tired of being left alone, had crawled to the top of the stairs, and there sat crying in turn. Mrs. Matthews had made the coffee, and put the milk on to boil, and had only just run up to snatch the noisy, unkrewed urchin on the stairs, when she heard the milk boiling over, and, hurrying to snatch it off the fire, she upset the coffee pot, and was mopping up the wasted beverage as her husband entered. She eyed him with an angry frown, meant to shew she was not afraid. He said nothing, and looked round. On one side were the supper things of the night before—on the other, the extinguished fire—in front, the table covered with dust, and the sloppy floor. He turned on his heel, and went to breakfast at a coffee-house, which he was almost *forced* to look upon as a much more comfortable place than his own house.

Richard Cooper, also a workman at the same foundry, went to his breakfast at the same hour. No sooner did he open the door leading into the kitchen, than a little girl, the picture of cleanliness, ran for a kiss, and a little boy, just able to crawl, seemed eager to jump from his mother's arms. Richard's wife was a tight and trim little body, always neatly dressed—never looking slatternly, even when at work. The room was cheerful and clean, breakfast quite ready, the bright coffee-pot stood steaming on the hob, and a dish of porridge and milk on the table for the children. Richard snapped his fingers to the little boy, kissed the girl, hitted them both into their chairs, and sat down opposite his wife, looking and feeling very happy. His half hour's visit to his family every morning sent him back to his work with renewed hope and confidence. The secret of his comfort and good temper lay in his wife's habits of early rising and prudent management.

"CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS."

BRITISH WORKMAN

LIGHTHOUSE AND CLIFFS OF FLAMBOROUGH HEAD. FISHERMAN MENDING HIS NETS.

No. 35. PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR BY S. W. PARTRIDGE, AT THE OFFICE, No. 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON. PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LIGHT FOR HOME COMFORT FROM FLAMBOROUGH LIGHTHOUSE.

r seems rather far to go to Flamborough Head for a light to illumine home. And et at the very summit of the lighthouse here, I heard a little household truth that ould bring a pleasant ray of comfort into many dwellings. But I must tell my story in an orderly manner, and begin at the beginning.

One fine day this summer, a party of three, of whom the writer was one, set off for a walk from Bridlington Quay to Flamborough Head. The distance is six miles. For about two, the path is at the edge of the cliffs that overhung the gleaming waters of the noble bay lying to the right, while cornfields and pastures to the left, come to the very margin of the cliffs, leaving but a narrow footpath for passengers. Then the route diverges landward across some fine meadows, and through the grounds of a noble mansion when, leaving these, we came suddenly on a most lovely little valley, the abrupt sides of which were clothed with furze, bramble, and whole heaps of wild flowers in a flush of beauty. A steep pathway led to a rustic bridge which crossed a deep ravine at the bottom of the valley, where the brooklet, hidden by the rich vegetation and overhanging trees, made a gentle murmur as it rippled along. Then again we ascended to the open fields, passed two farm-yards, crossed the churchyard at Flamborough, where many a tale of disaster at sea is recorded on the humble gravestones; and then two miles along an open road over a wild country to the Head on which, brilliant in its whiteness, stands the lighthouse. There is a little sheltered cove at the base of the cliff, guarded at its entrance by two wedge-shaped rocks, called the King and Queen, and people who do not mind walking on shingle and sand, and wading at times through rocky pools and over slimy stones, may skirt the bay from Bridlington to Flamborough at low water, and explore the romantic caves on the north

"HERE'S NO. 19, SAIR ALONGSIDE."—(See next page.)

side, and then mount to the headland, covered at the summit with soft grass, on which the lighthouse stands.

How pleasant is a civil manner! A man need not be rough and rude because he is poor and lives by his honest toil. No, he may, and he ought to be, a gentleman, and nothing in our beautiful walk had pleased us so much as the obliging manner, the frank welcome as if we were friends of the men at the lighthouse, as we naked to view it.

A neat yard in front, and a neat charmingly kept little garden to the rear, surround the tower that bears the friendly light. The basement contains the entrance hall or passage, on the right an office where the book for visitors' names is kept, and to the left the store-room for the oil. Above are some private rooms, and then we entered the tower and began to mount the circular staircase, that ascends eighty-five feet, into the lantern where the lights revolve. White Maple drawn down within the glass of the circular top, a little moderated the light and heat of the summer sunshine, as we walked round a shelf-like platform and looked at the brilliant reflectors, each containing a lamp. There were three sides to the tower, and each seven large reflectors on each side, two sides reflecting a white light, and one side red, circular plates of ruby-coloured glass covering over the centre of the reflectors. The lights are turned by clock work, and revolve every minute, the white flashes being to a distance of thirty miles, the red light only fifteen. They are kindled at sunset to the very dawn, and extinguished at sunrise. Two men reside in the lighthouse, and divide the night into two watches between them. But there is something which surprised us more than all the interest of the lighthouse, and gratified us equally with the noble prospect from the gallery outside of the lantern-reader, it was the household estate of cleanliness that was our attendant. Not the most delicate china ware on the marble mantle-piece of a palace, was more exquisitely polished than this lighthouse in every part. If it had been finished yesterday, it could not be more perfect in its shining, brilliant polish, and complete order. Indeed, new bearing, new reflectors, or new copper, would hardly be so fine a surface. The reflectors were too bright to look at; the glass of the lantern could only by touching it be known to be half-inches. The tubes and stays were painted white throughout, and the brass rim to the ruby glass, the lamps, the copper pipe, the stoves, all shone like silver. Even in the store-room, where the tanks of oil were kept, the taps and little copper buckets that hung on them to receive the stray drop were all resplendent. A housewife knows that to keep copper bright in a damp atmosphere often charged with salt is not an easy task, and we exclaimed with amazement, "Why, how many people must be kept to polish up this place so well, and until it looks like a glittering palace of white and gold?"

"There's one of us," said our civil guide.

"Why, how ever do you keep it so clean?"

"Do it by Lemprest it's because we *never let it get dirty*."

Ah, that's it—there's the truth for the unscrubbed answer—there must be a regular work never to let anything get dirty! Here is the secret of comfort, and of economy too, and my pence more than my money, may at all would do. Hoard, or lay by, and things tarnish, rot, fall to pieces—use them well, keep them from the inroads of dirt, and they look well and do their duty to the last.

In 1856, this lighthouse was erected. Fifty-one years the hoar and stormed ocean, in spring, on a rough coast, have spent their strength upon its walls, and yet there it stands intact, as if finished yesterday.

Ah, how many a bark has hailed its friendly light, how many a good ship, with its precious freight of human souls, has been saved from the deadly rocks by its means. And to as stay-at-home folks, it was no mean pleasure to walk on the cliffs on the sands of the bay, and mark the light as it revolved its far-gleaming white like a star, giving place at every minute to its red, meteor-like gleam, that sparkled on the nearer waves.

The men at Flamborough are not condemned to solitude. One of them said he had been living years ago at the Cuxpiers, a lighthouse on a rock where meets the Channel Islands; and at the Eddystone Lighthouse, there are some months of every year, when no boat can row in the stormy sea that rears around it.

But amid all the beauty of the scenery, and the greater moral beauty of the object for which lighthouses are erected, the writer was anxious to convey one ray from its radiance to shine on the poor man's dwelling—the reason the place is so clean, it is never *allowed to get dirty*.

CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR.

JOE THE FISHERMAN.

ONE stormy night at S——, a young man made his way on to the lighthouse pier, and looked out with anxious eyes over the swollen billows of the foaming sea for the well-known light of boat No. 15, while the other fishing cobles were in. But no gleam in the distance rewarded the young man's gaze. A hale drunken sailor said with a sneer as he hailed the young man, "Ah! Goody Joe 'll get a rocking, and maybe go to Davie Jones's locker to-night, if he means to take 'em."

"I hope not, I trust not, Sam! but if he should go down, after all it's better such a fate should come to 'Goody Joe,' as you call him, than to a man I've heard called 'Swearing Sam.'"

Before the scoffer could reply, in the trough of a wave a light appeared, and the young man said with a shout, "Hurrah! there's No. 15."

"Why are you so anxious?" enquired a gentleman, who, with his telescope, was watching the boat as she laboured in the heavy swell.

"Because 'Joe,' the master of No. 15, has been my best earthly friend. His advice and his prayers arrested me when I was going headlong to ruin."

"What! be a poor fisherman and you a person of education?"

"Yes! I say now, 'faith by his works,' replied the young man.

"He never has been known to go out on the Sabbath day, and yet he has worked his way from complete poverty to be the owner of his boat, and master of a crew of men, who, with the exception of their wives, have no troubles, for, though God's blessing has rested on his toils, his vessel is safe in port, and the very week after, his brother and only son were drowned in a storm, at sea; but though Joe's heart must have been broken, he was able to say, 'It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good.'" I could not see his face, but I heard the reverence, without being impressed with the conscientiousness of his character, still he could I'm sure be heard in spite of his sorrows, without feeling the reality of religion. But here's No. 15 safe alongside, and there's 'Joe,' pointing to a weather beaten, middle-aged man, who, as he came ashore, the wet streaming from his coat, answered the young man's question with a calm voice, saying in a fervent manner, "The Lord's time is my time, to work or wait, live or die."

Oh! that we all could say as much.

C. L. B.

FISHERMEN.

THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE, when he described the fishermen of his day, who lived at Aldboro', on the coast of Suffolk, called them

"A rude and savage race,
Who snatch their living from the deep table."

This description is by no means of general applicability. There are many pious, intelligent fishermen, whose laborious lives are cheered with the smile of heaven, and bright with the hope of a blissful eternity.

In the village of Flamborough, near the noble headland of that name, on the coast of Yorkshire, no boat goes out on the Sabbath. However bad the season may have been, however tempting a fine morning and a fair wind may prove, the Divine command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it Holy," is reverenced by the fishermen of Flamborough Head. A few years ago, I used to see these brave men, whose lives are passed amidst the toils and dangers of our stormy coast, attending the Sabbath, with their clean fisher's garb, and often holding prayer meetings among themselves, not only morning on shore, but also in some boat where worship is regularly carried on.

At the little way-side inn that faces the North Sea, just by the lighthouse, and the rocks that form a natural harbour for the boats, they serve no strong drink on the Lord's Day, and we can testify that on the last Sabbath in the July of the year, there was a large religious gathering, when men, used to battle with the dangers of the sea, gave to their friends and neighbours, gentle and affecting testimony of the Lord's gracious dealings with their souls, and reminded some, at least, among the auditors, of those fishermen of Galilee who were privileged to listen to the voice of Him Who spoke as never man spoke."

B.

AN EXAMPLE TO US.

THE Bishop of Rupert's Land during his visit to Ireland this spring, among many interesting facts relating to the conversion of the North American Indians, stated, that as soon as they became Christians they manifested the utmost reverence for the Sabbath.

Frequently many of a tribe had to walk a great distance on the Saturday night in order to attend the preaching on the Lord's day, and though they had their rifles always with them, they preferred spending even the sabbath, to going out to hunt for game on that day. We live in the midst of shops and markets, and can buy in a week of necessary food for the sabbath; but how often by idleness, neglect, and sin, do we break the day to pamper our appetites. The Indian fasting is a rebuke to our lukewarmness.

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THE CRUCIBLE;

OR,

"LET US SEE WHAT IT HAS IN IT."

BY THE LATE GEORGE MOORHOUSE, ESQ.

CHAPTER III.

The Quack Doctor.

To nemesis decrit, to "shoot folly as it flies," and to brand the bore or the hardened and unblushing transgressor, are among the objects we have in view in establishing our crucible. A dubious yet quick doctor is approaching. Attendants, keep your eye upon him, he will fly when he sees the crucible, for he knows it can be cannot stand the fire. Let him not escape when you have once hold of him. He will promise you health and long life, but trust not the hollow assertions. In spite of his struggles and strivings plunge him in the furnace with his pills, elixirs, and powders, and universal medicines.

The quack doctor became a gentleman, now, to what he was many years ago; he formerly went about the streets with a merry-andrew to amuse and deceive the credulous crowd, but he has grown proud of late, and far more cunning and sharper-tongued. He has long gone by more profit and less mischief in him; but now, looking as solemn as a scientific man, he throws aside his customary dour and liquorice water, and dabbles in destructive compounds.

The quack doctor has left off travelling, for he has found a colonial lump where to run after him, instead of his running after them. He has fixed a brass plate on his door and has a colonial lump where it like a regular practitioner. He tries to trick a higher class in society, and freely vaunts his pills in the newspapers. But we shall lose him if we continue our talk, for his eye has caught the crucible, and now he is off at the top of his speed. After him attendants—after him! If he has been a well run race—he has plenty his pursuers a breathing, but we have him at last; as we expected he offers us health and long life to let him go, but all the pills he is possessed of shall not purchase his freedom. We should be fine keepers of the crucible, if we put in lesser delinquents, and let one of his magnitude escape. The crucible was made for such as he, and in he shall go, for we are not to be tricked with promises. Never mind his kicking and calling for help, he shall find that two are better than one at this work. Now stir him up and let him go. There! he is gone into the furnace with a groan.

Willingly would we forbear to judge, for we are sinners all, yet we cannot but think there is a heavy day and a night of sorrow approaching for those who trade on the infirmities of their kind, who live by profiting to achieve what God has not enabled them to perform, who rob the poor of the solitary pence from the pockets of the poor, but the life-drops from the afflicted victim of disease.

There is an imbecility of mind generated by bodily disease, that inclines the sufferer to seize with avidity any hope of relief, however questionable; otherwise, the afflicted would never act so contrary to common sense as seeking a remedy. Would should we think of him who applied to his tailor for a pair of shoes—to his draper for a new harness—to the butcher for a new book? We should think him a little beside himself, and doubtless, without an effort, admit the propriety of applying for these articles to the persons who made, or knew something about them. But in medicine, the man who studies his profession for years with diligence, who passes his regular examinations with credit, who practices with assiduity as apothecary, surgeon or physician, noting down his experience, and daily increasing his knowledge; such an one is willing to admit there are cases that baffle his skill, diseases that confound his judgment, affections he cannot cure; it is the bold, brazen-faced empiric, the heartless, brainless quack, the uncultured and inexperienced medical buffoon alone, that dares to affirm his capacity to remove, by the same means, disorders the most opposite. The burning of a fever, and the shivering of an ague, the acme of a plethora, and the last stage of a consumption, all are to be removed, *secundum artem*, by the bocus-pocus of a medical juggler! Many a well-meaning man gives himself up to the care of an uneducated practitioner, believing that God can, and sometimes does bless the humble endeavour to do good, and to this opinion we assent with all our heart; but surely it is more agreeable with His previous dealings with men, to bless the exertions of those who really endeavour to obtain useful knowledge, than the unhallowed familiarity of those who ostentatiously profess to know, without study, what nothing less than a miracle can inform them of.

It is due to ourselves, that we do not act in opposition to common sense, and the dictates of reason. It is due to the profession, that we ridicule the absurd hypothesis that an ignorant man may know as much as a wise one. It is due to the simple and uninformed, to endeavour to convince them that the most successful doctor is generally he who gives himself the most trouble to understand the duties of his profession, and that due to the learnéd belongs to those who practice these wondrous numberies, that impoliteness should be thrown in the teeth of the ignorant quacks.

Our would-be doctor has now had a fair roasting, let us see how he has stood the fire. He is in a sad plight, and looks much worse, had he taken his own physic. Well may you turn your steps towards the door, Mr. Quack, but our words shall follow in your ears as you take your departure. Our crucible has tried you, and found out that you are a charlatan. You have trifled with mankind as with nine-pins, knocking them down for your own advantage. You have vaunted of the precious pills and made a prey of your fellows. You have printed your "cases," but the long catalogue of those you have cured, but never, or at maturely to their graves, has been suppressed. Well may we say when we look on the mauled victims of relentless quackery,

"There's misery both for man and beast
In God's indulgent plan,
There's misery for each creeping thing,
But man has none for man!"

We drive you forth as the scourge of your kind, and be assured that, sooner or later, retributive justice will overtake those who shut up their bowels of compassion, and close "the gates of mercy on mankind." Holy Scriptures say, "To him that is afflicted pity should be shewed."—Job vi. 14, but you have shewn no pity, and, "Ye shall not oppress a widow or fatherless child."—Ex. xxii. 22, whereas you have afflicted every class of humanity. If your pills have not made your victims more hard to be softened by compassion, reflect on our observations and then you may get good from your visit to the crucible.

A LIVING PROOF.

WALKING along the streets of Greenock some years ago, in company with a friend whom I shall call Mr. Bulford, I saw a respectable looking man, in the dress of a tradesman, lift his hat and bow to us as we passed.

"That must be to you," said I to my companion, "for no one of that class in Greenock knows me."

"You are quite right," said my friend in reply, "that is our partner, and, by the way, he is a living proof of the good effects produced by your Temperance Societies."

"How so?" I inquired with interest.

"Why, two or three years ago," replied my friend, "that man was a good-for-nothing sot. In fact, he was never sober for a day, or employment, and we were often on the point of discharging him, but compassion for his wife and family prevented us. His wife was a sober, well-disposed woman, who did all in her power to keep her house and children tidy; but she had rarely took home any part of his wages, for he used to do as keep herself and her little ones from starving. Sunday clothing and education were out of the question. At length, however, and just when the case appeared hopeless, he was induced to attend a temperance meeting, and to take the pledge, through the grace of God enabling him to keep. Now, he is a steady, sober, industrious man; he gives us entire satisfaction, and takes home all his wages to his wife. She, poor woman, has recovered her good and cheerful looks; and his children look clean and neat, and he has made his family go to church together on the Sabbath, and, besides all that, he has twenty pounds in the bank!"

DR. HUME.

IDLE DAYS.—Bishop Hall says, "Our idle days are Satan's holy ones."

GOD'S TWO THRONES.—One is the highest heaven of glory, the other is in the lowest hearts on earth, Isaiah lvi. 15.

ROCKS AND SAND.—Many who have escaped the rocks of great sins, have been cast away on the sands of self-righteousness.

THE WIDOWS SON,

OR,

A NIGHT WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS.

(Continued from page 13.)

Lennox did not pause for a second invitation. It was not long before they were joined by two or three well-known friends, lovers of the wine cup, who seemed to come "understandingly." In "good" company Lennox always forgot himself. The consequence was, that in the course of two hours, he was just in the condition that his friend Bulford always desired to have his companion, in a drunken state. At four o'clock the court re-assembled, and Lennox took the floor. During the morning, there had been the examination of witnesses, with a lucid address on the evidence given. Now the grand effort was come on of in which the true point of issue were to be brought out and exhibited in such a light as to enable the court to give an equitable decision.

The young lawyer had not uttered twenty words, before Mr. R——, who was observing him closely, saw, with alarm and intense grief, that he was not in the calm, sane state that he should be at the important crisis. He was, in fact, half intoxicated. For a few minutes he argued with himself the propriety of seeking a postponement of the case on the ground of the present incapacity in his counsel. But he hesitated to do so, and for a while, he was in doubt as to the entire position in regard to the matter. At length he went on, however, it became so plain that the effect of bringing out into apparent light the true merits of his case, he was confusing it, and making success more and more doubtful at every step of his progress. Mr. R—— at last went up to the Bench, and whispered to one of the judges his fears, and requested a postponement. The judge, and begged to have the case postponed. The reasonableness of the request was so complete, that the judge, after a momentary consultation, asked Lennox to take his seat for a moment. One of them, then stated to the Bar, that, owing to a peculiarity in the case was postponed until the next morning at ten o'clock, at which time he hoped counsel would be more fully prepared to enter upon the discussion of the question under consideration."

Lennox was not one present, Lennox among the rest, who did not fully understand the meaning of this unexpected interruption. As far as he could, he already became conscious that he was unfit to conduct the case. He glided from the court room without joining in the jeers, and hurrying home, retired to his chamber overwhelmed with pain and mortification. In the evening he went to his counsel-room fully prepared to act his part. He was never more sober and rational in his life. Fully convinced that the hour past had been acted towards him by the antagonist counsel, his mind rose into double activity, under the determination to retrieve himself, and disappoint his unmanly opponent. The consequence was that he acquitted himself with a power and ability, which surprised at that hur, and so fully sustained his cause, even though his mind had at first been impressed and unfitted for the task, that not equity on his side, that, when the court reassembled in the afternoon, a unanimous decision was given in his favour, and he was.

"You certainly sustained yourself handsomely, Mr. Lennox," said Mr. R——, coming up to him, when the court had, after the decision had been given. "But my dear sir, remember that it takes many years of practice to produce one failure such as you made yesterday."

"I am aware of that, Mr. R——," Lennox replied, "but it is only just now I feel that I should state that I was tricked into the position I was then in, by Bulford."

"How?"

"He invited me to his chamber, after the morning session, and with an apparent show of kindness advised me not to go home to dinner, as I had made a hard case and confuse my mind, but to take a cracker and glass of wine with him. I was deceived by his pretended kindness, and fell into an once pleasant company, which I have no doubt was purposely invited to his office. Champagne was freely drank into much wine on an empty stomach."

"A base act truly, Mr. Lennox! But remember, that even and just when the case appeared hopeless, he was induced to attend a temperance meeting, and to take the pledge, through the grace of God enabling him to keep. Now, he is a steady, sober, industrious man; he gives us entire satisfaction, and takes home all his wages to his wife. She, poor woman, has recovered her good and cheerful looks; and his children look clean and neat, and he has made his family go to church together on the Sabbath, and, besides all that, he has twenty pounds in the bank!"

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JOHN CLOUGH, THE BELLMAN.

BY THE REV. JOSHUA FAWCETT, M.A., *Incumbent of Wibsey, Low Moor, Bradford, Yorkshire, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. the* LORD BERWICK.

The readers of the *British Workman* will no doubt remember the striking sketch, which appeared in No. II of that periodical, of "JOHN JASPER." In order to show that this is no common or exceptional case, the following simple facts are supplied by one who has been an eye-witness of the character and conduct of the individual to whom they refer; and who can vouch for the accuracy of every statement made. As far as possible, the person forming the subject of this brief notice shall speak for himself, his own experience being best told in his own words; suffice it here to say, that I am the clergyman of the parish in which John has resided for the last ten years, and in which Sunday school duty has been for the greater part of that time a diligent and consistent teacher.

John Clough is a native of the township of Horton, in the parish of Bradford, Yorkshire, and was born in the year 1810. He was early placed in the Church Sunday school there, and during his stay, received a Bible from the Rev. Samuel Redhead, the excellent Incumbent. This Bible he still possesses, and has told the writer, that it has been his companion in the worst of times, yea, that whatever else he has been tempted to part with, he never parted with his Bible. Between nine and ten years of age he was put to work in a colliery, and there remained until seventeen years old, up to which time he cannot remember ever spending one penny in intoxicating drinks. Having left his work, he went to learn the art of combing and of weaving; then it was he got his appetite for drink, having to go to the public-house on a Saturday evening for his wages, a practice much to be deprecated.

Soon after this John married, and joined the Wesleyan Methodists, of which he was a member for five years. What led to his falling into the sad sin of drunkenness may thus be told in his own words.

"One Saturday night I went to Bradford with a few friends, and we agreed to go to a public-house to get a glass. There I became intoxicated. On that account I was so conscience-stricken that I could not appear at the house of God. That accursed drink had robbed me of my comforts here on earth for a time, and blighted my prospects of a heaven hereafter. Having my appetite formed, and looking at my fall, I went on drinking and cock-fighting for a number of years, until I became so degraded and so disgraced that the Priest and the Levite passed by me. I was a sore shunned by all who stood respectable in society. My poor wife was nearly broken-hearted; that woman, I mean, that I met down by yonder shady grove some years ago, and promised never to plant in her bosom a thorn, but drink robbed my wife of her husband for many years, and I do think at that time she was worse than a widow. At that time I was what is called a *Reformer*. I used to say, 'I wonder how long our government will keep us in this state of poverty;' but as soon as I was *really reformed*, I found out the grand error. I was in the habit of crying till the Christ meetings with the bell they bought me, which, however, was soon of no use, those meetings being given up. At that time I went to live at Low Moor; and soon after this, John Jasper came to me and said, 'John, will you cry a teetotal meeting for us?' I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'What will you cry it for?' I said, 'I will cry it for the price of a quart.' He said, 'I have done with quarts, but I will pay you for your trouble.' So I went and cried the meeting, and laughed all the time at the folly of the teetotallers. However, I went to the meeting, and everything which was said, met me as one. It was like a *hand from heaven in a sure place*. I gave over drinking, signed the pledge, and I bless the day John Jasper came to me to cry the meeting, he came as a messenger of mercy."

The labour which John Clough has to perform, that of engine-tenting, is very hard and trying, having to go to his work between 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning, and remaining at it till the same hour in the evening. This, added to an asthmatical affection, furnishes powerful test to the efficacy of the total abstinence principle. And yet he says,—"At that time, (viz. before he adopted total abstinence) I was very asthmatical, and I think I could hardly have wheeled a barrow up a hill; whilst after I had been an abstainer about a month, I think I could almost have galloped up a hill. I am now comfortable and happy with my little family; as comfortable as most working men, and a leader of the Band of Hope, and a Teacher in a Church Sunday School. See what has been brought about by John Jasper coming to me to cry that meeting."

Such is the testimony of John Clough, given in his own homely words. The writer of this case, can bear his honest testimony to the correctness of all that has been said, and to it would add, that both in his school, and in his church, whilst he has many to whom he can point with satisfaction, he has no one who labours more diligently to discharge his duty, or in whom he can place more entire confidence, than John Clough, the bellman. His home is a happy home, the "broken-hearted wife" carries in her countenance the smile of contentment and of peace; the penniless husband has a heart and hand to help and cheer the distressed; his class at school never wants its accustomed teacher, nor is his seat at church ever empty. "Let him, he is "*sitting, clothed, and in his right mind*," a striking proof of what the temperance cause can do, and in his cause a proof of more than this, viz. that he is striving to "*live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world*."

A HUNDRED A YEAR.

A HUNDRED a year is no very large sum
For the wants of a family grown
All this prudence indeed he will certainly need
To spend it with purpose and plan;
He can never afford to copy "my lord,"
It won't keep a carriage—that's clear;
And Fashion and Pride would most surely deride
A pitiful hundred a year.

Yet a hundred a year may most amply suffice,
With thrift, self-denial, and care;
Twill say all that's needful, if not all that's nice,
And perhaps leave a trifle to spare.
Rather for warm clothes, though perhaps not for fine,
For a bright hearth, though not a gay hall;
And while 'tis possessed it should make a man blest,
And anxious for nothing at all.

Ten times this poor hundred might all be our own,
Yet being neither joy nor content,
For seldom indeed is your easy-got gold
Either nicely or pleasantly spent:
To eat up its dinners of state, the costs
Is a hard thing for even a peer;
And rich men there are who'd be happier far
If they'd only a hundred a year.

The man who would keep off the wolf from his door
With one side his income must live;
Let him try to spend less if he cannot earn more,
And turn both to save and to give.
Though of course he can't surfeit he scarcely need starve,
But from other may still keep himself clear,
If he's but health to earn, and but prudence to spend
His snug little hundred a year.

S. W. P.

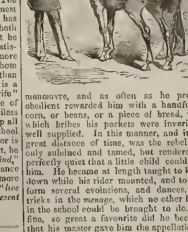
HOW TO BE RICH. Having food and raiment, and the favour of God, be careful for no more.

"THE DARLING."

PROFESSOR TOPATT, of the Royal Veterinary College, gives the following interesting fact in one of his valuable works:—

"A horse in the depôt at Woolwich had proved so unmanageable to the rough riders, that at length no one among them durst even mount him. His mode of throwing or dismounting his rider, consisted in lying down and rolling over him, or else crushing his leg against some wall, or post, or paling. All means to break him of these perilous tricks proving unavailing, the animal was brought before the commanding officer with the character of being "*uncurably vicious*," and with a recommendation on that account that he should be "*cast*" and sold out of His Majesty's Service.

Colonel Quest, hearing of this, and knowing the horse to be thoroughbred, and one of the best actional and cleverest horses in the regiment, brought the commanding officer to permit him to be transferred into the riding troop. This was consented to, and the transfer was no sooner accomplished than Colonel Quest determined to pursue a system of management directly opposite to that which had been already attempted. He had him led daily into the riding school, ordered no whips ever to be above to him while there, but petted him, and tried to make him execute this and the other little



manœuvre, and as often as he proved obedient rewarded him with a handful of corn, or beans, or a piece of bread, with which he had a pocket made for purpose well supplied. In this manner, and in no great distance of time, was the rebel not only subdued and tamed, but rendered so perfectly quiet that a little child could ride him. He became at length taught to kneel down while his rider mounted, and to perform several evolutions, and dances, and tricks in the *manège*, which no other horse in the school could be brought to do. In time, so great a favourite did he become, that his master gave him the appellation of "THE DARLING."

ALWAYS READY.

A LADY once asked Mr. Wesley, "Supposing that you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time."

How, Madam?" he replied, "why just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this evening at Gloucester, and again at 5 to-morrow morning; after that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend my spirit to my Heavenly Father, lay down to rest, and wake up in glory."

The proper method of preparation for death, is a life of faith in Christ, and a hearty and faithful discharge of every duty. Persons so living, cannot be taken unawares; they have living graves, and they will have living grace whenever they shall need it. "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." They have strength in life to live to God, and in death to die to Him. "Blessed is that servant, whom his lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing." Matt. xxiv. 46.—*Tract Magazine.*

OUR CHILDREN.—For what do we rear them? What is the reward for days of toil and wakeful nights?

Is there any surety that a mother's hopeful prayers for her children shall be answered by a life of virtue here, and an eternity of happiness hereafter?

A mother's trusting heart answers with the firmness of faith, There is! for has not He who is God, and who is faithful, said, "Though it may be long ere the seed we have planted and watered with ceaseless energy shall spring up, yet at sometime the fruits will appear. I believe most firmly in the literal fulfilment of the promise, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

The SAVIOUR with inviting voice,
Says, "Let your children come,
For them their love within My breast,
And to My kingdom room."

GALLANT RESCUE OF LIFE OFF SHETLAND.

THE REV. R. J. WILLIAMS, (who was an eye-witness of the catastrophe) thus describes a melancholy fishing-boat accident which recently happened off Shetland, and the gallant rescue of two of her crew:—

"A boat belonging to Whalsay Island from the fishing station at Grief Skerry, was capsized by a squall of wind, and her crew, consisting of six men, were plunged into the sea. One sank immediately; two others succeeded in getting on the side of the boat, one of whom held up a third by the collar of the coat, though not able to keep his head above water. Two more were hanging about upon oars. In this perilous situation, when they had been in the water perhaps half an hour, they were discovered. One of the men on the side of the boat held up an oar; this attracted the attention of some passengers on board the *William Tell*. The skipper immediately sailed towards them, and when as near as it was possible to bring the packet, the skipper himself and a boy ventured into the small (packet's) boat, and succeeded in saving two of the drowning men. One of them on the side of the boat, the first was quite dead, the second had become unconscious; the third was conscious, but very helpless. Unfortunately the men on the oars were discovered last. As soon as they were seen, every effort was made to reach them, but having drifted to a considerable distance before the packet could be brought up, they sank to rise no more. The loss of the six perished. Two of the strongest seamen on board the packet refused to accompany the skipper in his boat, but the youth, John Hunter, promptly complied, or the remaining two men must have perished. The passengers on board feared every moment to see their all sink, but a gracious Providence preserved them."

The Royal National Life Boat Institution, for the preservation of life from shipwreck, (a Society which deserves the support of the humane and affluent throughout the land), has presented to Mr. Inkster and the brave-hearted ind Blanco, its silver medal and a reward of £2 each.

EARNING A SABBATH;

Or, "WHICH IS BEST?"

"I CAN'T afford to be idle," said a shoemaker who was working on the Sabbath day, to his neighbour, who was going to church. The next day was Greenwich fair, and the shoemaker was up in the morning, off with his work to the shop, and then away to the fair, where he drank and lolled away time, and spent all his money and pawned the coat from his back, and came home so ill that for two days he was unable to leave his bed. On Saturday, he was sitting, pale and feeble, at his work, and on Sunday he was toiling on, to make up lost time. His neighbour passed by again, neat, and clean, and healthy, and happy, going to the house of prayer.

"What!" said the shoemaker, "off again; can't you afford yourself one day?"

"No!" said the young man, "I earn my Sabbaths. I work six days, and the seventh is mine. You idle three days, and are suffering two days more, and to keep yourself from starvation you work like a slave the other two days; and with all this you have no comfort. The man who wastes his working days, cannot have a Sabbath day, for God's command is twofold,—

"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day; six days shalt thou work, and do all that thou hast to do." In this way labour and rest are both blessed."

"You are right," said the shoemaker, with a sigh, "Satan is a hard master."

A NOBLE GIFT.

WE have much pleasure in stating that four warm-hearted friends of the working classes have united together and presented 200,000 copies of the *British Workman* for October to the London City Mission Committee, in order that a copy may be presented to *every family* visited by the Missionaries of the Society. We doubt not but this unprecedented gift will secure a considerable increase to our regular monthly circulation. If a few friends in all large towns would similarly unite in giving a single copy to *every family*, and then arranging for a general canvass for subscribers, we should soon have our present issue more than doubled.

NOTICES OF BOOKS, &c.

HEARTY MUSIC FOR WORKING PEOPLE. By J. Erskine Clarke, M.A., Secretary of the Working Men's Association, Derby. Price 1s.

This excellent collection of Poetry will have a hearty reception from thousands of working men. It is classified under the following six divisions:—The Hearth Blest—The Street Walk—The Country Stroll—The Work Hours—The Rest Day—The Trouble Time.

AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

WE have been much gratified by the receipt of a letter from William Janson, Esq. of Tottenham, in which he says, "I send you the following, which I have from the pen of the agent of J. H. Langston, Esq., of Sandon, Oxfordshire, (whose estates are very large) which, from my own observation, has in all his doings an eye to the *comfort* and *welfare* both of tenants and labourers, regarding such as being *bound up with his own*. There are no BEER SHOPS on the estate."

An Easy way of promoting Temperance amongst Agricultural Labourers.

HAVE on every farm, attached to the offices, a room with a fire-place in it, to which the labourers can go and prepare the coffee and cocoa to drink with their dinner.

This plan has been tried on a large estate, and found to answer. The accommodation is greatly prized by the men, although not teetotallers. Stimulating drinks are seldom if ever, introduced, and the labourers are preserved from the temptation which is so frequently placed, as a stumbling block, in their way.

If this mode were adopted generally, and *money given instead of beer*, sobriety would thereby doubtless be greatly promoted.

LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT MIGHTY AT LAST.

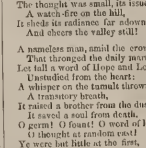
BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveller through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To seek beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore,
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Among the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A bucket at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judg'd that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues
And saved a life beside!

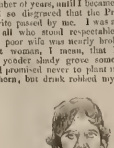
A dreamer dropp'd a random thought,
'Twas old, and yet was new,
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great;
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its influence for down,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied from the heart:
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!



GODLINESS WITH CONTENTMENT IS GREAT GAIN.

1 Timothy, vi. 6.



[JOHN JASPER.]

A PLEA FOR THE HORSE.

CRUELTY OF THE BEARING REIN.

"Good morning to you, Mr. Carter, you have a fine pair of horses to draw your laden waggon—but why do you tie their heads up so tightly? they look both unnatural and unhappy. I am afraid you do this under the idea that it gives them a better appearance; but this is a great error, and the practice inflicts much suffering, and produces many diseases. Besides, it robs the poor animals of the strength which God has given them to draw a load, for it prevents them from extending the neck and all the muscles of the body. Listen to a few words of advice, and be humane. How would you like to be tied up, like the poor fellow in the picture, with a bearing rein, and yet compelled to draw the loaded handcart? You would soon beg to have your head set at liberty, and so would your poor horses if they could speak. They would tell you of the great pain you inflict upon them. How much more beautiful these noble creatures appear with their heads and limbs at ease; they go on cheerfully and brightly, just like the industrious porter, who, freed from the torture of the bearing rein, pulls his load with ease, because he can use all his strength *by bending the body forward*."

Ought we not to do all we can to make these noble creatures, which God has given us to promote our well-being, as happy as we can? They who delight in giving pain, will have to suffer for it eventually, unless they turn from such evil ways and repent; for God hath declared, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." It is worthy of observation that the omnibus and cab-drivers wisely drive without the bearing rein; they know well that horses last much longer without this torturing appendage. Would that all gentlemen and ladies were alive to its cruelty; how often carriage horses of all kinds are punished for bone together by torturing reins.

Let us read what a Royal Veterinary surgeon; a great French landowner; and an intelligent, humane Suffolk farmer, say on the use of the cruel bearing rein.

In a lecture by Mr. Barlow, of the Royal Veterinary College, on the "Conformation of the Chest in Heavy Draught Horses," he says:—"In the act of draught such horses instinctively depress and continually oscillate the head and neck; by means of these adaptations the line of gravity is brought in front of each fore-foot alternately placed upon the ground, and an available weight is thrown into the collar. How truly absurd, then, is the habit of reining up a draught horse's head, and yet compelling him to draw a heavy weight. This practice of tightly reining heavy horses may gratify the morbid taste of those who ever seek to destroy such useful provisions of nature as they cannot learn to value. The custom, however, is too expensive and too hardsome to gain sanction in this part of the kingdom, because we know that heavy draught work requires not only a certain massiveness of trunk and limb, but is rendered easier of performance when trunk and limbs can act in concert with the unrestrained movements of a somewhat depressed head and neck."

Viscount Downe writes, "On seeing, the other day, a poor horse tugging a cart full of sand up the cliff at Brighton, with his head tied tightly to his back, we observed to a labourer near, "What a shame not to undo the bearing rein with such a load!" "Oh yes, sir," was the reply, "I likes myself to see 'em free, but *its* custom, sir, custom; they *thinks* they looks well." The truth is, *thought* has little enough to do with it; if people did but *think*, the days of the bearing reins would soon be numbered. When we curb up a horse's head with our senseless bearing-reins, and make him uncomfortable, we are inverting the rule and *order of nature*; we are evidently trying to prevent his using the full unrestrained power of his weight, and are compelling him to overwork and over-exert constantly those very muscles which should be kept in reserve for extra difficulties—such as greater inequalities in the road, new-laid stones, &c. Now, any one can see that, so an old, worn-out, half-starved, over-worked animal, as too many are, this must be INTOLERABLE CRUELTY. It is a mistake to think that a bearing rein can be of any service whatsoever, unless, as a very exceptional case, to a very young, headstrong, unbroken horse. It is a mistake to think it improves a horse's appearance—nothing contrary to nature can ever really do this; *it is a mistake to think it can ever prevent a horse's falling down, though it has been the means of preventing many an old one recovering from a stumble.* We ourselves have entirely done away with bearing reins among our own heavy draught-horses; and though our carters were at first rather astonished at being desired to discard them entirely and substitute a loose halter or rein at one side instead, they soon found that their horses were not a whit less manageable without bearing reins, and that they did their work with *far greater ease* to themselves. A great friend of ours, who has turned the sword of a dragoon into a ploughshare, and has paid great and successful attention to farming affairs, gives it as his opinion that 'a pair of horses, when freed from this useless tackle and left to step in freedom, would plough one-fourth, if not *one-third more* land in a day, and with greater ease to themselves and less fatigue when the day's work was over, than when confined to their action by bearing reins.'"

An intelligent and humane Suffolk farmer writes:—

"All experienced horse drivers will admit that reining heavy draught horses up tightly, impedes their progress, and also that the *throat strap* being too tight is very injurious; the consequences resulting from the constant habit of wearing the throat band tight, is chronic enlargement of the parotid and sub-maxillary *glands*. The injurious effects of tight reining is chronic tetanic, or rheumatic spasms of the muscles of the neck, which incapacitates the animal from feeding off the ground; it also causes ossific union or ankylose joints of the cervical vertebræ of the neck, and that formidable disease known by the name of *poll evil*. How necessary then it is that horse drivers should be more careful than they generally are; perhaps it may not be done with the *intention* of treating their horses cruelly, but more with the idea of making them look proud and stately. In proof of this, the writer can state from experience, that when going by *night* to town with agricultural produce, the rein is often laid down and the horses are allowed the free use of their heads to enable them to draw their load with greater ease, and to pursue their journey as quickly as possible, but so soon as daylight breaks upon them the rein is laid on the seals, and the whip has to be applied to take the place of a horse rein!

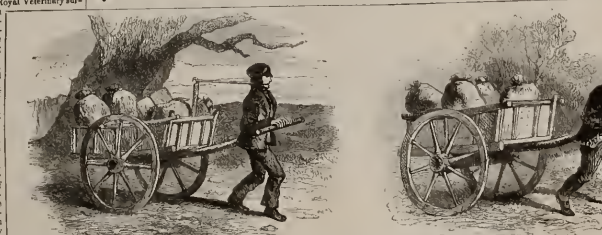
In taking a horse with a heavy load behind him up a steep hill with the rein tight, observe how distressed he is—how the collar presses on the windpipe—how he tries to obtain the free use of his head, but is unable to do so from being pulled back by the bearing rein, with probably a sharp bit attached, cutting his mouth. Take the rein off the seals, then see how the horse extends his head, and how *cheerfully* he draws his load."

[We shall be glad to receive further communications on this subject.]

HORSES TORTURED WITH BEARING REINS, STEPPING WITH FEAR.

"THOU SHALT OPEN THY MOUTH FOR THE DUMB."

"A RIGHTEOUS MAN REGARDETH THE LIFE OF HIS BEAST."



Would a MAN pull a load better by having a bearing rein? Common sense says "No! leave his head FREE."

"A man of kindness to his beast is kind;
But brutal actions shew a brutal mind.
Remember he who made thee, made the brute;
Who gave thee speech & reason, formed him mute;
He can't complain, but the Almighty's eye
Beholds thy cruelty, and hears his cry:
He was designed thy servant, not thy drudge,
And know that his Creator is thy Judge!"

HORSES UNFETTERED BY THE BEARING REINS DOING THEIR WORK WITH COMFORT AND FREEDOM INSTEAD OF FEAR.

LONDON: Published monthly by S. W. PARTRIDGE, 9 Paternoster Row, E.C. Manchester: J. W. WHITE, 67 Strand, and J. W. KENNETT, 1 Hulme-gate Street. PRINTED BY GEO. WATSON, Kirby St., Hatton Garden.

BRITISH WORKMAN

What the Slater did to cure poor Abel's Smoky Chimney. | The Glazier's Cure. | The Bricklayer's finishing stroke to Abel's Chimney.

No. 36, December, 1857.] Published for the Editor by Messrs. Partridge & Co.; A. W. Bennett; W. Tweedie, London. [Price One Penny.

STORY OF A SMOKY CHIMNEY.

My Friends, I will try to tell you a capital story.

Abel Grave was a hard-working man, and his wife was a decent woman, and each was disposed to add to the comfort of the other; but, though they did all they could, they had a sad enemy to their peace, which often disturbed them. This enemy was a smoky chimney, which so continually annoyed them, that they were frequently as peevish as though they had a delight in provoking each other. When Abel came home at night, and would have enjoyed his meal in a clean house, and by a bright fire, he had to listen a long time to the complaints of his wife, who declared that to sit in such a smoke as she did, all day, was unbearable. Abel thought it bad enough to endure the smoky chimney, but to bear, at the same time, a scolding from his wife, for that which was not his fault, and which he knew not how to amend, tried him sadly, and many a half-hour did he sit brooding over his troubles, contriving how he should cure his smoky chimney.

One night, when the smoke was making its way in every direction, except up the chimney, and Abel was puzzling his brains and trying to hit upon some plan to lessen the evil, a neighbour of his, a slater, popped his head in at the door. "Abel," said he, "you are in a pretty smother; and so you are likely to be, until you place a slate or two at the top of your chimney, to prevent the wind from blowing down."

When his neighbour was gone, Abel Grave determined that, on the morrow, he would do as he had been advised, and put some slates on the top of his chimney.

By the time he had made this resolution, another neighbour, a glazier, made his appearance. "Master Grave," said he, "why your chimney gets worse and worse. I tell you what, you may try a hundred schemes, but none of them will do till you put a whirligig in your window. That is what you want, and you will have no peace till you get one."

"ABEL THOUGHT IT BAD ENOUGH TO ENDURE A SMOKY CHIMNEY, BUT TO BEAR AT THE SAME TIME A SCOLDING FROM HIS WIFE, TRIED HIM SORELY."

G. W. 10,000. 11-60.

Away went the neighbour, and Abel began to think about having a whirligig in his window; but was a little puzzled whether to try the whirligig or the clatter.

"Hallo! Abel," shouted a third neighbour, a bricklayer, who was passing by, "here is a pretty smother! I suppose you mean to smoke us all out."

"No, no!" said Abel, "I am tormented too much with the smoke myself, to wish to torment any body else with it; nobody knows what a trouble it is to use."

"Why now," replied his neighbour, "if you will only brick up your chimney a little closer, it will be cured directly. I was plagued just in the same manner, but a few bricks put all to rights, and now, I have no trouble with my chimney at all."

This account set Abel Grave off a wool-gathering once more; and whether to put slates at the top, to brick up chimney the bottom of the chimney, or to have a whirligig in the window, he did not know.

He mused on the matter before he went to bed, woke two or three times in the night, and pondered it over, yet, when he got up in the morning, he was as far from being decided as ever.

Just as he was about to set off to his work, old Abraham Ireland came by. Now, Abraham had the character of a shrewd, sensible, old man, which character he well deserved, so that he was often consulted in difficult cases.

Abel, as soon as he saw him, asked him to step in for a moment, which he willingly did. "I want your advice," said he, "about my chimney, for it is the plague of my very life,—it smokes so sadly."

"What have you done to it?" inquired old Abraham.

"Why as to that," replied Abel, "I have done nothing at all but fret about it, for this neighbour tells me to do one thing, and that neighbour tells me to do another. The slater says, 'Stick some slates at the top;' the glazier advises me to have a whirligig in the window; and the bricklayer says nothing will do but bricking up the chimney closer; and so, among such different opinions, I am more puzzled about it than ever."

"There may be some sense in what they all say," said Abraham, pondering the matter over, "and if I found it necessary, I would take the advice of all three. Suppose," said he, "you tried that first which is the easiest to do, put a slate or two at the top, and if that will not do, have a whirligig in the window, and if both of them will not cure the smoke, then brick up the chimney a little closer. The best thing to that of knowing what will cure a smoky chimney is, to know what will not cure it, and you are sure to find out one or the other."

No sooner was old Abraham gone, than Abel went in search of the slater, who, in an hour's time, had put the slates on the chimney-top. When Abel returned from his work at night, his wife told him that the house had not smoked quite so bad as it did before, but that, still, it was not fit for any human creature to live in.

Next morning, Abel went to the glazier, who, in the course of the day, put a ventilator in the window, which many people call a whirligig. This mended the matter surprisingly. Abel was pleased to find so much improvement; but as the smoke still did not go right up the chimney, he set off to the bricklayer, who, the following morning, bricked up the chimney a little closer, to make the draught quicker; so that when Abel came more refreshed home, he found a clean hearth, a bright fire, a good-tempered wife, and a house as little troubled with smoke as any house in the parish.

"Well, Abel," said old Abraham Ireland, who had called to know how the improvements were going on, "you and your wife are able to see one another now."

Abel told him what he had done, and that his chimney was quite cured.

"I am right glad of it," replied Abraham, very heartily; "and the next time you get into a difficulty, instead of wasting your time in fretting over it, and snarling with your wife, listen to the advice of others, weigh it in your mind, think on the more likely means to get rid of your trouble, and proceed directly to put it in practice; for this plan will cure a thousand troubles, quite as well as it will cure a smoky chimney."

There, I have told you my story, and I hope you will reap from it some advantage. It is a good thing to take advice from a prudent man, who can guard us from error, and assist us when in difficulty; but it is better thing still, to take advice from a heavenly Counsellor, who can guide us by his counsel, and bring us at last to his glory.

From GEO HUMPHREY'S *Addresses.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

during the Peninsula war, heard that a large store-house of wine lay on his line of march. He feared more for his men from barrels of wine than batteries of cannon, and instantly despatched a body of troops to knock every wine barrel on the head.

CALCUTTA.

CALCUTTA the capital city of Bengal, and the seat of Supreme Government of British India, is situated on the left or east side of the Hooghly; about 100 miles from the sea.

In the beginning of the last century Calcutta was only an insignificant village, inhabited by native husbandmen; and a great part of its present site was completely covered with jungle.

The town now extends for above six miles on the shores of the river; the average breadth is about two miles. The parts in which Europeans reside, are mostly occupied by handsome detached houses, built of brick and stuccoed with chunam, which gives them the appearance of marble palaces.

CALCUTTA, FROM THE WATER GATE OF FORT WILLIAM.

TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY.

EXTRACT from a letter by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, Chaplain General to the Forces, to the Rev. W. Carus Wilson; dated June 9th, 1857.—"I see no objection whatever to your delivering a lecture on temperance, or on any other subject which shall not awaken a spirit of religious or political controversy, in the school-room at Parkhurst. On the contrary, if you take Colonel Jeffrys and Mr. Hobson along with you, I anticipate great good from the proceeding, and shall be glad to hear that it has taken place. The plan of signing pledges and receiving tickets was tried, as you are aware, by a Roman Catholic priest a few years ago. It appeared to succeed for a while, but when the excitement of novelty wore off, men violated their pledges, and drunkenness is now as prevalent in Ireland as ever it was. Still, there is no mischief or any other reason against it; and the formation of temperance societies in regiments is by all means to be approved, because each member supports the other, and the whole are strengthened. But to start a great society of the kind, for the whole army, would be opposed both to the spirit and the letter of the Duke's order. Nor is it necessary. A few men like Sergeant Fraser in every regiment will be more instrumental in accomplishing this high object, by their quiet work, than a large and ostentatious association."

ANTHONY PURVER,

who made a translation of the Bible, was by trade, a shoemaker. He began to teach himself Greek and Hebrew, with a book before him, and his work on his last, in his lap. Whilst drawing the thread through the leather, was the opportunity which he embraced of lifting his eyes from his work to his book; and that portion of the time in which he was thus engaged in his humble vocation, was the interval for meditating on what he had read. Besides an innate and deep-rooted predilection for learning these languages, he possessed a strong memory and great perseverance, by which he was able to surmount many difficulties, which would have confounded a common mind.

The present bishop of Salisbury, one of the first Greek and Hebrew scholars of the day, has pronounced Purver's translation of the Bible, to be superior to all others, for closeness to the original.

From the most careful calculations, prepared by Captain Birch in 1837, the population is laid down at 229,705 actually residing in the city, which, added to the immense number dwelling in the suburbs, who daily pour in vast crowds to their occupations in the town, cannot allow us to estimate the whole at less than 400,000.

The population is divided into numerous classes, the Eurasians, or progeny of white fathers and native mothers; the Portuguese, the French, the Chinese, (almost all of these are shoemakers), the Armenians, the Jews, the Moguls, the Parsees, the Arabs, the Burmese, the Mahrattes, the native Christians, and the English.

The attention of strangers is much excited on first visiting Calcutta, by the number of vultures, kites, crows, and a species of crane, which, from its stately walk, has received the name of "adjutant."

These birds clear away the surplus food provided for Europeans, which is thrown at night into the streets, as it cannot be kept in that climate, and there are few poor persons to consume it, whose religious prejudices will allow of their doing so. The scavengers are assisted by numerous foxes, jackals, and wild dogs, from the neighbouring jungles, who prowl through the city at night, and whose plaintive howling produce a very unpleasing effect.

The markets are abundantly supplied with game, meat, fish, vegetables, and fruits, the whole of which are sold at moderate prices. Among the fish it one—the mango fish—which is described as a great luxury it has derived its name from the fact of its appearing in the river only at the season when the mangoes ripen. Fruits are furnished in an infinite variety, and of delicious flavour; pine-apples, melons, mangoes, oranges, guavas, peaches, loquats, and strawberries, are among the more usual descriptions.

Calcutta is the seat of the Supreme Court of Judicature for the Presidency of Bengal.

—*Geography of the British Empire.*

A CRY FROM INDIA.

AMONGST the cries of woe in India do we not hear a solemn appeal to the Christians of England—"You have not given India the Gospel; you have given the sepoys gunpowder, and taught them to fight, but you have failed to give them either the Bible or Christian teachers!" If God, in his mercy, should permit this fearful mutiny to be stayed, let us never forget that we owe a debt to the millions upon millions of our sable subjects. India wants the GOSPEL. Had Great Britain been faithful in years gone by in this respect, we should, in all probability never have had to mourn human probability never have had to mourn as we now have, over the slaughtered remnants of our poor countrymen and their families.

Mr. M'LAREN and Mr. Gustart, were both ministers of the Tolbooth church, Edinburgh. When Mr. M'Laren was dying, Mr. Gustart paid him a visit, and put the question to him, "What are you doing, my brother?" His answer was, "I'll tell you what I am doing, brother; I am gathering together all my prayers, all my sermons, all my good deeds, all my ill deeds; and I am going to throw them all overboard, and swim to glory on the plank of free grace."

DEAL HONESTLY.

"As you would that others should do to you, do you so to them."

Though fortune may deny to you
The store of wealth which some obtain,
Let all your acts be just and true,
By wicked fraud never seek for gain.

When with your fellow man you deal,
Let it be honestly and fair;
Both good and bad to him reveal,
And nothing but the truth declare.

Seek not by falsehood and deceit,
To gather store of gold or wealth,
For wrong will never make you great,
True greatness never came by stealth.

Do unto all as you desire,
That they should ever do to you,
And from another never require,
What you to them would never do.

This is the law you should obey,
A law by which we all should stand;
Then peace would have a lasting sway,
And friendship reign o'er all the land.

And God will for your wants provide,
With plenty crown your board;
For all who make this law their guide,
Receive abundance from the Lord.

THOMAS WHITAKER.

PHILIP HENRY'S ADVICE.

THE REV. PHILIP HENRY used to give two pieces of advice to his children and others in reference to marriage. One was, "Keep within the bounds of your profession." The other was, "Look at suitableness in age, quality, education, temper, &c." He used to observe from Gen. ii. 18 "I will make him an help-meet for him;" that where there is not meetness, there will not be much help.

He commonly said to his children, with reference to their choice in marriage, "Please God and please yourselves, and you shall never displease me;" and greatly blamed those parents who concluded matches for their children without their consent. He sometimes mentioned the saying of a pious gentleman, who had many daughters, "The care of most people is how to get good husbands for their daughters, but my care is to fit my daughters to be good wives, and then let God provide for them."

THE WIDOW'S SON;

OR, A NIGHT WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS.

(Continued from page 105.)

"I have much to fear—fear that I have been!" he murmured to himself as he paused at the door of her who was truly beloved by him with a most ardent and deep affection.

The servants showed him into the parlor, where sat old Mr. Lennox, who rose on his entrance, and received him with much kindness.

"You know for what I have come, Mr. R——," Lennox said, as soon as he was seated. "Do not, then, think me in suspense—I cannot bear it. Say, then, do you favour my suit?"

"It grieves me, my young friend, to say that I do not," Mr. R— replied, still kindly, and softened in a tone of affection.

"May I ask your reason, sir?" Alfred said, with a forced calmness.

"You have certainly a right to know the reason, Mr. Lennox; and, therefore, I do not feel at liberty to withhold it, much as it may pain me to utter the truth. For your talents I have great respect—my admiration. The general moral tone of your feelings, I like. Your father was one of my earliest and firmest friends. But your habits, sir! I dare not trust a man of your habits with my child!"

Alfred did not for a time attempt to reply. He was conscious that Mr. R— had good reasons for judging thus of him, although he felt that the judgment was a harsh one, and the danger apprehended, altogether out of the question. The fine impulse under the promptings of his wounded pride was to leave the house without another word, and thus abandon all hope of ever calling the hand of Florence his own. But his heart yearned toward her with too intense an affection thus to give her up, and without another effort.

"I admit, Mr. R——, he at length said, with forced calmness, "that from one or two things which have recently fallen under your observation, you are authorized to judge of me with a rigorous judgment; but you know under what circumstances at least one of those adventures occurred."

"I do, Mr. Lennox. But that only makes me the more fearful. Had there not been on your part a deliberate, premeditated, of drinking to excess, Mr. Balford would never have thought of tempting you. The success of his effect indicates the dangerous strength of that habit."

"But surely, Mr. R——," the young man urged, "you do not intend cutting me off at once from hope?"

"I do, Mr. Lennox," was the decided answer, "both myself and Florence have calmly weighed the subject, and our decided and positive conclusion is, not to accept your offer."

The young man rose slowly from his seat, and bowing low and silently, left the house, he made his way to a favorite resort, where he had never known. To drown this, he went to a tavern and drank to intoxication; it was a whole week ere he could, at all, draw a sober breath. What his mother suffered during that time, it would be vain to attempt to describe. Yet that the weight of her mental anguish rose almost to delirium, when news was brought to her, under the idea that her influence over her son would check his mad resolution, that he had challenged to mortal combat, the lawyer against whom he had recently carried the important case to which we have just alluded.

(To be continued.)

THE CENTENARY OF THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

THERE are no buildings in our island-home more interesting to the thoughtful mind than the lighthouses that rear their friendly heads upon the dangerous cliffs, the treacherous sands, or the awful rocks, that surround our native land. Our national bard called England, "a gem set in a silver sea," and our lighthouses are bright pendants that flash around our coasts, guiding or warning the storm-tossed mariner.

The history of the Eddystone is very interesting as a record of human enterprise, suffering, and success. Twelve miles to the eastward point of Whitsun Bay, off the

A FEW WORDS TO WOMEN ON COMMON THINGS.

coast of Devon and Cornwall, exposed to the full roll of the Atlantic, in a reef of sunk rocks, on which, for hundreds of years, many a good ship was wrecked. The seas that break over these grim monsters of the deep are so tremendous that no help could ever be given to shipwrecks that foundered there. At length an engineer named Winstanley, in 1696, created an edifice of wood and iron on the Eddystone, with a lantern at its summit. Every one said, "I should like to see the greatest storm that ever blew," replied Winstanley, "for I know my building would stand it." Vain boast! a storm arose that night, and on the following day no trace was descried of the ill-fated lighthouse. It was shattered to pieces—not a fragment left, and the architect shared its fate either in it or attempting to save it.

During that winter, a noble ship, homeward bound from India, was lost on these rocks, and then, as Englishmen are not to be overcome by difficulties, Mr. Rudyerd undertook to build another Eddystone Lighthouse. It was composed of wood and stone, and stood forty years. In 1755, some careless workmen making repairs set the building on fire. It was not discovered until they had left, and then the men who attended to the light, tried hard to save the building. They had to throw the wood into the basement, carry it up the tower, and throw it four yards above their heads. Of course they did not succeed in putting out the fire, and the building was entirely consumed; one of the men meeting his death in a very singular way. In looking up to the fire, the wind suddenly opened his mouth, and some molten lead went down his throat. He still worked on—the heavy old man of ninety years—but when all was over, and the ruin complete, he complained of being ill, and was taken in his bed to Plymouth Hospital. He statement about the lead was not believed, but the poor aged worker died, and on a *post-mortem* examination more than two ounces of lead was found in his stomach.

Immediately after the fire, Mr. Smeaton erected the present noble structure. It was completed in 1759. The architect studied nature, and imitated the base and shaft of an oak tree, in stone work, so strong that it seems like a part of the rock itself. Its height is more than 90 feet, and yet sometimes in a storm the waves break completely over the lantern.

The tragic story of the lighthouse did not cease with the creation of the present structure. For a time, two men only were appointed to keep it, and one of them died suddenly. His companion was unable for a boat to come to him, but it was stormy weather, and no boat could approach for days; the wretched survivor was afraid to attend the light without aid, and dared not go to rest at night, but had to endure the horror of being shut up with the decaying remains of his companion. He dared not commit the body to the deep, fearing he might be accused of murdering the man. At length after an interval of weeks! the weather permitted a boat to arrive, and the almost maddened survivor was relieved. From that time, three men have resided at the lighthouse.

A hundred years that graceful tower has stood firmly on its rocky base, breasted the foaming waves, and shed its friendly ray over the raging deep. In that time, how many lives it must have saved, how much suffering prevented, what vast prosperity preserved. We thank God for our rock-girt land, and the gleaming ocean that is at once Britannia's kingdom, and her safeguard.

"Ours are the realms no limits in their sway,
Our dog the sceptre all who meet obey."

but we bless God most of all for the great men who have been among us—not the least of whom are those, who, with wise brain have devised, and with skilful hand have erected our watchful and warning lighthouses.

The motto of the present lighthouse is this verse engraved on stone:—"Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it."—Ps. cxxvii. B.

WEDDING BELLS

By Mrs. Ellis.

"Father, I hear the bells ring out,
It is a wedding chime!
Hark! how the merry children shout,
Oh, what a happy time!
I must away—I cannot stay,
I want to see the bride;
The dresses too, so light and gay,
And all the folks beside."

"Stop, Mary—just one little word,
A whisper in your ear;
A wedding, I have sometimes heard,
Has less of joy than fear.
I wish not spoil a scene so gay,
Nor stop the pleasant laughter;
But Mary, 'tis not just the day,
It is what most follows after."

"Oh, Father, do not speak of fear,
Nor think of care and sorrow;
To-day, of all days in the year,
We dream not of to-morrow.
I know I have the bridegroom well,
A merry-hearted lad;
The drollest stories he can tell,
I never saw him sad.
He takes the world as already,
And kind I know he is;
So do not let us sit and sigh,
On such a day as this."

So Mary went to see the fun,
And oh, what fun it was!
With feasting rare for many a one,
And many tempting glass.
But she was not a hidden guest,
So slowly turned away,
Wishing within her maiden breast,
It was *her* wedding day.

She found her father rather dull,
Jarring with single voice;
And when the cup of joy seems full
Throw in a drop of care.
"He has forgotten," Mary thought,
"The pleasures of his youth."
She little knew how that day brought
Past times of love and truth.
How back upon his faithful heart,
Sweet memories crowded warm,
When love was not an acted part,
Nor joy an empty name.

The evening prayer at last was prayed,
The evening chapter read;
Yet still the old man lingering stayed,
Nor sought his lowly bed.
"Mary, my child," he softly spoke,
And smoothed her shining hair;
"Marriage may be a grievous yoke,
Too much for love to bear.
But Oh, my child, mistake me not,
'Mid all the life of life,
Mary, it is a blessed lot
To be a good man's wife."

Washing Day.

Of all the work that is done in a house, washing is the hardest and the most uncomfortable. Very few people like this work, and men often hate the sight of it. Yet everybody likes clean clothes. There can be neither health, comfort, nor decency without plenty of clean, wholesome linen. So the washing day is a domestic institution, and to wash well is a household duty. Yes, a duty, and therefore like all our duties must be promptly and cheerfully done. Let us enquire why it is that the washing day is so dreaded by every member in a poor man's family, particularly if they live in a city, or town, and have only a little house, or a small lodging? Why, because there's the toil, and the steam, and the damp, and the ill-temper, and the children in the way, and the husband coming home at night. Ah! he puts his weary head in at the door, and mutters, "what the washing not over yet?" and perhaps turns on his heel, and goes off to the nearest public house.

Ah! my dear reader, a little management would save most, if not all the discomfort of a washing day. First of all, so you have no help but your own pair of hands, you should *wash often*. If the dirty clothes are left unwashed for two or three weeks, there will be so many that you must toil all day, *and neglect every thing else* to finish your work, while if you kept the washing under, by doing it *often*, a few hours at most would begin and finish it. An active woman, who has the use of a copper, could in three or four hours wash as many clothes as herself, her husband, and three children would wear and use in a week.

Then a good housewife will begin her washing *early*. On that day it is worth while to rise at least two hours before the usual time, so that by the time the little family are wanting their breakfast, the best clothes will be boiling in the copper, and in two hours after, all will be hung on the lines to dry, and the place cleared up, and by the evening, with good management, everything will be finished, except perhaps the starched things, which are carefully damped and laid by, to be ironed on the following morning.

A good wife will have her washing day *regularly* fixed, and nothing but illness in the household will be allowed to put it off. Tuesday is a capital day. Then the clothes can be put to steep on the Monday night, and a great deal of labour saved, when at five o'clock on the next morning the work begins. These three rules, washing *often*, *early*, and *regularly*, would rob the washing day of half its plagues; but how do some people of your and my acquaintance manage, or rather mismanage? Why, they put off the washing day until they have not a single clean garment to wear, they never preserve the soiled clothes in a large, strong bag, but let them lie about until it is almost impossible to get them clean; and then for a long day until late at night, they are toiling and scolding over the work, and perhaps cannot finish it. Then these mismanagers generally begin into, and they fix no regular day. "I think I shall wash to-morrow," in their saying, until the week is nearly gone, and then they hurry over a "dab" wash, or call in a gossipping neighbour to help them, and all the house is confused and miserable. The husband comes home and finds, not a welcome, but a cross return, and so a quarrel, and it may be a drinking bout, ends the wretched, muddled washing day.

Reader are you a manager or a mismanager?

Cleaning Day.

Every working man's wife who has been reared in the country finds when she comes to live in a town, particularly if it be a manufacturing or very populous place, that the house and the clothes get dirty very soon, and that there must be much more cleaning than is needed in the country. Every day as it brings its dirt must bring its cleaning. A good housewife never lets her dwelling get absolutely dirty; by doing a little every day she keeps things in order, but there is a day set for the work which she calls her cleaning day specially. This day with most people is Saturday. Now it is not a good plan, my, it is a very bad plan to leave all the housework until Saturday. The home, when this is the plan, is not an orderly home. If the dirt of the week is left to accumulate, the hurried cleaning of one day will not suffice to make all bright and fair. There should be careful sweeping and dusting, stove and hearth-cleaning every day. This is as much a part of the work which should be made, and the children washed, and the meals served every day.

Mending Day.

Every woman should know how to work well at her needle. Our mothers and grandmothers might not have done much knitted, or Berlin wool, or bead work; but they could do beautiful and strong plain work. In our schools the girls are not so often taught the plain use of their needle as they should be. Many can do ornamental work, who cannot do plain work. Now mothers must look to that. They must practice themselves and teach their children to make and mend their own clothes. It a girl can work well at plain needlework, that fancy work might be allowed as a reward and a treat; but if a mother is a woman of sense, she will have no fancy stitch taught to her girls until they can sew, hem, darn, run, stitch, and make button holes. These are the really valuable stitches.

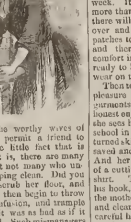
In a house where there is a regular washing day, the mending comes just after as regularly as noon follows morning. It is a good plan to have a mending day every week. It need not be a whole day any more than the washing or cleaning day, but there will be a basket of stockings to look over and mend, buttons, and strings, and patches to be put to body and house linen, and there's very great satisfaction and comfort in seeing these things all neat and ready to be laid out on Saturday night for wear on the Sabbath Day.

Then to a right minded woman there is a pleasure in turning and contriving, new garments out of old ones; what a glow of honest enjoyment is on the motherly face as she sees her little girl tripping to Sunday school in the neat frock made out of the turned skirt of her one smart gown, carefully saved and now put to this good use at last. And her boy's nice white collar made out of a cutting of linen left from her husband's shirt. Talk of an author being proud of his book, or a painter of his picture, why the mother who sees her little ones all bright and clean, neatly clothed in the work of her careful hands is happier far.

Ah! my good friend, mending, and making, and shaping, and contriving, are a part, and a very great part of your sacred duty as a wife and mother. Practice them, and teach them to your children. Both boys and girls should learn to use their needle and be able to sew on a button or put on a patch. When Moffat, the celebrated missionary was in South Africa, far from any help, he was thankful his good mother had taught him to sew and to knit, but for these he would not have had clothes to cover him. Ah! and not the good missionary only. How different is the appearance of the family when the mother can use her needle well. Three times the money spent on the silk or flatterly the woman's household, will not make them look half so well.

All honour then to the needle and the many comforts it brings to the home of the working man.

Mrs. C. L. Balfour.



My kind readers, the worthy wives of British workmen, will permit a friend to point out to them one little fact that is often overlooked—that is, there are many women who clean, but not many who understand the art of keeping clean. Did you never know a woman scrub her floor, and day up her room, and then begin to throw all the things into confusion, and trample over the place until it was as bad as if it had never been cleaned. Such mismanagers generally are seized with an industrious fit about an hour before their husband returns from work, and when he comes in the floor is wet, and the evening meal not ready, and all looks miserable. Now the proper time for thorough cleaning up, is as soon as the breakfast things are washed away. There are two good morning hours often filled away in gossip, when two rooms might be neatly swept and dusted, and everything put in its place before the cooking need begin. It this plan were adopted every day, the house would never be dirty. And after every meal the table and cooking utensils should be carefully washed, for nothing is so muddled and miserable as leaving the table uncleared.

I have heard people speak of "clearing up a little day," and a very good plan it is in all matters.

* Nothing has been said here about the public washhouses which are so great a comfort to many living in towns, because all neighbourhoods have not these conveniences. Neither have new plans of washing been named, because by this time all have heard of, and most have tried these plans for themselves. Whether the washing is done at home or at the public washhouse, on the new or old plan, the above hints will be useful.

[We have much pleasure in informing the Wives and Daughters of our readers, that one of the most popular writers of the day, has kindly undertaken to write a tale, specially for them, entitled, "The Widow Green and her Three Nieces." The first chapter will appear in the next number.]

CAUTION!

WORKING MEN! The American panic is causing a fearful commercial crisis in our country. Many masters will be compelled to work "short time." Thousands of industrious men may be thrown out of work altogether. Husband your resources! Save your "beer and 'bacca" money.* You will need it for "beef and bread" this winter. WORKING MEN'S WIVES! spend nothing in "folly and finery" this Christmas. Put all you can into the Savings' Bank. Be prepared for a "rainy day," and the storm will be felt the lighter. Many unemployed families will need your helping hand. Act wisely, and put your trust in God.

UNCLE JOHN.

* It is estimated that not less than twelve millions of money are spent by the working man in the United Kingdom in "beer and tobacco," during the four winter months, *i.e.*, about twice as much as the entire Poors' Rates for a whole year!

"I've toiled through many a weary day,
In winter's rain and sleet;
Over many a mile I've trod my way,
In summer's burning heat.
I know the world, its storms and strife,
Its struggles! I have tried;
And more I've prized my virtuous wife,
Than once my blooming bride.
There is so much to tempt and prove,
So much that's hard to do;
It needs the help of heavenly love,
To bear us safely through.

"It is not pleasure for a day,
Nor laughter for an hour,
That keeps the pace of want away,
Or misery from the door.
Thy mother, Mary, she was one
Who early sought the Lord;
And when her daily work was done,
She read her faithful word.

"When my poor soul was sorely pressed
With weariness and woe;
She laid my head upon her breast,
And would not let me go.
'Till prayer had brought us some relief,
Some message from above,
To still the cry of human grief,
With a dear Saviour's love.
Time went and misery lent their sting,
And daily cares its sting;
Oh, Mary—it is a solemn thing,
To be a poor man's wife.

"Yet, fear not child. The simplest fare
When peace sits at the board;
And faithful hearts united share
In labour's just reward;
The kindly word that love knows how
In timely hour to speak;
The honest hand, the fearless brow,
The shine unbiased cheek;
These joys can shed perpetual spring
Around the lowliest life.
Oh, Mary, 'tis a happy thing
To be a true man's wife."

" When my poor soul was sorely pressed
With weariness and woe;
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A WISE CAPTAIN.

"My lads," said a captain, when about to take command of a ship, and reading his orders on the crew on the quarter-deck, "there is one favour I will ask of you, and which, as a British officer, I expect will be granted by a crew of British seamen. What say you, my lads? Are you willing to grant your new captain one favour?"

"Ay, Ay," cried all hands, "let's know what it is, sir."

"Well, my lads, it is this—that you must allow me to swear *the first oath* in this ship. No man on board must swear on oath before I do. I am determined to swear the *first* oath on board. What say you, my lads, will you grant me this favour?"

The men stared, and stood for a moment quite at a loss what to say. "They were taken all aback," one said; "they were brought up all standing," said another.

The appeal seemed so reasonable, and the manner of the captain so kind and prepossessing, that a general burst from the ship's company answered, "Ay, Ay, sir," with their usual three cheers, and swearing was thus abolished in the ship.

PRIZES—VALUE £10.

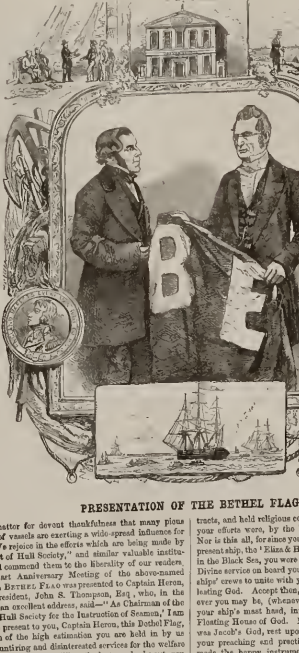
KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

By the liberality of two gentlemen, we are enabled to offer three Prizes of £5, £3, and £2, for the three best Essays (in prose or rhyme) on "The advantages of promoting KINDNESS TO ANIMALS."

CONDITIONS, &c.

1.—No ESSAY must contain more than 5000 words.
2.—Must be written in a legible handwriting, on one side of the paper only.
3.—The Competitors are desired to introduce ANECDOTES, (original or selected), illustrative of the good effects of kindness, particularly to horses, dogs, and donkeys.
4.—As the inducement to WORKING MEN to become competitors, it has been resolved that if any of the Prizes should be gained by WORKING MEN, the amount of the Prizes shall in such cases be *doubled*.
5.—The successful Essays to be the property of the Editor of the "British Workman," for the purpose of publication.
6.—The Essays to be sent to not later than 1st February, 1858, to the Editor of the *British Workman*, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnbury Park, London. (N.)

N.B.—If possible, the award will be made in June, 1858. Unsuccessful Essays will be returned in July on application, and on the enclosure of postage stamps.



PRESENTATION OF THE BETHEL FLAG.

It is a matter for devout thankfulness that many pious captains of vessels are exerting a wide-spread influence for good. We rejoice in the efforts which are being made by the "Port of Hull Society," and similar valuable institutions, and commend them to the liberality of our readers. At the last Anniversary Meeting of the above-named Society, a BETHEL FLAG was presented to Captain Heron, by the President, John S. Thompson, Esq., who, in the course of an excellent address, said—"As Chairman of the 'Port of Hull Society for the Instruction of Seamen,' I am desired to present to you, Captain Heron, this Bethel Flag, as a token of the high estimation you are held in by us for your untiring and disinterested services for the welfare of your fellow-seamen. When the last war broke out, you were called to pilot a ship-of-war, in the Baltic. During such time you held prayer meetings on board, distributed tracts, and held religious conversations with the crew, and your efforts were, by the blessing of God, not in vain. Nor is this all, for since you have had the command of your present ship, the 'Eliza & Hester,'* and during your sojourn in the Black Sea, you were in the constant habit of having Divine service on board your ship, and you invited other ships' crews to unite with you in the service of the everlasting God. Accept then, this Bethel Flag, and wherever you may be, (whenever it is possible) let it float at your ship's mast head, inviting Sailors to come to your Floating House of God. May the blessing of Him, who was Jacob's God, rest upon you, and may you, both by your preaching and practice, on shore and on board, be made the happy instrument, in the hands of God, in reclaiming many of your brethren who go down to the sea in ships, and do business on the mighty waters."

* Now of the "Wesley" steamer, trading between Russia and Hull.

"JACK GODFREY'S DOG;" OR THE BRUTE WISER THAN HIS MASTER.

About one and twenty years ago, at the wharf of a well-known coal merchant on the Surrey side of the water, there worked a man, named John Godfrey. This man owned a dog, which was in the habit of accompanying his master on his visits to the public-house, which he were frequent. This dog was taught by his master (who *ought* to have known better,) to drink malt liquor, and the animal became so used to it, that he would not leave the public-house without it. On one occasion when John Godfrey and one of his companions visited a beer-shop, in Gibson Street, Waterloo Road, his companion said, "Jack, let us make the dog drunk!" This was agreed upon; more than the usual quantity of liquor was given to the animal, which had the desired effect. On reaching the house where his master lodged, the poor animal could not second the man's leading to his master's room; but kept rolling down as fast as he got up. This afforded much amusement to Jack Godfrey and his companion. But the poor dog, who lived five years after this occurrence, as if to mark his detestation of the worse than useless draught, *would never a'terwards taste it*, but used to show his teeth and snarl, every time a publican's pot was presented to him. John Godfrey died in Lambeth Workhouse, the inside of which he would probably have never had, had he followed the example of his poor dog. His companion continued for some time the degrading habit of getting intoxicated, and was often injured by his wife, with "You have not half the sense of Jack Godfrey's dog; that poor beast would not touch the filthy stuff after once feeling its ill effects!"

At length this companion signed the pledge, and remained firm to it; he became a respectable member of society, and afterwards joined a Christian church, of which he has now been a member for more than eighteen years. He related this circumstance to me himself, and not long since I heard him repeat it at one of the monthly meetings of the Band of Hope connected with the church of which he is a member.

129, *Albany Road, Camberwell.* JAMES CLARKE.

WEEKLY SAVINGS; OR, THE ORATEFUL MECHANIC.

THE REV. ROBT. MAGUIRE, the newly appointed Incumbent of Clerkenwell, has taken a most lively interest in promoting the welfare of the working classes, particularly by open-air services. He has his reward.

A mechanic recently waited upon Mr. M., to return his thanks for the happy change effected in his family.

"Sir," said the man, "I found that I could not hear your preaching, and go on drinking. I gave up the drinking, and I find that I am four shillings and six-pence in *socket* every week, and both myself and my family all the happier for it. Instead of going to the public-house at night, I now go *home*."

TO OUR READERS.

In completing the third year of our labours, we have to thank our numerous friends for their hearty and persevering help.

It is right, however, to state that we have not had the pleasure of seeing a single month's receipts from the sale of the publication, equal to the expenditure for engravings, paper, printing, advertising, postage, &c. The loss incurred has now reached a considerable amount. We name this fact for the purpose of urging our friends to continue their efforts for still further increasing the circulation.

We are gratified to find that in many places small "Working Committees" are being formed for the purpose of canvassing from house to house for new subscribers. In Leeds, one of these Committees has recently secured 500 new subscribers! If such efforts are made generally, during the ensuing month, we shall (D. V.) commence our labours in the new year with increased HOPE.

For the assistance of those who desire to lend us a helping hand, we have compiled several "HINTS *and* SUGGESTIONS *for extending the circulation of* THE BRITISH WORKMAN," *copies of which we shall be happy to forward on application.*

That all our readers may have a happy Christmas is the prayer of their

Friend and well-wisher,
THE EDITOR.

3, Cambridge Terrace,
Barnbury Park, London. (N.)

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received numerous communications, some of which we hope to notice in our next.

REV. A. L. GORDON'S POEMS. Just as we are going to press, Mr. Gordon informs us that he has awarded his prizes as follows:—

I.—"Wisdom and mirth are akin."
II.—"The law of our Lord is perfect, converting the soul."
III.—"Man's wrongs redress—his rights defend,
The heart to God submissive bend;
Heed not the World's selfish frown,
Press onward, upward, win the Crown."

To the authors of the Essays so indicated, and in the above order, the prizes of £5, £3, and £10 are assigned. Further particulars may be seen in the *Christian Cabinet* of Nov. 11th.

ALL ORDERS to be addressed to *the Publishers, Messrs. Partridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London. (E.C.)*

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS to be addressed to the *Editor, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnbury Park, London. (N.)*

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BRITISH WORKMAN

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THE NEW YEAR.

How rapidly year after year passes away! Every succeeding *year appears* to pass away *more rapidly* than the preceding one.

> Our life is a dream, our time, as a stream,
> Glides swiftly away,
> And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

The old year has been a most eventful one for Great Britain, and the new year on which we have now entered is doubtless "pregnant with great events."

To not a few employers, and to thousands of the working classes, it is likely to be a trying period.

Numerous factories, each employing hundreds of hands, are now either on "short time" or are altogether standing. Many honest and industrious artisans and their families are feeling the pangs of bitter hunger, and compelled to seek relief from others. We are thankful to know that many of our readers have by their frugality got a few pounds put by in the Savings' Bank against the "rainy day." Let all who can, lend a helping-hand to those in need—remembering that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

Let us, in this our commercial trial, contess and forsake our national and individual sins, and seek consolation in Christ, the only refuge in distress.

May it be said of Great Britain as of ancient Israel, "When they *in their trouble* did turn to the LORD GOD of Israel, and sought Him, *He was found of them.*" If this be so, it shall yet prove a "happy new year!"

THE CRUCIBLE;

OR, "LET US SEE WHAT IT HAS IN IT."

BY THE LATE GEORGE MOGRIDGE, ESQ.

CHAPTER IV.

The Greenwich Pensioner.

AND so, Mr. Pensioner, you are come to be tried in the crucible. We thought it likely that some veteran was approaching us when we head the sound of your wooden leg in the passage.

H. MELLAY. J. Knight

GROUP OF GREENWICH PENSIONERS.

You have been in the calm and the storm—you have endured toil and danger. You have fought larboard and, starboard, and stood the fire of the enemy, and yet on this you are not afraid of the crucible. We should not have put you in it except at your own request, but as you have a taste for it we will not oppose your inclination.

Be not afraid of injuring your clothes, or dulling the shine of your bright buttons. "True blue," they say, "never stains," and our crucible hurts nothing that is what it ought to be. If you happen, however, to be a swearer, a Sabbath-breaker, or a drunkard, it will neither cleanse your coat nor your skin, so have a care!

This last alarms you, does it? Is so you are going to take off your coat, and intend to go into the crucible without it. A prudent plan, if you are given to vice or folly, or are often heard "half cursing."

You need not unstrap your wooden leg, for that is not likely to be injured. You must not go in without it. It will help to support you in the crucible. The fire of our furnace never kindles for a bodily infirmity, nothing occasioned by sin or folly. You can spin long yarns and relate stories of sea fights, and most people would listen attentively to the old tar like you, though they say that some of you are apt to "go for too much," and to colour the scenes you describe too highly.

Though old and crippled, you are yet a fine looking fellow, and your brown face and heart-whole. *Age* has not quenched the spirit that dared the battle and the breeze.

There was good fleurishing he rocked but above his bald head, and harrying until his cracked voice is drowned in the crucible.

* * * * * *

These blue-coated, brass buttoned ancient gentlemen did thunderbolts of war seem to think that great guns, gunpowder, and boarding pikes are among the most necessary elements of human affairs, and that to cease the head of an enemy, or to lose a leg or an arm in mortal strife with his, is the most meritorious action a man can perform. Our crucible will hardly accommodate him in this opinion. He will, of course the position, that to forgive an injury is better than to revenge it, and to save a life far better than to destroy it.

But there is something to be said for Greenwich Pensioners. Many, if not most of them, were very ignorant when they first trod the deck of a man-of-war, and the navy is but a poor school of morality. When they were young, swearing and drinking were thought even less of than they are now, and if a sailor obeyed his officers and fought bravely, his duties were thought to be well performed. If a man could nimbly mount the rattings, take to a sail, drink, sing, dance a hornpipe, and fight like a tiger, he was an accomplished sailor. His duty to God was overlooked, and death, judgment, eternity, hell, and heaven were left altogether to the chaplain.

British tars are not without good qualities, and the courage, obedience, openheartedness, and generosity have won for them a good name, but an upright man's credit for what is commendable, we must not pass by their faults. It was laid enough by punch to drink freely, to swear terribly, to breathe nothing but revenge towards their enemies, and to care nothing about eternity—but to continue this course now they are bald or grey-headed is worse and worse.

We must now have a word with our pensioner who is stumping his way from the crucible. Well, my hearty! how fares it with you? But we need not ask, for we have if you had gone through the ducking ceremony in cruising the line, or had fished up "cutting out the enemy's coop," and just left a war prison, hardly could you look more chop-fallen. You found no one in the crucible to listen to your long yarns of broadsides and boarding; no one to drink and sing with you, and none to roar out, "HONEYCOMB and DEWDROP, and HAVE AN NALSON FOR EVER!" Well! never mind! for all this, your visit to the crucible may do you good.

Listen a moment to us, for you have made a few mistakes in your reckoning, and, what is a mistake, and a great deal more than a mistake to lead a drinking, swearing, boasting, careless life. It was your aim to fear war better than peace, and instead of regretting the miseries of a battle, to rejoice at the destruction of your enemies. It was wrong to make gods of your admirals, instead of worshipping the Almighty Maker of heaven and earth, who says, "*Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.*" High time it is that you should take another course.

You may live ten years longer, but you may also be called away from the world in ten hours. Death is this. There is no enemy at hand. You look as if you were ready to meet him, but the enemy that I mean is Death, and he cares little for the roar of great guns. You cannot conquer him with a boarding pike and a cutlass. After death will come the judgment, and eternity must be passed in sorrow or in joy. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23. You are near death; prepare for it, that when flesh and heart fail you, God may be the strength of your heart and your portion for ever, and as you are a sinner, seek the Saviour, that you may share his peace here, and his presence and glory hereafter.

A MEMBER OF THE "TRY" COMPANY.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following letter:—

Sailors' Home, Well Street, London, July 6th, 1857.

Sir,—Please excuse the liberty I have taken in writing to you. As I have just returned from a long voyage, I think it right that I should let you know that in the month of May, 1856, I received from Mr. Groves, who had been a coal-whipper on the river, some tracts to read on the voyage, amongst which were some copies of the *British Workman*, and while reading the account of "Jack and his Lump" and other tracts, I thought that I would "try" for myself, and abstain altogether from drinking. I feel much pleasure in saying that *I have been the whole of the voyage without.* Visiting the Falkland Isles, Valparaiso, and Callao, I performed all the labour of loading our vessel with guano much better than if I had taken strong drink; the best of all is, I received my wages in full, and can now with pleasure go and see my widowed mother, and brother, and sister, a day's journey from Hamburgh; and I shall be able to go home sober and happy. I write this, sir, hoping that the *British Workman* may be the means of bringing many hearty tars into the path of sobriety, and like "Jack" be able to take care of their money.

I am, your humble servant,
WILLIAM PEETZ.

"FATHER DOES IT."

THERE is no wonder if some do it too. If father reads the newspaper on the Sabbath, John will be likely to want his toy-box. If father drinks a dram, or utters an oath, the little ones are in a fair way to do the same. If father pollutes his lips with an ugly word, it will go down in regular course to the barn and the kitchen. On the other hand, if father reads his Bible every morning and bends his knees in prayer, his children will never forget it.

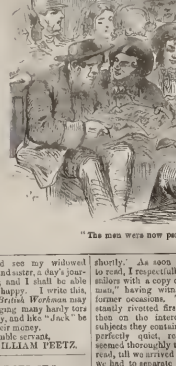
EFFECT OF A SINOLE TRACT.

A POOR pedlar, a humble but zealous Christian, stopped at the house of a rich man, and trembingly knocked at the door. The master himself came and purchased a tract, called the "Broad Road," by Dr Sibbs. He threw it carelessly aside, and thought no more of it, but the Lord had destined it for an important end. The pedlar despised tract the rich man's son saw and read, and by the Spirit's power, it became to him the "broad road" to heaven; that son was the celebrated Richard Baxter, who wrote the "Saint's Rest." But the conversion of one soul does not end there; that soul is much concerned for the souls of others, and seeks for others what the Lord would have him to do, and in a variety of ways, his influence spreads, and the little leaven leavens a whole lump. Baxter is dead, but he has left us his "Saint's Rest," which was the means of converting Dr. Doddridge. That good man died, but the candle fell on others, and the leaven did not fail, for he has left us his "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," and that conveyed the flame to that holy politician and zealous Christian —Wilberforce. He also died; but his influence was not extinguished, for his "Practical View of Christianity" communicated divine light to Leigh Richmond, who gave lives in his "Dairyman's Daughter" and other works, to convey comfort, and perhaps conviction, to many hearts; all who lived in his "Dairyman's Daughter" and other works, to convey comfort, and perhaps conviction, to many hearts; all who *lived in one "small tract."* Surely God chooses the weak things of this world to confound the strong; and when, in the realms of unfading felicity, these blessed spirits meet, how will they praise and adore God for his love in thus appointing them to be the messengers and ministers of His mercy to each other's souls, and to multitudes yet unborn.

A RAILWAY INCIDENT.

An esteemed correspondent from Darlington writes us as follows:—

"Travelling by railway from Darlington to Leeds one morning, and after getting into the train at the former station, about half an hour before daylight, my wife and I found ourselves seated amidst a gang of rude, uproarious sailors, on their way from Sunderland to Hull. Their vociferous ribaldry and shaky language were very alarming to the rest of the passengers, which included six ladies. A gentleman in the next compartment turned and said to me, 'You have got into strange company here.' I answered, 'Do not be alarmed, I have something that will make them all quiet



"The men were now perfectly quiet, reading attentively."

horrid dealer, 'here's a sovereign towards it, if my fellow passengers will make up the rest.'

"The prisoner on seeing there was a chance of his being set at liberty, appeared to melt, and over his bronze cheeks the tears stole one after another, which, (spite of his handcuff and chain) he wiped away with his sleeve. Each passenger contributed—*the reason was used Jonas*—and when the prisoner got at liberty, he, poor fellow, as fairly melted down and sobbed like a child.

"I had time to say a word of caution to him as to the future, and the earnestness with which he said 'I'll never touch a drop of that stuff as long as I live,' I shall not readily forget.

"I had a copy of the *British Workman* in my pocket which I gave him, and which he promised to get his *wife* to read to him, for he *was no scholar.*

"The rest of the story is soon told—almost before the handcuffs were removed, a scream of the wheels announced that we were nearing the Tauntonstation, where, instead of walking out on the platform to be exposed as a *prisoner* to the gaze of the crowd, and from thence to learn by experience the degradations of a gaol, he walked out free man, and, doubtless, within a few hours returned to his gladdened and astonished wife."

Thus was the poor drunkard snatched from probably the first step to ruin. If his eye meets these lines, let a friend intent him to resolve in prayer for Divine strength to keep the vow, never again to touch the poisoned bowl. "There's death in the pot!"

Yours sincerely,
37, Great Ormond St. J. B. OWEN.

A TRIBUTE TO PRINCIPLE.

A GREEN-GROCER who set up in business in a western suburb of London, determined to chop God's law and keep the Sabbath day holy. People said he would not be able to stand his ground, but he replied, "I will not lose my soul to gain a trade." He had a struggle, but he found that in time many families came to deal with him who were not pious people, and he once ventured to ask the servant of a rather ungodly foreign family, "whether her employers had been well served at the fruiterers they had left?" and the young woman answered, "Why, master had no confidence in the other people. He said, if a man had a principle in one thing he would in another, and as you were willing to lose for your religion, you must be conscientious, so that is the reason they deal with you."

SMOKING.

WHAT EXCESS IN SMOKING IS.

LET it be granted at once that there is such a thing as moderate smoking, and let it be admitted that we cannot accuse tobacco of being guilty of the whole of Colleen Bawn's tragedy, it still remains that there is a long catalogue of frightful penalties attached to its abuse. Let us briefly recapitulate.

1. To smoke early in the day is *excess.*

2. As people are generally constituted, to smoke more than one or two pipes of tobacco, or one or two cigars daily, is *excess.*

3. *Youthful* indulgence in smoking is excess.

4. There are physiological inductions, which, occurring in any individual case, are criticism on excess. We cannot, from a desire to see the habit of smoking diminish, and we entreat *the youth* of this country to abstain altogether. Let them give up a dubious pleasure for a certain good, ten years hence we shall receive their thanks.

THE LANCET.

ILLUSTRATED HAND-BILLS.

(Compiled by the Editor of the British Workman.)

NOS. 1 to 50 of these Hand-bills *(printed on paper of the same size as this)* may be had. They are suitable for general distribution. They embrace Religion, Sabbath Observance, the Sacred Scriptures, Temperance, Peace, Kindness to Animals, Truthfulness, Swearing, War, Smoking, &c., &c. Sold in packets, containing 50 Handbills, price Sixpence, *post free.*

THE WATER OF LIFE.

BY H. ROWLAND BROWN.

"HO! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," Isa xxv 1.

THERE is a stream, a fearful stress m, polluted and accursed,
Fear which men strive to satisfy he spirit's parching thirst.
They mock with scornful lips, the kind Physician always near,
And seek a cordial of the world their sad feelings to cheer:
They taste a deadly poison, though bright it seems to be,
And labelled with a tempter's craft, the *Genuine Eau de Vie.*"
But oh! how soon the treacherous draught reveals its fatal bowers;
See! how it withers in the soul, the angel's sweetest flowers,
Love, peace, and purity, and joy, oh! see how they depart,
To leave to a consuming fire the poor desolate heart.
How many a young wife's burning tear, it makes in vain to flow,
How many a mother's breaking heart it made its curse to know,
How many a bright and happy home the poison has doubled,
And oh! how many a trusting one its influence beguiled.
Beware, then, brothers, of a name, that glides a counterfeit,
For many a sweet is bitter ctll'd, and many a bitter sweet!
But still, I hear the thirsting cry, "Oh! give, give me to drink!"
Stay, weary, fainting brother, stay, oh! pause awhile and think,
Where? there is a counterfeit there must be something real,
Go, strive to grasp reality, to heaven for help implore,
Yes, yes, there is "a well of life," which none shall seek in vain,
Oh! drink of the waters drink, "shall never thirst again."
Think of that sweet, delicious draught!—what! think on what is sure?
Shall all our longings after love and earthly gain be over?
Shall thought with many a sorrow dark our spirits are opressed,
Is there a cordial that can soothe our griefs and cares to rest?
Yes, there shall be no thirst for thee—but sweet, serene repose!
Yes, there shall be no "a wilderness, shall blossom like the rose."
No scorching rays of passion's sun, no cold or blighting frost,
No bitter frosts of hate or scorn, the sacred fount shall freeze,
For there shall be a well within, unmoved by earthly strife,
Refreshing every heart with thoughts of everlasting life!

* EAU DE VIE, is the French name for Brandy; this expressive *literally* translated, signifies the "Water of Life."

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL!

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah hath triumph'd, His people are free
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting, the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen were plunged in the wave:
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah hath triumph'd, His people are free.
Praise to the Conqueror, Oh praise to the Lord,
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those who went forth in the hour of her glory?
For the Lord hath look'd down from His pillar of glory,
And scattered her chariots and horsemen were dashed in the tide,
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah hath triumph'd His people are free.

"How beautiful upon the mountains, are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth!"

"Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem; for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.—Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!"

SYMPATHY.—Any man with the hardest heart, who has quietly and comfortably in bed in the blast of a wintry night, must pity the poor seaman at the mast head in the gloomy dark, amidst the raging elements of wind and water, where one false step hurries into death, and would do what he could to render his situation comfortable, and not leave him to the wide world to shift for himself, as he is obliged to do at present, if he has been called upon only to come into the world and perish. Let sympathy be awakened in your heart, and I believe that Providence will record that sympathy with a more than usual blessing.

THOMAS CLARKSON.

THE WIDOW GREEN, AND HER THREE NIECES.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT BECAME OF THE WIDOW'S HOUSE AND GARDEN.

In a pleasant little village, situated far from any town, lived the widow, whose name was Green, and she is the following story. *Jenny* Green, this good woman liked best to be called; for as she often said, when she was young, people were not ashamed to be known by their own names. So she often asked her neighbours to call her Jenny instead of Mistress; and as for being called *Widow* Green, that, she said, only reminded her of her heavy loss—a subject she did not want to hear about from every body's lips. Jenny Green then we will call our friend—at least sometimes; for she was a little above the common order of working women, and really looked so respectable, and had so nice and comfortable a house, that many people would have felt quite ashamed to call her Jenny.

This house, if we could describe it clearly, would make a good wish for those like it, and perhaps you might have one very much more like it than you have, because the chief reason why it looked so pretty, and so pleasant, was that the mistress herself had many pleasant thoughts, and pretty ways. In the first place, there was very clean; in the second, she was very industrious; in the third, she was very quiet; in the fourth, she was very kind; and in the fifth, she was very good.

But the house, after all, was only a thatched cottage, not at all remarkable in itself, and was not particularly convenient either. It had four rooms, two below and two above, with a small washhouse at one end of the back door, and a small pantry on the other. That, you see, is a good sized house, though the rooms were small but very deeply is it to be regretted, that any English cottage should be built smaller than this. For here a man can scarcely bring up a family in any comfortable and decent way, with only two rooms, it is difficult to understand.

Jenny Green's cottage then had on each side of the door a nice bright window kept very clean; and all round these windows and up to the thatch itself, she had trained a variety of creeping plants, such as climbing roses and jasmines, for she was very fond of sweet smells, and preferred such flowers as want a pleasant perfume into the house. There was a low clipped hedge along that side of the garden which lay in front of the cottage, and through this you entered by a neat little gate, passing along a narrow gravel walk up to the door. On either side of this walk, was a bed of flowers, so gay, and so beautifully trimmed and kept, that the traveller in passing by, often stopped to look at them, and no doubt thought how pretty it must be very nice family living in that pretty place. Behind, and at one side of the house, were a few healthy fruit trees, which gave it a sheltered appearance; and besides these, there was a well-stocked kitchen garden, with all sorts of useful produce for the table, and a neat bit of land belonging to it, and it was all Jenny's own. Happy woman! perhaps some one said exclaim. Ah! but it only became hers when her husband died, and that was paying a heavy price for it, for he was an honest kind hearted man, and she had lived together very happily, until the accident which brought on a painful illness, under which he lingered many years.

Again, I think I hear you exclaim, "Ah! I know the secret of Jenny's house being so neat and so pretty; she has no children to make dirt, and trouble." There again you are not quite right, for she is just at this moment washing the face, neck, and arms of a little girl before she goes to bed, who cries as loudly as any of your children do, and kicks a little too. Jenny does not give up for all that. No, she holds her very fast, says little, but keeps soaping and washing away, until the child is made quite clean and nice, and when her little white night-gown is put on, she would a look very sweet and lively creature, were it not for the pouting lips, and frowning brow which cannot be got rid of all at once. All this while, you will observe, Jenny has had the little, only held the child so firmly, that it must have felt what a strong arm she had, and how much more powerful than its strength.

But now that the child is taken up stairs, and laid in the clean white bed, and cries no more, Jenny sits down upon the bed, looking very grave and very sorry. It is her custom to read a chapter in the Bible, and pray with the child before it goes to sleep; but she waits until the angry temper has passed away, and sometimes has to wait a good while. So you see Jenny has the trouble of one child at least, though that is not her own, only her niece, but in all respects cared for and loved as much as if it was her own.

During the latter part of her husband's life, Jenny had been under the necessity of having some one to help her in the house; and for this purpose, she usually took some young girl who had just left school, but was not quite prepared for service. And very anxious all the mothers round about were that their daughters should have a year, or even a month at Mrs. Green's; for they found, after the girls had been a little while under her training, they could generally get them a better place, so highly was the widow esteemed as an excellent manager. On the death of her husband, Mrs. Green thought the time had come when she might indulge a favourite wish of her heart, by adopting a little niece, the daughter of an only sister, who had died at the time of its birth. She was very fond of children, and having none of her own, and feeling rather lonely in her quiet cottage by herself, she was extremely glad when the father of this child willingly gave it up, entirely to her care, to bring up and provide for as her own. Indeed it seemed always necessary to Jenny Green that she should have some thing to love and care for, and she was never so happy as when she had reason to believe that she was doing somebody good.

Although we have said that little Mary Gardener, for that was the name of the child, had a temper, and could resist what she ought to submit to, she was, upon the whole a very nice little girl, and, strange to say, liked exceedingly to be clean and tidy, though, as we have seen, she did not like the only means by which she could be made clean. Her aunt used to say it reminded her of some people who talk as if they want very much to get to Heaven, but don't like to take the only road by which there is any chance of getting there.

Little Mary, being a good girl in general, and very fond of her aunt, these two lived happily together for some years in the pleasant cottage; for the widow had now sufficient means for both to live upon in great comfort, though not without the practice of considerable economy. But by denying herself many things that would have been very pleasant, yet were not necessary, and by doing nothing without thought and care for the future, the widow was able, not only to live quite comfortably herself, but often to spare a little for a poor neighbour, sometimes sending a pitcher of broth to a sick person, or making up a little parcel of tea to be slipped into the basket of an old woman returning home after a long day of fatigue. By these, and many other kind offices, especially such as sitting up with those who were ill, and comforting and advising those who were in trouble or difficulty, the widow came to be a person of considerable importance in the village where she lived. It is true the idle and dissolute thought her rather sharp in her reproofs; but those who were really penitent, however, if they had gone astray, they found her willing to listen to them, and, what is more, willing to help them back again to the path of virtue and uprightness.

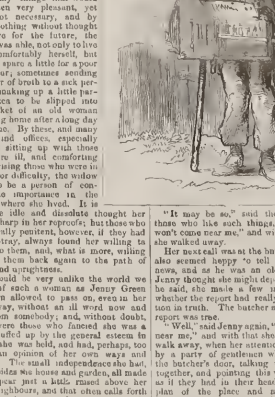
It would be very unlike the world we live in if such a woman as Jenny Green had been allowed to pass on, even in her quiet way, without an ill word now and then from somebody; and, without doubt, there were those who fancied she was a little puffed up by the great esteem in which she was held, and had, perhaps, too good an opinion of her own ways and doings. The small independence she had, too, besides her house and garden, all made her appear just a little raised above her poor neighbours, and that often calls forth remarks of no very pleasant nature. In such cases, however, there is not much of this kind to be heard; only now and then a passing remark amongst the gossips, that if they were well off as Mrs. Green, they had no doubts they should be quite as clean and tidy. Place her in their situations and they people would see.

So Jenny Green went on year after year, cultivating her garden and training her flowers, and every year making the garden and the cottage look more attractive, both within and without. She had little time for such employment during her husband's long illness, but now as the child has grown up to be useful, she finds time to do many things which an idle person would scarcely think necessary. Thus, with the improvements she is continually making, her habit grows more and more happy in that pleasant, peaceful home; so that in the midst of her beautiful flowers, she sometimes breathes a sigh, as well as a prayer, fearing lest she may be really making an idol of her earthly habitation, and forgetting that she is only a pilgrim on the way to one of more enduring enjoyment.

It happened one day, when little Mary Gardener was about eighty years old, that Mrs. Green, in one of her errands to the village, went to buy a pound of butter at the grocer's shop; and while the young man behind the counter was weighing the butter, he said with a very bright and pleasant look, "So, Mrs. Green, we are going to have a railway through the village."

"I hope not," replied the widow thrusting the butter rather quickly into her basket.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed the youth, "I wonder at you; the good it will do to place is beyond all calculation."



"It may be so," said the widow, "to those who like such things. However, it won't come near me," and with these words she walked away.

Her best call was at the butchers; and he also seemed happy to tell her the same news, and he was an older man, and Jenny thought he might depend upon what he said, she made a few inquiries as to whether the report had really any foundation in truth. The butcher assured her the report was true.

"Well," said Jenny again, "It won't come near me," and with that she was about to walk away, when her attention was caught by a party of gentlemen who stood near the butcher's door, talking very earnestly together, and pointing this way and that, as if they had in their heads some great plan of the place and neighbourhood. Amongst them was a youth who stood a little apart, for he was scarcely a gentleman, according to Jenny's way of thinking, only he had lately come into a good deal of employment as a land surveyor. At him the widow looked rather inquiringly, when suddenly he stopped up to her, saying, "Mrs. Green, you must begin to look about you, there are great changes in prospect. Now is your time for making your fortune."

"My fortune!" said the widow, with a smile not quite free from contempt; for she had no particular respect for suddenly-made fortunes, and most certainly never expected or wished to make one herself.

But the youth seeing how unbelieving she looked, took hold of her shawl, and said more earnestly, "It is all true, as I stand here. The line is to pass right through the valley, and they want your place for a station."

(To be continued.)

THE ORGAN NUISANCE.

To the Editor of the "British Workman."

DEAR SIR,—In the "*Times*" Police Report of Nov. 19th, 1857, I find the following:—

"MARYLEBONE.—Bartolomeo Antonio, an Italian, was brought before Mr. Long, charged with the nuisance of playing an organ in front of the house of Mr. Charles Babbage, the well-known professor of mathematics, residing at No. 1, Dorset Street, Manchester Square.

"Complainant deposed that on the previous evening, about nine o'clock, while pursuing his studies, he was annoyed by the playing of an organ close to his dwelling. He desired his servant to go out and tell the player away, when, finding the noise was still kept up, he went himself into the street and found that the his servant had given the offender (the prisoner) into custody. He was almost daily interrupted in his professional pursuits, as were also other persons by whom he was assisted therein.

Mr. Long remarked that for such a nuisance as that complained of by a gentleman engaged in scientific studies requiring great calculating ability, of which studies might be of great public benefit, he was *bound* to punish the prisoner for the offence which he had been guilty of, and accordingly fined him 20s., or 14 days in the House of Correction, at the same time giving him to understand that it brought up again on a similar charge he would *be more severely dealt with.*"

Now, sir, it is my misfortune to reside in the locality of a monster gin-palace, with its dancing ground and music saloon, whereby, until after midnight, not only have my professional duties, but also the repose of myself and family been almost nightly disturbed.

All appeals to the magistrates heretofore have failed in securing either any punishment or the suppression of the license. I am thankful that Mr. Babbage had such a clear-headed, common-sense magistrate to appeal to, but in my case that tribunal is not accessible. Why should the gin-shops have *license* to do that which the poor organ-man was sent to prison for? How ought I to act?

A SUFFERER.

[We recommend "A SUFFERER" and all others similarly circumstanced, to correspond with T. H. Bayly, Esq., Secretary, United Kingdom Alliance, John Bagnall Street, Manchester, who will specially enlighten them as to the most expeditious modes of dealing with gin-shop and beer-house nuisances.]

THE SLAVE TRADE.

ON THE the 1st of August, as the *Teazer* was cruising off Quitta, near the notorious slave-mart Whydah, and on the lock-out for a suspicious Portuguese brig, which they had been hovering about for several days, she descried, a little after daybreak, another sail, and at once steered for her, at the same time firing a gun for the vessel to heave to. No notice, however, was taken of the gun. The *Teazer* fired again; but instead of obeying the order the vessel held steadily on her course. The cruiser immediately put on all steam and all sail, and gave chase, and the slaver, for such she turned out to be, crowded on all sail too, threw overboard several casks of meat, quantities of rice, twenty-five stands of arms, cutlasses, cahouses, and several other articles to lighten the schooner, besides hoisting the wedges which secure the masts, and sawing the bulwarks amidships to increase her speed. There being a good breeze, she outsailed the *Teazer* for some time, though the latter was going under both sail and steam. Within the breeze continued fresh, the schooner ran at the rate of 10½ knots an hour, and the *Teazer* at 10; so that, had it lasted, she would have outsailed her. But fortunately for humanity the breeze fell, and after a spirited chase of between seven and eight hours the *Teazer* came up with her. Though seven guns had been fired during the pursuit for her to heave to, she refused to the very last to do so, and it was only when every possible chance of escape was gone that she yielded. The officer of the *Teazer*, on boarding her, found 224 Aircans, male and female, in the hold, mostly of the Popjo nation; all were naked; 111 were men, among whom were two chiefs; 64 women, 25 boys, and 24 girls. They were found in a filthy condition. When these poor captives were sold by the English sailors that the white man had come to do them good, they all immediately set up a loud shout of joy. How were the Africans, then, either civilized or savage? The schooner proved to be the *Abbot Devereux*. She was manned by twenty slavers, but finding that she had been discovered by one of the cruisers, she started with only little more than half the number. During the voyage to Sierra Leone, eight of the poor slaves, all men, died of dysentery, and were thrown unscathed, to the blue waters of the great Atlantic. And there are nine or ten others still very bad with the same disease. Some of them are so wretched and pitiable-looking objects as can well be imagined; so emaciated and thin are they, that they are little full the mere bones. During the voyage to Sierra Leone, eight of the poor slaves, all men, died of dysentery, and were thrown unscathed, to the blue waters of the great Atlantic. And there are nine or ten others still very bad with the same disease. Some of them are so wretched and pitiable-looking objects as can well be imagined; so emaciated and thin are they, that they are little full the mere bones. During the voyage to Sierra Leone, eight of the poor slaves, all men, died of dysentery, and were thrown unscathed, to the blue waters of the great Atlantic. And there are nine or ten others still very bad with the same disease. Some of them are so wretched and pitiable-looking objects as can well be imagined; so emaciated and thin are they, that they are little full the mere bones. Among the number there is a boy who has been taught in one of the Mission schools at Whydah, and who can speak a little English. When asked how he came to be taken as a slave, he said, that "the Dahomey war catch him." Also a young woman, who stated that she was a grand-daughter of Sodeke, the Abbeokuta chief who first welcomed the Missionaries in that place. His Excellency the Governor, as soon as he became acquainted with the facts of the case, kindly offered to place her under the care of the agents of the Church Missionary Society, who have gladly and thankfully availed themselves of the offer. The young woman will be conveyed to her friends at an early opportunity, who will thus have a further proof of the benevolence and kindness of the English Government and people to the enslaved and oppressed children of Africa.

We had almost forgotten to state that the space between the slave deck and the upper deck is about thirty-three inches, barely sufficient room for their sitting upright. It is said that two slavers, both with cargoes of slaves, slipped out from Whydah at the same time as the *Abbot Devereux*, and got clear, though the *Firefly* is stationed there to keep a watch. Every man with the slaver seemed to be perfectly satisfied, deeply regret the painful and multiplying evidences of the revival of one of poor Africa's greatest curses—the SLAVE TRADE.—*African and Sierra Leone Weekly Advertiser of 27th Aug.*

PRAYER.

PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessing heaven is desirous to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

The Christian's heart his prayer indites,
He speaks as prompted from within;
The Spirit his petition writes,
And Christ himself receives and gives it in.

And shall we in dead silence lay,
When Christ stands waiting for our prayer;
My soul! thou hast a friend on high—
Arise, and try thy interest there.

If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distress, or fears dismay,
If guilt depress, if sin distress,
The remedy is ugly *Bless*—pray.

Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not—his merits must prevail,
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

MORNING PRAYER.

I THANK my God, who through the night
Has kept me till the morning light.
Lord, I would now most humbly pray
For grace to help me through this day.
Keep me, O Lord, from every sin,
And every wicked thought within;
Direct my steps, my tongue rule,
And hear my prayer for Jesus's sake.

ASKING A BLESSING.

LORD, bless the food which now I take,
To do me good, for Jesus' sake.

RETURNING THANKS

THANKS to our God, through Christ we pay,
For food to eat from day to day.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the LORD pitieth them that fear him: for he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust."—Ps. ciii. 13, 14.

MR. T. A. SMITH, LECTURER ON ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND CHEMISTRY.

THE SELF-TAUGHT CHEMIST

"Who is this Mr. T. A. Smith, whose interesting Lectures on Chemistry are said to be promoting so much frugality, cleanliness, and sobriety amongst the working classes?" enquired a friend.

"An intelligent and persevering *working man*," was our reply.

Mr. Smith is now on a lecturing tour in the provinces, and we cannot refrain from urging all our readers who can do so, to avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing this able and self-taught analytical chemist.

About twenty-three years ago, that noble and warm-hearted friend of the working man, the late Jas. Silk Buckingham, Esq., M.P., held his first temperance meeting in the Mariner's Church in Wellclose Square, at which he urged the entire disuse of all alcoholic stimulants. Discussion was invited, and a working man (one of a group) arose, and said that he desired as much as any one the removal of drunkenness, but he did not think that the labouring man or the mechanic *could* exercise his full amount of work without beer; it might do for gentlemen like the chairman, or a "Parliament man," but for a hard-working man like himself, a journeyman wheelwright, to do without it was *perfectly ridiculous*.

In this sentiment all the group loudly joined.

With great tact Mr. Buckingham inquired, "Have you ever *tried* it?—if not, how are you able to judge?" and after a few of his happy sentences, he proposed to adjourn the meeting for a *month*, and in the meantime that the wheelwright and his comrades should *make the experiment* and then give their honest verdict.

To Mr. Buckingham's delight, the group of men accepted the challenge.

On leaving the meeting, that earnest-hearted temperance labourer, William Morris, gave to the spokesman a copy of Harris's tract, "The only Cure for Drunkenness," and with a shake of the hand encouraged him to make a "*fair trial*."

The second meeting night arrived. The church was crowded for two hours before the time for taking the chair. Immense crowds assembled, and Mr. B. had the utmost difficulty in approaching the door of the church. Mr. Buckingham says:—

"On reaching the interior of the church, and taking my place on the platform, I was glad to find the group of working men already in their place, waiting patiently for the opening of the meeting; and as soon as the rush and murmur occasioned by every one desiring to be near enough to see and hear them was subsided, I called on the workmen to ascend the platform, and give to the meeting, through their spokesman, the result of the experiment which they had undertaken to make, of abstaining entirely for a month from the use of beer and every kind of stimulating drink."

A profound silence ensued, during which all eyes and ears were open, and directed towards the men. They ranged themselves along the front of the platform, and the foreman, addressing himself to the audience, stated in substance as follows:—

"We have faithfully kept the promise we made since the last meeting held here, a month ago, and from that time to this, not one of us has tasted any intoxicating drink. For the first few days of the experiment, we found the use of water as our ordinary beverage instead of beer, to be extremely flat and insipid, and were glad of the relief of coffee at breakfast, and tea in the afternoon. But we confess that on the first Saturday night we felt ourselves less wearied and exhausted by our ordinary week's labour, than on any previous Saturday that we could remember; and on the Sabbath morning, instead of being drowsy and lying in bed an hour or two longer than on working days, which is a common custom, extending with some workmen even towards noon, we were as fresh as on any previous day of the week. During the second week, the flatness and insipidity of the water as drink was considerably abated; and we found ourselves so much less thirsty than usual, that we took very little liquid except at our meals. We found the next Saturday and Sunday an improvement even on the former ones; and remarked that our appetites were stronger, our digestion better, our tempers less liable to irritation, and our vigour and cheerfulness greatly increased. We were therefore so satisfied with the experiment, that we rejoiced at having made it, and continued it to the end, improving sensibly as we proceeded; and as we had not been a single day, or even an hour absent from work during the usual periods, there were *no deductions from our wages for 'LOST TIME;'* so that besides being stronger, healthier, and happier than before we commenced this substitution of water-drinking for beer, we had each of us, at the end of the fourth week, from thirty to forty shillings more in our pockets than we were formerly accustomed to have for the same period. We rejoice therefore, that we attended the first meeting, though we came to *oppose* it; and we mean to persevere as we have begun and *recommend all working men to follow our example*."

The effect of such a statement as this, on such an excited crowd may be easily imagined.*

I may add that the chief of this group of working men, who acted as their spokesman, was

Mr. T. A. Smith,

who subsequently employed his leisure in the study of anatomy, physiology, and chemistry, and who has now for many years past been one of the most able and successful lecturers in the metropolis."

We find on inquiry that Mr. Smith has engaged to lecture at the following places during the month of January:

Hull	Jan. 7, 8.
Nottallerton ..	11, 12.
Sunderland... ..	13, 14, 15.
Hartlepool	19.
Staindrop	20, 21.

Societies and Employers desirous of securing his services, should write to W. Tweedie, Esq., Hon. Sec., National Temperance League, 337, Strand, London. W.C.

* For a much more detailed account of this interesting meeting, we would refer our readers to pp. 440—447 of "The Coming Era in Britain and India," the last, we believe, of Mr. Buckingham's works, and which, at the present time, is worthy of facsimile perusal.

HINTS FROM HELPERS.—No. 1.

THE following letter from a medical gentleman in Leicester, contains an excellent suggestion.

Leicester, Sept. 7, 1857.

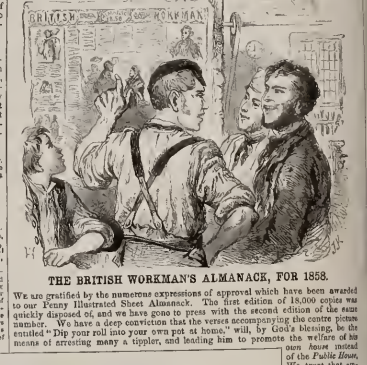
SIR,

With the view of extending the knowledge of your admirable publication, the *British Workman*, amongst the class of readers to whom it is especially addressed, I have caused six copies of it to be circulated monthly in the wards of our infirmary here. It is very popular with the patients, and it reaches them at a time, when, through the chastening influence of sickness, their minds are best prepared to appreciate its lessons. A hint on this head might probably induce other officers of hospitals throughout the country to do the same.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

F.R.C.S.

[The Editor will feel obliged by the receipt of further suggestions for increasing the circulation. Address, 3, Cumnings Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. N.]



THE BRITISH WORKMAN'S ALMANACK, FOR 1858.

WE are gratified by the numerous expressions of approval which have been awarded to our Penny Illustrated Sheet Almanack. The first edition of 18,000 copies was quickly disposed of, and we have gone to press with the second edition of the same number. We have a deep conviction that the verses accompanying the centre picture entitled "Dip your roll into your own pot at home," will, by God's blessing, be the means of arresting many a tippler, and leading him to promote the welfare of his own *home* instead of the *Public House*. We trust that employers will kindly further its introduction into workshops and the kitchens of their workmen. Four copies may be had *post free* by sending four stamps to Messrs. Partridge & Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London.

The Yearly Part of the "British Workman" for 1857 may now be had through all Booksellers, price Eighteen-pence.

A complete Edition of the "British Workman" from the commencement may now be had, (with 400 engravings) bound in cloth, price 4s. 6d. Gilt edges, (forming a handsome Gift-book) price 6s.

Shipment of poor slaves from Whydah. Alarm on seeing the British cruiser, the "Teaser," in the distance. (See previous page.)

o. 38]

BRITISH WORKMAN

The old man commences his confession. The debauch of the Widow's son. The old man found dead in his chair.

Published for the Editor by S. W. Partridge, at the Office of the "British Workman," No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. [Price One Penny.

THE CONFESSION.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

In one of the loveliest and loveliest spots of that region of the picturesque—the Isle of Wight, stood a humble yet comfortable cottage—not a dwelling so called from a love of the romantic or from

"The pride that apes humility;"

but an actual lowly habitation, situated on what, in the language of the district, is termed a landslip—a sort of terrace or belt of verdure running around the bosom of one of the high white cliffs from which the island receives its name, where the cottage, with its little patch of garden ground, rich in flowers that the soft and genial climate gave unusual luxuriance to, stood secure and sheltered by the soaring peak that high above had "reared its awful form," and looking out upon the dazzling and ever agitated waves that broke upon its base, like sparkling human hopes, bursting, as empty bubbles, against the flinty realities of the world.

The inhabitants of this cottage were three in number—a widow and her son, who following the dangerous calling which had proved fatal to his father, was a fisherman; and a ledger—a man apparently in the decline of life. The cottage, though as we have stated a humble dwelling, was the very first of its class in neatness and comfort; and both the widow and her son were people respectable, and respected in their station. It had been for many years the custom of Dame Etheridge, during the summer months, to let her pretty parlour, with its magnificent prospect, and the equally pleasant best bedroom over it, to any of that numerous class of tourists whose means were too limited

"He commanded them, on the peril of their lives, not to come near him."

to see for more expensive, though perhaps less comfortable accommodation in the more frequented parts of the island. The lodger who now occupied her apartments was not a mere bird of passage—he had resided two years in her pleasant abode, and was a source of considerable profit, though of great trouble and anxiety, to Dame Etheridge, who often breakfast his morning; and thought commiseration in the discharge of her duty, frequently wished for the period when the agreement for her services and apartments should cease.

Her complaints were not unfounded. Her lodger had been placed with her by a relation who stated that the unfortunate man had been for some years an inmate of a private madhouse, but being cured, at least in great measure, to reason, his relations, from motives of tenderness, and also in compliance with his wishes, decided on placing him in a private habitation, where quiet, domestic attention, exclusion from society, and a view of nature in one of her loveliest haunts, would restore his mind to its original tone. Mr. Heath, the gentleman in question, was described as being head perfectly mild and harmless, even when mad, and therefore the widow willingly undertook to receive him at an inclusive, and to watch over him with careful solicitude. She, however, had soon ample reason to regret her precipitancy, for the melancholy of her lodger was so profound, his sullenness or reserve so great, that the whole of the inhabitants of the cottage felt as if a dark shadow had spread over their tranquil home; and the joy, mirth, and gaiety which so constantly witnessed, seemed to reflect itself on both mother and son, and to become smiles, cheerfulness, and serenity from their dwelling. When time had in some measure reconciled them to the melancholy inmate, a new feeling arose in the mind of the hostess—a sensation of dread which almost shocked compassion, and, as she sat during the long winter evenings waiting her son's return from his perilous occupation, she would listen to the sighs and monotonous tread as he paced, with untiring regularity, up and down his room, hearing, at intervals, the deep groan, which shook the house, echoed with startling vehemence through the lonely dwelling.

"Lord, Lord," the poor woman would exclaim in her terror, "that I have not brought a curse upon my house by letting this terrible man come nigh it. He must have done something very bad, I'm sure he must, or he'd never take on so." But, as the charity of her nature reproved her suspicions, she would say: "To be sure, there's sorrowful troubles that may happen to people. Ah! who should know that better than me!—that lost my husband in a moment,—that him snatched away from me without a parting word or look! I ought to feel for another. Perhaps I should have gone mentbrally, if I had not had one for William." The mention of her son's name, usually directed her anxieties into a different channel, for, looking round upon the night, prayers for his safe return ban shed all minor cares.

Spite of all her endeavours to the contrary, the aspirations of Dame Etheridge, regarding her lodger, gained strength with time; for no, or relenting from sorrow, the wretched man never knew, his language seemed to be simply, and but for sighs, dumb. The pillow on which he rested his aching head told, by its wetness, of floods of grief, poured forth in the silent watches of the night. While the countenance of the man, actually white with extreme paleness, his thin and bloodless lip, his hollow cheeks, eyes, bright with the scarcely extinguished light of insanity, his hair, white as silver before its time, and the excessive wasting of an attenuated and slightly stooping form, bowed with grief more than years, presented a picture of mental suffering no one could behold without emotion. He seldom spoke—never unless appealed to, and then in as few words as possible. He left no books but one, all others he constantly refused; and that one was all sufficient for his sorrow, if he could have read it patiently. It was a small pocket Bible—he never (a circumstance particularly remarked by his mother) was seen without it. Mrs. Heath, the gift of her anxious and affectionate father." The unfortunate man's melancholy and reserve were not his chief complaints, he was so sparing and obstinate about his diet, that great difficulty was experienced in getting him to take sufficient to sustain life, he seemed to make a point of depriving himself of everything but the mere necessaries, these he chose coarse in quality and scarce in quantity. There was no doubt but his health was failing under such mental sufferings, and as severe a self-inflicted regimen; but no complaint ever escaped him, and his decline was so gradual as to be almost imperceptible. He conducted during thunder storms, was the most accountable; he invariably went out of the house to some distance and seated himself on the cliff till the tempest passed. When Dame Etheridge entreated him not to act so incautiously, he once made her a reply she never forgot.

"I leave your house," he said, "to save you from injury on my account."

Once the widow and her son followed him to bring him in, when, to a voice that was heard even above the tumult of the elements, he commanded them, on "the peril of their lives, not to come near him," a command which, in their terror, they obeyed, and never after, at such periods, did they interfere with him.

To add to the vexation of Dame Etheridge, her son's distaste to her lodger was so great, that he preferred going down to the village, as the few evenings it hats were called, and spending his evenings there at a singing club, held at the little ale-house, rather than in an unsightly tumour on the human form, absorbed all the real nourishment, and comfort of the unfortunate Etheridge, and gave them nothing but weakness, poverty, and discontent in return. The poverty, and discontent in return. The poverty, and discontent in return. The

WIDOW GREEN'S COTTAGE.

THE WIDOW GREEN AND HER THREE NIECES.

(Continued from page 147.)

CHAPTER II.

HE widow Green, as well as many of her ighbours, had now to prepare for stirring nes. It was all true about the new line railway being likely to pass close to the llage; and it was true also that the widow's ans had been chosen as the situation st suitable for the railway station.

Jenny Green, as the reader may suppose, s a woman of pretty strong will. She uld probably never have got through e difficulties without help, but for this wer of resolving to do what she had to by herself, and to do it thoroughly. w then, she thought, the time was come stand by her own, and to keep what she d a right to keep, before all the world.

The first evening after being really conced that the talk about the railway was joke, she sat down by her fire, after le Mary was in bed, to consider what it uld be best to do. Half any one peeped at the window and watched her that ght, they would have wondered why her looked so bright, and her cheeks so hot d flushed. The fact was, Mrs. Green was rking herself up to make a stand against e railway. She was adhering to herself in spirit of one who is determined not to mit; and in this spirit she went to bed, however without praying, and this very nestly, to be enabled to submit in all ngs to the will of God; but at the same e keeping her secret resolution to resist will of *man* in the matter concerning house and garden.

The next morning the widow was more m, and more open to reason. She began feel the want of a good adviser. So she t early to her minister, a sensible man, o had often assisted her before with a rd of counsel in the season of need. In s interview, the widow's views became irely changed. She was not an obstinate, ugh a strong willed woman; and the gentman whose advice she had gone to ask, n convinced her that all resistance on part against so mighty a power as that a railway company, would be worse than tless. He showed her too, the folly of ple placing their own little personal tters in the way of any great public d; and beyond this, he pointed out to the great profit and advantage she uld derive from the sale of her house and d, at such a price as the railway company uld be likely to give for it. There was doubt but she might get a good price, d such a price as the railway company uld be likely to give for it. There was doubt but she might get a good price, d such a price as the railway company uld be likely to give for it. There was doubt but she might accept the terms posed, and thus become a much richer man than it was likely she could be by other means.

So on the second night, when the widow ven sat down to think, there was a still ster change in the composure of her face, well as in the state of her mind. This e she was very quiet, but very busy with p garnest thoughts. Yet sometimes her were almost smiling, and her head was d and then thrown back, as if she felt well in some way or other a greater man than formerly. Could it be that a rdy spirit was creeping into the heart the widow? We will endeavour to exin what it was.

For a long time the affection of this rely woman had been keeping her fr le niece Mary with a tenderness almost er than that of a mother. It is insible to say what she would not have n willing to do, or to suffer for this child. ce sense, and good principle, had thus kept her affection within bounds. Bes es which, her means though comfortable, re not enough for anything very great, she had never thought of doing more for ry than fitting her for honest service; perhaps for being afterwards some good n's wife. Now the eye seemed likely to be greatly changed; and what she had never dreamed of before, might now become not only possible, but right. So it was then, that as the widow sat gazing into the dying lights of the fire, she was very busy in her mind with plans for making little Mary independent of all work; for giving her a good education, dressing her—Oh, so beautifully! and in short, for bringing her up quite like a lady. This was the reason why the widow Green tossed her head a little back, and smoothed her apron, and folded her arms with an air of great satisfaction, looking altogether rather like a proud woman, that night before she went to bed.

A searching time however had to be gone through, before the widow's eyes were closed in sleep. Those who pray sincerely and earnestly, seldom do so, without these words either felt or uttered, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults." The widow could not sleep, and as she had long sought the Lord in sincerity of heart, that she might be brought as a little child to obey His will, He was pleased to look upon her like a kind father, and so would not let her go on in anything wrong, without showing her plainly the path of duty, and helping her to walk therein. Thus, through the long hours of the night, this lonely woman had a strong conflict to maintain with her own heart, which cost her many struggles, and some tears. That which she would like to do with her money looked so very pleasant, it was hard to give it up. That which she now began to think it would be right to do, looked so very unpleasant, that she turned, and turned, as if to get rid of the idea altogether. Nor was she able to rest until at last, after fully resigning herself into the hands of Him who alone can make the crooked path straight, and the dark prospect fair, she said in the true spirit of obedience, "Thy will be done," and then fell into a sound and refreshing sleep.

The very next morning a letter was put into the widow's hand, which convinced her that the duty which had appeared so plainly set before her in the night was one from which she could not hold herself excused. The fact was, Jenny Green, like many warm-hearted women, had always clung to her own relations as if they were nicer than her husband's. She thought that if she provided entirely for little Mary, it was really as much as she could do; and therefore whatever might happen to her husband's relations, she was not called upon to do more than send them a little help in their times of trouble. Now, however, the case was widely altered. She would soon be in a condition to help others besides her own niece, especially if she did not expend her money upon making little Mary into a lady. The letter which came by the post, was to tell her of a death by which two young nieces of her husband's were left orphans, and entirely destitute. One of them was a year older than Mary, the other a little younger. They had thus far been badly brought up, for their mother had died when they were very young, and they had never known any kind of treatment likely to do them good. They were not what Jenny Green considered nice children at all. She herself had strong feelings both for and against people, and somehow or other, these children always vexed her, and made her glad to get them out of her way. Now was it really come to this—that she must take them to live with her as her own? Must she really bring them up in all things like her little Mary, and do as much for them as for that beloved child?

Jenny Green complained often of her eyes that day, so that Mary thought she had caught cold in them; and had down upon her knees to pray, with the tears streaming down her face, for it was a very hard conflict, that through which she had to pass. Happily peace came at last; and it was indeed peace, because she had yielded so entirely, and from her heart—"Thy will be done." So when the evening came again, and a nice bright fire was burning, the widow sat and gazed into the light without that proud toss of her head, but yet with a smile upon her lips, a smile of that sweet contentment, which nothing but entire submission to the will of God can give. Mary was beside her this time, sitting on a low stool at her feet, and listening, with all the interest of an inquiring child, to the story of two little girls about her own age who had lost both father and mother, who had no one to take care of them, or even to find them bread, and who would perhaps soon come and sleep in a little bed beside Mary's, to learn the same lessons, eat at the same table, and be in all respects the same as she was to her aunt.

For some time the child listened with tears of real pity shining in her eyes, and most readily she promised to share both bed and board with her cousins, but when it came to this, that they must be as much beloved as she was, her lip dropped, and she said no more, but springing upon her aunt's knee, clasped both arms around her neck, and hiding her little face upon her shoulder, she sobbed aloud.

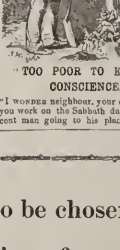
Such were the trials of Jenny Green, as the prospect of increased riches dawned upon her; and if we would but look at money in the right way, we should see that just in proportion as our means increase, the duty laid upon us to assist our fellow creatures increases also. So that after all it is not quite such an easy and pleasant thing to be rich as some people seem to think.

Jenny Green had not lived for herself alone, and she was not going to do so now. Besides which, she had a good share of common sense, and that told her that to pretend now to be anything more than a plain, honest woman, would be very foolish in her and even wrong. She saw clearly too, that to try to make her little Mary a lady, would be very unwise and even unkind; for who would the child have to go about with her but poor relations, whose ignorance would make her a laughing stock wherever she went. So the widow, putting these things together, concluded it would be best every way to go on exactly in that station of life to which she had been born, doing what good she could therein. With this view, she accepted very thankfully the price which the railway company offered for her house and land, and instead of laying out the money in fine clothes or furniture, she took the advice of a wise and prudent friend, and put it out to interest in the safest manner she could hear of, being better pleased to make sure of a reasonable sum, than to risk all her property in the hope of making a great deal of it.

The widow now considered that a comfortable house in the outskirts of a town would suit her purpose better than one quite in the country, far from any place of worship, and from any good school. She had leisure now to consider more than herself, for if she undertook a duty, it was her way to do that duty heartily and thoroughly. So she dismissed from her thoughts many things that would have been pleasant to herself, for the sake of those who were about to become dependent upon her management and care. Thus the house she chose for her future home, had but a small piece of ground belonging to it, just a little garden in front, and a plum, straight piece behind, sufficient only for the drying of linen and other useful purposes. The widow saw no reason, however, why it should not be made a little ornamental as well as useful. She therefore carefully removed the roots of many of her favourite flowers and plants from her old garden, placing them along the edges of her new plot of ground, and particularly about the entrance to her door; for as she often said, "the front of a house is like a person's face. You may make it look pleasant or otherwise, according to what you set it off with."

It was perhaps well for Mrs. Green that the time for leaving the sweet home in which she had spent so many years of her life, was in the early winter, after all the leaves had fallen from the trees. She often said she did not wish to hear the birds sing in those trees again, and it was easier to leave them now than it would be when their buds and blossoms should again begin to appear. Still it was a painful business, although the winter had set in, and the country all around looked bare and dreary. But the widow had much to do—so much, that she found no time for moping about, and crying over old things and places. When all was packed up too, the cottage looked so very comfortless—so little like itself, that by degrees her heart seemed wearied from it; and when at last, on a cold, dark, foggy morning in December, she took little Mary out of her bed, and wrapping her in many shawls and cloaks, lifted her into the covered van which stood before the garden gate, she had not the pain of seeing how the old place looked for the last time; for the morning light had not begun to dawn, and there was nothing to be seen but the lantern of the man who closed the garden gate, before taking charge of the horses which stood waiting to convey them all away.

(To be continued.)



"TOO POOR TO KEEP A CONSCIENCE."

"I WONDER neighbour, your conscience lets you work on the Sabbath day," said a decent man going to his place of worship as he passed a garden and saw the owner busily at work in it.

"Conscience!" replied the man, "Oh, I'm too poor to keep a conscience." A gentleman who was passing at the time, heard the words, and looking hard at the man, said, "That's a very foolish answer," but the man became abusive, and the two who had remonstrated with him, walked away to the house of God.

A great many trials brought poverty to the Sabbath-breaker, and he had to give up his house and garden, and seek employment. He heard of a gentleman who wanted a *jobbing gardener*, and he applied for the place.

"I think," said the master, "you used to work in your garden on the Lord's day, and you said you were too poor to keep a conscience."

"Why—yes, sir, I left all that about conscience and such like, to my betters."

"If you are too poor to keep a conscience, I am too poor to keep you," the gentleman replied. "A servant who breaks God's law, will break man's law."

The man told this grumblingly to the neighbour who had first admonished him, and added, "I don't know how it is you are better off than me, and you have only worked six days, and I've worked seven."

"Ah, friend," replied the other, "I have kept a conscience, and my conscience by God's grace has kept me."

Reader! if you want to be kept from care, and pain, and waste, and want, and sin, and ruin, *keep a conscience*. B.

TRY, JOHN.

Try, John; try, John: from temptation fly John;
Drunken Joe and idle Ned—pass such comrades by, John:
Shun the tempting tavern door,
Set not foot within, John;
Each old chum avoid, though dear,
That would lead you into sin, John.
Every thing and every place
That tends to lead astray, John,
Give them up, nor, remember them all,
From this very day, John.

Try, John; try, John: I will tell you why, John,—
He who fights 'gainst what is bad, will conquer by-and-bye, John.
If with all your powers you strive
With your habits wrong, John,
While they daily weaker grow
You will grow more strong, John
What if shopmates jest and scoff
Because you hate rum, John,
Surely if they laugh that lose
They may smile that win, John.

Try, John; try, John: wherefore do you sigh, John?
"I'm afraid I shan't succeed"—is this what you reply, John?
Nonsense, man—such coward fear
Never won a fight, John;
Let's have faith and courage too,
In what is good and right, John.
Like the little barking cur
That love to snarl and scold, John,
Evil habits soon will fly
When we're stern and bold, John.

Try, John; try, John: think, in days gone by, John,
Habits have been conquered vile as these you're which you sigh, John.
How this idle loon became
An energetic man, John;
How that hoary, hopeless sot
Loathed the pipe and pot, John—
Mark their upward histories well,
Histories stern and true, John,
Teaching you what you may be,
How you may dare and do, John.

Try, John; try, John: look with faith on high, John:
You've a Father and a Friend, mighty loving, nigh, John.
Go and tell him you repent
Of your evil ways, John;
Pray for help and strength to live
Happier, holier days, John.
Prayer and effort—this, combined
All success ensures, John;
And, with joy and peace of mind,
Victory shall be yours, John.

S. W. P.

From Illustrated Hand-bills, No. 54

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold."

PROVERBS xxii. 1.

"The merry girl then jumped and laughed, — Clapping her hands for joy; — The strategem she quite approved, — But oh! not so the boy.

THE SPECKLED SHELLS.

How beautiful is truth! and truth is given
To guide all hearts, because it comes from Heaven.
The simplest lesson of thy earliest youth,
Is to love God, and know that God is truth.
And He requires it in our inward part,
Not on the lips alone, but in the heart;
Oh! let the word of truth pervade your soul,
And every thought and action still control.

Frail feathery frostwork trembling hung
On winter's leafless trees;
But the sun shone forth most pleasantly,
And health was in the breeze.

Two children by their mother's side,
(A little girl and boy,)
Tripped merrily along the path,
For they were full of joy.

A brightly shining speckled shell,
Borne from a foreign coast,
That morning had been given to each,
Now their delight and boast.

And often as they danced along,
They paused awhile to look
If these "dear treasures" were quite safe,
Within some pocket's nook.

Then away, away they bounded on,
Who can describe their glee;
Like wild-young horses broken loose,
'Till they stood by the shining sea.

They watch'd the "small ships," on the main,
Far as the eye could reach,
And then they turned their eager gaze
Along the pebbly beach.

A burst of joy the keen air bore;
For wandering by the tide,
An aged beloved the children saw,
They'd soon have reached her side.

"But stop," said the mother merrily,
"Ere you run your aunt to meet,
Throw down your shells upon the sand
There, just beside my feet."

"Then take them both, and tell your aunt,
You picked them up to-day."
And well take care to explain the joke,
Before we go away."

"I know she'll be surprised to think
That you have found them here,
But hasten with this little trick,
For see, she's coming near."

The merry girl then jumped and laughed,
Clapping her hands for joy;
The strategem she quite approved,
But oh! not so the boy.

For very grave indeed he seemed,
While musing on the joke;
And looking in his mother's face,
Thus timidly he spoke.

"I know the words that we should say
Would every one be true,
And yet it is a thing, mamma,
I should not like to do."

"We should not for a moment's space,
Make any one believe
That true, which is not, oh mamma,
We never should deceive."

"And then if we forgot to tell
'Twas only done for play,
Uneasy feelings in our minds,
Would spoil this happy day."

"How sweetly pass the evening hours
Before we go to bed,
When nothing wrong all day we've done
And nothing wrong have said."

So spake the tender little one,
Still waiting on the spot,
And ended what he had to say,
With "Oh! we'd better not."

"Thou'rt right, dear child," the mother cried,
But her tongue was nearly dumb,
For she thought of "woe be unto those
Through whom offences come."

She'd tempted her two little ones,
She!—their mother, guide, and friend,
In a moment of unwatchfulness,
To sin and to offend.

But she said "As time rolls on my boy,
When thou hast passed thy youth,
May'st thou retain, as pure as now,
That strict regard to truth."

"And keep thy pretty shell, my boy,
Thine, ere thy years are seven;
'Twill always seem to whisper thee,
Of truth, and peace, and heaven."

"We should labour to excite in children a detestation of all that is mean, cunning, or *false*; to inspire them with a spirit of openness, honour, and perfect honesty; making them feel how noble it is, not merely to speak the truth, but to speak the *simple unaltered truth*, whether it tell for or against themselves; but this we cannot effect, unless *our example* uniformly concur with our instruction."—*From "Hints for the Improvement of Early Education."*

HAMPSHIRE PRIZES.

We are pleased to observe that at the last meeting of the "Romsey Labourers' Encouragement Society," prizes, varying from 10s. to 30s. were awarded to the following parties, for "*the neatest and cleanest cottage*"

Henry Curdy and wife, of Whitenap.
Chas. Pearce and wife, of Braishfield.
Richd. Betteridge and wife, of East Dean.
George Cash, and wife, of Wellas.

Prizes were also awarded to Thomas Rose, of Toothill, and Thomas Tubb, of Romsey, for the best *cultivated cottage gardens*. All honour to these sons of toil.

[DR. BEDDOME, *Mayor of Romsey for the sixth time.*]

J. W. Henderson, Esq., of Roke Manor, and the Rev. C. A. Moore, Vicar of Romsey, made some excellent remarks on the importance of the MOTHERS amongst the working classes training up their daughters so as to make *good servants*.

We are glad to find that the *British Workman* was deemed worthy of notice at this meeting, as being a *helper* in the good work of improving the homes of the working classes.

A correspondent informs us that Dr. Beddome, the much esteemed mayor of Romsey, said:—

"Much as I feel the honor of being elected for the sixth time mayor of this ancient borough, I would rather have inscribed on my memorial stone, 'Here lies the friend of the working classes, and a promoter of peace.' — Gentlemen, we live in a new era, when unusual efforts are being made to benefit the working classes. What good is doing now by the 'special services' for working men in this town and elsewhere! May we have our reward in the general improvement of the masses. As conducive to this object, and to counteract the influence of infidel and immoral publications, allow me strongly to recommend a cheap and excellent illustrated serial which I hold in my hand, the *British Workman*. Though it is largely circulated, I hear it does not yet pay its own expenses, but it soon will, if the clergy and laity here distribute it freely. Four good men have, at a cost of several hundred pounds, circulated 200,000 copies amongst as many families in London. I am anxious on this subject; it is *a cheap way of doing good*, and has been greatly prospered by God. I hope I shall not be disappointed in my wishes about this excellent work—the promoter of temperance with social and religious order amongst our British workmen."

We beg to thank the Mayor of Romsey for his good wishes. A few such valuable helpers in every county would soon double our present circulation.

PRISONS AND PRISONERS.

One of the most affecting sights I have ever witnessed, is an assemblage of my fellow creatures, who, by transgression of our country's laws, have forfeited their liberty, and in many cases must be confined *for life* within the walls of a prison.

It is indeed a melancholy reflection that there are seldom fewer than twenty thousand convicted prisoners in the prisons of our country, costing the ratepayers about five hundred thousand pounds sterling every year.

The bulk of our prisoners are from the labouring classes, and nine out of every ten are led into crime through drink.

Working Men! teach your children to avoid that which has been your constant curse. S.

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE IN THE PORTLAND PRISON CHAPEL.

*** The Editor begs to call the attention of his readers to the following Illustrated Paper for the Young.

Price One Halfpenny Monthly.

THE
BAND OF HOPE REVIEW
AND
CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

This little Illustrated Paper for the Young is designed, under God's blessing, to form a breakwater against the fearful influence of the pernicious prints which are everywhere flooding our country—to train up the young in habits of sobriety—obedience to parents—the observance of the Sabbath—the practice of kindness to animals—and *above all*, a love of the SACRED SCRIPTURES.

A complete Edition of the Band of Hope Review from the commencement in 1851, may now be had, bound in cloth, price 7s. In crimson cloth and gilt edges, 8s. 6d.

HOW TO SECURE MONTHLY PACKETS OF THE
"British Workman"
DELIVERED AT YOUR OWN DOOR.

Packets of the *British Workman* may be had free London, *post free*, on order—

*4 copies for 4d., or for one year,			4s.	
8	"	8d.,	"	8s.	
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* Fewer than *four* copies cannot be sent at this rate.

Example.—Four persons in any village may unite their subscriptions, and remitting four shillings in advance to the Publishers, Messrs. Partridge & Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London, will have a packet containing four copies of the 'British Workman' sent (to the address of any one of the parties) *post free* for 12 months.

All ORDERS *to be addressed to the Publisher, S. W. Partridge, and Co., 9, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.*

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS *to be addressed to the Editor, care of Publisher.*

BRITISH WORKMAN

No. 39.

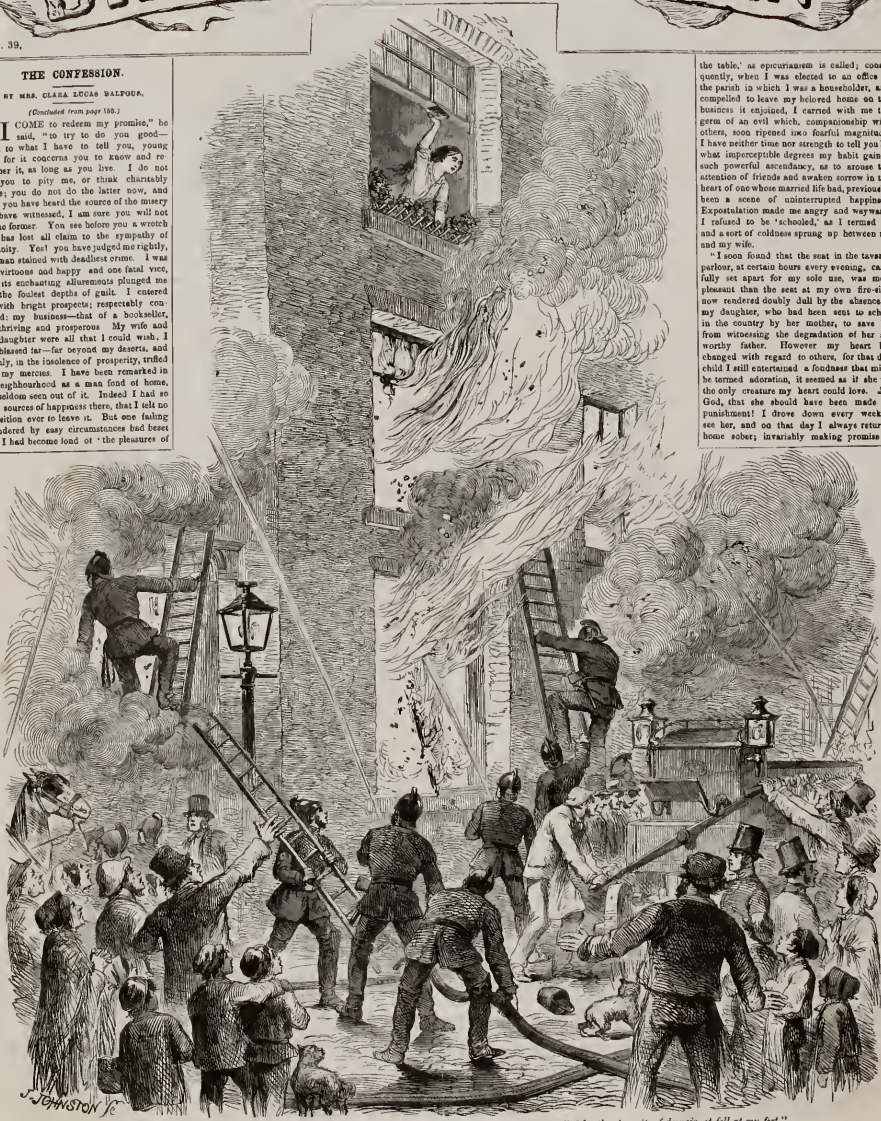
THE CONFESSION.

BY MRS. CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR.

(Concluded from page 130.)

"I COME to redeem my promise," he said, "to try to do you good—listen to what I have to tell you, young man, for it concerns you to know and remember it, as long as you live. I do not ask you to pity me, or think charitably of me; you do not do the latter now, and when you have heard the source of the misery you have witnessed, I am sure you will not do the former. You see before you a wretch who has lost all claim to the sympathy of humanity. Yes! you have judged me rightly, as a man stained with deadliest crime. I was once virtuous and happy and one fatal vice, with its enchanting allurements plunged me into the foulest depths of guilt. I entered life with bright prospects; respectably connected: my business—that of a bookseller, was thriving and prosperous My wife and only daughter were all that I could wish. I was blessed far—far beyond my deserts, and I reality, in the insolence of prosperity, trifled with my mercies. I have been remarked in my neighbourhood as a man fond of home, and seldom seen out of it. Indeed I had so many sources of happiness there, that I felt no disposition ever to leave it. But one fatal ingendered by easy circumstances had beset me. I had become fond of 'the pleasures of the table,' as epicurianism is called; consequently, when I was elected to an office in the parish in which I was a householder, and compelled to leave my beloved home on the business it enjoined, I carried with me the germ of an evil which, companionship with others, soon ripened into fearful magnitude. I have neither time nor strength to tell you by what imperceptible degrees my habit gained such powerful ascendancy, as to arouse the attention of friends and awaken sorrow in the heart of one whose married life had, previously, been a scene of uninterrupted happiness. Expostulation made me angry and wayward, I refused to be 'schooled,' as I termed it, and a sort of coldness sprung up between me and my wife.

"I soon found that the seat in the tavern-parlour, at certain hours every evening, carefully set apart for my sole use, was more pleasant than the seat at my own fire-side, now rendered doubly dull by the absence of my daughter, who had been sent to school in the country by her mother, to save her from witnessing the degradation of her unworthy father. However my heart had changed with regard to others, for that dear child I still entertained a fondness that might be termed adoration, it seemed as if she was the only creature my heart could love. Just God, that she should have been made my punishment! I drove down every week to see her, and on that day I always returned home sober; invariably making promise of



"Suddenly she made an effort, leaned over the window's edge, and threw the Bible towards me;—impelled by the strength of despair, it fell at my feet."

amendment—promise which I never kept more than twelve hours. I found plenty of false or foolish friends, ready at all times to invent a new or my face, by saying that, at all events, I was "an enemy to no one but myself." The 'father of lies' could not possibly invent a more specious falsehood, I neglected my home, my business, and my family; as a natural consequence, all were wrong. In a few years I became embarrassed, my wife's little property was sold or mortgaged, to keep up my credit; and, to add to my difficulties, my confidential shopman left my employment, and established himself in business in my immediate neighbourhood, to my serious injury. I was no longer able to return to habits of regularity, and compete with my rival. I was still proud; and so great was the opinion entertained of my business, that rumours, that though my failing was 'known to all men,' few believed that ruin was actually staring me in the face. however, knew the startling fact; a fiend-like resolution arose in my mind. I determined not to be a poor man, however great the crimes I committed; I resolved to retain my station in society by some effort, no matter how desperate.

"My daughter had now left school, and her beauty over me had increased, with her growth, and strengthened with her strength; dearly as I loved her, I felt her presence a nuisance; I could not bear the mention of her clear dark eye, an open and candid in its gentle expression, still less could I endure to look upon her—so innocent, heartless, and accomplished, and think of her dawning womanhood being the ruin of my property, and, that, too, of my prodigal. The tumult of my thoughts kept me as constant society; I became as if I was possessed. My affectionate child was too slow to perceive my mental sufferings, and she seemed to soothe me with a tenderness that alternately gratified and agonized me.

"My stock had become greatly reduced, though daily fact was not yet generally known; others, and whether the wish was 'father to the thought' I know not, but I dreamed in sympathy; real dreams, that my wife had been burned down, during the absence of my family, and the large sum for which it was insured, enabled me to go with increased means into business. From these times I had but one thought, one desire, one object, and the spirit of evil, when he has once ensured a wicked thought to enter a man's mind, never leaves him, but watches opportunity of accomplishing it. It was summer, and my wife wished for her usual trip to a watering place. I encouraged and readily to her desire, that I thought she looked suspiciously at me, and exchanged glances with my daughter. Preparations were speedily made for their departure. Alas! my wife's suspicions were aroused and she was not right—that night, in her wandering; and it seems, as I learned many years after, she took her daughter into her confidence, and they arranged, she would leave home, as if to take the steam boat to Ramsgate, that instead of embarking on that day, my wife should remain at a friend's in the city, and that my daughter should return in the evening at ten o'clock, and if I was known to be absent, let herself in with the latch key at the back entrance, and observed all was right, remain in her own room to sleep, and join her mother early in the morning, when, if her report was favourable, they were to proceed. My wife's anxiety was so great she could not think of going without these precautions, and they took leave, if I discovered the unexpected return, I should not be angry at what was, in fact, only the overweening solicitude of affection, rendered zealous by my reserve and strange manner.

"I purchased this little Bible that I hold in my hand, for my poor child, as a present on her departure; she took it from me with a sorrowful look, as if the shadow of coming ill had dimmed the brightness of her young spirit, and her tears fell fast when I kissed her cheek. Oh! how often have I with agonizing anxiety of remembrance, pondered that parting! seen my child's fair up-turned face, and felt the warm tears gushing over my ragged cheek.

"They left, and I, like a spirit of evil, commenced my diabolical work. My wife was soon arranged, for I feared to lose time, the ferment of my mind kept me in constant excitement. Circumstances favoured me; for my female servant had accompanied my wife, and the shop boy, who caused me the greatest apprehension, was sent for suddenly, in consequence of the illness of his mother. The person hired to wait on me, in the place of the servant, was so come only daily. Every time during that fearful day when my heart fueled me, I applied the purpose of my diabolical project. It was therefore with no want of the sin and sorrow-dealing potion, that I went to my old haunt at night. Guilty world! I have stayed away, but, with the cunning of crime, I knew that everything depended on my acting in accordance with my usual habits; any peculiarity I knew would be commented on. I therefore compelled myself to remain in my shop, until the usual hour for closing arrived, and after seeing the shop carefully closed, I busied myself in laying light combustible things about the shop; turned on the gas, which I had extinguished, so that it should escape from all the burners, closed up every aperture which might diffuse it, and took my departure in the streets, after already consuming my own heart, which has remained unquenched, to this day! I stayed two hours at the tavern, and then hastened home. In the dead of the night, wrapped only in a loose dressing gown, that may escape might appear sudden and perilous, I found means to introduce a light into the shop, by removing the plug with which I had secured the key-hole, and, as I expected, from the quantity of gas that had escaped, I perceived a bright sheet of flame filling the whole space. I fled to my room, and threw myself into bed, almost determined, in my delirium, to destroy myself by poison. A space that seemed to me like an age, elapsed, and then I heard the cries of wood, as the shop door, communicating with the passage, was on fire, and I distinctly heard the roaring of the flames. In a few minutes there was a dashing against the front door, and bursting of the shutters, when I roused up (almost raving in mind) I deliberately and cool, in an incredibly small space of time, the staircase was on fire, and I threw up my window and looked forth on the sea of heads that a few moments had collected together. Some one called, and the voice called to me to escape, while I, in the excitement of the moment, and scarcely feeling a diabolical triumph in the work of destruction, threw myself into frenzy postures, which were mistaken by the bystanders for the agonies of fright. I cannot know how I escaped, but a strong arm impelled me forward, and I recovered from a partial delirium on finding myself in the open air.

"From some cause there was great delay in getting water, and the house was in flames from one end to another, before any measures could be taken to check the progress of the devouring element.

"Mine was a corner house, and a friendly neighbour in the narrow street, that opposite to the side of my shop, dragged me through the crowd into his dwelling. I looked through the drawing room windows, and saw crackling with the heat from my premises, when my eye alighted on one window of a back room, that looked into the side street, and immediately faced me. My daughter's beautiful geraniums stood there, and her latticed-work cage, with the pride of her brought tears to my eyes. I dated, in my impiety, mentally to thank God for their safety. My mind was in a state bordering confounded, for, as it to sear my eye-balls with horror, I beheld the window open, and an implorer hand of my precious child presented itself to my distracted gaze. Her arms were stretched out, and the flames from the window below spreading, shards, seemed to leap towards her; a sudden gust of wind blowing them aside, and forced her to duck again, and then her eyes met mine. I saw that the book I had given her was in her hand. She looked mournfully at me as a book her head in despair; suddenly she made an effort, leaned over the window sill, and threw the book towards me, impelled by the strength of despair, it fell at my feet. She stood with her hands clasped, as if in prayer, and looked on; then the volumes of smoke hid her from my sight for ever; meanwhile I was restrained by force from throwing myself out of the window. I foamed, and raved, and yelled in agony. Young man! I cannot tell you what I suffered. My wife's anxiety to see me apart from my fellow beings, though one strong sentiment of bitter unextinguishable remorse for my diabolical act. One sweet face was ever looking imploringly on me. I seemed to try incessantly to speak her, but, my tongue was parched, sulphurous smoke, and torrents of blood and flame, ever obstructed my course. My reason in the crisis, it seemed, was misapprehended; it my wife entertained suspicions, she never uttered them, and she explained satisfactorily to her anxious inquiries, my daughter's return. You say perhaps, that I thus escaped the vengeance of the law,—vengeance of the law indeed! What was that to the vengeance of an offended God? Alas! alas! what is it possible for frail mortality to endure, and live on? Yes, mercifully took my poor child to himself, but I was not permitted to see. After years of frantic visions, a more exquisite agony was sent. My reason returned, and with the recollections of my diabolical crime stamped with terrible distinctness on my tortured mind. Is it any wonder that when the voice of God spoke in the storm, that I should imagine the swift lightning is commissioned to destroy me? I cannot rest, I cannot sleep, I cannot pray, I cannot repent. Remember, young man, and tremble! INTEMPERANCE caused my crime! my sufferings! If no sympathy on my behalf should be wanting, a relative died in India, and left me a handsome fortune; the news arrived only in time to prevent the fatal catastrophe related. Oh what to me is wealth? Will it cleanse my guilty conscience? Will it restore my murdered child? Only in one instance has it served me; it enabled me to restore anonymously, and in enlarged amount, the insurance money so fraudulently and fatally obtained. Yes, rash youth! I can re-echo, with all the intensity of suffering, the prophet's denunciation: Woi wo! to the drunkards of Ephraim!"

The agitated narrator rose from his seat before his horror-struck auditors had recovered from their shock, at his terrible recital. He was leaving the room with trembling step, when he sank down, exhausted with his emotions, on the floor. Dame Etheridge ran, with tearful eyes, to his assistance, little wiser on his sunken temples soon revived him, but the expression of his eyes was strangely altered; their sunken lustre was dimmed and fled, and a dull film seemed gathering over them. He refused all further assistance, and retired to his chamber for the night. An undeniable feeling of anxiety and dread, caused the widow and her son to decide upon sitting up to listen to the movements of their wretched inmate. It is not discreditable to their honesty, that they passed the night in fervent prayer, and deep contrition, undisturbed by any sounds from their inmate. When the usual hour arrived for calling him, Dame Etheridge received no answer; she ascended, and found them, seated in his chair, dressed as he left them on the preceding night, his bible clasped in his hand, was the unfortunate man. Death had come at last to release him from his weary load "of regret, remorse, and sin!" He had been dead some hours. The excitement and humiliation of his confession had been more than his enfeebled frame could bear. A handkerchief was before him, and on looking into the pocket bible, the name of William Etheridge was written in the place where his heart should be. "We unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink."

A lengthy litigation about his property ensued among his relatives, and perhaps, the only person who ultimately benefited by his money were the lawyers.

William Etheridge never forgot the dreadful sermon he had listened to, and never ceased to value the little book to which such a terrible interest was attached. He, and his good wife, were enabled to bear evolution to obtain from the deadly potions of strong drink; and if at any time, alluremente of company, or jests of worldly wits, caused him for a moment to waver, one glance of the line, traced in the spasms of death upon the sacred page, re-assured him and bade him persevere. William's improved moral and religious habits, combined with industry, led him now to more safe occupation than that he followed at the commencement of his career. The Bible proved the source of infinitely more value, as a legacy, than the money which was so hastily consumed. It was indeed a lamp to his feet and a light to his path, for

"A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun!
It gives a light to guide our way,
It gives, but borrows none."

C. L. B.

HELP "A FELLOW CREATURE."

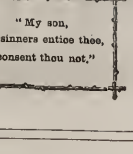
One day, while at the sea side, as I was going up from the beach, by a bank of lawn and shrubbery, I met a little boy with a donkey and cart, laden with sand. A lad was vainly urging the donkey to drag its load up the steep bank. The donkey would not move a step. The cart was evidently too heavily laden, but the lad driving, was either ignorant or indifferent to that, and he was most unmercifully beating the poor animal.

I could not pass without stopping to offer a word of kindly remonstrance, and assured the lad he was beating the poor dumb creature for not doing what it was impossible it could do without help. By my remonstrances he was turning a deaf ear, when a party of young people coming along the road, evidently feeling sympathy for what I said, and seeing how matters stood, one of them left the rest, and jumped quickly down the bank, calling to the others, "Come, my lads, we must help a *fellow creature* in distress!" His words were followed by a cheer, and the whole party immediately responded to his call, and with a long push, and a strong push, and a push altogether they got over difficulty, and left him with the cart on the level road.

I make another, but I fear ineffectual appeal to the lad's compassion, entreating him in future to be more merciful to his beast, but he seemed, I fear, to have no kind spirit of the stranger, who bless his kind heart, could not pass by on the other side, when he saw "a fellow creature" in distress.

May he never want a helping hand when he needs one. This was again, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." And a greater than he hath said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."—Prov. xii. 10. Matt. v. 7.

A. A. C.



THE WIDOW, ORGEN AND HER THREE NIECES.

CHAPTER III.

It will perhaps be more agreeable to the little readers of this story, if we now skip over a few years, and look in again at the widow Orgen after her nieces are ready to go out to service; for it is already as young women, not as children, that we desire to place them before the reader's notice.

We might tell many tales about the two sisters, and how they tired the patience of their aunt, but as they had been badly brought up, and had never known the watchful care of a sensible and prudent mother, we must mention, that they were, in their early childhood, that people hardly brought up are just as accountable as others after they are old enough to think, and especially after they have been carefully and earnestly instructed in the way to do better. Then a girl badly brought up is only to be excused for that reason while she is quite a child, and therefore, by the time Harriet and Jane had been twelve months with their aunt, they had seen so many nice, clean, careful ways of doing common things, and heard so much good sense, and good principle set before them, that they had no longer any excuse for their disorder, and waste.

Amongst the many trials of temper, which Jenny Green had to endure while teaching her nieces, it was not one that she had to reckon played in the garden without treading upon some of her newly laid out flowers, or broken some of the fragile shrubs she had brought with her from her former home. This, and many other little occasions, made her almost wish that she had never undertaken the care of such troublesome children. Especially when they quarrelled, as they often did, calling each other very disagreeable names, and then, when either of them was found fault with, the other, with tears, and as it was, for part, as if she had always been the most affectionate sister in the world. Then they seemed to forget that it was their duty to be them to maintain, and as she had what they considered plenty of money of her own, they might depend their clothes at fair as they liked; and thus they added greatly to the vexations of their aunt, by giving her ways to be their denying them what they asked for, instead of indulging them with every pleasure now and then, as she would have liked to.

But we must not forget that the widow had her pecuniary motives, in all good they have. First, she had the consolation of having done what she believed to be her duty, and in doing this every day, in the best way she could, she had the consolation of feeling that she was engaged in her Master's service. So that even when her endeavours seemed to produce no good results, she could still commend her nieces to the care of Him with whom alone was the power and the wisdom to lead them in the right way.

Besides this, the children made good progress at school, except Jane, who often begged not to go, sometimes crying—but, poor children, she was naturally very near-sighted, and always trying to find some excuse for sitting close to the fire at home. Still she was a good girl, and very seldom really naughty, so her aunt indulged her a little, thinking perhaps she was not very strong. Harriet, on the other hand, was a clever girl, a good deal quicker than Mary, it was her frequent boast, that she would be at the top of the class, and it was her word, until the time of leaving school, when she certainly was first in the classes, but had given a great deal of trouble, by her proud, overbearing temper, and her jealousy of all who stood at all in the way of her getting to the top place.

As soon as the girls were old enough to go out to service, Mrs. Green had the satisfaction of finding that they had little to no difficulty in getting them situations. There were many people anxious to take them into their families, because of the love of their aunt, and her clean, tidy, respectable habits, were disposed to think well of any young person who had been trained by her. Those who had many applications, which she never told her nieces, lest their minds should become unhealthy, because of the high opinion

caps of places and dishes piled one upon nother in such a way that the least touch ould have made them all slide own upon the floor. And then there were oths of all descriptions, wet and dry, just atched up for present use; and half a ozen dirty knives, where one would have one; and bits of bread and meat thrown ire and there, and greasy many kinds so neated about, that nobody working mongst such things in such a state, could ossibly keep themselves either clean or ecent.

Harriet blushed very much when she saw her aunt coming upon her, for she ade excuses about company staying in e house, and having to go out so often o the gate, and such hurry had time to clear p, or clear away. But her aunt saw exactly how it was. It was the old habit of ou caring to keep things tidy through the ay, but leaving all to be cleared away—*meantime.*

This was not all that Jenny Green's quick ves beheld that day. She had provided arriet with good strong shoes, and here e was trudging along out with a pair of thin ippers down at the heels, and in holes at e sides. Where could she have picked em up? The widow did not ask that y, but as Harriet was soon to come and end the evening with her, she determined ask them. It was high time she had to ersuade herself, in walking home, that this matter ould be inquired into, for if her niece ook to wearing other people's shoes—and ch shoes! what would she do next?

To tell the truth, Jenny Green's temper ll a little ruffled by what she had seen, nd this was one reason why she did not ust herself to speak at the time. It was ard mortifying, and was this then the ed of all her talking and teaching? Be ides which, what would the lady of the ouse think of her as well as her niece? he widow walked home very quickly, e would have found it difficult to answer easonably, but very sure she was a question he had time to grow calm, however, before e evening when Harriet was expected, e had almost forgotten the wrong she ad pleasure of having the three girls together again.

To the surprise of Mrs. Green, Harriet ntered the house with new ribbons on her onnet. New ribbons! thought the aunt, nd those shoes! Well, matters differ to be ure. But what had become of the neat nd handsome ribbon her bonnet was nitted with when she went out?

After awhile, a few questions of this kind ere put, and respecting the bonnet, Harriet nswered, that she was caught in the rain ne day, and the ribbon completely spoiled.

"But your umbrella?" asked the aunt, s she had been very careful to provide her niece with a nice little handy umbrella, as she expected Harriet would have to run on errands to the town sometimes.

"Oh! the umbrella was broken."

"How?" asked the aunt.

"Well it got caught at the peg," Harriet said, and so when she ran up stairs in a hurry, nd opened the door, it was crushed, and it wouldn't shut back, and it had had been very unfortunate," she said, "for her nnes had got burned. A cinder had ropped out of the fire when I was dry ng within the fender, and so had burned hole quite through the upper leather."

"Had she got the shoes mended then?" asked her aunt.

"Mended!" exclaimed Harriet, "Oh, no, ertainly not. The shoe was completely ished, for nobody could wear a shoe with a great ugly patch in front."

"Not rather I should think, than those ippers," said Mrs. Green, "and pray where did you get them?

"Oh, they had belonged to one of the oung Indics."

"Did she give them to you?" asked the unt.

"Yes," said Harriet, but she blushed and esitated so, that her aunt asked again, Did she give them to you as a present?"

"Why I did just say a word for myself," eplied Harriet. "I knew she had quite enough of them, so I just asked if she ieased, to let me have the wearing of hem."

The widow Green rose up from her seat, nd looked Harriet full in the face, "*You,*" he exclaimed in a tone of the greatest indignation, "*You* asked for a pair of shoes! you—my niece, dared to beg! yes, to beg, for t was nothing else. Well, this is the first ime anybody belonging to me has ever begged, and I can tell you it will be the ast; for if you dare to do such a thing again, this house shall be no home for you."

Harriet wanted very much to say that she did not think it was begging, but she was so frightened at the look of her aunt's face, that she remained quite still. She had often heard her aunt speak in this way, on the subject of begging. Not that she blamed those who really were in want. But to beg without absolute need—to beg old shoes, with new ribbons on her head, this she considered the deepest degradation, short of real sin, that could fall upon anybody's character or family. And after all she had said to her nieces about honest, honourable, independent feeling, it was truly mortifying to find one of them, thus in the very outset of life, beginning with this low, MEAN ACT.

"Not," she said, "that there was so much in asking for the old shoes, though for her part, when she began to beg, she thought she would ask for something better than that. And if Harriet was a poor parish girl, or had no means of getting shoes any other way, she did not say there would have been any harm in it. But with money in her pocket to choose to get her bonnet trimmed, rather than her shoes mended, and then to beg such things as those, and to go about the figure she had seen her—This she could not, and would not endure." So she repeated that Harriet must either turn over a new leaf, or provide herself with a new home.

Thus the pleasant evening which all had been looking forward to, was sadly spoiled. But it was partly from these, and similar causes, that the widow Green began from this time to fix upon certain subjects to talk very seriously about, whenever her nieces met together at her house. To these little lectures of their aunt they listened very attentively; for though disposed sometimes to think her a little particular, and even severe, yet they all knew her goodness of heart and principle too well to be offended with anything she might think it her duty to say.

(To be continued.)

THE BEST RECOMMENDATION.

A YOUTH seeking employment came to this city, and on inquiring at a certain counting-room if they wanted a clerk, was told that they did not. On mentioning the recommendations he had, one of which was from a highly respected citizen, the merchant desired to see them. In turning over his carpet-bag to find his letters, a book rolled out on the floor.

"What book is that?" said the merchant.

"It is the Bible, sir," was the reply.

"And what are you going to do with that book in this city?"

The lad looked seriously into the merchant's face and replied—

"I promised my mother I would read it every day, and I shall do it," and he then burst into tears.

The merchant immediately engaged his services, and in due time he became a partner in the firm—one of the most respectable in the city.

"WATCH against sin. Its guilt will render you unhappy—its power will render you undefined—its influence will ruin others—its friendship will ruin your soul eternally."

A HINDU BOY (AGRICULTURIST) PLOUGHING, AS SEEN IN 1852.

A CRY FROM INDIA.

THE painful events of the past year have called the attention of the civilized world to British India, and the important question is now being forced upon the attention of the country, "How is India to be governed in future?" Let us hope that there will be more faith than hitherto in the Gospel, and less in gunpowder; more reliance on the plough and the press, and less on the bayonet and the sword. Had a moiety of the millions which have been expended in training up the vast army of Sepoys as soldiers been spent in training the natives in the knowledge of husbandry, and the various useful manufactures, Britain would probably never have had to mourn as she now has, over the mangled remains of her murdered sons and daughters.

WHICH WAY WORKS BEST?

A DISTINGUISHED mechanic, in a part of the country where the Sabbath was disregarded, had been accustomed for a time, to keep his men at work on that day. He was afterwards at work for a man who regarded the Sabbath, and who, on Saturday, was anxious to know what he intended to do, and therefore asked, "What do you expect to do to-morrow?" He said, "I expect to stop and keep the Sabbath. I used to work on the Sabbath, and often obtained higher wages then on other days; but I so often lost, during the week, more than all I could gain on the Sabbath, that I gave it up years ago. I have kept the Sabbath since, and I find it works better." It does work better, and all who make the experiment will, in due time, find this to be the case.

"MY MASTER IS OLD, AND WANTS HIS LUNCH."

BY REV. J. D. OWEN, M.A.

DURING the approaches of the army to one of the assaults upon Sebastopol, a civilian was seen walking across the front space between the enemy and the besiegers, and was ordered to the rear. He appeared to disregard the order, and continued his course. An aid-de-camp rode up to him, and sagely ordered him back, blaming him for the rash exposure of himself to danger. The man replied, "I am Lord Raglan's servant. My master is old, and wants his lunch, but not take it over to him." I heard this related at the Bible Society Meeting in Dublin last April, and the audience were deeply affected at the lovely heroism of this brave, faithful valet, running the risk of a cross fire to carry food to his master. What sacrifices have you and I made, dear reader, to carry the bread of life to famishing old men, and children in the dark places of the earth? Had that man been shot, with that little wallet of provisions in his hand, the tears of a grateful country would have bedewed his grave. Oft that so noble martyrdom were devoted, as Jesus said —"not to *destroy* men's LIVES, but to *save* them!"

WOULDN'T MARRY A MECHANIC.

A YOUNG man commenced visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well pleased.

One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the girl to inquire where he had been.

"I had to work to-night," he replied.

"Do you *work* for a living?" inquired the astonished girl.

"Certainly," replied the young man, "I am a mechanic."

"My brother doesn't work, and I dislike the name of a mechanic," and she turned up her pretty nose.

That was the last time the mechanic visited the young woman. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best of women for his wife. The young lady who disliked the name of a mechanic, is now the wife of a miserable vagrant, who haunts the low gin-shops, and she, poor and miserable woman, is obliged to take in washing in order to support herself and children!

Young women! beware how you treat young men who work for a honest living. Far better discard the idle drone with all his rings, jewellery, brassiness, and pomposity, and take to your affections the hard-handed, intelligent, industrious, and pious mechanic. Thousands have bitterly regretted their folly who have turned their backs on honest industry. Years of bitter experience have taught them a sad lesson.

"BLESSED is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his ways. For thou shalt eat the *labour of thine hands*: happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee." —Psalm CXXVIII. 1, 2.

THE GERMAN MECHANIC:

OR,

PIETY IN THE WORKSHOP.

A FEW years ago, an English lady, who had lost the use of her limbs, was sent by her physicians in London to Homburg, which is one of the most celebrated bathing places in the centre of Germany. There she drank the powerful waters, used the strength-giving baths, and the limbs which had been like dead weights, helpless, and useless, began to revive. Her kind and skilful doctor suggested a machine for the purpose of gradually teaching her the long unused legs to perform their duty again; and as the iron work required nicety in its fitting, he employed the chief locksmith of the town to do it; the man was a great, powerful, master-smith, considerably deaf, but with a very kind heart. He had seen the lady often lying helpless on her couch, and had done many little things for her in his usual line of work, so he felt much interest in the exercising apparatus.

Some months after he had put it up, he was out at work, when the landlord of the house in which the invalid lodged, passed by. He stood still with a joyful countenance, and told the locksmith that the English lady had *stood alone* that day, after many weeks' gradual trial with the help of the machine Herr Quilitzo, had put up for her.

Down went the locksmith's tools, and off he set to his house to give a donation to the poor, "as a thank-offering to God for having permitted him to have a share in restoring a fellow creature, the mother of a family, to the use of her limbs."

On the writer relating this anecdote to an English woman who had lived for many years in Germany, she said, "Are you surprised at this? I am not, for I have met with many similar incidents, one lately in the case of my own brother, who also long been ill, no one who knows German workmen in Germany, and the tone of true and simple piety which pervades many of them, will wonder at your friend Herr Quilitzo."

Surely if the blessing of God rests on the labours of the teacher, the servant, or the physician, "who in all his ways acknowledges Him," so also will it rest on those of the simple workman, who can tell how often an undertaking may prosper or fail in proportion to the piety of the artisans, or the want of it, on ordinary yet little more than accidental helpers in the matter.

L. K S.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

"The greatest of these is charity."—1 Cor. xiii. 13.

FAITH, Hope, and Love were questioned
what they thought
Of future glory which Religion taught.
Faith *believed* it firmly true,
And Hope *expected* so to find it too.
Love answered smiling, with a conscious
glow
Believe! Expect! I KNOW it to be so!

PROPER OBJECT OF THANKS.

A LADY once applied to the late benevolent Mr. Reynolds of Bristol, on behalf of an orphan. After he had given liberally, she said,—

"When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor."

"Oh, no," said the good man, "you are mistaken. We do not thank the clouds for the rain; teach him to look higher, and thank Him, who giveth both the clouds and the rain."

THE WILD FLOWER.

SWEET wilding tufts that, 'mid the waste,
Your lowly bude caught,
Though by fo stelt'ring walls embraced,
Nor traced by beauty's hand,—
The primal flowers which grace your stems,
Bright as the dahlias, gems,
Found thus, like unexpected gems,
To lonely hearts like mine.

'Tis a quaint thought,—and yet, perchance,
Sweet blossoms, ye are sprung
From flowers that over Eden, once,
Their pristine fragrance flung;
That drank the dews of Paradise,
Beneath the starlight clear,
Or caught from Eve's dejected eyes
Her first repentant tear. J. F. SMITH.

DIVINE AGENCY.

THE winds of heaven blow but as they list,
And do their errand painless and unseen,
We feel the varying influence as they pass,
And mark the change that tells us they
have been.

So when the HOLY SPIRIT makes abode
The heart of a sinner's breast,
We see, but know not whence, the stranger-
flowers
That, all unbidden, blossom on the waste.

New hopes, new wishes, animate the soul,
God's banish'd image is replac'd within,
And lo, whose object, alienated heart
Once fear'd the punishment, now fears the
sin. CAROLINE FAY

"Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you, bless them that curse you and pray for them which despitefully use you."—Luke vi. 27, 28.

LOVE OF FLOWERS.

God has endowed and blessed every human heart, in a greater or less degree, with an innate love of, and reverence for flowers; and as no love is placed by His hand in our breasts unaccompanied by the means for its gratification, so we find flowers scattered with a generous profusion in every part of the habitable world; in the snowy arctic regions, and in the sunny lands of the south; on the hoary Nile, and in the sparkling rivulets of our own loved land; on the sandy plains of Africa, and in our quiet fields and woods; in the lonely isles of the ocean, and on the shattered ruins of our halls and towers, nay, on the very walls and roofs of our cottages; beneath the foot of the laughing child, and round the grave of the grey-haired man.

COTTAGE GARDENS.

It afforded as much pleasure last month in calling attention to the "Hampshire Prizes for the *best cultivated cottage gardens*," and we indulge the hope that the example set by the "Romsey Labourers' Encouragement Society" will be followed in other districts throughout the country. There are but few ways in which the *health*, the *habits*, and the *homes* of the working classes can be improved, as by their having *well cultivated cottage gardens*.

We would urge *every* working man who can do so, to have his *own* little "plot," even if it be but a few yards square.

HINTS FROM HELPERS. No. 3.

We are gratified to find that many of the provincial booksellers are taking special *interest* in extending our circulation. A gentleman states:—

"I called on my Bookseller and said to him, 'I wish you to order twelve copies monthly, and expose them for sale in your windows; and if at the end of three months you have any left, *I will pay you for them*.' At the expiration of the allotted time I called again and inquired what I had to pay. The bookseller smilingly answered, 'I have no charge against you, sir, but I am *obliged to you* for bringing the publication under my notice, as I sell 100 copies per month.'"

Messrs. Hands and Welsh, of Camelford, write:—

"We are very anxious to increase the circulation of the *British Workman*. We began with two or three subscribers, but by shewing and lending the numbers to our neighbours, we have increased to about 170."

A DYING TESTIMONY.

When the 6th Regiment mutinied at Allahabad, and murdered their officers, Ensign Cheek, a youth of sixteen, escaped in the dark to a neighbouring ravine. Here he found water; and although desperately wounded, this, without food prolonged his life and sufferings during four long days and nights. Each night he contrived to raise himself with difficulty unto a tree, for protection from troops of jackals. But the poor youth's lengthened sufferings, tended doubtless to draw him more sensibly into communion with Him, whose felt presence enables the Martyr to triumph at the stake. He had a high commission to fulfil before his departure. On the fifth day he was discovered in a dying state, and was dragged by the brutal Sepoys before one of their leaders to receive sentence. There he found another prisoner, a Christian Catechist, formerly a Mahomedan, whom his expected executioners were attempting to torment and terrify into recantation. Appalled by the terrible fate which awaited him as an apostate from Islamism, the firmness of the native was giving way, upon which the officer, who had been anxiously watching the result, cried out, "*Oh, Padre, Padre; do not deny the Lord Jesus.*" Just at this moment the alarm of a sudden attack by Colonel Neile and the Madras Fusiliers caused the flight of the Sepoys, and the catechist's life was saved. He turned to bless the youth whose faith had strengthened his faltering spirit, but the youthful martyr was beyond the reach of human cruelty—he had entered into his rest!—*Correspondent of the* "Times."

POWER OF KINDNESS.

During a recent visit to Peckham Rye, I was much pleased to hear of a warm-hearted horse-keeper who resided there a few years ago, who by the use of

KIND WORDS
INSTEAD OF
HARD BLOWS

gained such command over his master's horse, that the noble creature would follow him like a dog, and at the word of command, would take off the man's hat, and then most carefully replace it. He also performed several other amusing little tricks. A lady, who knew both the man and horse well, said, 'It was a *rich treat* to see such an illustration of the *Law of Kindness*.'

Let all my readers who have to do with horses try to be as clever as Charles Austin of Peckham Rye.

S.

"A kind man regardeth the life of his beast;"—he will not fail to extend kindness and consideration to the brute animals which belong to him; for he will not only supply their wants but even attend to their infirmities, and always proportion their services to their ability.

Rev. John Evans.

KIND WORDS DO MORE GOOD THAN HARD BLOWS.

CHEERING TESTIMONIES.

A Dorsetshire town Missionary writes to us thus:—

"I bless God your *British Workman* and *Band of Hope Review* have been greatly blessed by the Holy Spirit in creating a *love of reading*, and drawing many hearts to love the Word of God. In a very large, poor neighbourhood, I have sold twelve copies of the Holy Scriptures in a week only, from first reading your works. May the Lord bless you."

A Seaman on board H.M.S. * * * * * writes us from Sheerness:—

"God speed the *British Workman*, which has brought me to my *senses*."

The *London City Mission Magazine* for last May states:—

"Two Kensington potters, who had brought their families into the deepest distress by their intemperate habits, have been induced, by the reading of these periodicals, to adopt a different course of life, and are now sober, steady men."

Mr. Richard Turner, of Spring Cottage, Canterbury Terrace, Dover Road, writes:—

"Last evening I was in company with a Scripture Reader, and he gave me a most encouraging incident. In his district, there resides a man who has been for a long while a *confirmed drunkard*. This Scripture Reader gave the man a copy of the *British Workman* for *January*, 1857, and the result is, that he has not taken a drop of intoxicating liquor of any kind since—the change in his appearance, and that of his wife is *wonderful*. I wish the *British Workman* was taken in by every working man in the kingdom."

Such testimonies as the above encourage us in our work. We trust that they will also stimulate our readers to do all they can to extend the circulation.

The youthful officer cried out, "Oh, Padre, Padre, do not deny the Lord Jesus."

☞ *Many of our readers have expressed a desire to have various articles that have appeared in our pages reprinted in a cheap form for extensive circulation. We hope this series of "Illustrated Hand-bills" will meet the views of our friends.*

ILLUSTRATED HAND-BILLS.

(Compiled by the Editor of the British Workman.)

These Hand-bills (printed on paper made from straw) are suitable for general distribution. They embrace Religious, Sabbath Observance, the Sacred Scriptures, Temperance, Peace, Kindness to Animals, Truthfulness, Swearing, War, &c.

Sold in Sixpenny Packets, each packet containing fifty Hand-bills. An *assorted* packet containing one of each of the following, may be had through any bookseller, price Sixpence, or *post free* by remitting six stamps to the Publishers.

1. The Frosted Flower.
2. Oh, this Hard Lump.
3. The Cabman's Dying Cry.
4. The Leaf and Drowning Fly.
5. The British Jaggernaut.
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7. How to Manage an Ass.
8. Now I have Family Prayer.
9. The Widow's Son.
10. The Weishman and his Goat.
11. My Father is at the Helm.
12. A Solemn Thought.
13. The Sabbath-Breaking Merchant.
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15. What says the Bible.
16. Christmas Customs, or, The Ruined Postman.
17. A Whip or a Word.
18. Friend, don't swear.
19. Death on the Rail.
20. Old Robert.
21. Six and Seven Day Cabs.
22. A Patriot's Resolve.
23. Orange Peel.
24. Dappled Dobbin.
25. Pure Milk, or, Pat and his Cow.
26. Facts and Figures
27. I saw you Drunk.
28. The Broken Pips.
29. What Happens a day will do.
30. Swallowing a Yard of Lead.
31. The Power of Peace.
32. Thomas Mason, or, How many days do you work?
33. Miller's Dialogue for all Weathers.
34. There goes a Teetotaller.
35. Procrastination.
36. John Worley and the Dyspeptic Local Preacher.
37. How to pay Rent.
38. The Sabbath Breaker.
39. The Inclined Plane.
40. A single Worm killed that Time.
41. A Water-Drinker's Experience.
42. The Neglected Bible.
43. An Awful Rebuke.
44. A word to Cabmen; as, Sen I have my Sundays.
45. The Dying Soldier.
46. Lost! by a poor Man, the Pearl of Days.
47. The Relief in the Bible.
48. The Smoke Idol.
49. The Dying Abbott.
50. A Noble Testimony.

A complete Edition of the Illustrated Hand-bills hereof, been bound in cloth, price five Shillings, post free. This attractive book is recommended to the notice of Employers, Sunday School Teachers, &c.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

The liberal rates of postage adopted by the Government enable the Publishers to forward packets of the *British Workman* to any part of the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, the Shetland and Orkney Isles, *post free*, on the under-mentioned terms. To those parties who reside in the rural districts, far away from any Bookseller, the cheap postage rates have conferred a great boon.

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Fewer than four copies cannot be sent at this rate.

Residents in the British Colonies can have packets of the *British Workman* (postage prepaid in England) at the rate of 3d. for every quarter of a pound weight, (to India and Australia 6d.) in addition to the cost of the paper. Single copies, 1s. per annum. No Foreign orders attended to unless payment is remitted, or an order for payment in London.

☞ *With Eight Hundred Illustrations. A complete Edition of the "Band of Hope Review" (by the Editor of the "British Workman") for the first ten years, in one volume, price 10s., gilt edges, 12s.*

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BRITISH WORKMAN

Robert's House before it was repaired. Robert's House after it was repaired.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.

No. 40, APRIL 1st, 1858.] PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR BY S. W. PARTRIDGE; A. W. BENNETT; AND W. TWEEDIE, LONDON.

THE POOR MAN'S HOUSE REPAIRED.

BY A WORKING MAN'S WIFE.

For fifteen years of my married life I was as miserable as any woman could be. Our house was the picture of wretchedness externally, and it looked still more wretched within. The windows were patched, the walls shattered, the furniture defaced and broken, and everything was going to ruin.

It had not always been so; for, once my home was happy, and I used to take much pleasure and some pride in hearing the neighbours say, "How neat and trim neighbour N——'s house always looks!" But they could not say so long. One thing after another changed. Our table was no longer spread with comfortable food, or surrounded with cheerful faces; but there were scanty meals, sour looks, and loud and angry words; while, do the best I could, I was not able to conceal the tatters of my own and my children's clothing. My husband is a mechanic; his employment is good and he might have made his family as happy as possible, had he not begun the habit of drinking. *He* thought it did him good; *I* knew it did not, for I found him every day more and more unkind. Our comforts, one by one, were stripped away, till at last I saw myself the wife of a confirmed drunkard.

I well remember, one evening I was sitting by the fire, mending my poor boy's tattered jacket. My heart was very sad. I had been thinking of the happy evenings I had spent with my husband before our marriage; of the few pleasant years that succeeded; of the misery that then came; of the misery yet to come; and for me there seemed no ray of hope or comfort. My husband was a terror to his family, and a nuisance to the neighbourhood; my children were idle, ragged, and disobedient; myself a heart-broken wife and wretched mother. While I thought of all this, I could no longer retain my composure, but, dropping my work, I leaned my head upon my hand and

"Who can describe the joy with which I have welcomed Robert home and read to him whilst he enjoyed his evening meal?"

wept bitterly. My husband had been absent all day, and I was now expecting him home every minute. It was quite late, so I wiped away my tears as well as I could, and put the embers together, to make my fireside look as inviting as possible. But I dreaded my husband's return—his sharp voice and bitter words pained me to the heart, and tougher treatment than all this I often experienced from him who had once been to me all that I could wish.

At length the door opened, and Robert entered. I saw by his flushed countenance and unsteady expression that I had better remain silent, so with a sinking heart, I placed a chair for him by the fire, and continued my work without speaking.

Robert broke silence, and in a sharp tone said, "What on earth do you sit there for, at work at this dirty rag? Why don't you give me something to eat?" and snatching the work roughly from my hands, he threw it into the fire. I sprang forward to rescue my poor child's garment, and so quick were my movements, that I saved it from much injury. But while I was shaking the ashes from it, my husband again snatched it from my hands, and with a terrible oath, defying me to touch it, once more threw it into the fire. I was afraid to attempt to save it; so I turned away, with bitter feelings to see my labour all lost, and my destitute child made still more destitute by the father's hand. But, as patiently and kindly as I could, I set before Robert the supper I had prepared for him. It did not look very inviting, to be sure; but I could offer nothing more. He swore he would not taste a morsel. I now reproached him for not having provided anything better for myself and children. But this was no time for remonstrance. Robert's anger rose to the highest pitch. He dashed the cup and plate I had placed for him to the floor, and setting me roughly by the arm, he opened the door, and forcing me from the dwelling, but one entire square, if I dared. The night was cold and very wet. I was thinly dressed, and even ill. But I forbore to take refuge under a neighbour's roof. My heart was too sad and desolate to admit of human consolation. At this sorrowful moment I remembered that

"Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal,"

so, falling almost unconsciously upon my knees, I prayed that God would comfort my stricken heart; that my sins might be pardoned; that I might be enabled to repose all my griefs in the bosom of that Friend One who has kindly promised to give the heavy-laden rest. I then prayed for my miserable husband, that God would have mercy upon him, and deliver him from his dreadful delusion before it was too late. I prayed, too, for my poor children, that all the sorrow of a mother's cold. That was the first prayer I had offered for years; for I had been an impenitent wretch. Had I prayed sooner, I might have saved myself much sorrow and distress. But as it was, I arose from my knees with feelings far less hopeless and bitter. I then crept back to the house, and on looking in at the window I found that Robert had fallen asleep, so I opened the door quietly, without disturbing his heavy slumbers, and laid myself down to rest.

The events of this evening were no uncommon events to me. Each succeeding day brought the same rough treatment, the same wretchedness and want. Robert grew worse and worse. He not only destroyed all our peace, but brought noise and discord into the whole neighbourhood, till at last, for the sake of quiet, he was taken to the House of Correction. I never can forget that dreadful night when he was carried away. He came home shockingly intoxicated. The little children crept into the farthest corner of the house to shield themselves from his fury. He threatened every thing with destruction. I was in danger of my life, and ran for safety into the nearest house, where a poor widow lived. Robert followed—we fastened the door—he swore he would set fire to the building, and burn it over our heads. But some one passing by heard the noise, and went for the policemen. Several of them came, just as my intoxicated husband was pelting the window with stones. They took him away by force, while he was uttering the most shocking oaths. I sat down and wept with shame and vexation. My little Jamie came to me, round my neck, and said, "Don't cry, mother, he has gone—father has gone, and I hope he will never come back—he is so cross, and beats us so." I hardly knew what to say in answer to my little girl, but I felt that it was a dreadful thing to have my children speak so of him whom I would gladly have taught them to love and honour.

I determined, now my husband was away, to support my family by my own work. I could not earn much, my health was feeble, but by depriving myself of several meals, I saved enough to mend my poor neighbour's windows.

But Robert longed to regain his liberty. He resolved that he would do better, and upon promising to reform, he was permitted to return to his family. Really as he had treated me, I was glad to see him back in my home. He looked miserable, and so was kindly. He kissed the younger children, too, and for a while every thing went on smoothly. Tom (a second child) like the dawning of better days, and when Robert one evening brought home some new shoes for our oldest boy, and a new gown for my little Jane, I actually wept for joy, and Jane said, her "wicked father had come home to stay." But these bright days were not to last. Darker once came, darker than I had ever known before, or perhaps the brightest darker, from the transient sunshine that had gleamed upon us. I again heard my children crying for food, when I had no food to give them. I was again often turned from my dwelling, or, if I offered any resistance, was forced to receive harsh words and cruel blows. But it is in vain to tell all I suffered. Many have gone through the same story, and will feel that the crystal of my woes is but a revival of their own.

There was one privilege, the want of which I at this time felt deeply. The village church was within sight of our door. I used to hear the bell ring, and see the children of the neighbourhood go by, neatly dressed, to the Sabbath-school, but I had no gown, nor bonnet, nor shoes fit to wear, and my children were still more destitute than myself. So we were obliged to spend the Sabbath in sadness at home, while Robert, if the day was fine, would profane it by going on the water to fish, or would lounge with his companions round the door of the gin-shop.

Our clergyman was one of those who thought it his duty to "reason on temperance," as well as "righteousness," and "judgment to come;" and through his example, and the exertions of other good men, a reform had commenced, which gave great encouragement to the friends of human happiness and virtue. Temperance meetings were held once a month, and in spite of much opposition, and many prophecies to the contrary, the cause went on.

I heard much said about these meetings, and resolved to attend the next; so, when the evening came, I borrowed a shawl and bonnet of one of the neighbours, and hastened to the schoolroom. The prayers I heard did my wounded spirit good, and the first impressive language of the clergyman spoke to my very heart. I resolved to persuade my husband, if possible, to go with me when there should be another meeting.

Robert still drank hard, when one day the clergyman called, as he was visiting the people of his parish. I was very glad to see him, and told him all my griefs freely. He gave me what consolation he could, and informed me that there was another temperance meeting that evening, which he hoped I would attend, "and," he added, "if bring your husband along with you, if you can persuade him to come."

When Robert came home to supper, I was surprised and delighted to find him sober; so I told him of the clergyman's visit, and the meeting in the evening. He seemed pleased that the clergyman had called, and even asked me how things looked about the room, "for," said he, "we don't look quite so stylish here as we once did, Mary."

"No, Robert," said I, with a sigh, as I surveyed the wretched apartment. But I as you would attend the temperance-meeting, and hear what the speakers say about saving money, I think it would not be much worse here, and the boys might have better jackets, and I might have a better gown. Oh, Robert!—

I would have said more, but my eyes filled with tears, and I could not. Robert hung down his head, and seemed ashamed. I know he had spent, for drink, money enough to feed and clothe his family well. I thought he had half a mind to tell me he would go with me. When I had cleared away the supper, and seated the children to bed, I put on my bonnet, and said, "I will just step into neighbour Wren's and borrow Nancy's cloak."

"Have'st you a cloak of your own?" said he.

"No," I replied, "I have been without one a long time."

Robert said no more, but when I came back with the cloak, and said to him, "Will you go with me?" he said, as a tone which seemed as if he were trying to suppress tenderness, "Go along, Mary, and don't be always fretting about me." I was grieved, but said nothing, and prayerfully I put the bad husband, and prayerfully that Robert might be better and kind. The serve you more than ever before. The clergyman and everything to convince, and I felt a decreasing unease, that Robert was better, for he never my husband hear all that was said. Judge, then, of my surprise and pleasure, when, a short time after I had retired to bed, Robert entered, and said, "Guess where I have been Mary."

"Not to the meeting, Robert."

"Yes, Mary, to the meeting. I took up my hat after you had gone, thinking that I would go for the sake of the thing, but I felt uneasy, and wanted something to suppress my disagreeable thoughts. But as I passed by the school-room it was so well lighted up, and the bell was ringing, and the people going in, I thought perhaps I had better go in too, and I did so, and I did. Wife, I do believe the speakers were right. I know that hard drinking has been the ruin of myself and family, and while the clergyman was speaking, I thought I would try to break away from my bad habits."

"O, Robert, will you try?" I exclaimed, while my heart beat with pleasure to hear him thus speak.

"Yes, I will try, Mary, harder than you think of."

"I know it is hard, my dear husband; but only think of the happiness it would bring to us all—of the ruin from which it will save our dear children—of the misery from which it will save your poor wife. O, Robert, if you have one spark of love remaining in your heart for me—"

I could not go on; but leaning upon my husband's shoulder, I sobbed aloud.

Robert seemed affected, and said, in a doubtful tone, "Perhaps I might leave it *off by degrees*."

"O no, Robert, no," I answered, "that will never do. Don't you remember what the clergyman said, "*Leave it off* AT ONCE? You will never do it by degrees."

Robert looked steadily into the fire, and did not say one word more. When not under the influence of strong drink, he was a man of good sense, and I thought it better to leave him to his own reflections. I knew he was pleased through his mind. The kinder and better feelings of other days seemed to be awakened from their slumber, and I felt that God was with me, and prayer and holy desires proceed," was influencing his determination. As for myself, I longed to retire to pour out my soul to God. When I went into the bedroom, where my poor children were fast asleep, and after seeing that they were well covered up, I knelt down beside them, and knelt down by their side to offer up my prayer. I prayed as I felt, for deliverance from the bondage through my Redeemer, to gain a nearer and bolder access to the throne of grace. My heart overflowed with joy, and I felt, in my strength, humility and joy; and from that hour I have dared to hope myself a child of God. Sweet hours were those nights. It caused joy among the angels in heaven, over the reconciliation of one soul to God—over the desire of another soul to return to the path of duty. I caused joy on earth, in our poor, humble dwelling—joy in the bosom of a long-afflicted wife—joy that her soul was trusting in Christ—joy that her husband was turning from his wretched way to an happier and better path.

The next day before Robert went out, I encouraged him all I could to persevere. I thought his resolutions as much of the lecture as I could, so that it might be fresh in his mind. He left me in good spirits, and promised to see me again at night, if he can. But O, what an anxious day it was for me! I dreaded, and yet longed for Robert's return. At last, I thought I heard his footstep at the door. But he had kept his word—he had not tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor. He had seen the clergyman and several members of the Temperance Society. In consequence of the meeting on the last evening, many new names were added to the temperance roll, and they had promised, in case of entire abstinence till the next meeting, to receive him into their ranks. I could scarcely believe my senses when I heard my husband speak thus, and the prospect of his becoming a sober man never had delighted to be sober rather. For a time, I rejoiced with trembling, but when, day after day, I saw him return home sober, my joy and courage revived, and I felt that he would *persevere*.

At length the evening came round for the meeting, and my husband and myself went. O, so happy! and put our names to the pledge. What a different meeting to our home now present. I could not keep my countenance for joy, when the neighbours came in to congratulate me on the change. I could now dress my children neat and comfortable, and send them to the Sabbath school. I went myself with my husband constantly to church, and on making known my wish to our clergyman, I publicly professed my faith in the Saviour of sinners. Thus happily did the winter and summer pass away. One day in autumn, my husband was in front of the house, when the clergyman passing by, called out, "How said I, "I am glad, Robert, to see your *house repaired* and looking so well." "Well thank you sir, why, it does look somewhat better." As the clergyman was about to pass on, Robert added, "Mr. G., I have not had a drop of drink for the new temperance Mission. So you *see the effect upon my house*. I used to work hard before, but now all I earned in drink. Many a time I have been at my work on a Sunday, and earned four shillings or more in the morning of the day, and taken the money, and then had out the whole in drink. Now I can clothe my family well, and have some money to lay out upon my house. Last summer, my boy and I saved *twelve pounds* by the carpenter's work for himself."

TWELVE POUNDS saved! But who can tell the value of the happy days and nights of the poor, who can describe the joy with which I have welcomed Robert home, and read to him whilst he enjoyed his evening pipe? Who can tell the worth of a kind, sober, industrious husband and father, compared with a cross, cruel, and drunken one? Who can describe what would be *their* answer? Ask their grandmother, who is now a happy inmate of our home—what *she* can say?

I have been induced to give this history of my husband's reform, in order, if possible, to encourage others, by God's blessing, and help, to follow his example; to show them *how* quiet and plenty were mercifully restored to a disordered dwelling, virtue and respectability to a ruined family, and the *poor man's house repaired*.

A clergyman, well acquainted with the writer of the above, and the circumstances related, testifies that the case is "literally and faithfully described." We may add, that not a few cases of a similar character, have come under our own immediate notice. We could give the names and addresses of Working Men both in town and country, who once were as hopeless a state as poor Robert; but who are now respectable members of society, and freeholders, possessing votes for both boroughs and counties. One pleasing instance we could narrate of a reclaimed one, who for years occupied a prominent market in one of the nearest districts of London, who, through God's blessing upon his temperance and piety, has raised his circumstances to settle £100 a year for life, upon his once injured but now happy wife!

Let our Temperance friends follow the example of the indefatigable clergyman, referred to in the above narrative—let them visit the dens of drunkards in the spirit of our Divine Master, who "*went about* doing good;" and thousands more of *poor men's houses will soon be repaired*.

SPEAK KINDLY.

SPEAK kindly to thy fellow man,
Who droops from weight of woe!
He sinks beneath deep sorrows sun
With cares unknown, unless not know!
Oh! kindly speak, for deadly grief
Is gnawing at his heart;
Give him thine sympathy, give relief
And act a brother's part!

Perchance, from then, a single word,
Spoken in accents kind,
May a sweet transport joy afford
His lacerated mind;
And though his cares-worn heart is fill'd
With heaviness and gloom,
It may cause some hope to gild
His passage to the tomb!

Turn not the wanderer away,
Even though the weight of sin
Hath quenched his spirits heavenly ray,
And darkened his mind!
Oh! chide him not—nor coldly spurn
His now repentant tears;
For from that one kind spark may burn
A flame in after years!

Yes! kindly speak—and bid his soul
From its dejection rise,
Push back the waves which round him roll,
And point him to the skies.
Stop not with him his grief, nor how
He into evil ran,—
It is enough for thee to know
It is thy fellow man.

HELP FROM THE PULPIT.

A FEW months ago we received a letter from a working man at Ashford in Kent, in which he wrote:—

"Sir,—The Rev. J. P. Alcock, on Sunday evening, the 20th of September, in the parish church at Ashford, with a congregation of upwards of 1000, recommended every one present to take and read the *British Workman*, and said if they did he would promise that they could not read it without profit, and that it would be the best penny ever they spent."

We subsequently addressed a letter to the Rev. J. P. Alcock, M.A., Rural Dean and Vicar of Ashford, asking if the above statement was correct, and if so, whether he had any objection to our publishing the fact. A polite reply immediately came to hand, from which the following is an extract:—

"I do not know who W——, is, but I expect he is a railway machinist, as I think there are about eight hundred employed in this parish. He not is substantially correct, except that instead of saying, 'it would be the best penny ever they spent,' I said, 'that it would be as much as a penny a month, and that if they would become subscribers, I believed that at the end of twelve months, an increase in home would grow, through God's blessing, *a shilling will half out*.

"I am have no objection to our publishing his letter. I little thought when I was preaching that the report would reach you!"

THE TWENTY-EIGHT SUGGESTIONS.

WE feel ourselves under deep obligation to the kind friend who has been rendering us most important help, by enclosing, in their letters, copies of the "TWENTY-EIGHT SUGGESTIONS *for improving the Condition of the British Workman*." We feel assured that if more of our readers would lend a helping hand, our circulation would be materially increased. A supply of the "Suggestions" may be had, *post free*, on application to the Editor, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. (N.)

A HINT TO MY BROTHER SHOEMAKERS.

THE UPRIGHT BENCH.

HAVING seen an account of the Shoemakers' Upright Bench in No. 15 of the *British Workman*, and having been often obliged to desist from work on account of a pain in my chest, which I believed was produced by my usual sitting posture, I resolved to construct an upright bench (as described in Mr. Sparkes Hall's pamphlet, which I afterwards procured) to prove whether or not it would prevent a recurrence of the malady with which I was so often afflicted.

I have used it constantly for about twelve months without a single return of pain in my chest, and with my general health improved.

The construction is simple and inexpensive, and I hope it will render the workman as expert with it as with the old seat. I have used it for closing and for every kind of shoemaking work, and find that I can do more in the same time, and have already more cheerfulness both to myself and my work.

I would recommend in addition, the use during the lighter kinds of work, of a high stool, as it still maintains the body in a

upright posture at the same time that it relieves the weight of the knees from continued standing; also the workshop should have the light introduced through the roof, as it gives a better light to the work, and a better ventilation secured.

I am of opinion that every workman who gives the upright bench an unprejudiced trial, will speak as highly of it as I do.

There are now in this country a good number of these benches in operation more introduced it, but most of the workshops are constructed more for economy than for comfort to the workman. A little trouble and expense would, I have no doubt, give the inimitable invention the credit it so richly deserves.

FRANCIS SHEPHERD.

Thornbrean, Aberdeenshire. *Shoemaker.*

A PAGE FOR THE DAUGHTERS OF WORKING MEN.

THE WIDOW GREEN AND HER THREE NIECES.

CHAPTER IV.

WHO DOES THE THINKING?

I HAVE been thinking," said the Widow Green, the next time Harriet came home to tend the evening sick her. "that as little as I have been doing, I have had better have quiet talk together, for though I hope all trust I have got a good constitution but I am just the place to see everything, nor be people rather. There are two parties every bargain, and what you are your—what you do, and what you think, I always be of more consequence to you on the place you live in.

"I have been thinking too, of a dear old mistress I once had myself. She was sharp-tempered woman, and kept us all to our tasks; but then, she would talk to us sometimes so kindly, and so much as we were friends and companions, that her words had double weight and value. Indeed, she put me up to many things that I should most likely never have entered my head without her help. I mean, the use of *thinking*, upon which she was very strong. Now, I hope you won't go to think the world with the notion I had even a girl, that thinking belongs to the nobfolks, and that all the servants have do is to *work*. There are many things I genefit they have, that we cannot get if we would and perhaps they would neither know so, nor be good for us if we had. But we can think, and I can tell you on experience, that thinking is one of the sweetest pleasures in the world, when we

able to look up to God and ask Him to our thoughts. I don't mean always talking about religion—it is very necessary, and a great privilege to do that, however, and when we can but I mean only thinking about what we are doing, or we have done, and what we shall do, and what we ought to do. Now, I know was as that we need not be afraid of God seeing our thoughts.

"This good servant of mine, Mrs. Rus I used to say, "it is just the thinking that makes all the difference between us and the rest, and why should we be afraid to make a brute than her master or mistress? wrong, perhaps she cannot have, like us, but she can think—and if she goes out all day putting her thoughts into whatever she may be doing, why, she's doing as good a piece of her mind, according to her calling, as the great folks generally most of them.

"I must say, however, that amongst fellow servants I have lived with, have found a sad want of this inward habit of thinking. I don't mean they I think about something; but as for their work, most of them went about it as if it was done—training, mechanically and wrong; the same one day as another; ever noticing when the sun shone, that work wanted letting down; nor when the moon came in, that the windows must be shut and so they get many a scolding, which a thinking would have spared them. I have known cooks who have never thought when meat would be spoiling in the sun, or gravy turning bad; dairy-maids at never thought the milk would not keep from the weather turned hot and close; housemaids, who, when the mistress asked out, never thought of looking after the parlour fire. So the meat came to table a state that it was not, and there was no pay for the hash; the milk was sour at tea, and when the mistress came home the parlour fire was out, and had to be glared again.

"But while I talk about thinking, I hope you do not suppose I mean *hard* thinking, dare say there is such a thing as thinking at hurts people's heads—such, perhaps, thinking how to make a railway, or how get the engines to go right. The kind of thinking I mean is as easy as it is for the to shine. It would come quite naturally and pleasantly if we would give it a little encouragement; and it would increase every day, and improve upon our hands; so that one thought would bring another, and help another, until our minds would be as full of thoughts as a well planted garden of fruits and flowers.

"There is, besides this, another good thing belonging to thinking—it takes no time. While the hands are busy, the thoughts can be busy too. It takes no room either, or none to speak of; for thoughts come and go like lightning, so that we can think of a multitude of things, if not quite at once, yet so quickly, that one thought does not disturb another.

"I don't think, aunt," said Harriet, "that I shall ever get that clever way of thinking and working. If I work, I work; and if I think, I stop working."

"You have learned to read," replied her aunt, "and that will show you what I mean. You have learned to read so fast now, that if you have but a nice book, you can think almost entirely about what the book tells you."

"To be sure I can do that!" said Harriet, looking as if she thought it the easiest thing in the world.

"Well," said her aunt, "It is not so many years ago that you had every little word to spell, nay, every letter to learn. At that time you thought little about what was in the book, you were so closely occupied with the letters, and the spelling of the words. Now you have got over those entirely; and you very rarely taken in every word and letter just the same. It is so with much of your daily work. The mere doing of it—I mean the handling of a broom, or the opening of a door, does not require that your thoughts should go with the broom, as it moves, nor with your hand, backwards and forwards, as you scrub the floor; so you can then be thinking what you will do next, whether the fire will want mending, the water—on filling, and a thousand things belonging to your work, but not actually in the very work you are just then doing.

"My mistress used to say, 'that our minds were like the pantry with its shelves, one above another. We could keep the most important thoughts upon the broadest and best shelf; the thoughts we wanted most often upon the handiest shelf; and the thoughts of least consequence upon the top shelf or the bottom. Heaping them altogether,' she said, 'was like taking everything off the pantry shelves, and setting them in any way upon a table.'

"It strikes me that the greatest fault most women have in this way is, that they busy themselves about one thing, working, perhaps, very hard at that, and so do not think of any other. I knew a cook who never could think about the kitchen fire, except when the meat was ready to be put down to roast. And yet what a number of things a really good cook must think about, almost at once—all the different kinds of meat and vegetables to be served up at the same time; all the sauces; all the flavourings,—and then all the plates and dishes to be kept hot. I am sure I have been astonished at some cooks I have seen; and the more so, because I knew it was all done by thinking. Besides which, they were not a bit the less happy for it. Indeed they seemed to me really to enjoy putting all these things up in the best style, after they had employed themselves in thinking. But in some cases I have seen that there was cooking without thinking; nothing could be more miserable. All were cross together. All was shouting, confusion, spilling, messing, and dirt; and out of all this, was sure to come quarrelling.

"With regard to thinking, then, never mind if your fellow servants don't think. One good head in a kitchen may do wonders. Your thinking will always help them; and as I said before, it is no trouble to think, but rather a great pleasure. My mistress used to say, 'It was just as pleasant to have thoughts to be at work, as for the feet to run. Set still on one chair all day,' she said, 'and then another day, and another after that, and your limbs will ache to be moving. But sit still in the same way for a whole year, and they will have lost the power to move.' It is so with the mind; thoughts are like young animals that want to be off, running and flying hither and thither, but keep them always shut up in a close, dark cage, and they won't be able to run or fly either.

"Again, there is another great reason why we should employ ourselves in thinking. It is, that thinking belongs to the soul, not to the body. If we shut out thought, we do something very much like closing the windows of the soul. It cannot see the light. It cannot get nourishment and growth, so as to be nicely beforehand with your work. Go into the rooms you have the care of, and look well around you for you must observe as well as think; and if you are up in good time, this will be the best part of the day for observing as well as thinking, because there will be no one of the family about to call you off, or to interrupt you. Think, then, whether the windows want cleaning, whether a bit of carpet wants a stitch, whether a corner wants dusting out, whether a chair that is beginning to look worn comes be exchanged with one that is better, whether the blinds work well, or want tightening, or whether the curtain fringes would be the better for being dusted. I do not say attempt to do all these things before breakfast, but in this way lay out your work by thinking. As I do not set the rooms, I cannot just now tell you a hundredth part of the thoughts you might spend upon them, even before breakfast."

"But," interrupted Harriet, "I am sure I have no time for thinking before breakfast. We never get up till the last minute, and then we all fight for it to get the breakfast in as fast as we can, for master goes off by train, and a terrible scrambling we have."

"Ah! that," said the widow Green, "is just how it is. If you would get up an hour earlier you might have all your thoughts arranged before the bustle begins."

"But I can't get up," said Harriet, "I try, and try, and sometimes the cook has to shake me, before she can get me to wake."

"That shows it for want of thinking," said her aunt, "I never in my life knew early rising that was of done in the morning."

"When is it done, then?" said Harriet, looking very much astonished.

"Why, by thinking the night before, or the day before," said her aunt, "by thinking, and resolving. Did you ever hear of any young girl oversleeping herself when she had to be off early in the morning to join a wedding party, or a party of pleasure?"

"I should think not," said Harriet, with a knowing shake of her head.

"Don't you see, then," observed her aunt, "that just because she had thought about it the day before, and was in earnest about it then, the girl could wake in the morning without any difficulty whatever. Yes, and get up too. And sure I am, that if we would think as much about our duties, as we do about our pleasures, they would be much better done than they are, and would become more pleasant to us besides.

"And more than all, what a nice, quiet, still time there is for thinking about God in the early morning, and for trying to get the heart right with Him if it has been wrong. I know from my own case, still time for prudencing more throughout the day. But we will leave this subject now, for we shall soon see whether you do think or not, and to what purpose."

(To be continued.)

A STITCH IN TIME.

A stitch in time, they say, saves nine,
It does, and something more;
For I have found with grief profound
Twould oft have saved a score.

That little rent perhaps you meant
To mend another day;
But you, a nail or broken rail,
Has torn the piece away.

And now, no more, neat as before,
That pretty frock will be;
For though you've torn the place to hid
The patch we all can see.

That stocking too, which now you view
With such a lengthened face,
Last week I saw without a flaw,
Except one small thin place.

A stitch in time, indeed, saves nine.
Remember this, dear lady,
And if you cute your work to spare,
You'll bear this truth in mind.

Servants' Magazine.

THE INQUIRY.

Tell me, ye winged Winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west;
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The lonely wind divinded to a sigh per Low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered, "No."

Tell me, thou mighty Deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never is,
And friendship never dies?
The lonely waves, retaining its pep real flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer,
"No."

And thou, serenest Moon,
That with such holy face
Doth look upon the earth
Asleep in all her grace,
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou in it seen some spot
Where unstainable man
May find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the Moon withdrew in wrath,
And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded, "No."

Tell me, my sacred soul,
Oh, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, these boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered,
"Yes, in Heaven!"

MRS. HEMANS.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HINTS to parties ordering publications, and to correspondents.—

If on Publications, when sending orders to the Publishers, should attend to the following very simple hints, it would save them much trouble, and in some cases, no little annoyance also.—

1. Write the date of your letter give also the name in *full* of your Post Town, the county, the post town, and should there happen to be more than one town of the same name, add the county.

2. Let your order be given as explicitly as possible of the *Quantity* or *Number* of Publications.

3. Write your signature so that it can be easily read by a stranger, and if you expect a reply, give your proper personal address, *Rev., Mr., Mrs.*, or *Miss.*

To show the necessity of the foregoing, we may state that numerous orders have been received—some without any name! others without any address! The following is a true copy of one of the latter.—

"Please will you send me a copy of the British Workman monthly, begin now, February, till December. Please to send them for February season so you conveniently can. I enclose the stamps, 8s. 4d."

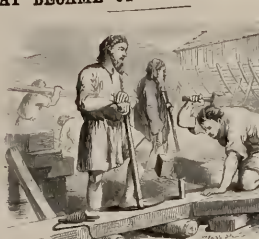
Neither name nor address is given! Our puzzled publishers, cannot do more than wait for the address! A few days after a second letter came with a local postpaid of the institution on the part of our publishers until an address! A third letter inclosing a dollar and the return of the stamps. Strange but true, no address still!!!

We have several very laughable, yet vexatious cases (vexatious, because causing loss of valuable time) where parties have written to us, with complaints of the inattention of our publishers, which on being searched into, have proved to be blunders like the foregoing. We are, of course, at all times ready to examine into cases of complaints where the orders of our publishers may merit our attention, but in justice to our publishers we feel bound to state that hitherto, nine out of every ten of such cases, have been found to be the fault of our correspondents.

"BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

PSALM i. 1.

WHAT BECAME OF NOAH'S CARPENTERS?



It was a late hour at night. The city of New York, with its many turrets and spires, was sleeping under the shadow of those rocky sentinels which have guarded the plain since the flood. The waves of the ocean fell gently and soothingly on the beach. The moon waded through the fleecy autumn clouds, now playing with the waters and lighting up the scene, and then concealing her glory, as if to make its revelations more prized. It was a night for pious thoughts and conversation.

Two persons were leaving the city and passing along the water side to a beautiful valley, where one was a resident, and the other a guest. The taller, the elder of the two, was actively engaged in a work of benevolence, in the blessings of which, the people of New York, and the students of ——college, must ever share. The work was too heavy for him, and he had invited his young friend, an apprentice lad, of whom we will speak as Henry, to aid him. Together they had spent many a weary day in supplying the Christian labourers who co-operated with them with the choicest means of usefulness, as they crowded the depository of truth. Exhausted by their toils, they were now returning for a night's repose. Hitherto, Henry replied, "Well, I don't know what sort of a man he is, but he must be a good one, for he has done many wonderful works! And then will I produce unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye workers of iniquity."

no word had been addressed to the obliging lad about his soul. The fitting occasion seemed to have arrived. A quaint, but fitting manner was chosen.

"Henry," asked the elder of the younger, "do you know what became of Noah's carpenters?"

"Noah's carpenters!" exclaimed Henry; "I didn't know that Noah had any carpenters."

"Certainly he must have had help in building one of the largest and best-proportioned ships ever put upon the stocks. There must have been many ship-carpenters at work for a long time, to have constructed such a vessel in such an age. What became of them, think you, when all the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened?"

"What do you mean by such a queer question?" Henry replied.

"No matter what, just now. Please answer the inquiry. And you may also tell me, if you will, what you would have done in that dreadful hour, when the storm came in its fury, and all but the family of the preacher of righteousness were ready to be engulfed in those black waters?"

"I don't know," said Henry, in a half-thoughtful, half-trifling manner; "perhaps I should have got on the rudder?"

"This is human nature exactly, Henry. It would 'climb up some other way,' rather than enter the fold by the only door. It would 'get on the rudder,' in its pride and short-sightedness, rather than go into the ark of safety. It would 'save itself,' by hanging on at the hazard of being swept into the gulf of despair, instead of being saved by the provision of infinite love.

"But I'll tell you plainly what I mean, Henry, by Noah's carpenters. You have kindly and generously given me your aid, day after day, in building an ark in New York, by which many, I trust, will be saved. I feel grateful for your help. But I greatly fear that while others will be rejoicing in the fruit of our labours, you will be swept away in the storm of wrath which will by and by beat on the heads of those who enter not the ark of Jesus Christ. No human device will avail for you. 'Getting on the rudder,' will not answer; you must be in Christ, or you are lost. Remember Noah's carpenters, and flee to the ark without delay."

We reached the house and parted. The winter came. The lad was placed at a boarding school in ——. He visited home during the winter vacation, and presented himself to the church for admission to its communion. He then stated that the conversation detailed above, had never passed from his memory. It led him to serious reflections, and ultimately, we trust, to the ark of safety. He is now entering a career of wide-spread public usefulness. He will never forget Noah's carpenters.

Though Noah's carpenters were all drowned, there are a great many of the same stock now alive; of those who contribute to promote the spiritual good of others, and aid in the upbuilding of the Redeemer's kingdom, but personally neglect the great salvation

Sabbath-school children, who gather in the poor, or contribute their money to send tracts and books to the destitute, or to aid the work of missions, and yet remain unconverted, are like Noah's carpenters.

Teachers in Bible-classes and Sabbath-schools, who point their pupils to the Lamb of God, but do not lead the way, are like guide-posts that tell the road, but are not travellers on it; or like Noah's carpenters, who built an ark, and were overwhelmed in the waters that bore it aloft in safety.

Careless parents, who instruct their children and servants, as every parent should, in the great doctrines of the gospel, yet fail to illustrate these doctrines in their lives, and seek not a personal interest in the blood of Christ, are like Noah's carpenters, and must expect their doom.

Printers, sewers, folders, and *binders*, engaged in making Bibles and religious books; booksellers and publishers of religious newspapers, who are doing much to increase the knowledge of the gospel and to save souls, but to many of whom who are careless about their own salvation, will have the mortification of knowing that, while their tools have been instrumental of spiritual good to thousands, they were only like the pack-mules that carried a load to market without tasting it, or like Noah's carpenters, who built a ship in which they never sailed.

Wealthy and liberal, but unconverted men, who help to build churches, and sustain the institutions of the gospel, but who "will not come unto Christ that they may have life," are hewing the timbers and driving the nails of the ark which they are too proud or too careless to enter. Perhaps they think they will be safe on the "rudder;" but they may find, too late, that when they would ride they must swim—that when they would float they must sink, with all their good deeds, unmixed with faith, as a millstone about their necks.

Moralists who attend church and support the ministry, but who do not receive into their hearts the gospel they thus sustain, are like Noah's carpenters.

Perhaps the Christian reader will be encouraged by this narrative to speak a word in season to some of these ark-builders. Their kindness should be acknowledged. "These things ought they to have done." But, speak to that young man. Tell him that the storm of wrath will come. Tell him that "getting on the rudder" of the ark, and all other human devices for salvation, are vain refuges of lies. Tell him that the ark is open, that it is safe, that it waits for him. The dove and the olive-branch are in the ark. The bow of mercy spans the heavens above it. Peace, and hope, and salvation are there. But, if scorned or neglected, when once the door is shut, they only that are in the ark will "remain alive." Who can abide that storm? Who can buffet those waves? Who will survive that deluge?

"*I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be A CASTAWAY.*"—1 *Cor.* ix. 27.

Rev. R. S. Cook, *New York.*

THE OSPEL ◦ GUNPOWDER.

Tuerr is perhaps, no part of the world which at the present moment presents such a pleasing spectacle of the power of the gospel as New Zealand. The Missionaries of the cross, have, by God's blessing on their self-denying labours, been the means of transforming the moral aspect of that stronghold of cannibalism.

Sometime ago, the Rev. T. S. Grace, one of the valued labourers of the Church Missionary Society, when about to land at Kawau, Taupo, was honoured with a hearty welcome as over Queen Victoria received from her loyal subjects. Mr. Grace writes:—"They struck up a song which, unknown to us, they had prepared for the occasion. While this was singing, the canoes moved on in a stately manner to the land, until the notes of their song were lost in the shouts of welcome which reached from the shore. We landed, and after our little European company had bent their knees at the water's brink to return thanks to God, we all assembled for native morning service and *special prayer*."

Mr. Grace gives a remarkable testimony to the honesty of the New Zealanders, he says:—"Before I bid farewell to our journey, I must pay a tribute to the honesty of the natives. During all the time they were with us, though temptations were strong, though many packages had to be opened on the way, though not more than a couple of cases had locks on, though our baggage was scattered on the different parts of the road for twenty or more miles at a time, yet we never missed a single article. One or two matters were lost in the river, but that was accidental. And at this moment, my two stores on and near the coast, are in the hands of strange natives, and could both one especially, be entered by any one. In making provision for a station, I confess to have made one mistake, and that is in procuring locks."

A CRY FROM THE CABMEN.

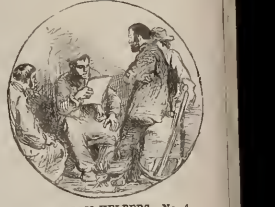
One of the London cab proprietors has pasted the following printed notice in all his cabs:—

The Cabmen of London appeal to the Christian and benevolent British public, to emancipate them from SABBATH SLAVERY, by not requiring their services on the Sunday.

It is a melancholy fact that there are about *twelve thousand* poor cabmen and omnibus men in London, who have "no Sabbath!" Cannot *something* be done for these Sabbath-less ones? Readers! do your part, by never employing them on the Sabbath, except in cases of urgent necessity.

It deserves to be made more generally known that cabs numbered **10,000** and *upwards* are Sabbath-keeping cabs, they having only six-day licenses. Cabs numbered *under* 10,000 have *seven-day* licenses.

the natives rather than the gospel. The fearful result has been told in deeds of infamy and bloodshed. Oh, that whilst England mourns over the past, she may now be faithful to her solemn trust, and give to the terming millions of India that Gospel which proclaims "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men."



HINTS FROM HELPERS. No. 4.

A correspondent writes from Liverpool:—

"I have obtained *eight* new subscribers amongst the men and apprentices in the manufactory wherein I am employed. I have also put in operation a suggestion which, if adopted by the readers generally of the 'British Workman,' will increase the circulation to a great extent, viz., to present copies to Lodging-House Keepers for the use of their lodgers."

☞ *With 400 engravings. A complete Edition of the British Workman may be had, bound in plain cloth, price 4s. 6d. Crimson cloth and gilt edges, price 6s. The three Yearly Parts may also be had separately in paper covers, price Eighteenpence*

THE LANDING OF THE REV. T. S. GRACE AT PIRAWAU, TAUPO, NEW ZEALAND.

BRITISH WORKMAN

The Sagacious Chelsea Dog guarding the Children. | The Soldier's Horse, and the astonished Cabman

No. 41, May 1st, 1858.]

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PRICE ONE PENNY
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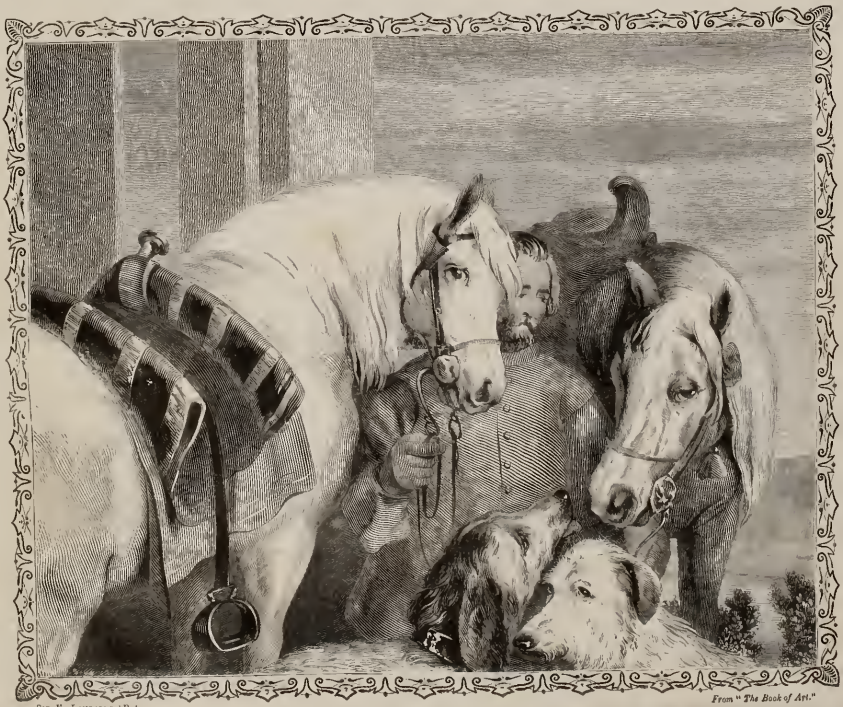
OUR FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS.

Among all the animal creation there are no two creatures so completely the friends and companions of man, as the Horse and the Dog. What noble qualities have both these creatures—how loving, honest, faithful, and industrious they are. How the dog will guard his master's property, follow his footsteps, watch his looks, defend his person. He hears hunger, cold, and alas! too often ill-usage, and yet never deserts or betrays the master he has once loved or the household he has once felt to belong to. You are often compelled to distrust the sincerity and the fidelity of man, but a loving dog—never.

How base to repay his honest affection and patient watchfulness with harshness and blows. The pain and suffering of the poor dumb beast when ill-used comes not in words to the ear of his brutal master—but his cry of agony, the laboured throbbing of his faithful heart, his low moan of pain and famine!—they are heard by the All-hearing Ear, seen by the All-seeing Eye. The famished dog, wantonly left to starve to death, or kicked and lashed till life is a torture—that poor beast is God's creature as well as his master. Oh, remember, "blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

I have known—indeed who has not—noble instances of faithfulness in dogs. About twenty years ago there was a family living near Sloane Square, Chelsea, which consisted of a man and his wife, and four young children from one to seven years old. One evening the eldest boy who had been sent on an errand, brought home a famished dog that had followed him for some distance. It was a rough, ugly-looking Scotch terrier. At first they all were for turning the dog away, except the little boy who had brought him home, and who, with tears pointed to the weak, miserable look of the creature, and begged to keep him for that night; and truly the beast was in a woful plight. his feet and legs were covered with mud and one of them lamed; his sides in lumps as if he had been



Sir E. Landseer, R.A.

From "The Book of Art."

cruelly beaten with a stick, and a look of such terror in his large dark eyes that it set the children crying as they gathered pitifully, yet half afraid, around him. The mother waited her children to be kind and merciful, so she let the poor dog lie down in the washhouse for the night, and gave it some food. It was many days before the creature recovered, but even during its sufferings its instincts of gratitude were manifest, for it would crawl out of its lodging the cellar of some rats that had long been the dread of the little household. Moreover, there was all the expectation that it would be owned, for though not a handsome, it was said to be a valuable dog. Advertisements were answered, and notice given to the police, but no one came to claim it. The children, after trying over all the dog names they could think of, and finding none that he answered to, called him "Bob," from the mere reason that that he was found in June.

The father of the family thought the dog had come to London with sheep, and had been ill used by some brutal driver, and left treacherously on one of the lanes that led out of the Brentford Road, and so, on his partial recovery, had strayed into Chelsea until he found the child who took pity on him. However he came, certain it was, he proved a welcome addition to the household. He practised with the peasant earl an exposed part of the premises; guarded the rambles of some fowls that belonged to the family, and was best of all, went daily with the children to school, and fetched them home. Now there was a very dangerous way in the road to the school, and the eldest boy was hardly able to manage his little brother and sister on getting across it. The family kept no carriage, and the mother often found it very difficult to leave the baby and the house and take the elder children to school. Rose seemed to understand all that was needful to be done. He would walk in great state before the children to the edge of the pavement, then, if he saw a carriage coming, he would bark at them and run round them as if they were a flock of sheep, and not allow them to cross until all was clear, then, still keeping them together, he would cross with them, and so frolic along until he came to the school, when, after seeing them in, he gravely returned, with a look of satisfaction on his honest face.

"Rose, it's time to fetch the children," would be the admonition, and off he set on his faithful creature, and brought them home in the same order that he had taken them, in a way that made he know the dog and the mother took an umbrella to his charge in his mouth. The neighbours used to reckon the time by seeing Rose go to fetch the children. This lasted for three years, and then there was a great sorrow—Rose died suddenly, and the children mourned for their friend as for a fellow, with a strong deep grief. "I'll try to be as careful as poor old Rose," was long a saying with those little ones, when they were sent on an errand, or had a charge given them.

In the neighbourhood of Merthyr Tydvil there are great coal and iron works, and the writer was surprised to see some very fine dogs, of the Newfoundland, following the steps of the miners. It seemed that many of the men took their dogs down into the pits. "What can they do there?" was the natural surprise. "Oh, they watch our dinners, and guard them from the rats, which sometimes infest the pits in great numbers." So there were the patient creatures going down into darkness, and sitting for hours and hours over their masters' food. However hungry, they would not touch it, however dreary their labours, a word of praise, and an approving pat of their masters' hand, was a reward that made them long for joy. Ah, surely the Creator had a right to give it to self. That could make a cruel return for such fidelity.

The horse is not more sagacious and faithful than the dog—that is impossible, but he is assuredly more useful and valuable. We think it great marvel that we should have made a railroad, put an iron horse, fed with fire, thereon—and rushed with the speed of the wind over the length and breadth of the land. And we are right in thinking it a marvel, for it is, indeed, a mighty proof of the power of mind, and the skill of hand. But the first man who captured the wild horse of the desert, wrestled his strong hand in the creature's flowing mane, and vaulting on his back, subdued his force, made him obedient to a mind far higher, and a strength far less than his own, that man wrought a great marvel also. When the Lord gave man the earth, and bade him toil on it and subdue it, man could not have fulfilled that command without the aid of the horse—noble creature that he is, whether for work, or for conversation, or for splendour—in all alike, unrivalled. The man who over-works, under-feeds, or illuses the horse, sinks so low also, he is right not to be called a brute. He has reason, and he misuses it, and therefore he is not a brute, but a demon.

Very pleasant is it to note the kindly feelings that sometimes a man cherishes for his horse. The writer was once walking in Crawford Street, Mary-le-bone, and an empty cab was standing by the pavement, a fare-guardsman was walking along the opposite of the way—who suddenly stopped, looked across with a startled gaze, presently came over, and rushed up to the horse's head, "Why, know him! I know him!" he shouted, in a voice of emotion, regardless of the passers by—"It's my own old 'Valiant,' my dear old fellow." The poor horse seemed to know the gentleman and owner, for he visibly trembled, laid back his ears, and pushed his nose against the soldier. There certainly was tears in the man's eyes, and in the man's face, but a moist eye, I think, was gathering in his eyes. The cabman, who was on the pavement, looked up to him evidently touched with the meeting. After a few moments of interview, the lieutenant drew a sovereign from his pocket, muttering as he did so, "He shall have it, if it was my last, the dear old boy—yes, it's an mint, but it's enough for a feed of corn, and "by George" I'll treat him." There was a cornchandler's near, and, in a few minutes, out came the man with a good feed of corn in the nose-bag; and he—he him and the head-gear, and put on the bridle, the horse meanwhile standing to winny and paw with pleasure, made so hearty a picture, that it was—no, not quite little picture, that it was, "hurrah!" and the astonished cabman called out in his cockney lingo, "Give us your fingers, mate, I know the man, I know you, sir, I dunno the day ven." "It's good to him, one him well, he's as good a lot of stuff as ever was in harness," said the poor soldier, in reply, and, while the horse enjoyed his meal, the men were exchanging inquiries, and the soldier learned where the present stable of his four-footed friend was situated, and then he reluctantly went on his way, his pocket lightened, it may be of his last coin, but his heart warmed; and I have no doubt, from the look of the man's face, that what he had done, little as he had could, he looked to set after old Valiant. And a better lesson on kindness to animals can he had given to the cabman, it would be difficult to present. He had fed both horse and man—the one with corn, the other with a good example—with wholesome grain, both. C. L. B.

"HE'S SUCH A GOOD SON TO HIS MOTHER."

There are few places in England where the waves come in with more power than on some parts of the coast of Kent. At the town of Bude they have sometimes very strong tides, and a circumstance occurred there last summer that ought to be known to every man, woman, and child throughout the kingdom; for it concerns a noble action performed by a noble heroine.

A lady, who could swim a little, was bathing, and before she was aware of her danger, the strength of the ebb-tide was carrying her out to sea. She was roused at length, when she found that all her efforts to get back were unavailing—she called for help, and contrived to keep herself floating—but her peril was not observed until she was swept away so far that in the then state of the tide, no help, without imminent risk of life, could be given to her. The strong arms and children on the beach shrieked aloud, and the cry was roused, "she is lost—she is carried on to sea—she must perish!" A young man was busily unlading a vessel, he heard the cry; he looked out, and saw a dark object floating on the surface of the distant wave. In a moment he rushed across the beach, throwing off his clothes as he ran—he plunged, in, he was strong arms flashed amid the foam, he breasted the waves, but with all his haste he did not lose a wise caution. He knew that sometimes people often clutch those who would rescue them in such a death-agin that both perish. In his powerful terminology, he "kept him in near the lady, who by this time was exhausted, and had given herself up, he knew to her and said, "I can save you if you do not grasp me." With a presence of mind as admirable as that of the brave youth, the lady respond—"I will not." He then rapidly told her as he swam along, *where she was to rest her hands*, and the steadily struggle with the waves. To reach her was comparatively easy—to bring her in, nearly a mile, through a strong surf and a dangerous tide was the difficulty. What prayers, and cries, and tears, agitated the spectators on the beach, as they saw the whole result, the calm, brave youth fighting with the strong surge. Some moments apparently overwhelmed, then rising again. "They are never seen again!" was the cry. "They are lost." "No, no, they come nearer." "They are swept back." "No! they are on the shingle—they are safe!—they are safe—they are here." Yes! quite spent out, caught in stalwart arms, and welcomed with hearty cheers and congratulations, the lady and her deliverer are borne safe ashore. In the annals of rescue from drowning, where shall we find a more such a love. The self-possession on both sides is second all praise.

It is doubtful if a person used when a brave action is performed by a truly good man; where indifference to danger may be felt by nature the reverse of noble, though perhaps not seldom; but in this case, the rescue of a fellow creature from death is but a natural flowing forth of a nature so gentle as it is brave. We have been told, in his native county, the following history of George Bate. His father was a pilot, but being a cripple of the way—who suddenly stopped, looked across with a startled gaze, presently came over, and rushed up to the horse's head, "Know him! I know him!" he shouted, in a voice of emotion, regardless of the passers by—"It's my own old 'Valiant,' my dear old fellow." The poor horse seemed to know the gentleman and owner, for he visibly trembled, laid back his ears, and pushed his nose against the soldier. There certainly was tears in the man's face, but a moist eye, I think, was gathering in his eyes. The cabman, who was on the pavement, looked up to him evidently touched with the meeting. After a few moments of interview, the lieutenant drew a sovereign from his pocket, muttering as he did so, "He shall have it, if it was my last, the dear old boy—yes, it's an mint, but it's enough for a feed of corn, and "by George" I'll treat him." There was a cornchandler's near, and, in a few minutes, out came the man with a good feed of corn in the nose-bag; and he—he him and the head-gear, and put on the bridle, the horse meanwhile standing to winny and paw with pleasure, made so hearty a picture, that it was—no, not quite little picture, that it was, "hurrah!" and the astonished cabman called out in his cockney lingo, "Give us your fingers, mate, I know the man, I know you, sir, I dunno the day ven." "It's good to him, one him well, he's as good a lot of stuff as ever was in harness," said the poor soldier, in reply, and, while the horse enjoyed his meal, the men were exchanging inquiries, and the soldier learned where the present stable of his four-footed friend was situated, and then he reluctantly went on his way, his pocket lightened, it may be of his last coin, but his heart warmed; and I have no doubt, from the look of the man's face, that what he had done, little as he had could, he looked to set after old Valiant. And a better lesson on kindness to animals can he had given to the cabman, it would be difficult to present. He had fed both horse and man—the one with corn, the other with a good example—wholesome grain, both. C. L. B.

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"OH! HIS SABBATHS! HIS SABBATHS!"

It is truly melancholy to witness the extent to which the Lord's day is profaned in this nominally Christian country. All classes of society, from the highest to the lowest, seem determined to set at nought the Divine commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." In London, not many years ago, politicians set apart the first day of the week for cabinet councils, and the lady of quality for her private concert; while, even now, the rich citizen prefers it for his drive into the country. All classes of party to Richmond, and the tradesman or mechanic, for his periodical visit to the tea-garden or the park.

The other towns of England follow but too closely, in this respect, the example of the metropolis. Excursions are frequently weekly profane the Lord's day, on the houses of the more wealthy inhabitants; relaxation of all sorts is resorted to in opposition to ladies and gentlemen on pleasure excursions; while the taverns and ale-houses are crowded with the inferior ranks and dissipated amongst the lower orders.

Nor is the case materially different, even in the highly-favoured Scotland. Look at Edinburgh, for instance. When the weather permits, numbers of well-dressed people assemble every Lord's day evening in the Meadows and on the Calton-Hill, to saunter, and flirt, and laugh, and talk over the news of the week; the Cowgate and Grass-market, in the meantime, have their own equally godless assemblages; although, thanks to Sabbath Mr. Forbes Mackenzie's Bill, drunkenness does not now disgrace the streets of the modern Athens.

Gladly would I exempt the rising generation from the charge of thus profaning a day which the Almighty claims as peculiarly His own. Many of them, doubtless, entirely free from this charge, are reluctantly compelled to join in that unhallowed merriment, by which the Sabbath is desecrated in their several homes. Their son, of course, lies at the door of their unthinking parents. But it is to be feared that many parents, whose parents and friends are piously disposed, and whose homes are neither profaned by the Sunday evening rambles, are themselves in the habit of abusing the Lord's day to their own hurt and shame, and the dishonour of their beneficent Creator and Redeemer. How many such young persons spend the morning of the Lord's day in loitering about the garden, or gazing from the windows! How many are restless and inattentive, or listless and drowsy, in the house of God! How many, on their way home from church, or from the Sabbath-school, are noisy and rude, and troublesome to their associates! How many sleep outright during the exercises of family devotion, or solicit permission to retire to rest much earlier on the Sabbath than on any other evening! In short, how many in their hearts say of the Lord's day, "What a weariness is it!" and long for the morrow, when they can return to their play, and the society of their thoughtless companions!

Ah! little do they, whether old or young, who thus lightly profane the Sabbath, know the misery which they are laying up for themselves against a dying hour. The writer of this remarks was once the spiritual tutor of a scene, which made an indelible impression on his mind, and which he will now endeavour to describe for the benefit of his readers. May they pause over it, and ponder, and pray, that they may be enabled, through Divine grace, from henceforth to fear the Lord always, and more especially to keep His Sabbaths holy!

Mrs. H. was a beautiful, and, in many respects, an interesting woman. Her parents were in good circumstances, and there was reason to hope that she was brought up in the fear of God. But having married a coarse and profane man, who professed, and practised, a violent passion for sport, she was gradually led into the adoption of his sinful habits. One of these was the neglecting of the Sabbath. Engaged throughout the week in the management of an extensive concern, and thinking, like many others, that "the Sabbath was made for one's own," he spent that holy day in a course of total forgetfulness of God. In the morning he read his books, and in the evening he entertained his friends at his table, or enjoyed himself at theirs. It does not appear that Mr. H. ever entirely forsook the services of the sanctuary; but, accustomed to spend the Sabbath evening in the society of his friends, irreverent behaviour, her serious impressions were speedily effaced; nor, though in the course of time she became a member of two churches, does it consist with the knowledge of the writer, that she ever endeavored to put a stop to the sinful practices which her husband and herself were following. One thing is certain, that, if she made the attempt, it was unsuccessful.

At length, she was attacked by a sudden, painful, and rapidly fatal illness. The bodily anguish which she endured was great, and, but it was as nothing when compared with her mental agony. Her sins rose up before her mind's eye in terrible array; but the aggravance of her sins of Sabbaths seemed to afflict her the most. Never can the writer forget the look with which she, in the middle of the night, raised his hand with convulsive energy, she exclaimed, "Oh! His Sabbaths! His Sabbaths! Can He forgive me for the sins which I have abused His Sabbaths?" In vain was the all-sufficiency of the Saviour's atonement pointed to. In vain was the efficacy of "the blood of sprinkling" pointed out. She still tossed about her fevered limbs, and that was the agonizing inquiry repeated, "Oh! His Sabbaths! His Sabbaths! Can He forgive the manner in which I have abused His Sabbaths?" After a time, she became more quiet; but whether the Spirit of all grace and consolation had whispered peace to her troubled soul, or whether the progress of her malady had operated her faculties, must remain a mystery. It was when the Lord of the Sabbath shall come to judge the quick and the dead, and shall render to every one according to his deeds, that she shall return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not. MALACHI, iii. 18. DR. HEUE.

"Keep the Sabbath day *to sanctify it*, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee." DEUT. v. 12.

"Six days shall work be done; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, an holy convocation; ye shall do no work therein: it is the Sabbath of the Lord in all your dwellings." LEV. XXIII. 3.

THE WIDOW'S SON,
OR,
A NIGHT WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS.

(Continued from page 143.)

The duel was to take place on the day succeeding the night when the terrible news was communicated to the distressed mother. Her son was out, and she had to wait until nearly twelve o'clock. Then he was half intoxicated, and she felt that remonstrance would be vain. All that night she paced the floor of her chamber, the wild anguish of her mysterious bereaving assemble to physical exhaustion. Early on the morning her son was to leave on his fatal errand, and she must, if there were power in a mother's despairfection over her child, prevent him from executing his cruel purpose. At day-dawn she descended to the parlour to await his appearance. She had been there only for a short time, when he came unexpectedly down stairs.

"Mother!" he ejaculated in surprise, as he entered the parlour.

"Alfred, you must not go," she said, firmly, while she looked him steadily in the face.

"Go where, mother,"

"Do not attempt to deceive me, Alfred," she replied in the same calm voice; "I know your errand, and I tell you you must not go."

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"Do not attempt to deceive me, Alfred," she replied in the same calm voice; "I know your errand, and I tell you you must not go."

"I could curse the miserable wretch, who told you of it," he muttered, the young man stood between his teeth, as he commenced paring the room backwards and forwards.

"Say you will not go," urged his mother.

"I cannot say that, for I *must* go," was the gloomy reply.

"O say not so! say not so, Alfred! Let there be no blood upon your hands, let me be relieved of all this world!"

"Mother, you know not what you say," urged the young man, "I have been deeply injured by that man, and the injury has been rendered a burden to me by that man—and I will be revenged or die!"

"Do not say so, wildly, Alfred! is there no one in the whole world to be considered but yourself? Is all regard and affection lost in your bosom? Have you no pity on me and reckoned upon you as the only prop to lean her? Think of these trembling limb, and these tottering footsteps, fast tending to bear. Think of your mother's wounded and bruised spirit, and pause ere your rash step be taken."

"Mother! mother! you will drive me mad!" the young man suddenly exclaimed, striking his hand upon his forehead.

"Let me urge you, by all the tenderness, and dearest considerations, to forbear," continued Mrs. Lennox, hesitatingly, "Mother you must not speak to one thus" he said interrupting her, in an excited manner, "I am not an only prop, I am gay, with intenser bitterness. I cannot pause. I cannot look back. My honour is at stake—nothing in life is more dear than this."

And so saying, he turned away and made a movement towards the door.

"Alfred you must not go!" Mrs Lennox exclaimed, as she hung on him, and grasping his arm tightly. "You must not—you shall not go!"

"Mother, you know not what you are doing," he said, gently disengaging himself. Then leaning her back he seated her upon the bench, and hastily stationed herself out of the house before she had time to recover herself.

Mrs. L. made no attempt to follow, for she felt that to do so would be vain. All through the awful day no one came near her. She felt as if the mere sight of a man, that would bring her, perhaps, the lifeless body of her beloved son—or return him with his blood stained hands, and the guilt of a fellow. Slowly did the hours creep by, each marking some indelible line of pain upon her once-beautiful brow. As the day began to decline, a stupor came over her spirit. Nature seemed to be exhausted. But towards evening when it was time for Alfred to return, if he were ever to return alive, her anxiety rose to its highest pitch of intensity. Like a restless spirit, she wandered from room to room, ever and anon going to the door, and looking up the street with an earnest gaze.

Minute after moment, minute after minute, and hour after hour continued to glide away, until the dim twilight began to steal over the room, and still he came not. Weak and faint with fear, anxiety and suspense, she jet least sank upon a chair. She had remained there about five minutes, when the mail door was suddenly thrown open, and quick feet hurried along the passage, but could not rise, nor speak, nor do aught. But her suspense was brief. Alfred rushed in, and sinking down by her side, burst into tears.

"My son—my son!" she could only murmur, when overcome nature gave way, and she became unconscious.

(To be continued.)

TO SCHOOLMASTERS.

A warmest thanks are due to the numerous SCHOOLMASTERS who are taking a most lively interest in extending the circulation of the *British Workman*. In many instances masters and teachers have kindly undertaken to procure a monthly supply for the pupils or parents, and we have reason to believe that hundreds, if not thousands, of sons have thus found their way to the homes of the working classes.

In a few warm-hearted and liberal districts every town would enable the various schoolmasters to *present a single copy* to every scholar, with the view of inducing the parents to become subscribers, we believe if our circulation would soon be doubled.

THE WIDOW GREEN AND HER THREE NIECES.

CHAPTER V.

CHOOSING A FRIEND.

RESTFUL as the widow Green had been in being out for a safe and suitable situation for her niece Jane, the place she had found did not seem to answer quite so well as she had hoped. When Jane came home to her aunt, she appeared cast down, and in a cried, while complaining bitterly how cruelly she was treated by everybody and everybody was to her in the family where she lived, with the exception of the cook. The cook, she said, was very good to her, and often took her upstairs into her room, where they both cried together. Of course Mrs. Green wished to Norton know what was the matter; but Norton did only reply that she hoped Jane did do as she told. So Mrs. Green thought would go herself one day, and make her own observations; for she fancied that her own quick eye taught, perhaps, pierce the matter without more inquiry. did not go, however, without a sufficient reason; for, as already said, she had a objection to intruding into other people's houses. She therefore took with some summer clothing which Jane tended, and asked to see Mrs. Norton, as were old friends.

When Norton told her mistress who had call, the lady said, "Do let her come airs;" for she knew enough of Mrs. en to feel a great respect for her, and ught she should like to say a few words her about Jane. So Mrs. Green was ven up-stairs into the fine large room re the lady spent the whole of her t. She was so ill as only to be able to e sometimes from her bed to the sofa, being both a good and a sensible lady, managed to read, and work, and amuse elf in many ways, so as seldom to feel ume hang heavily upon her hands. he widow stept softly as she entered room. The lady was lying on a couch, a table beside her, on which her fancy k was spread, and she had paper and and ink there too, as if she had been ing. Everything was in beautiful r, and the lady herself looked so pale, then, and her delicate white hands shed so, that Mrs. Green felt afraid of arbing her in any way, although her attenance was very calm and sweet, and voice was very kind. The lady desired to sit down, however, and then told ton to go down and make a cup of ea ready for her friend, to get out ots refreshment, as she knew Mrs. Green walked a long way.

hey were now left alone, and the lady an to say, "she feared Jane was not ry with her; Norton," she said, "was ll, either rather sharp in her way of speak- and the girl cried so soon, it was y quite painful to tell her of a fault."

But she was speaking, Jane came up a tray. She threw the door wide , and left it so wide she went up to table. In her way she tumbled over a stool, and this sent her forward with her violence, so that, without looking , but was on the floor. Jane dropped down tray upon the writing paper and the y work, as if they had been nothing. s seemed to startle the lady very much, er work was exceedingly delicate and tiful. The pen, too, was jerked out of inkstand upon a half-written letter. she started, she put the tray back to her things, and that upset the cup of tea, so that altogether there was a t mess, and the door standing wide open all the time. The lady kindly made the best of it. She told Jane not to mind the bad-tea, but then, that Norton would make her another cup as soon as she was at liberty, and she might just put a few coals on the fire, and then go down.

"I am afraid Jane is very careless," said Mrs. Green, as soon as her niece had gone out of the room, at the same time quietly doing all she could to put things in order again.

"I cannot persuade her to believe," said the lady, "that servants have any occasion to think; but, perhaps, that will come in time. What I want just now to speak to you about, is of great consequence to Jane. It is this—she does not seem to attach herself to Norton so much as I should have liked; because, as she tells me, Norton is "so cross;" and she does attach herself to the cook, because, as she says, 'the cook is so kind.' Now, I have nothing to say decidedly *against* the cook. She is a very clever servant; but whether she is a very good woman, I am not quite so sure. Norton, I do know, and have known long. The cook is so much a stranger to us all, that I was too to give Jane a caution about being so very intimate with her, until we know her better."

Mrs. Green quickly took the hint, thanked the lady very much for her kind caution; and after a little conversation about her health, wished her good morning, and went down.

Norton had been directed by her mistress to leave Mrs. Green a little while alone with her niece; so she said she would take up another cup of best tea, while Jane poured out the coffee, and saw that her aunt was made comfortable.

"Well, Jane," said Mrs. Green, "I hope you are getting on a little better now."

"Perhaps a *little*," said Jane, "only Norton is so cross."

"Why child," said her aunt, "I should be cross too, if you always made so many blunders as you did just now."

"I don't know what blunders I made," replied Jane, "Mistress spilled the tea herself—that I'm sure she did, with catching at the tray."

"Mrs. Russell used to say that of all the little vexing things a servant could do, she most disliked a rude way of bringing in a tray, and dropping it down upon her work, or her writing."

"I never saw her work, nor her writing, nor that stupid old stool that always throws me down."

"That is just where the fault was. You *might* have seen them, and you ought to have seen them. Do you remember what I said the other day about thinking?"

"Yes, and I'm sure I have been thinking a great deal lately."

"What about, I wonder?"

"A slight thought spread over Jane's face, which Mrs. Green observed, but did not mention, and went on to say, "Whoever you live with, and especially a mistress so aging and delicate, ought to be the subject of many, nay, most of your thoughts; or you may serve them either acceptably or faithfully. A sick room requires an immense deal of thought. Every movement, every act, must stand for something in a sick-room. You must either bring something, or take something away; and often both might be done by once going across the room. As for instance, you might have taken out with you an empty plate that I saw on the table by the window. I dare say Norton clears away all the medicine bottles, cups, and spoons; but if there be one sight more miserable than all others, that can be found in a respectable house, it is where there is illness, and nobody thinks of taking things away when they are done with. Why, I have known servants and ladies too, that would go in and out of a sick room, and leave the chair or the table by the bed all heaped up with things that were not wanted, and that were very unsightly, too."

"Now all this, you see, is done by thinking and observing; and it will serve you just as well in other rooms, besides that where illness is. I tell Harriet her kitchen would be a thousand times more comfortable, and she would find her work only half what it is, if she would never go empty handed out of it, but always take something with her into the pantry, the cellar, or some place to which it belongs. This is one of the great secrets of making work light and pleasant, and of keeping plenty of room, and plenty of time upon your hands."

"Well," said Jane, "I suppose I shall learn in time. I am sure of scolding and fault-finding will teach me, I shall be perfect before they have done with me."

"I am sorry to hear you speak in this way," said Mrs. Green, "for your mistress seems to me a kind lady, and Norton I am sure means well."

"There is nobody very kind to me, here," said Jane, "but the cook. It is was not for her I'm sure I could not stay."

"And how is the cook so kind?" asked Mrs. Green.

"Oh, she always comforts me, and tells me not to mind. And one day when I had broken a glass, she had all the pieces, and told Norton there had only been four glasses when she went to put them up, and asked for the other. Indeed, she often stands my friend, and tells me never to fear any of them, so long as she is with me."

"And she tries to make you a good servant, and a good girl, does she Jane?" asked the widow.

"She tries to make me comfortable, and to get me not to feel things so," said Jane.

The widow Green looked very earnestly at her niece, and then said, "Jane, my dear, is the cook a good woman?"

Again the colour spread rather than before, spread over Jane's face, and this time she hung down her head, and seemed as if she could not speak.

The widow thought, perhaps, it would be best not to press the matter any farther just now, especially as Norton came down with a kind message, saying that her mistress had been thinking Jane might go home with her aunt, if she would only be sure to get back in good time. Mrs. Green gladly promised for her niece, and then went up with her to put on her bonnet and shawl. As they came down again, the cook was waiting for them at the foot of the stairs. She whispered something to Jane, who immediately turned back; and her aunt knew it was for her purse that she went back, because in her haste to get it into her pocket, she let it fall, and it jingled on the floor. Mrs. Green, however, said nothing at the time, but thought she could discover some meaning in all this. So she walked away with her niece rather more silent than usual, for she was pondering in her mind the best way of proceeding so as to do good rather than harm.

As it was still early, and the afternoon was fine and pleasant, Mrs. Green proposed to go a little way round by the fields.

"I know a poor woman," she said "living in this neighbourhood, all alone, and often in great want; and I think we will look in and see how she is to day."

"Not in that nasty place," said Jane, "surely," as they turned a few steps from the path up to a little thatched hut which had been built against the side of another cottage, and looked really not fit for any human dwelling.

"Yes, it is here," said her aunt "that poor Nancy lives, and laying her hand upon the latch of the door, she opened it and went in at once. The little miserable hovel had but one room for bed, and food, and everything; if indeed that could be called a bed, which looked like nothing more than a bundle of rags of the filthiest kind. Indeed the whole place was dirty and forlorn beyond description. There was but one chair, a broken one, and upon that an old woman sat, stooping over the fire place, where a few sticks were burning under a kettle with a broken spout and no lid.

"Well, Nancy," said Mrs. Green.

The woman looked up with a vacant stare, mixed like an idiot. But she soon began to talk loud enough, and fast enough, abusing her neighbours all around, and complaining both of rich and poor that they let her starve and hanger there, without even giving her a crust of bread, or lending her a helping hand.

Jane was quite shocked and frightened. But when the old woman changed her tone, and began to whimper and cry, and say how long it was since she had had a mouthful of any thing to eat, Jane's heart grew pitiful, and she also felt very much inclined to cry. She was just putting her hand into her pocket for a few pence to relieve the old woman's distress, when her aunt pulled her a little back, and taking a small loaf of bread out of the basket she carried in her hand, said, "There, Nancy, that will help you for a little while; and here is a bit of tea besides. I meant both for another time, but I don't like to leave you without anything in the house."

The old woman did not look so thankful, as Jane thought she would; but gettinc up from her chair, she came sidedling and smiling up to Mrs. Green, to ask her, in a whining tone of way, if she had so much as a sixpence to bestow upon her.

"No, no," said Mrs. Green, "so money from me, Nancy, you know the reason why." And so saying she bid her good afternoon, and went away.

"Now Jane," said the widow, after they had walked on a few yards—only think of that miserable creature! She is not many years older than I am, and see how her head shakes, and her legs totter. She and I once lived fellow-servants in the same family. She was the cook, and I was under her. She was a clever woman, and one of the best cooks I ever knew.

"Poor thing!" said Jane, "what a pity that she should ever come to this!"

"Yes, poor thing, indeed," said her aunt. "And how do you think it was."

"I cannot tell," replied Jane, "unless it was through being so unfortunate, and having no friends."

"No," said her aunt, "that was not it. She was always sipping at something to make her comfortable, as she used to say, until it got much hold of her, that at last she took to desperate drinking. And yet, Jane, she was *very kind to me*—kind in a certain way; and would have had me go out for her to get the gin, and other filthy stuff, but I refused, and then she turned against me, and so I lost my place by it. But God was with me; for though it was a heavy trouble at the time to be suspected of the things she charged me with, I lived through it, you see, and was not really hurt. Oh, Jane! there is no true friendship—no true kindness either, but that upon which we can ask God's blessing!"

(To be continued.)

CASTLE HOWARD PARK.

ONE of the finest sights which the county of York affords to the traveller, is the noble mansion of Castle Howard Park. I was once there with a party of artists and amateurs who had gathered from all parts to see the grand collection of paintings, more particularly the celebrated one of "The Three Marys."

"The Turk, the paintings, the grounds, are enough," exclaimed one.

"Thanks to the noble owner for allowing the public to have such a treat," said another.

"Tis one of the finest sights I have ever beheld," said a third.

"Do you see yonder cottages?" remarked a friend from Stittenham, who was one of the party, "they are occupied by the tenants of the earl. The finest sight I have ever seen on this estate, is that of the worthy earl in one of those cottages, reading the Bible, and then praying with the sick and dying." S.

THE TWENTY-EIGHT SUGGESTIONS.

COPIES of these "Suggestions for increasing the Circulation of the 'British Workman'" may be had on application to the Editor, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. (N.)

HINTS FROM HELPERS. No. 5.

A GENTLEMAN writes from Bromyard.—"In this little town, with an agricultural population, and where six months ago, only a very few copies of your paper were disposed of, and those nearly all gratuitously, now *two hundred copies* are *sold*, most of them by an active youth, whom I employ as a colporteur. If any person having the means and leisure, would open a correspondence with your publishers, and procure the needful supply either from them or a local bookseller, so as to allow an active lad some profit on the sale, the circulation would be largely increased, and the moral tone of the neighbourhood improved."

A lady writes from the Isle of Wight:—"Some weeks since I introduced your valuable paper into one of the ship-building yards in this Island, and I have just ascertained that upwards of 200 subscribers have been obtained for it amongst the men."

TO

SOLDIERS AND THEIR FRIENDS.

THE June number of the "British Workman" will contain costly engravings of Sir Henry Havelock; Group of Highlanders; (one of the best engravings we have issued) with various Hints, and Good Counsel for

Soldiers, from some of their best Generals and friends. We are anxious that copies should be scattered in every part of the world where British Soldiers are to be found. We hope that all our readers who have brothers or friends in the army will send them copies. A penny stamp will pay the postage of a copy to any British Colony, if folded up like a newspaper, the *ends* of the wrapper being left open. There must be no *writing*, except the address.

☞ *With 130 Engravings. The Yearly Part of the "British Workman for 1857 may be had through any Bookseller. The Yearly Parts for 1855 and 1856 may still be had. Price Eighteenpence each.*

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The liberal rates of postage adopted by the Government enable the Publishers to forward packets of the *British Workman* to any part of the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, the Shetland and Orkney Isles, post free on the undermentioned terms. To those parties who reside in the rural districts, far away from any Bookseller, the cheap postage rates will afford a great boon.

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LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS *to be addressed to the Editor, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. (N.)*

"Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour: whom RESIST steadfast in the faith."—1 Peter, v. 8, 9.

(From "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for Little Ones.")

THE SLEEPING INFANT.

Hush! Upon its mother's knee
Baby dear lies sleeping:
Now we all must quiet be,
On soft tiptoe creeping.

We may kiss its hand, and peep
At each pretty feature,
But must not disturb its sleep—
Lovely little creature!

See its dimpled arms, so fair,
Smooth, and round, and waxen;
And, beneath the cap, its hair
All so soft and flaxen.

By and bye, when he has grown,
He will laugh and prattle,
Walk about the room alone,
With his horse and rattle.

In the garden he shall play
'Mong the pretty flowers,
And, with loving sisters gay,
Spend the pleasant hours.

Then we'll set him in the swing,
(But not to turn him over,)
Dance hand in hand, in merry ring,
And roll him in the clover.

God protect our cherub dear,
Our lovely baby brother,
And many a long sad happy year
Preserve us for each other.

S. W. P.

From "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones." Compiled by Uncle John. Published by Partridge & Co. Part I. Price Sixpence.

[We have met that this attractive and valuable Collection will be welcomed by not a few. We rejoice in having been permitted to take a part in supplying a work for the nursery which many mothers have long sought for.—Ed. B. W.]

WHAT AN INFLUENCE.

There are at least three millions of mothers in Great Britain. These mothers, have, it is supposed (aside from older children), between two and three hundred thousand infants under their charge. No influence, at present, can reach these infant minds but that of a mother. These minds may be moulded at the will or discretion of these mothers. If this army of mothers should combine to accomplish any given object, what might they not do? If every mother would imitate the example of Hannah of old, and consecrate her infant to the service of the Lord, what could withstand such a moral influence? And yet, from these infants are to come our rulers, our judges, our ministers, and all the influence, either for good or evil, which is to sway the destinies of the nation!

The Queen replied in a soft voice, "You shall have it."

THE QUEEN AND THE OLD WIDOW.

On October the 1st, of the last year, a party of friends went from the pleasant town of Tavistock to Endsleigh—the beautiful cottage and grounds of the Duke of Bedford. It is a lovely place on the banks of the river Tamar. Rocks covered with moss, ferns, and a luxuriant growth of hardy trees overhang the winding river for miles, while the very softest turf and loveliest flowers, adorn the grounds round the cottage, and woods sweeping up to the summit of the hills, vary the view, and clothe with varied tints of green, slightly touched with an autumnal glow, the undulating banks between which the river leaps and sparkles over its rocky bed.

There are many favourite spots in the grounds. The Dairy, in its cool shadow of sheltering trees, with its rivulet of clear water, and marble floor, and milk coolers. The fisherman's cottage on the river's brink, with its fish shaped ornaments. The Grotto, rich in specimens of shells and spar, its curious stones and fossils. But the sweetest place of all the ornaments of the grounds is the Swiss Cottage. From this there is a lovely view of the house, a long, low, irregular building, garnished with flowers; and also most enchanting peeps through the trees, and rocks of the river, like a silver thread interlacing the woods for miles.

Nor was our interest only centred on the natural beauties of the scene. The aged woman, probably the wife of one of the under gardeners, who resides at and shows the Swiss Cottage is a character, and one that it was good to meet. Oftentimes she guides in show houses and grounds, have one unvarying story that they repeat to all, and seem more eager for a gratuity than to manifest civility or intelligence. It was very different here. We had heard some account of the rapid visit our beloved Queen had paid to this sweet place in the August of 1856, and of a request that the aged matron of the Swiss Cottage had preferred to her Majesty, and we now inquired the particulars.

"Yes," said the venerable woman in reply to our questions, "I did speak to the Queen, God bless her."

"What did you say? tell me the exact words."

"Why, when her Majesty came to this cottage, and was in the little room up stairs, where the china closet is, I plucked up heart and said to her, 'Please your Majesty, ma'am, I had a son, a faithful subject of your Majesty, and he was killed in your wars out in the Crimea, and I wants his medal.' The Queen replied in a soft voice, 'you shall have it,' and the Princes standing at her side, said, 'Killed! poor fellow, poor fellow;' they then left, but sent a gentleman to ask me all the particulars, and the very week after, his medal was sent down to me, and here it is," she added, holding out a little case like a picture, where the medal was neatly framed and glazed with the inscription.

After looking at this memorial, one of our party said, "You have told us what you said, tell us how you felt, for it is seldom a person in humble life speaks to a monarch." The old woman's face kindled as she answered, "I bless God I've been a Christian many years—I love and honour my Queen, my gracious Queen! but I've been too long used to speak to the King of Kings to fear the face of mortal."

We were all silent at this testimony, and after a pause, she continued, "I'm not ashamed to say I'm a Christian; my Bible tells me to glory in my Lord, and I often speak a word about their souls to parties that come here. Some seafaring gentlemen came awhile ago, brave-looking, gay young folks, they were drinking and laughing, thoughtless-like, and I said, 'You're going on the great ocean, you may some of you come back no more. Do you remember that as the tree falls so it lies? Do you ever think of death? Are you ready to die? For there's no repentance after death. Do you, dear young gentlemen, ever think of this?' They were all silent for a bit, and one of them came and shook my hand, with tears in his eyes, and they all said, 'thank you good mother, we'll think of your words.' You see, I grieved to see them careless and drinking."

"Ah!" said one of our party, "drink is the great curse."

"Yes," replied our aged friend, "it is, but I and my husband are free of it, we've been teetotallers twenty years. We lived at Axminster, when we married, and we were the first, and for some time, the only teetotallers in that town. Then we came here, and every one who serves our noble master, is free to follow conscience in religion and morals."

It was a great delight to some of our party to meet this aged Christian, and to hear this noble testimony. We left, feeling that the hoary head, when found in the path of righteousness, is truly a crown of glory. B.

THE SAILOR'S BIBLE

There was a pious widow living in the northern part of England, who, in consequence of the loss she had sustained, devolved the sole care of a numerous family, consisting of seven daughters and one son. It was her chief anxiety to train up her children in those virtuous and religious habits which promote present happiness and immortal welfare. Her efforts were crowned with the best success, so far as the female branches of her family were concerned; but, alas! her boy proved ungraceful, and became her scourge and her cross. He loved worldly company and pleasure, till, having impoverished his circumstances he resolved to go to sea.

When his mother took her leave of him, she gave him a Bible, inscribed with his name and her own, solemnly and tenderly entreating that he would keep the book, and read it for her sake.

He was borne far away upon the trackless deep, and year after year elapsed without the mother having any tidings of her son. She occasionally visited parts of the island remote from her own residence, and particularly the metropolis, in whatever company she was cast, she made it a point to inquire for the ship in which her son sailed, if, perchance, she might hear any tidings of the beloved object who was always uppermost in her thoughts. On one occasion, she accidentally met, in a party in London, a sea captain, of whom she made her accustomed inquiries. He informed her that he knew the vessel, and that she had been wrecked; that he also knew a youth of the name of Charles—and added, "He was so depraved and profligate a lad, that it were a good thing if he, and all like him, were at the bottom of the sea." Pierced to her innermost soul on hearing this account of her child, this unhappy mother withdrew from the house, and resolved in future upon strict retirement, in which she might at once indulge and hide her hopeless grief. "I shall go down to the grave," was her language, "mourning for my son." She fixed her residence at one of the sea-ports on the northern coast. After the lapse of several years, a half-naked sailor knocked at her door, to ask relief. The sight of a sailor was always interesting to her, and never failed to awaken recollections and emotions better imagined than described. She heard his tale. He had seen great perils in the deep, had been several times wrecked, but said he had never been so dreadfully destitute as he was some years back, when himself and a fine young gentleman were the only individual, of a whole ship's crew, that were saved.

"We were cast upon a desert island, where after seven days and nights, I closed his eyes. Poor fellow! I shall never forget it." And here the tears stole down his weather-beaten cheeks. "He read day and night in a book, which he said his mother gave him, and which was the only thing he saved. It was his companion every moment; he wept for his sins, he prayed, he kissed the book, he talked of nothing but this book and his mother; and at the last he gave it to me, with many thanks for my poor services.

"There, Jack," sa'd he, "take this book, and keep it, and read it, and may God bless you—it's all I've got," and then he clasped my hand, and died in peace."

"Is all this true?" said the trembling and astonished mother. "Yes, madam, every word of it." And then drawing from his ragged jacket a little book, much battered and time-worn, he held it up, exclaiming, and here is the very book too."

She seized the precious volume, deserted her own handwriting, and beheld the name of her son, coupled with her own, as the cover! She gazed, she read, she wept, she rejoiced. She seemed to hear a voice which said, "Behold thy son liveth." Amidst her conflicting emotions, she was ready to exclaim, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

"Will you part with this book, my honest fellow?" said the mother, anxious now to possess the precious relic. "No, madam," was the answer, "not for any money—not for all the world. He gave it me with his dying hand. I have more than once lost my all since I got it, without losing this treasure, the value of which, I hope, I have learned for myself, and I will never part with it, till I part with the breath out of my body."

A SAILOR'S BLESSING.

"The Lord bless you, sir, in your work," said an old sailor to a minister, who had just got on board to see his son. "My poor old father put a Bible into my chest when I first went to sea; I read but little for some time, and practised still less; but that was the book which led me to know myself as a *great sinner*, and Jesus Christ as a suitable Saviour for such a sinner; and I hope, at last, to reach my home in safety the port of everlasting rest. I have a boy here, and sons in the other ships; and I cannot do better, I think, than follow my poor old father's good example, by putting into each of my boys' chests, a Bible."

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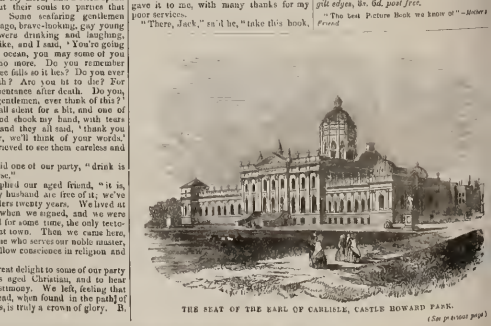
ENDSLEIGH, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.



THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF CARLISLE, CASTLE HOWARD PARK.

(See previous page.)

Walton & Maberly, 5, Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row, London. Letters for the Editor to be addressed to 3, Castlegate Terrace, Pentonville Road, London, N.

BRITISH WORKMAN

No. 42, June 1st, 1858.] Published for the Editor by Messrs. Partridge & Co.; A. W. Bennett, and W. Tweedie, London.

A single Copy of the *British Workman* sent post free for twelve months for two shillings; or a packet of Four Copies, post free for four shillings, paid in advance.

TO OUR READERS.

In consequence of the accounts we have received of the fearful ravages which Arrack and other strong drinks are making amongst the troops in India, and more particularly in Calcutta, we have felt it a matter of *duty* to devote the chief portion of this number to Soldiers. When it is borne in mind that upwards of fifty thousand of our countrymen have left our shores for India, and that the "*climate* and *drinking*," will, in all human probability, cut down many thousands of these, year after year, we feel assured that we need offer no apology to our general readers for the course we have adopted.

We rejoice to find that great efforts are being made *in the army*, to wipe away the reproach which has so long attached itself to the British soldier. Not a few officers and privates are setting themselves to work in good earnest, and God is evidently blessing their efforts. In one case, an active sergeant gathered a group around him, and reasoned with them on "righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come." "Comrades!" said he, "is it your ambition to figure very often in the guard-room and cells? Drink is the most speedy road to those unenviable places. Beware of the *first step* down the hill." By persevering efforts, a temperance society has been formed by this individual, comprising more than one-eighth of the entire regiment!

To such workers, we hope that No. 42 of the *British Workman*, will afford some help and encouragement.

THE LATE

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

In three short months, the name of Havelock had become a "household word;" and when, two months later, tidings of his death arrived, all England mourned as for a friend departed. America united with us in this grief, and for the first time since 1775, the ships in New York harbour exhibited signs of sorrow for the decease of a British subject. Havelock is dead, but he is not lost either to the army or the world. He still speaks, and where is the British soldier who will not listen with interest and deference to the lessons of his life? Some of these lessons relate to that personal piety, which he cherished amid the routine of the garrison, and the turmoil of the camp. It is, however, his temperance experience on which we purpose to dwell, as beautifully illustrative of his character, and as a legacy from which every one may profit.

He yet speaks we have said, and he does so most decisively upon the *non-necessity* and *non-utility* of intoxicating beverages in hot and trying climates. He early detected the fallacy, at one time all but universal, that under extremes of weather, and arduous labour, alcoholic liquors are indispensable, or at least highly useful. India was his home for upwards of thirty years; yet, "as his rule, he drank neither wine, beer, nor spirits;" and we are further told, that "when at the commencement of the Afghan war, he took a little wine, at the recommendation of his friends, and then had a slight attack of fever, he ascribed it to his departure from his ordinary practice, and immediately

"*Comrades! Is it your ambition to figure very often in the* GUARD-ROOM *and* CELLS? DRINK *is the most speedy road to those unenviable places.*"

resumed his temperance habits, stating, as his deep conviction, "WATER *is the best regimen for the soldier.*"

Havelock, he is noted, arrived at this conclusion, from personal experience and observation, though his acquaintance with history may have helped to confirm it. As a student of the Bible, he had learned that the strongest of warriors and men was an abstainer by express Divine command. He would also, remember, that the Roman soldiers performed their amazing tasks with no other beverage than posca, (vinegar and water) He was not ignorant, likewise, that the Saracens, while rapidly abstaining from strong drink, vanquished half the world in an incredibly short space of time.

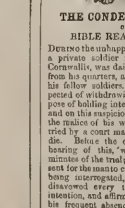
The example of General Havelock testifies finally to the *value of devotion and firmness in a good cause.* It was not easy twenty years ago, not so easy as now, for a soldier in India to abstain; neither was it easier for the officer than the private to do so; but once convinced that abstinence was the right course, he was not diverted from it by persuasion or persecution. He did what he felt to be his *duty*—did it courteously, but conscientiously and consistently.

Sir Henry Havelock's example inculcates *benevolent exertion.* He lived for others. He did not preach temperance principles and fail to practise them; but, on the other hand, did he practise them and remain indifferent to their diffusion. He was both their disciple and their advocate. He saw that DRINK was the *tempter* and *destroyer* of the soldier; and as his friend, he could not but exhort and encourage the soldier to *put it away.* The temperance man became the temperance missionary, and as one result, the regimental temperance society advanced from three members to three hundred, including Colonel Sale and other distinguished officers. As he had opportunity he did good without ostentation, and with the singular success which Divine Providence sometimes awards to unselfish and patient endeavour. "Havelock's men are not drunk!" was the noble tribute paid, on one occasion, by the Commander-in-chief, to the effect of his bright example in the general devotedness.

But did Havelock think that he was acting an extraordinary and inimitable part? Not at all; he simply did what he could in his position, and the same spirit may adorn and bless every man's position. Some soldiers, perhaps many, will read there lines, and of such we would inquire with all affection and earnestness:—What *is your sense* and determination in this matter? Whether you are stationed in the tropical sun of the East Indies or the West, or whether a Canadian winter heaps its snows around you; everywhere it is not a deceiver, and nowhere can you do wrong in dismissing it from your society. What consolations are not the joy, peace and hopeful because its prey?

Havelock's temperance work is not completed—who is to take it up and carry it on? Consult your own and your comrades' welfare; there are powerful motives—and then have their proper weight, and Havelock himself would ask no more.

Do not blindly imitate him because he was a great man, but imitate him in the things which made him good and great. One of these was his temperance example and temperance effort. In this you can resemble him; and in the pleasure which he derived from this course you will have a share. Soon may the British Army boast in reality, if not in name, a "Havelock Temperance Regiment." Who will volunteer? May a thousand—yea, ten thousand soldiers' hearts—return a cheerful and a prompt reply!



THE CONDEMNED SOLDIER.

ON THE

BIBLE READER RESCUED.

During the unhappy commotions in Ireland, a private soldier in the 4th Lord Cornwallis, was daily observed to be absent from his quarters, and from the company of his fellow soldiers. This was deemed a suspected of withdrawing himself for the purpose of holding intercourse with the rebels; and on this suspicion, probably increased by the realice of his wicked comrades, he was tried by a court martial, and condemned to die. Before his execution, he expressed a bearing of this, 'wished to examine the minutes of the trial; and not being satisfied, sent for the man to converse with him. He being interrogated, the prisoner solemnly disavowed every treasonable practice or intention, and affirmed that the real cause of his frequent absence was, that he might obtain a place of retirement for the purpose of reading his Bible, and having private prayer; for which, said he, "your lordship knows I have no opportunity among my profane comrades, who have become my enemies merely on account of my profession of religion." He went on to say that he had made the defence on his trial, but the officers thought it so improbable, that they had no attention to it. "If your story be true," said the Marquis, "you have acquired considerable options by your exercise. *Kneel down,* and let me *hear you pray!*" The poor trembling soldier fell on his knees, lifted his eyes, clasped his hands, and then poured out his soul before God with such solemnity, earnestness and power, pleading not only for himself but also for his persecutors, that the Marquis took him by the hand, and said he was satisfied that no man could pray in that manner who did not live in the habits of intercourse with his God. He not only rescued the sentence, but received him into his special favour, placing him among his personal attendants, and giving him high promotion!

SPEECH OF SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

We have now before us a printed Report of a "Sermon, preached, 1838," of the "Temperance Society in Her Majesty's 13th Light Infantry," from which we extract the following; speech by Sir H. Havelock (then *Captain* H.) at a meeting held at Kurnaul on the 4th September, 1837. Although twenty years have passed since it was delivered, it will be read with interest, as the presentiment, with deep interest.

"I come," said Captain H., "to the head of this table, not as it is called, *to make a speech,* but to express to you in the liberest and plainest manner my sentiments on this occasion. It gives me great pleasure to see so many individuals of the regiment assembled in a social way under such circumstances of rational comfort and enjoyment. I congratulate you on a taste having been formed amongst you for simple pleasures. Judging by the expression of countenances and other unequivocal signs, I should say that there was as much real enjoyment in this assemblage as any of you can have experienced or witnessed amidst the more riotous mirth of another place of meeting in the neighbourhood. But between the joy in this building and the joviality in the other is the difference I alluded, there is one striking difference: to-morrow in consequence of this repast, there will not be amongst those who have partaken of it one headache, or a shilling's worth of the pleasures of this board leaves no sting behind. I congratulate you, therefore, on having made a valuable discovery, not that of *present enjoyment* without *after regret.* I consider this evening as rendered memorable by its first exemplification of conciality, which, I hope to see often repeated. It happens, however, to be also a very remarkable one for a Night of Revelry, from the intelligence which has reached us since we met together under this roof. We came into this room under the impression we were all *His* Majesty's devoted servants; we shall have it with the knowledge that we are the soldiers of *Her* Majesty. We learn this night that in the death of King William the 4th, we have to deplore the loss of a most gracious Monarch and a sincere friend, but a trust we have at the same time, gained a patroness, and another kind friend in Victoria, the first of the name ever called to reign in our native land, now Queen of England. The nature of the boards happily excludes the invasion hilarity often abused to baneful purposes, called a toast, but I shall conclude by suggesting for the acceptance of the present, a *sentiment* to which I am sure every heart will respond—

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

THE REBELS CONQUERED.

It is recorded of a Chinese emperor that on being apprised of his accession, by tidings of an insurrection in one of the distant provinces, he said to his officers, "Come, follow me, and we will quickly destroy them."

He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought that he would take the usual revenge upon but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "How!" said the first minister, "is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed; and behold, you have pardoned them all, and even caressed some of them!" "I promised," replied the emperor, with a generous sigh, "to destroy my enemies, I have fulfilled my word; for, see, they are *enemies* no longer; I have made *friends* of them."

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and *pray* for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."—MATTHEW V. 43, 44.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S ADVICE.

We recently had the pleasure of meeting with George Godfrey, to whom most pleasing reference is made in the recently published Memoir of Sir H. Havelock. The following testimony, will, we trust, be of service to the thousands who are now in India, or about to sail thither:—

"At the age of 21 years, on the 22nd of February, 1826, I enlisted into the 13th Light Infantry, now called "Prince Albert's," and joined my depôt at Chatham, a few days after. Two years afterwards I was sent out to join my regiment in India, stationed at Dinapore.

In 1831 the regiment marched to Agra, which was considered a good station, and though, hitherto I had been a very abstainer, I noticed the *terrible effects* of drinking in the regiment, and not being altogether free from the temptation myself, I was led to think seriously on the matter, and came to the conclusion that I would never again touch a drop of the pernicious ANTIDOTE, was the usual beverage at the time. My resolution was considered by many as a very rash act, and a thing that could hardly be carried out in such a hot country as India. It was new to myself, but I looked to God for help, and was encouraged, though there was only one other man in the corps that abstained at that time. He had carried it out for some years, and did so till his death; he was a lively fellow, and a man of good feeling. His name was Andrew Gordon. While at Agra the regiment went to Gwalior and back, which was about twelve marches; this was my first time of trial, and I was well satisfied with it. A few others were encouraged to try the next march on the same principle. One day, when on march from Agra to Kurnaul, in 1835, Sir Henry Havelock (then Capt. Havelock) rode up and pleasantly called out "Well Godfrey, how are you getting on, on cold water?"

I looked up, and replied, "Very well, sir." The captain asking me the question, *before the other men,* had a good effect! The number of abstainers increased very much at Kurnaul, and we were much encouraged and helped by Sir Robert Sale, Captain Chadwick, as well as by him whose death is now so much lamented. By the efforts of the officers, the men were enabled to get coffee and biscuits at a low price, in a building raised *by the parties.*

In 1838, an army was formed for a campaign in Afghanistan. During that campaign we were kept three or four years, and in which I saw hard service at various places, I never touched intoxicating drinks. On returning from the campaign to Meerut, I was invalided to Europe, and discharged with a good pension at Chatham, on the 14th May, 1847, after serving twenty one years, eighteen of which were in India. I have now been *twenty years* an abstainer; I have been employed under Government nearly all the time I have been in England since my return, and now I am a Yeoman Warder of the Tower of London.

I do not state this in a boasting manner, but with *thankfulness* to God, for enabling me to bear such a testimony. I hope that it will encourage others to adopt the same practice, believing, as I do, that it will promote their health and happiness, whether it be in India, or elsewhere." G. GODFREY.

5, Orchard Cottages, Hackney.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

THIS noted General, in alluding to the dreadful fever which in 1838, prevailed in Sukkar and Hyderabad amongst the troops, says, "The cause is their *drinking.* It does not give the fever, but it so irritates the liver and brain, that the fever takes too firm a grasp to be *got rid of.*"

"Dr. Robertson of the 13th, a clever man, supposed to know India better than most others, tells me, that at Jellalabad, where no liquor could be had, where they could get only WATER, *he had not a sick man the whole time.*"—*Conquest of Scinde.*

LIEUT.-COL. SYKES,

Whose name is known throughout the wide world, and who was for many years a resident in India, says:—

"I never followed a fashionable or respectable regimen myself in India, nor do I recommend it to others: but I am moderately and drank little, and I have strong conviction that much of European disease in India is traceable to excessive drinking, and that the mortality among the European troops will not be lessened, until the European soldier is prevented by his habits, until he is made to understand that *temperance* is for the benefit of his body, *liberty* extension for the benefit of his mind, *exercise* for the benefit of his health, and *savings-banks* for the benefit of his purse."—*Journal of the Statistical Society.*

TESTIMONY OF

MAJOR-GENERAL DACRES.

The following valuable testimony is from Major-General Dacres, who commanded the Rocket Battery during the Crimean war.

SIR,—Feeling as I do the great importance of the temperance movement, a feeling which increases every day of my life, any and I can give you I shall be most happy to afford. From the horrible effects of intemperance I have seen so much, and read of in the papers, I consider it my *duty* to do what little I can to promote habits of sobriety in the life of a military officer, however, who has passed forty years in his country service, and since the year 1829, chiefly in the Colonies, has little to interest the generality of your readers, excepting, perhaps, the two years of my life, when I commanded the Artillery in the Crimea.

In the year 1848 I was ordered to London, Canada West, in command of a company. When so many were then one shilling a gallon, and the consequent drunkenness amongst my men was very great, I thought a temperance society might do good—no pledge—only a card, given to the soldiers, who returned in when they got tired. Of course, I had to put my own name at the head of the list, as there is little use in preaching what you do not practise.

My small scheme worked well, and no one benefited more by the change than the soldiers' wives and children. To *them* it was an *inestimable blessing;* the daily pay coming in instead of being spent in drink and debauchery, told its own tale; the improved health and conditions of their home. But this did not last long; the company came to England, the thing was abandoned, and, as usual, the good seed were disregarded, and all (with few exceptions) returned to their old habits. I, however, had the *comfort* of "total abstinence," and have *never given it up.*

I have been since then much at sea, and in place where drink wine, brandy, rum, and beer, an absolute *necessity.* I have never found it so—except when on occasions of illness my doctor have been prescribed—I have drank only water, tea, coffee, or cocoa. Since my return to England I have had fever, left me very weak, and I was ordered (for a short time) two glasses of port wine daily. I was glad to give it up, and resume tea, the "only water" system. I preach a good deal in my own way about temperance, and how essential it is that all who have the power of influence, once should by *example* SHOW their hatred of it. The answers I get are, "*My* example is good, *I do not exceed,*" and so on. He assured, my own example *does good.* One great advantage is, it enables me to speak more boldly against drunkards.

I am now in my 58th year, and I consider myself a strong and hale man for my time of life, and considering the various changes of climate I have seen.

I have now, very briefly, told you all I can about my total abstinence experience, and if I can in any way assist in carrying out the principle, I shall always have the greatest pleasure in doing so. My services are known. I got my commission in 1817; in 1829 I was sent to the Colonies, where I remained, with some short intervals, till 1854, when, from Gibraltar, I was selected to command a division of artillery in the East. I joined the army in the East at Scutari, in May, 1854, and, with an exception of five weeks at Therapia, sick, I remained with the army till June, 1856. I was at the battles of Alma, Balaclava, the sortie on the 26th October, at Inkermann, and commanded the artillery through the whole siege. Of course, I have gone through not a little fatigue; I have visited hospitals infected with fever and cholera—WATER has been my only drink, and I am now in rude health.

My only object in complying with your request is to show, that, of my experience in temperance habits will benefit one person. I shall be well repaid.

Your most obedient servant,

R. J. DACRES.

To the Editor of the British Workman,

APRIL, 1858.

THE WIDOW'S SON;

OR,

A NIGHT WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS.

(Continued from page 162.)

The duel had resulted in the death of Balford, who was shot down at the first fire, and died before he could be taken from the ground. Overwhelmed with a terrible remorse, Lennox returned home, tempted strongly to the commission of suicide. The painting condition of his mother unnerved him in some degree, and called out his thoughts from himself in care of another. It was more than one hour before Mr. Lennox was restored to consciousness under the earnest attentions of the family physician. Then she was so feeble, that she was forbidden to hold any intercourse with her son, who retired to his chamber, a prey to most gloomy reflections. For an hour he paced the room to and fro, and at length, as the agony of his mind grew more intense, he went forth into the open air, and wandered for a long time about the street. When he returned home, his mind and body were well stupified. He had drank deeply for the purposes of relief.

We will not attempt to portray his feelings, nor those of his mother, when they met on the next morning, and she became conscious that the hands of her son were imbued with the blood of his fellow-man. She saw the anguish of his spirit, and therefore spoke no word of reproach, but gave him utter one of comfort. Although they went through the form of sitting down to the morning meal, yet no food passed his lips either; nor was any subject of conversation introduced. Silently and oppressively the time passed away. Seated at the table, like mere automata, she passing up to her chamber, and he, from the house; neither under the influence of any stimulant. His steps, however, were soon bent towards a drinking-house. He felt that he must seek relief in the stupefaction of his senses, and with this object in view he drank deeply. By one o'clock he was brought home in a state of insensibility. During many weeks from that day, he was constantly under the benumbing influence of liquor, which finally ended in a horrible, half-conscious delirium.

From this, under judicial medical treatment, he was at last awakened. But the energy of his character was gone; and, for a time, his intellect seemed impaired. This was so apparent, that his friends dared to entrusting him with any case of much importance, and he, of course, soon sunk from the position he had occupied at the bar, without making a single effort to regain it. Gradually he fell into habits of idleness, and a regular course of dissipation.

In this course of life he had indulged for some two years, gradually sinking lower and lower, when, as he was a fine speaker, he was nominated as a candidate for the American legislature. It needed but this to complete his ruin, although his friends hoped that the next year he would be elected to salinary. Elections then, as they have been too often since, mortifying as the admission may be, were upon him suddenly.

Into this whirlpool of excitement Alfred Lennox entered with a keen zest. It enabled him in some degree, to rise above the paralysing influence of two most active causes of depression and nobspirits—the loss of Florence E——, whom he had truly and tenderly loved, and the death of Balford, which rested heavily upon his conscience. Four months of active service in this kind of life, during all of which he was under strong excitement, ended in a result, which, of course he entered into a condition of almost hopeless dissipation. For six weeks after the election, he continued as a constant frequenter of the bar-room.

(To be continued.)

DR. CARPENTER, in his invaluable work, "Physiology of Temperance," (which deserves to be read by every soldier) says, "The nearer the approach made by the European in India to *habitual abstinence* from alcoholic liquors, *the lower is the rate of mortality.*"

* Published by H. G. Bohn. Price One Shilling.

[Chapter VI. of "Widow Green and her Three Nieces" is deferred until next month.]

AYAH AND CHILD

OR,

MEMORIAL WELLS.

THE fidelity which has marked the conduct of the native domestics during the late Indian mutiny, calls for Britain's devout thankfulness to God. Not a few "ayahs" and "bearers" risked their lives in endeavouring to save the little ones in their charge.

In one memorable instance, a domestic carried a sweet little child for several miles through a disturbed district, to the nearest English fort. The task was as arduous as dangerous one, and the lives of both had nearly been sacrificed. At length they reached the English station. There was great joy on receiving the little prattler safe and sound. A liberal reward was cheerfully offered. But not oh, hear it, ye fathers and mothers! The noble-minded deliverer refused every offer, and would not receive even a single farthing! "Dig a well! Dig a well!" said the faithful creature, and then left the station.

In the hot country of India, one of the best memorials is "the digging of a well," by which the weary and parched traveller may be refreshed.

There is one spot which has peculiar claims upon Britain for such MEMORIAL WELLS—we mean the City of Lucknow. It is one of the most remarkable fastures in the Indian mutiny, that the successful, and perhaps unpardonable, defence of the garrison in the "Residency," was, in a great measure, owing to the fidelity of those sepoys who refused to join the mutineers. His adjutant by all, that had these men proved unfaithful, the garrison could not have been held for an hour. It is a painful sequel, one over which unavailing but bitter tears have been shed, that on the relief of the garrison, several of these sepoys were bayonetted by the English soldiers, supposing them to be rebels instead of faithful friends. This touching fact, we trust, will never be forgotten.

We feel assured, that there is not a British soldier who would not cheerfully give a portion of his day's pay towards the cost of a MEMORIAL WELL at LUCKNOW.

THE THOUGHTLESS TRAVELLER.

A CERTAIN MAN was obliged to go to a far distant country, the first part of his journey was through green meadows, the latter part was rocky, fatiguing, full of thorns and briars, but he only made preparation for the most agreeable portion of the road. He dressed himself in thin and gay-coloured clothing, he put a cake in his pocket, stuck some flowers in the button-hole of his coat, and with a light cane in his hand, advanced gaily along the lesser paths which led through the verdant meadows. The sun shone brightly, and the traveller, amused and happy, found only pleasure in his way. In a little time the road became stony, the sky cloudy, rain fell, and as night approached the traveller became much embarrassed. His provisions were consumed, his clothes, torn by the briars, were insufficient to protect him against the cold and damp, his flowers were faded, and fatigued as he felt, the light cane was of little service. A brook lay before him, and the darkness increased. "Alas!" cried he, striking on his breast, "I am hungry, but have no food; I am wet to the skin, but have no dry garments; I am overcome with fatigue, and have no staff to support me; Behold! the river which stops my progress, I have no boat to bear me over. I am benwildered, lost, and have no guide; the night is come, and I have no lantern. Fool, that I am! why did I not provide for the *end*, of my journey, as well as for the beginning?"

Reader, like this man, you also are obliged to travel to a distant country, you are on the way to ETERNITY. Life is but the commencement of your journey—Death the end. If you are prepared for one as well as for the other, then you are happy, but if you have thought only of the first, then you are like the THOUGHTLESS TRAVELLER.

A YOUNG OFFICER.

To the Editor of the "British Workman."

SIR,—As a subscriber to, and diligent circulator of, the *British Workman*, I may, perhaps, be permitted to ask a place in its columns for a few extracts from letters from a young officer now serving in India, whose testimony in favour of temperance deserves publicity.

Writing from Julinder, June 23rd, 1857, he says, in reply to the inquiries of a friend;—"As to health—the indulgence of sixty days' consecutive leave to all officers, indicated me at once to apply for leave to Cashmere, from the beginning of May to the end of June. I made the trip, and actually spent four days in Srinagar, Goolab Singh's capital; but then came the news of the outbreak at Delhi, and an order for all officers to rejoin their corps forthwith. I therefore hurried down by the 25th of May, met the moveable column just as it was marching out of Seakote, and came on with it. As I came down by forced marches, I was compelled to walk twenty and thirty miles a day, for a few days, and I think, by God's blessing, this unusual amount of exercise, and the twenty-five days thorough change of air, has quite set me up.

"Though to-day, writing in a barrack, we have been for the most part in tents since leaving Seakote, we have not know what Punjab heat in India is. I am thankful, however, to say that I feel I am better and stronger than ever, and every one congratulates me on my good looks and spirits. I still stick to the WATER *as my beverage*, and thrive on it, and can work on it well, and can *afford to smile* at all injunctions to take to beer, &c."

Now, Mr. Editor, what would some men say, if they were told that they could "thrive," "work well," and bear exposure to intense heat, and every description of toil and wearinass, on WATER?

But let us mark the result. In a subsequent letter, dated July 15th, speaking of an engagement with the rebels, the preceding day, he says:—"Just as our guns were getting into play, they opened with a volley of musketry, and then began to scatter to avoid our round shot. I almost immediately felt the usual 'tingle' of people talk about, and found a ball had gone through my right foot."

Hours after, he speaks of galloping on into camp, to get his foot strapped, and says:—"It is, I am thankful to say, doing very well, and the ball having gone quite through I am saved much inconvenience. The ancle is unsjnjured, and *there is hardly any inflammation*, which the doctor says, is owing, under Providence, TO MY EXTREMELY TEMPERATE HABITS."

Let me, in conclusion, commend a passage of Scripture to all your readers: "Godliness is profitable unto all things, *having promise of the life that now is*, and of that which is to come." THE WIFE OF AN ADMIRAL.

GOOD ADVICE.—A poor man came to a pious minister and said, "Mr. S., what will become of me? I work hard, and fare hard, and yet I cannot thrive?" Mr. C. answered, "Still you want one thing; I will tell you what you shall do; work hard, and fare hard, and *pray* hard, and I will warrant you shall thrive."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE examination of the two hundred ESSAYS on KINDNESS TO ANIMALS, occupies so much time, that we fear we shall not be able to publish the AWARD before AUGUST. We must ask the indulgence of our friends.

NUMEROUS communications are acknowledged with thanks.

THE NEED OF JESUS.

"UNTO YOU WHO BELIEVE HE IS PRECIOUS." 1 Pet. ii. 7.

I NEED Thee, precious Jesus! for I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty, my heart is dead within;
I need the cleansing fountain, where I can always flee,—
The blood of Christ most precious, the sinner's perfect plea.

I need Thee, precious Jesus! for I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim, I have no earthly store;
I need the love of Jesus to cheer me on my way;
To guide my doubting footsteps, to be my strength and stay.

I need Thee, precious Jesus! I need a Friend like Thee;
A Friend to soothe and sympathize, a Friend to care for me;
I need the heart of Jesus to feel each anxious care,
To bear my every want, and all my sorrow share.

I need Thee, precious Jesus! for I am very blind;
A weak and foolish wanderer with a dark and evil mind;
I need the light of Jesus to lead the thorny road,
To guide me safe to glory where I shall see my God.

I need Thee, precious Jesus! I need Thee day by day
To fill me with Thy fulness, to lead me on my way;
I need Thy Holy Spirit in much me what I am,
To show me more of Jesus, to point me to the Lamb.

I need Thee, precious Jesus! and hope to see Thee soon,
Enthroned with the rainbow, and seated on Thy throne.
There with Thy blood-bought children my joy shall ever be
To sing Thy praises, Jesus!—as sure my LORD as Thou.

HINTS FROM HELPERS, No. 6.

A LADY writes from Lowestoft, suggesting that the friends of the *British Workman* should promote the sale of the paper on steamboats. The suggestion is an excellent one. If a few industrious boys in every port, were encouraged in this work we feel assured that many thousands of copies would be disposed of during the summer months. Many an active lad, if he had half-a-crown or two shillings' worth of copies given him by a benevolent friend at the *outset*, would soon be a little "self-supporting trader.

HINTS FOR SOLDIERS.

MAJOR the HON. H. S. POWYS, well known for his efforts on behalf of the *sisters* and *children* of soldiers, thus writes:—

My Dear SIR,—Your capital paper is read with such pleasure and profit by many an officer and private of the army, that you must allow me the pleasure of telling you so. Let it encourage you in your efforts for the promotion of sobriety in the army.

I firmly believe, that there is less intemperance in the army, than in any other similar congregation of men who are not soldiers; but giving soldiers all due credit, there is a *sad amount* of intemperance in the ranks. The parent of almost *every crime* in the army, is *drunkenness*.

Let me, then, give a few words of counsel to the soldiers who are now embarking for India, for, from the experience of some twenty-six years in the 60th rifles, I know how gladly the young soldier takes good advice from his officers. In the first place,

Don't go near the Grog-tub

on board ship, you are not obliged to take your grog, and you will be much better without it, the first step towards that fatal tub is that first step towards habitual drunkenness. I know how difficult it is to resist joining the rush of thirsty men with their tins in their hands, eager to get at their poison, especially when the water on board is hardly drinkable, and the coffee or tea is difficult to get. But act like a *man*, and you will have gained a greater conquest in the sight of God by resisting the temptation, than if you had taken twenty Sepoys prisoners, by your own personal bravery. In 1848, I took out to India a very large draft of recruits, many of whom on the day of embarkation were abstainers; but who, alas, on the day of disembarkation were confirmed drum-drinkers!

In the second place, if you have not acquired a fatal fondness for the dram on board ship, *do not begin* to drink at

The Canteen on Shore.

In most regiments, when I was in India, bottled beer was to be got, and that is far better for you than the dram, though *neither* will ever quench your thirst. I know of nothing like good coffee or tea for permanently refreshing the parched throat under the Indian sun. With your spare money you can always command a good cup of coffee or tea, if there is not a regimental coffee-room, where the cost would be small. I know that the temptations to drink, in India, and on board ship, are almost irresistible, but I know that they *have been resisted*, and I feel sure, that if you act with humble, but firm dependence, for strength from on High, that you *will* be able to do so. I knew a regiment in India, upwards of 1000 strong, that for months was not disgraced by one single case of drunkenness, but that regiment had a most

Capital Coffee-room,

where the men were encouraged to go and read. But better, far, than every other expedient for resisting temptation, is the determination to be a Christian. Such a determination, strengthened by daily and earnest prayer, will lead you to the happiness of that peace of mind which passeth understanding, and will bring you at last to the fulness of joy in your Saviour's salvation. Your friend,

H. S. POWYS, *Major.*

Soldiers' Daughters' Home, Hampstead.

SOLDIERS IN INDIA.

THE following letter is from the Rev. W. Cairns Wilson, M.A., who has made great efforts for the spiritual welfare of Soldiers.

SIR,—I have heard, in common with all, of the sad, disgraceful drunkenness of our poor Soldiers on their arrival in Calcutta, and I have had it confirmed by letters, from their better-minded comrades, who are happily pursuing a more excellent way. But I am thankful to say, that I have letters from Soldiers in India, abundantly testifying to the rapid progress of temperance. Men in all directions are beginning to admit, that abstinence from intoxicating liquors, is the *best in the end*, and I have several applications for advice, how to form temperance societies, in various regiments.

Many letters from India, speak of the *good* that the "British Workman" is doing amongst the Soldiers.

Yours, with every good wish,

W. CAIRNS WILSON.

Eglinton House, Ventnor.

THE CONVERTED SOLDIER.

THE Rev. Mr. Symes, a Missionary of the Gospel in India, some years ago, baptized a soldier, who had once been a noted prize fighter, a powerful, lion-looking, lion-hearted man.

With one blow he could level a strong man to the ground. He was the terror of many in the regiment. That man "to use his own phrase), "sauntered into Mr. Symes's chapel," heard the Gospel, and was powerfully impressed. He returned again and again, and at last light broke in upon his mind, and he became "a new creature." The change in such a character was, of course, marked and decisive, the *lion* was changed into a LAMB.

Shortly afterwards, some of those in the mess-room, who formerly stood in awe of him, now began to ridicule him. One of them said, "I'll put it to the *test*, whether he is a Christian or not;" and taking a basin of soup, he threw it into his breast. The whole company gazed, in breathless silence, expecting that the lion would have started up, and probably murdered him on the spot, but, after he had torn open his waistcoat, and wiped his scalded breast, he calmly turned round, and said, "This is what I must expect, if I become a Christian, I must suffer persecution."

His comrades were filled with astonishment and shame, and were constrained to admit, "There is a *reality* in religion."

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

Soldier, go,—but not to claim
Glittering pride and earth-born treasure,
Not to build a vaunting name,
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
Hope not that the way is smooth,
Hope not that the thorns are roses;
Turn no wistful eye of youth,
Where the sunny meadow reposes;
Thou hast sterner work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through;
Now behind thee gaily are listening—
Forward!—there is no returning.

Soldier, rest—but not for thee
Spreads the world her downy pillow;
On the rock thy couch must be,
While around thee chides the billow;
Thine must be a watchful sleep,
Wearier than another's waking,
Such as Israel's sentinel keep
Brooks no moment of forsaking.
Sleep, as on the battle-field,
Leaning—grasping sword and shield;
Those thou canst not name or number,
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise—the war is done:
Lo, the hosts of hell are flying,
Twas thy Lord the battle won!
Jesus vanquished them by dying.
Lift thy voice in praise—behold
All the conquered land of glory;
Hark!—what songs of rapture rise,
There proclaim the victory,
Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword, and take the crown;
Triumph! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain, and earth has vanished.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

*** *The Yearly Part of the "British Workman" for 1857, price Eighteenpence.*

*** *A complete Edition of the "British Workman" may now be had, (with 400 engravings) in cloth, 4s. 6d. Gilt edges, 6s.*

*** *Just Published. Part I., price 6d., with 17 woodcuts, including Coloured Frontispiece and Titlepage, "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones." Compiled by Uncle John.*

ILLUSTRATED HAND-BILLS.

(*Compiled by the Editor of the "British Workman."*)

These Handbills (*printed on paper made from straw*), are suitable for general distribution. They embrace Religion, Sabbath Observance, the Sacred Scriptures, Temperance, Peace, Kindness to Animals, Truthfulness, Swearing, Smoking, &c.

Sold in Sixpenny Packets, each packet containing *fifty* Hand-bills. The *assorted* packets, containing one of each of the Nos. from 1 to 50. May be had through any bookseller, or *post free*, by remitting six stamps to the Publishers.

The following have just been issued:—

N. 51. Try, John! Try, John!
" 52. A Beautiful Incident, (suitable for Soldiers.)
" 53. The Puzzle Explained.
" 54. The Two Weavers.
" 55. Water or Beer?
" "E.C." "Too Foot to Keep a Conscience."

London: PARTRIDGE & CO., 34, Paternoster Row, London.

"LET your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for HE hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

HEBREWS xiii. 5.

"TRUMPETS, PIPES, AND STRINGS!"

THREE travellers being obliged to pass the night together in a coach, endeavoured to shorten the tedious hours by relating stories. One of them, an officer in the army, who had seen much of the world, and had encountered the perils of war, spoke of his past dangers and former comrades with so much vivacity, and in so interesting a manner, that his companions would have been charmed with his recitals had he not interspersed them with continual oaths and imprecations. When he had finished his tale, an elderly gentleman who had not yet spoken, was asked for a story. Without hesitation he thus commenced his narration:—

"Gentlemen, it is now nearly twenty years since I was travelling on this road, on a very dark night, when—*a thousand trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—an accident occurred,—*Trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—of which I cannot even now think without shuddering. I truly believe—*Trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—that it happened on the very spot which we are now passing. The coach was going on at the usual speed of—*Trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—when we were suddenly alarmed by the noise of horses galloping after us—*Trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—We distinctly heard voices crying, 'Stop! stop!'—*Trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—and I to my companions, we are pursued by robbers!—*Trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—It is not possible,' cried the other travellers,—*Pipes and strings!*—'Oh yes,' said I, 'it is but too true;' and on looking out of the window, I saw that those—*Trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—of horsemen had overtaken us. Just as soon as the carriage—*Trumpets, pipes, and strings!*—

Here the officer's impatience could no longer be restrained. "I hope you will excuse my interrupting you, sir," said he, "but for the life of me I cannot see what your *Trumpets, pipes, and strings* have to do with your story?"

"Sir," replied the old man, "your remarks greatly astonish me. Have you not perceived that these words are quite as necessary to my tale, as the *oaths and imprecations* with which you seasoned yours?

"I could not listen to you without deep pain. Allow me to offer you a few words of counsel;—you are yet young, you can yet correct this and habit, which shows lightness of character and disrespect for God's sacred name and presence. There was a moment's silence, the officer then took the old gentleman's hand, and pressing it with emotion, said,—

"Sir, I *thank* you for the interest you have shewn to a stranger, and for the kind lesson you have taught me; I hope it will not be in vain.

NOW! NOW!

MR. PHILIP HENRY said to some of his neighbours who came to see him on his death-bed, "O, make sure work for your souls, my friends, by getting an interest in Christ, while you are in health. If I had that work to do now, what would become of me? I bless God I am satisfied. See to it, all of you, that your work be not *undone* when your time is *done*, lest you be *undone* for ever."

"Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation."—2 COR. vi. 2.

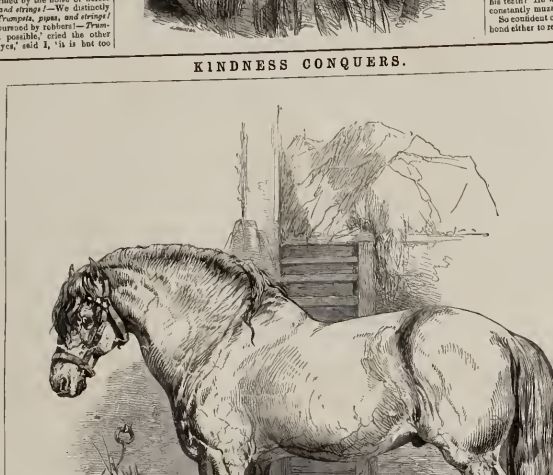
"Therefore let us not sleep, as do others, but let us watch and be sober. For they that sleep, sleep in the night; and they that be drunken are drunken in the night. But let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the *breastplate* of faith and love; and for an *helmet*, the hope of salvation."—1 THESS. v. 5—8.

The 28 Suggestions.

We beg to thank those friends who are so kindly enclosing for us in their letters the "TWENTY-EIGHT SUGGESTIONS *for increasing the circulation of the 'British Workman.'*" If more of our readers will lend a helping hand, we shall be obliged. A supply may be had, *post free*, from the Editor, 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. (N.)

Our best thanks are also due to those friends who are exerting themselves to secure an *increased* circulation in the manufacturing districts. We have heard of one lady who has recently secured 200 subscribers. An employer also writes, "Since your *British Workman* has been circulated amongst our men, we have had less intemperance than previously." Such gratifying testimonies cheer us onward in our work

KINDNESS CONQUERS.



CRUELTY HARDENS

ANGER IS CRUEL.

SOFT WORDS SUBDUE.

THE AMERICAN HORSE TAMER,

OR

THE MAGICAL EFFECTS OF KINDNESS.

MR. RAREY, the celebrated Horse Tamer, who is now in this country, is doing good service to the cause of humanity. Mr. Rarey's precise method of taming vicious horses, is at present a secret, but one thing is notorious, he requires neither "thick sticks," nor "heavy whips," to bring the most stubborn horse into a state of docile submission.

Mr. Rarey having tried his powers upon various very unmanageable horses belonging to Messrs. Tattersall, Lord Derby, and Her Majesty, with unfailing success, he was asked, if he dared to take the celebrated "Cruiser" in hand. Some idea may be formed of the difficulty and danger attendant upon this case, from the statement of Lord Colchester, the owner of the horse. He says, "he was vicious from a foal, always troublesome to handle, and showed temper on every opportunity: his savage propensities rendered the care of him *too dangerous* an office for any man. For days he would allow no one to enter his box, and on one occasion, he tore an iron bar, one inch thick in two, with his teeth! He was so vicious that it was necessary to keep him constantly muzzled."

So confident of success, however, was Mr. Rarey, that he gave a bond either to return the horse "cured" within three months, or to forfeit £100.

Horse-dealers, grooms, and stable-men smiled, when they heard of the rash attempt. "Cruiser" is more than a match for him," was the general remark, but the American's faith in the power of *kindness* urged him to "Try."

The trial was doubtless a dangerous one. Twice the horse flew like a tiger at "the tamer," with a savage cry, and it required some tact on the part of Mr. Rarey to keep out of its reach. After many attempts, the horse's head was tied to the rack. This restraint seemed for a time to almost madden the horse. For twenty minutes he was in such a fearful state of frenzy, that Lord Colchester cried out, "Mr. Rarey, don't peril your life—think no more of the £100 bond."

"SAVEN DESPAIR!—KINDNESS WILL CONQUER!" These were the American's motto. He persevered, and to the amazement of every one, he succeeded. It occupied not three months, for Lord Colchester states, "in *three hours* Mr. Rarey and my self mounted him, although he had not been ridden for nearly three years!"

A gentleman who has witnessed Mr. Rarey's trials, writes, "A few days ago, Cruiser was a frantic savage, now he is bridleless, following Mr. Rarey, just like a dog round the ring—stopping or trotting, just as he is told. Every trace of savage fire has left his eye, and he seems rather to enjoy being fondled than otherwise."

We hope to give some further account of Mr. Rarey's labours in a future number. The man who can lessen the sufferings of the dumb creation, by *proving* that *kind words* will succeed, where *hard bows* fail, deserves to be honoured by all the friends of humanity.

How to secure monthly packets of the "British Workman" delivered at your own door.

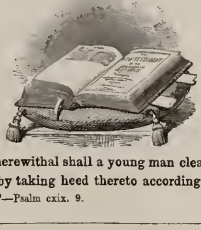
Packets of the *British Workman* may be had from London, *post free*, as under:—

4 copies for	4d.,	or for one year,	4s.
8 "	8d.,	"	8s.
12 "	1s.,	"	12s.
16 "	1s. 4d.,	"	16s.
20 "	1s. 8d.,	"	20s.
24 "	2s. 0d.,	"	24s

Paid in advance.

* Fewer than *four copies* cannot be sent at this rate.

"Fight the good fight of faith!"



"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to Thy Word."—Psalm cxix. 9.

EXAMPLE.—For persons uniting their subscriptions, and remitting four shillings in advance to the Publishers, will have a packet containing four copies of the *British Workman* sent (to the address of any one of the parties) *post free* for 12 months.

*** We hope that those of our readers who have relatives in the army, will forward them copies of this paper. A single copy will go per post to any British Colony for a penny, if posted before 15th June. The wrapper must be left open at the ends.

All ORDERS *to be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Partridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London. (E.C.)*

Watson, Printer, 6, Ship Street, Hatton Garden, London.

Letters for the Editor to be addressed to 3, Cambridge Terrace, Barnsbury Park, London. (N.)

gistered for transmission abroad.

Price One Penny.

BRITISH WORKMAN

43, July 1st, 1858.] Published for the Editor by Messrs. Partridge & Co. A. W. Bennett; and W. Tweddie, London.

A single Copy of the *British Workman* sent post free for twelve months for two shillings; or a packet of Four Copies, post free for four shillings, paid in advance.

E AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FARM-LABOURER.

a son of the soil. My father followed bough, and my mother also laboured in eld, hoeing turnips and such like work. their only son who reached manhood. had several other children, both boys girls, but they were all cut off when young. Two of them were burned to ; one fell down a well; and the rest when they were babes. Those mishaps d probably never have come to pass if mother could have kept at home instead ing to field-work in order to add to r's scanty earnings. Though I outall my brothers and sisters, I too was much left to myself. My father said ould not afford to send me to a day-l, and, therefore, I never went. As as I could walk pretty well, I was left ift as I could when my mother was at work. Sometimes I went with her—times I went into a neighbour's house, ometimes I rambled and played with children of the village. But whatI did, though so young, I was always ng into mischief of some kind or other. rue that I was sent to the Sunday school, seldom went, for generally I spent my lays rambling in the fields, playing with wicked boys. Before I was ten years d was put to farm-work myself. At first I got threepence a week, and for years I t think I earned my victuals. As I older, the effects of having no proper training began to show themselves. I grew in size, but it is very doubtful whether I grew in knowledge of any kind, except the knowledge of evil. I was looked upon as a boy who was very stupid for my age—a *real clod-hopper*. All the people of our village thought that I was not so sharp as I ought to be, and they thought truly. When I look back upon my past life, I am surprised at my ignorance when a young man. Coarseness, darkness, and sin, seemed everything with me, and by these I was made unfit for the duties of life, to say nothing about the world to come.

To such a mind the village alehouse presented its enticements and evils, nor did it offer them in vain. Oh! no, I am sorry to say, bad as I was, that made me worse, and for years the alehouse was a fearful barrier to my becoming better. I had not got far into my teens, before I took to going to the alehouse every Saturday night and stopping till all my money was gone. The greater part of the next morning I spent in bed. When I got up, if I had any money left, which was but seldom, I went off to the "public" again; if I had none, the rest of the day I passed in village sports. This was the way I spent the Sacred Day of rest for some years. Small as my wages were, I gave nearly the whole of them to the landlord, and then fell back upon my father's cupboard for the week. My drinking ways often got me into great trouble. One night, on going home in a drunken state, I fell down on the road, and, without knowing it, went to sleep. A cart came along, and it being a very

"O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches."

dark night, the driver did not see me, so I was run over and one of my legs broken. Another time I fell into a quarry, and broke my arm. Very often have I, unknowingly, made my bed in both wet and dry ditches. And, if the village stream had been deep enough, I must have been drowned long ago, for I often stumbled into it.

Village wakes, fairs, clubs, and other country gatherings were frequented by me. Very often before I left them I got into trouble. The chief cause of this was fighting. Though I was generally beaten, yet the first opportunity that offered, I was sure to be fighting, and I always got a good thrashing on such occasions. Whilst following my evil courses, I was very strongly warned against them. My father, amongst us he was, gave me good words and told me to think on my ways. The vicar of the parish did not neglect his duty, but laboured to convince me of sin, of righteousness, and of a judgment to come. The preacher in the meeting-house, when he came among my path, spoke to me of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. My master, who was a godly man, caused not to warn me to flee from the wrath to come. Stepid as I was, I well understood their meaning, and knew that they were right and that I was wrong. Bend, I would not, as often as she could catch one at home on Sundays, my mother would read a tract or something from the Bible to me, and I did not understand it, I felt it to be true enough, but still the wrong I pursued. I was a place of wonder to my neighbours. Now, I oftimes wonder at the forbearance and patience of God in not cutting me down in my evil ways. But blessed be His Holy Name, His spared me, I trust, through grace, to shew forth His glory, and to tell of His ways to sinners. I can mark when my feet were turned from evil, to walk in the right way.

One Saturday I went to a fair at the neighbouring market town. Before it was over, as usual, I was engaged in a fight, and got very much beaten. The next day my arms were very painful, and my body so stiff that I could not get up. On Monday morning, had as I was, I went to my work. Early in the day my master came into the field where I was working and said—

"Well, Tom, what is the matter with you, you seem in a poor plight."

And well enough he might say so, I was lame and sore by reason of my arms were very sore, I had two black eyes, and several bruises and cuts about my face, some of which were covered with sticking plaster. I must have figure I therefore made, and I was ashamed to meet any one, and particularly my master.

"Ah, Tom," he said, "the way of transgressors is hard, and the devil's service is a hard one."

He then went on to tell me that lately he had become a total abstainer from beer and all such like drink, and that he very kindly had that he wanted me to become one too. Whether it was the kind manner in which he spoke, or the strong feeling the sad effects of drink, I cannot say, but I told him that I would do just as he liked. He then told me to go home, and to his house, which I did. As soon as I was there, he put my name down in a book, and then asked me to make my mark, which I stroke across each other. When this was done, he told me that I must pray to God to help me to keep my pledge. He gave me a large basin of good soap, and then I went to work again. It was soon noised abroad what I had done. Some laughed, but others said that it was the best thing I had ever done, and hoped I would keep to it.

Soon after this, a meeting was held in our village, and my master was the chief speaker. I was very much pleased to hear him talk so well. I thought it would be fine to have a band of men in such a clever way. And the best of it was, I *understood* a good part of what he said, he was so plain in his ways, and used no fine words. Dance as I then was, I picked up from his speech a few good reasons for putting our temperance money, and I did not fail to make use of them. After this, I went to God's House, every Sunday. Finally, I exchanged the public-house for the House of Prayer! At first I could not well understand what the clergyman said, for I thought he used so many long words. I soon began to feel my ignorance. I wanted to learn to read, and told my master so.

"Never too late to learn, Tom," he said.

Although I was twenty four years old, I went to Sunday school, and began to learn the A B C. On week-days my mother would sometimes take me in hand and teach little. My master and other young ladies were very kind to me, for at odd times they did what they could to get me on. In a year or two I had learnt to read a chapter in the Bible. Now, I could make out what the preacher said, and the truth came home to my heart. I could write to ask, "*What must I do to be saved?*"

Having tasted the blessings of a little knowledge, I wanted more. Now, I could *write* was my next wish. Here my master and his family again lent me a helping hand. I began, and kept doing a little every night, until I could write my own name. When I first saw my name in my own handwriting, you can't tell how proud I felt. It was a great thing, I thought, for me to do. Afterwards, I wanted to learn the figures and their uses. Here, too, I must thank my good master, for he got the teacher at the village day-school to take me as a night scholar, and he paid him. I made poor work of it at first, and I think no lad he ever had under him was so dull as I was. Addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, I think I shall never forget—they seemed so hard to do. But by *trying, and trying, and trying* again, *and again*, I mastered them. Afterwards I made swift progress, so that before long I could myself in fractions and decimals.

Hearing of a Mechanics' Institute at the town close by, one evening I walked over and saw the secretary. He very kindly told me all about it, and then I entered myself as a member. One of the first lectures I was delivered during the next session was on AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY. I read it, and learnt from it that there is more and more even to those who followed the plough. The next thing I did was to read and think over the matter myself. Book-about it, and other branches of farm-work, I met with in the Institute library. I found out the properties of the field before me; but this did not drive me from it—I only urged me onwards. On and on I went, even to hour earlier in the morning, and by the help of books pushed my way through paths hitherto unknown to me. Difficulties I met, and untroubled too, by the great mass of farm-labourers of the anti-progressive, "I-get-enough-for-my-wages, and by God's blessing, I did not be-hour in vain. My master, knowing some thing of what I had done, and what I was recommended me to his landlord, the Earl of B——, who was wanting a STEWARD for his farm. The Earl of B——, on and after putting various questions, at once engaged me. In his service I have now been for several years. May I be faithful not only to my earthly master, but to my Master who is in Heaven. The hope I have indeed, is in me in pleasant places, and I have a goodly heritage, for which I thank God, and ascribe my success in life, through His mercy, to my exchanging the alehouse for the House of God.

(To the Minister who kindly transmitted the first of these interesting narratives, (and to whom the facts of the case are known) we tender our warm thanks. We trust it will lead many of our readers to the spiritual districts, to "go and do likewise.")

THE COUNTRY LABOURER.

"Mr. goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening." Psalm civ. 23.

Up is this, at dawn of day,
Hastening from his home away?
'Tis the honest labourer's tread,
Called to seek his daily bread.
Called by God's Almighty will,
His appointment to fulfil.
Hark! then mark the eastern sky
As the daylight draweth nigh.
How the shadows disappear,
Sunshine coming, bright and clear?
Thus, oh thus! within thy heart,
May the shades of sin depart,
Thus may beams of light strong
Through the love of Jesus shine.
Dost thou see the early dew,
Sparkling all things fresh and new?
Lift thy heart to God and pray
For his grace from day to day,
Like the precious dew of heaven
To thy longing spirit given.
Is there music in the air,
Gladdened songsters warbling there?
Thus awakened from thy rest,
Let thanksgiving fill thy breast;
Then, in God contentment will,
Bless thy Heavenly Father's will.

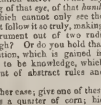
From "Flowers of Sacred Poetry," from various Authors, selected by Rev. R. Hastings, M.A.

THE WORTHY LABOURER.

LORD ASHBURTON paid a beautiful tribute to the *Agricultural Labourer* at the last meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society held at Windsor. His Lordship said:—

"I call upon you at this festival, to pay your tribute of acknowledgment to the labourer of your fields, the peasant-peture in your gains—"THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURER." Without *them* the boasted agricultural which have for successive days been crowded upon your sight, would for the most part remain as profitless as the metal from which they were made, when it lay hidden in its native ore fathoms deep under the earth. Deprived of the labourer, you would be like generals without soldiers. Nor are they, the labourers, less dependent upon you. It is from the savings based upon your self-denial, and your self-denial of your forefathers, that they are housed and fed and clothed, and furnished with implements and employ a hundred-fold the efficiency of their works. Without your savings they must have lived like your ploughs, upon grass and roots. Alone, they would be thus helpless—alone, you also would be well-nigh as helpless. Suppose that you would scarcely raise food to drag on a cell-worn existence, and continue a stunted race, but united, hand-in-hand, you raise food, not for yourselves alone, but for the operative and manufacturer, for the artist and philosopher, for all who dock our homes with comforts, for all who confer dignity and refinement on the national character. Without you and your capital—without the labourer and his sinews—these things could not be. You form, with him, the piers whereon the gorgeous, the complicated framework of society rises like an arch. As surely as the arch, with all its columns, and parapets and tracery, would tumble down ruins were either pier removed, so surely would operative, manufacturer, tradesman, artificer, poet, and philosopher, topple down into one universal wreck, were your support or the labourer withdrawn. And yet there are those who think lightly of the labourer, who call him rude and boorish, who would have legislature a byword; boorish, because he is uneducated, because he knows little of things which do not concern his own calling, rude, because he is taught to do, and he is not taught to *talk*; because in this land, where we also cherish freedom of speech, he does not *talk*, and cabinet ministers by their *talk*—a false test of ability, a false test of knowledge, a false test of education has been set up, and by this false test the labourer has been judged. But it is not by this test, it is by the test of work you shall know him. Try him by what he *does*, not by what he *says*. Try him by what he knows of *his own business*, not by what he knows of *his neighbour's business!*

Put a PLOUGH into his hands: he constantly defies a straight line like others taught by rule, in set terms of a hundred years, he will run a furrow mathematically exact between the rows of plants, though they may be distant as far as the eye can reach!



Is there no education there? What say you of the training of the hand and of the eye? of that *head*, which cannot only see the imaginary line, but follow it so truly, making an unerring instrument out of two rude horses and a plough? Or do you hold that only to be education, which is gained in books, that only to be knowledge, which is the development of abstract rules and general ideas?

Well, take another case; give one of these ignorant peasants a quarter of corn; bid him sow it over six, or eight, or ten acres; he will work in doubt, he will work in fear, he will doubt. If he lost hours at that work, the world would forthwith dub him a wretch, and deem it just to him that he should straight into the field and distributes the grain so exactly over the space assigned that at the harvest you shall see no spot uncovered, no spot more crowded with plants than another! Is there no education in this? Is there no discretion required to give so exact an appreciation of quantity, so intimate a knowledge of the capacity of a given space?

Propound the same problem to a philosopher. I believe the labourer would sow a whole land, before the other could make it out his rule, and when he had his rule, I doubt if he could ever teach a scholar to apply it! But this is not all. I have at yet spoken only of the *mechanical skill* of the labourer. I come now to that *knowledge* which he possesses in common with yourselves, the knowledge of the *art of farming*—an *art* which heaver formed the delight of the wisest and most learned characters of all times—an *art* which exacts from those who practise it the power of dealing with the minutest accidents, and encyclopedic as presented by the varieties of the seasons, by the nature and constitution of domestic animals, by the nature and properties of plants—an *art* which elevates and dignifies the mind by the personal study and constant contemplation of the most sublime of Nature's works. And yet the labourer, so gifted, so trained, is held to be a boor because he cannot spell, he has never learnt to read the shepherd for his talk. You judge the agricultural labourer by what he can do. You love him for what he cannot do. You reverence him for his wondrous sagacity, for the genius of his instincts; and now we are met together in this high festival with the magnates of the land, with the distinguished in arts and literature of the intellectual workforce that we have expressed our loyalty to the throne, our respect for the illustrious Prince, our patron, and the patron of all that elevates society—now that we have expressed our gratitude to our distinguished guests for their presence, to our especial leaders and benefactors for their services, we find no toast to refer factory to our jurisdiction, so grateful to our feelings, as that of "THE LABOURER," even though he cannot talk!" (prolonged cheers.)

* His R.H. the Prince Consort.

THE RURAL POSTMAN OF BIDEFORD.

Few modern volumes of poems have been more popular than those of Edward Capern, published recently. "Who is Edward Capern?" inquires our reader. He was the rural postman of Bideford, in North Devon. His employment, until within these few months, was to walk thirteen miles a day delivering the letters, at the wages of ten shillings a week. Yes, all the seven days; he laments this in his poem called "The Rural Postman."—The first verses of which runs thus:—

"Toiling away through a weary week,
No rest, no peace, but sweat,
Without one holy day to seek
A resting place in Heaven."

The poet is a native of Tiverton, Devon; a man of fine sympathies and genial character. Lowly as was his condition, hard his toil—he was the home of a home-tendered orderly and comfortable by his honest industry, and cheered by the smiles of a gentle, intelligent wife, and the sweet faces of her lovely children. It is pleasant to think of the postman in his rural walks, weaving his sweet strains of welcome to flower and tree, cloud and sunshine, starbeam and moonlight, but pleasanter still to greet the husband and father, amid the toils his life a true tender poem in his virtuous humble home.

Though only in the prime of manhood, Edward Capern has been toiling many, many years, and it was a matter of rejoicing, when, the solicitation, it is said, Miss Burdett Coutts, in November, 1857, he was superannuated on a pension of forty pounds a year.

We subjoin two of his poems, and hope our readers will imbibe the spirit of their teaching.

LIVE IN LOVE; 'TIS PLEASANT LIVING.

Be not harsh and unforgiving,
Live in love; 'tis pleasant living.
If an injury man should meet thee,
And assail thee indirectly,
Turn not from him with proud hate him,
Lest thou needlessly offend him;
Shew him fore hath been thy teacher,
Kindness is a potent preacher;
Gentleness is o'er forgiving,—
Live in love; 'tis pleasant living.

Why be angry with your brother:
Man was made to love his brother:
Kindness is a human duty,
Meekness adds to human beauty.
Words of kindness spoke in season
Have a weight with men of reason;
Don't be either a fellow sinning,
And their little failings running;
Charity's a cure for railing,
Suffers much—is all prevailing.
Courage, then, and be forgiving,
Live in love; 'tis pleasant living.

UP AND DO.

Up, my lads, *up*—with the lark get *up*,
Health loves to drink from an early cup.
Up, the crown! 'tis a glorious prize to you;
Success seldom comes when the will moves slow.

Up with the merry bird, up and away,
Much honor with effort the merit of your day;
Do, ere the shadows come over your eye,
And the web of your fortune, lads, thriftily weave.

Up! them's work for the world to be done;
A battle to fight, and a race to be won;
Up, my lads, *up*, if the laurels you'd wear,
Or, if the sweet honey-bee you'd bear.

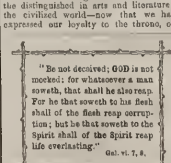
EDW. CAPERN, *Rural Postman of Bideford.*

ALWAYS READY.

A LADY once asked Mr. Wesley. "Suppose I knew for sure, I were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time."

"How, Madam?" he replied, "why just as I intend to spend it now. I would preach this evening at Gloucester, and early to-morrow morning; after breakfast I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then regret to friend Marian's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my Heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory!"

The proper method or preparation for death, is a life of faith in Christ, and a hearty and faithful discharge of every duty. Persons so living, cannot be taken unawares; they have living grace, and they will have dying grace whenever they shall need it. "As thy day so shall thy strength be." They have strength in life to live to God, and in death to die to Him. "Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall *find so doing*." Matt. xxiv. 46.



"Be not deceived; GOD is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Gal. vi. 7, 8.

THE WIDOW'S SON
OR,
A NIGHT WITH THE WAHINGTONIANS.

(Continued, from page 156.)

Such a course of life, united with petty gambling, where there was little or nothing come of his own to sustain it, necessarily drew upon the funds of his father, who, as executor of his father's estate, which had already been greatly reduced, as stated, by the failure of the mercantile company, in which large investments had been made. In examining into this account one day, when his mind was too under the influence of artificial excitement than usual, he was alarmed to discover that there remained only about four hundred pounds in the bank, a handsome property, and that there was less than one hundred pounds in the bank.

Startled at this discovery, and conscious that it could not long be concealed from his mother, unless he changed his habits, and made a strong effort to recover, through his profession, the annual income, he struggled for some weeks in the effort to reform. This did not become fully apparent to his new heart-broken mother, who was sadly altered, and rapidly sinking in health and spirits, until the last passage of two or three days. She had noticed that he did not go out of evenings as one or two evenings, and he retired to his bedroom, he said, where he had helped little from the change. She had noticed this evening, she could not notice that there was a great difference in his appearance and manner towards her. He was cheerful, kind, and seemed anxious to do something to chase away the brow the cloud of sorrow that ever rested there.

"Shall I read something to you, mother?" he said, laying his hand upon a book.

"Alfred?" she said, she looked him steadily in the face, while her own countenance changed rapidly in his expression.

"Do you wish to speak to me, mother?" he replied after a pause, "and I will anticipate your question. I trust that I have at last awakened from a sad, fearful, glorious dream. My days ago, I made a vow that I would stop short in the mad career I have been running. I did stop, I was stopped. Since then I have been sober and rational, and in every way a far happier man. And from this day forth, I am resolved to remain sober and rational."

Her lips had finished speaking, Mrs. Lennox had risen from her chair, and sprung to his side; and now her arms were round him, and her tears were falling fast upon his bowed head.

"Thank God, help you to keep that resolution, my son!" she at length said in a low and solemn tone, lifting her hands and eyes upward.

A few moments of breathless silence followed, during which both hearts were lifted to Heaven in deep gratitude for, and, above mere human strength, to sustain the erring one in the hour of temptation. Then the mother sank exhausted in a chair, feeling as weak and helpless almost as an infant. The sudden and strong re-action of a nearly awakened hope, and the sudden relief for her feeble body, weakened by age and heart-searching trouble.

"O, Alfred," she said, after she had recovered in some degree, the tone of her mind, "you can never know how much I have suffered for fear lest you should be tempter, sometimes, how I have lived through it."

"Do not allude to that, mother," he replied, while an expression of pain passed over his face, "I have not think of these things—and when I feel so because it should be driven to desperation. Wretch! miserable heartless wretch, that I have been!" "Hush! hush! mother, I have been fear of her son, alarmed Mrs. Lennox, and she soothed him as best she could.

"Read to me, Alfred," she at length said.

"You know how much I love to have you read to me."

The young man opened a volume and read for more than an hour, and then, after some pleasant conversation on the subject of the book, both retired to rest, with hearts lighter than they had beaten in their bosoms for many and many a day.

Days and weeks now passed away to Mr. Lennox, like some strange dream. Her step became more buoyant, her eye brightened, and her face was full of cheerful pleasure, and the expression it had worn for years. As for Alfred, he was far happier, though there yet remained some serious anxiety, which he seemed like evil spirits ever tempting him to ruin. But he struggled manfully to retain the victory he had won. *(To be continued.)*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE 22 SUBSCRIPTIONS. Copies of these *Suggestions* or extracts from them, or a general abstract of them may be had by any of our readers on application to the Publishers or the Editor. We would also be glad to offer our thanks to the numerous friends who have already extensively circulated our "Suggestions."

To those correspondents whose letters have had no reply we beg to apologize. We classify our letters thus:—

1. Letters that must have attention.
2. Letters that OUGHT to have attention.
3. Letters that may have attention.

When we state that notwithstanding both early replies and late slights, we have not yet inserted the pieces of letters marked "MERIT," we hope to have the indulgence of our friends.

We cannot generally undertake to return rejected communications.

THE WIDOW GREEN AND HER THREE NIECES.

CHAPTER VI.

CROOKED WAYS.

ne persons who are in the habit of ing that everything goes against them, rally make their own crooked ways as was the Widow Green's Niece, , made hers.

ne was not a girl to deserve being called hty, unprincipled, or anything very She was often very sorry when she done wrong, and cried very much, and ayed that her sin might be forgiven. Jane had one great weakness, which made her way crooked; and so, instead rectly looking into herself, and seeing t this weakness was, and how it might overcome, she went on twisting, and ning, and trying to escape being scolded blamed, instead of setting her face ost what was wrong altogether.

his weakness of Jane's was a constant of getting into disgrace, and on the r hand, a constant struggle to stand in the opinion of other people. She l always to be petted, and praised; and ie could only get near some one who ld speak to her kindly, and rather ourongly, then she was happy, and ught it was well with her. But when ple found fault with her, especially if ey were angry, or blamed her, then she ught things were going wrong with her. his was often the case with poor Jane, ply he made she sought the favour of l more than the favour of God. In rt, she disliked blame, more than she ished doing wrong.

Perhaps, we ought to say, more than ng *just a little* wrong, for Jane had ho yet, that she could ever be persuaded do anything very wrong. She was y going in a crooked way, of her own posing, and she did not know that those o wander in crooked ways are much re likely to be surprised by the enemy n those who keep straight upon the broad n path of uprightness.

Now Jane, if she had reflected, would ve seen very clearly that the right way r her, was to tell her aunt all the difficulties she had got into, by trying to please the cook. She know what her aunt meant, taking her round to see that miserable ace where the poor drunken woman ed; but then she thought to herself, I have already done wrong, because have gone out to fetch gin for the ook more than once; so if I tell my aunt I, I shall catch such a scolding! I know that I will do, I will keep it from my aunt, ut I won't get the gin. I will tell the cook I did not go that way round, and so could not get it for her."

Do you not see, my dear reader, what crooked way this was of doing right; if ndeed it was doing right at all; for Jane was planning to deceive her aunt, and was very much like a fool indeed. And so she went on, still s crooked ways, for her aunt, fully expecting she would tell her all, and wishing her to go on of her own accord, and not because he was forced to it, refrained from asking her questions, partly because she did not ke to meddle with the affairs of other eople's families.

At last the time came for Jane to leave. She was very anxious and uneasy, and now chose a round-about way to return, in order that she might tell the cook she did not go the way round, for the sake of the gin. Here was another crooked way.

On arriving, Jane was let in by the cook, who seemed anxiously expecting something, and took her aside into a dark pantry before she went upstairs to take off her bonnet. Jane felt very uneasy, and rather afraid. She would have been more so, had she known the cook better; for no one but this Jane that she was, would have nothing for her, than she went into the most violent passion, abusing her shamefully, and saying far more unkind and unjust things than her aunt would ever have said, or Norton either. So Jane began to try, to usual, and to say that everybody was against her; until there was such a noise between them, that the cook grew frightened lest some one should hear. So she scolded less, and cried more; and then her pain came—that pain which she told Jane made it necessary for her to take something strong. Altogether, Jane was far more miserable than she would have been, had she not chosen the crooked way. Nor did she know at all what to do, for the cook appeared to be so very ill indeed. However, she managed to get her some hot coffee without Norton knowing; and so by waiting upon her, and promising, if possible, to get her some gin on the following day, she quieted her at last, and then went up into her own room to think.

Here were indeed many crooked ways; what course was Jane to pursue? It might happen that she should not be sent out the next day, and then how could she keep her promise to the cook? A voice seemed to ask her, as she sat alone in the still chamber, "*Ought* you to keep it? Ought you not rather to tell all the past, and begin a new and better course for the future?" Jane knew not what to answer to the voice of conscience, for it was that which spoke these words; nor did she pray as she ought to have done, putting the whole matter into the hands of her Heavenly Father. So she remained sorely troubled and perplexed; and instead of attending to her present duties, had to be called down by Norton, who spoke very angrily, because she had wanted help in her mistress's room, and waited for Jane until she could wait no longer.

The next day, the cook said she was very poorly, and spoke a great deal about her pain, so that Jane determined, if she was not sent out, to make some excuse for getting into the town. It was astonishing how many things she found wanting that day, pepper, candles, black lead, and many articles besides. But Norton seemed not to be moved; and never once said "you had better go out and get some."

At last, as the day passed on, Jane asked fairly out if she might go a little errand to a shop for herself.

"Why, how strange!" said Norton, "when you were out yesterday, I told you to send her what you wanted then! What is it?"

"Some darning cotton," said Jane, "to mend my stocking."

"Oh, I can give you a bit of cotton, if that is all," said Norton; and Jane was obliged to appear satisfied.

"How crooked everything is," she said to herself; "what in the world am I to do now?" Still the cook her difficulty, and between them they contrived a way—another crooked way. The cook was to forget to send her mistress's letter to the post, for she saw there was one ready; and so Jane was to run with it, as if sent by her, and it seemed very unlikely that any blame should come out of that. At all events, Jane said to herself, "I shall be sent a scolding." Away she went, then, at the time she did not expect to be wanted, and back again she came quite safely, with the bottle of gin. She had ran all the way, and was sadly flurried and frightened; but finding all safe, and no inquiry having been made, she thought she was very lucky, and, ing to herself as she went up stairs, "well, this is the last time. I did not like to refuse her this once, she seemed so poorly, but from this time I will have no more to do with these underhand ways."

The next morning, as Jane might have expected, the cook was too ill to be able to get up, and do her work. Norton went into her room to see what was the matter, and came out again looking vexed and angry. Jane began to be exceedingly frightened. Was the whole truth really coming out? However, Norton said nothing very particular to her the whole of that day, but on the afternoon of the next, when her aunt was sleeping, she came down to fix some sewing for Jane, and in order to show her better how to do it, sat down beside her in the little room which was called her own, and in which Jane was accustomed to work. They were quite by themselves, and Jane stitched away as fast as she could. At last Norton said in her blunt quiet way,—"Jane, have you any reason to believe that cook drinks?"

What was Jane to do? Now had come the time, when to choose a crooked way, was to choose a *wicked* way. She was exceedingly frightened, and in her terror, answered "NO!"

This answer she made in a voice, so unlike her own, that Norton looked full into her face. It was red as fire, and her eyes were cast down. Norton was astonished; she had never seen Jane look so. She knew her to be thoughtless, and was sometimes very angry with her; but that she could tell a wicked falsehood, she had never once suspected, until this moment. Now, however, Jane looked really guilty, as if she was conscious of something very bad indeed. Norton could not imagine what was the matter. She was sure there must be something wrong, and her great trouble was that a niece of her old friend, Mrs. Green, should have anything to do either with sin, or shame.

But to them, at that fearful moment, Jane might have got out of the crooked way if she would. Norton would have liked much better that she should tell her all, however bad, than go on concealing it, and though she was a warm-tempered woman, she certainly just in laying the blame upon the person who most deserved it. Jane, also, at this moment, seemed to her conscience saying, "Tell all; now is your time; lose not a moment." But again she put away this advice, and thought she would try yet a little longer. Things, she hoped, would come right soon. Besides which, she kept saying to herself, it was another person's sin and not mine in her own; what right had she to tell it?

Well would it be if young servants, indeed, if all young people, would remember that sin is like a disease coming into a house. That sinful practices must be stopped, just as they would stop a shocking fever, lest others should be infected, or the disease should get beyond cure. Think, if you lived with a blow-out wall who had symptoms of a bad fever, and you would not tell, or who suffered some shocking malady, which she would not have the doctor called in for, because she did not want it to be known; and so let it prey upon her health, until it must surely kill her. Would you help to keep such a secret, or would you not rather risk everything to get the disease cured, or the infected room removed out of the house? Think, then, and do not suffer yourselves ever to forget, that sin is the worst and most fatal of all diseases; and that if sin and habits are not prevented, they will bring either guilt, or sorrow, or both, upon all who are connected with them.

When Jane went up to bed that night, she tried very hard for a long time to persuade herself that she had not done wrong—at least, not *very* wrong. Norton had put the question so strongly, she said, what could she answer, but *no*? for to have said *yes*, would have brought such trouble and blame; and, perhaps, they should all have been sent away, and have been bad characters.

Thus spoke the temper in her heart, persuading her to keep in the crooked way; and while such was her course, Jane felt it very difficult to pray. Indeed, she had almost left off praying lately, and quite unable to say "*Cleanse Thou me from secret faults.*" For when we determine to keep for ourselves a few private sins, which we are unwilling to give up, we seldom can pray. Indeed it is but a mockery to pretend to pray, unless we can say, with sincerity of heart, "*Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.*"

Jane, however, did open her Bible to read a chapter. She had promised her aunt she would always do that; and at so pleased the Disposer of all hearts, that hers should be directed that night to consider especially, the ease of the Saviour while on earth, how He was buffeted and jeered for our sins, though Himself without sin; and how He bore the persecution of wicked and cruel men, without resistance or complaint.

Never before had Jane beheld this in the same light as now. The Holy Spirit was grieved, but had not quite left her yet. A lamp seemed to be shining upon the page of her Bible; and the voice of conscience again said to her, "Good and evil. There is no other way. This confession will set a wall of safety about thy path. Without making full confession, thy way will be always crooked, the tempter ever near, and ever too powerful for thy weakness to contend with."

Jane pondered the matter deeply in her own mind, and she trembled very much while doing so, because the fear of man was always strong upon her; but at last, she knelt down and prayed fervently, that strength might be given her to do what was right.

While upon her knees, Jane wept so bitterly, that Norton, when passing by the chamber door, heard her, and went in. She guessed directly what was the matter, and as she was a good woman, and loved her saviour, and His blessed Word, her heart was moved to speak kindly to the poor penitent and repentant girl. This was all Jane wanted to open her heart entirely; and asking Norton to sit down, she told her all from first to last. She did this so faithfully, and with so little attempt to conceal her own wrong-doing, that Norton felt assured she was now speaking the honest truth; and though she reproved her very severely, and set before her the terrible danger of the crooked way in which she had been walking, she said, that as Jane was so young, and was besides the niece of a respected friend, she would so manage it that the wicked practices should be stopped without Jane losing her character for *this time*. It was her first trial, Norton said, of the sore temptations that she would have to fight against in the world, and now that it had pleased God to open her eyes to see the error of her ways, she had great hopes that this one lesson might get her a warning to her for the remainder of her life.

According to Norton's promise, she managed to get rid of the cook in a few days; for as soon as she knew that her practices were discovered, she shewed herself to be a very wicked woman. Jane did not leave it to other people to tell her aunt, but asked to go home in order that she might tell the whole truth herself.

Mrs. Green was greatly shocked, but she took comfort from the cleanness and sincerity of Jane's confession. She did not fail to point out to her the tremendous danger to which all are exposed who choose to walk in crooked ways; and she pointed out to her niece, in a way not likely to be forgotten, how all this had arisen out of her not having chosen for her friends those who were also the friends of God, and lovers of His righteous law.

(To be continued.)

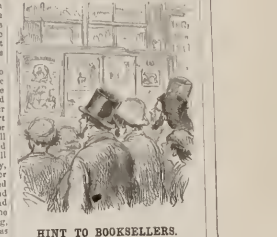
"Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith."

HEBREWS xii. 1, 2.

HINTS FOR HELPERS. No. 7.

An esteemed Correspondent says that she has derived much pleasure from having a supply of copies of the "British Workman," when travelling. By giving copies to the Railway Porters; and also by distributing them amongst passengers in the trains, and in the waiting-rooms, she has not only brought the periodical under the notice of persons for the first time, but has had many a hearty "Thank you, ma'am, it will fill up up a spare hour with good reading."

We hope that many other travellers during the summer months will "do likewise."



HINT TO BOOKSELLERS.

SEVERAL Booksellers who have commenced the plan of exposing copies of the *British Workman* in their windows, or, pasted on boards, hung outside their shops, state that they have within the last few months *doubled* their sales! Mr. J. Thompson of Huddersfield, who has taken special pains to increase the circulation amongst the mill-workers, informs us that he now sells *fourteen hundred copies* monthly!! This shews what may be done by Booksellers.

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Sold in Sixpenny Packets, each packet containing *fifty* Hand-Bills. The *assorted* packets contain one of each of the Nos. from 1 to 50. May be had through any bookseller, or *post free*, by remitting six stamps to the publishers.

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" 84. The Two Weavers.
" 85. Water or Beer?
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All ORDERS *to be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Partridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London. (E.C.)*

VALUE OF THE SABBATH TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

If to any class a Sabbath of sacred rest is a priceless boon, it is to the SONS OF TOIL. If to any class the destruction of its sacredness would be a curse, it would be so to *them*.

Two plausible pleas are used by some for making the Lord's Day wholly or in great part a day of mere animal recreation. In the first place, it is said, the workman is so worn out by labour on the Saturday night, as absolutely to need Sunday for the purpose of strolling about and recruiting his exhausted frame. And in the second place, that the dwellings of the poor are so cheerless and wretched that it would be brutalizing to confine them there on Sunday after they have attended worship.

Industry is a chief promoter of happiness, as well as of virtue and usefulness, but when it is excessive, it is prejudicial to health, to intelligence, and to moral well-being. If the labours of the week unfit men for the spiritual employments of the Lord's day, it becomes a clear duty to abridge them. To compensate for six days of exhausting labour by a seventh day of neglected religion—for an overcharged week by a wasted Sabbath—is a sin and a shame. In regard to the second plea, the answer is similar. It is our duty and our interest to promote such improvements in the dwellings of the working classes as will make them healthy and agreeable; but not to encourage those classes to forsake domestic habits, and especially on that day when every family ought to be the scene of domestic training and domestic piety. Moreover, the effect of inducing men to leave their homes on the Sunday would be to prevent the weekly care which now makes so many cottages neat, clean, and comfortable.

Believing, as I do with all my mind and soul, that a pious and well-trained family in humble life is one of the greatest ornaments, blessings, and safeguards of society—the very salt of the earth—I covet for *the working classes* at large every opportunity and encouragement for a peaceful, well-spent Sabbath. But what hope can we have of that, if inducements are multiplied for parents to leave the Sanctuary, and for children to leave the Sunday-school,—if the only day free from the interruptions and fettings of worldly care, and therefore the only day suitable for quiet reading, serious thought, parental instruction, and family devotion, is to be a day of rambling, sight-seeing, and carousing? My profound conviction is, that the very best thing for health, as well as for moral and religious improvement, is the peaceful, soothing, elevating employment of a religiously-spent Sabbath. I believe that calm is more needed than exercise,—that the Sanctuary is far better than the steam-boat or the railway train,—that the sweet psalmody of the House of Prayer infinitely excels the din of military music,—and that a man at his own table, with his wife by his side, his children around his knees, and telling them the matchless stories of the Divine book, is ten thousand times better, safer, and happier than he who roves with doubtful company, drops in at public-houses, spends there the money which ought to be spent at home, and returns late at night with clouded faculties to a neglected family.

Of all the classes of human society, it is the *working man* to whom the religious Sabbath is most precious. His toil makes the day of repose doubly sweet: his scanty means of improvement make one day in seven of inestimable value for the cultivation of his moral nature: and the comparative fewness of his enjoyments in this life makes the prospect of another, where there will be no hardship or suffering, far dearer than it is to the sons of wealth. There cannot, then, be a greater error than to suppose that it is the interest of the working classes to relax the observance of the Sabbath. They would be the *first* and *severest sufferers* from such a relaxation. And be it never forgot, that the DIVINE claims is for a whole Sabbath, not for half or a quarter of a Sabbath; that if that authority is set aside, there is no other on which any Sabbath at all can be maintained; and that the only practical defence for the day of rest is in observing it as a day of religion.

EDWARD BAINES, Esq., *Leeds.*

Perhaps there is no evil so ruinous perpetrated in this country, as the violation of the Sabbath. Nothing could gratify an immoral family of earth, that multiply and multiply fast each other.—*Eliza Fletcher, Scottsbrook.*

WAY TO PRISON AND THE SCAFFOLD.

A GENTLEMAN who was in the habit, for more than twenty years, of daily visiting convicts, states that almost universally, when brought to a sense of their condition, they lamented their neglect of the Sabbath, and pointed to their violation of it and the habits of drinking to which it led, as the *principal* causes of their ruin. Sabbath-breaking prepared them for, and led them on, step by step, to the commission of crimes which brought them to the prison, and often to the gallows. He has letters almost innumerable, from prisoners and convicts, proving the same thing, and stating that they considered the violation of the Sabbath as the great cause of their ruin. He has attended many murderers to the place of execution, and nine out of ten who were brought to a sense of their condition, attributed the greater part of their departure from God to their neglect of the SABBATH.

Those who are brought to the neglect of the Sabbath, are those who are most ready to violate the laws of the country, to the prejudice of the public, and whose crimes form the majority of criminal lists.—*Isaac Brydon, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire.*

ORDER and obedience, morality and power, are all in Britain connected with the observance of the Sabbath. Amidst the activity which pervades all things, the bustle of the towns, and the energy with which the inhabitants pursue their earthly callings, what would become of them if they had not a day of rest which would recruit themselves, and, laying aside things temporal, which are seen, to look forward to things eternal, which are unseen?—*Dr. Merle D'Aubigne.*

Fountain erected in Chester, by P. Eaton, Esq.

WATER FOR THE PEOPLE.

We have previously called attention to the munificence of a Liverpool merchant, who has erected at his own expense a large number of

PUBLIC DRINKING FOUNTAINS,

thereby conferring upon his townsmen one of the greatest possible boons, and at the same time erecting a memorial which will cause his name to be honoured in generations to come. It is a pleasing fact that during one of the hot days of last summer, upwards of

THIRTY THOUSAND PERSONS

partook of the refreshing liquid, at these Liverpool Fountains! Who can estimate the evil *prevented* by Mr. Melly's benevolence?

In the ancient city of Chester, Peter Eaton, Esq., the late Mayor, has presented to the public a beautiful granite fountain, of which we give an illustration. If *all* our chief magistrates would leave behind them such valuable and enduring

MAYORALTYSHIP-MEMORIALS,

the heartfelt thanks of tens of thousands of the working classes would be secured by them. It is a melancholy fact, over which we have long mourned, that in London, the chief city in the world,—a city with its

THREE MILLIONS

of inhabitants, there is not a solitary Water Fountain for the people! Is there no liberal Lord Mayor, no wealthy Alderman, no Merchant-Prince, who will do for London what Mr. Melly and Mr. Eaton have done for Liverpool and Chester? We hope there is. Oh, that the echo may be heard,—"*there is.*" May we venture to suggest to Mr. Stasey, that in his excellent Bill, now before Parliament, for providing PUBLIC PLAYGROUNDS, he will not omit to have in each playground a PUMP OF FOUNTAIN for the people, and a trough for the poor little dogs!

One of Liverpool Fountains, erected by C. P. Melly, Esq.

A useful Member of Society to be seen in St. Paul's Churchyard, during the summer months.

GRANTS FOR SOLDIERS.

In consequence of the gratifying reports made by various Army Chaplains, City Missionaries, and Scripture Readers as to the good which the *British Workman* is likely to effect amongst the soldiers, it is in contemplation to present some of the bound *volumes* and a good supply of *monthly numbers* for every regiment, provided the needful funds can be raised for this purpose. It is specially intended to send out a good supply to the regiments in India, China, Africa, &c.

A Missionary writes:—

"The *British Workman* does good amongst the soldiers in *two ways*—first, it supplies good reading; and secondly, not a few of the men afterwards *copy the engravings*, instead of spending their time in the canteen!"

Another Missionary writes:—

"The volumes of the *British Workman* which have been placed in the *Guard-rooms* of the London Barracks are well read, and *much valued* by the men."

Contributions will be thankfully received by any of the undermentioned:—

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A Friend -	5	0	0
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*** Post Office Orders should be made payable at the *General* Post Office.

WATER OF LIFE.

Ho! every one that thirst's drew nigh,
'Tis God invites the fallen race;
Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine and milk, and gospel grace.

Come to the living *waters*, come;
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers home,
And find my grace is free for all.

See, from the Rock a fountain rise,
For you, in healing streams, it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burdened, sin-sick souls.

WILSON, Printer, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London.

Letters for the Editor to be addressed to 8, Cambridge Terrace, Hornsey Park, London. (N.)

BRITISH WORKMAN

A PETITION

WHICH WE FEEL OUGHT TO BE GRANTED.

WE, who have to carry or protect the property of our masters, humbly ask for a drink of water. During the hot summer months, we frequently suffer great pain from the want of it. Troughs fixed in suitable places, with a good supply of water, either from the pumps or the waterworks, would help us in many a weary journey. Kind words and kind actions are never lost upon us, and if our petition be granted, we will try to be better servants than ever. Gladden our hearts, then, with God's free gift to all His creatures:—a drink of cold water

THOUSANDS OF THIRSTY HORSES, DONKEYS, & DOGS.

No. 44, August 1st, 1858.] LONDON. PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH, FOR THE EDITOR, BY MESSRS. PANTRIDGE & CO., 34, PATERNOSTER ROW A. W. BENNETT, 5, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT AND WILLIAM TWEEDIE, 337, STRAND. [A copy sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for 18 months, for 3s., Four copies for 4s.

FRANK'S SUNDAY COAT.

"I've packed up your clothes, my boy; I wish you had more to take with you—but there's a tidy change of under linen, and a suit for Sundays, and here's the key of your box, Frank." The mother's voice faltered as she spoke, and her thin hand trembled as she gave her son the key of his small stock of worldly goods; for she was about to part with him for the first time. Frank was going to London; a cousin had promised to procure work for him in town, and the young man's country master had failed, and he was thrown out of employment in the little town where his life had hitherto passed. Widow Hayes, Frank's mother, was in failing health, and everything seemed dark and gloomy around them. Indeed, if the poor widow had looked only earthward, her heart must have broken with the long struggle she had had with poverty, sorrow, and sickness; but happily for her she looked Heavenward, and somehow light came to cheer her in the darkest day. She was a quiet, humble Christian, and she found that "light is sown for the upright."

Like all country people, Widow Hayes thought with dread of the temptations of London, and if her son could have got work in, or near, his native town, she would never have consented to his going away; but day after day, and week after week went by, and there was no work, so Frank must needs accept his cousin's offer—may he was glad to go, for youth loves change, and his heart beat high with hope. "Never fear, mother!" said he in a cheery voice, as he shouldered his little box, to walk five miles to the nearest station. "Never fear, I shall get work, and be sure I'll send you some money, mother! the first I earn." "Aye, aye, Frank, your will is good, I know; never mind me, lad. I'll shift somehow—but oh, Frank, do mind one thing: keep to your duty on the Sabbath, pray do, my boy! and however hard you may be driven, Frank, never part with your Sunday coat—never." The young man grasped her hands and bent down his head to his

"Common sense and humanity call for Public Drinking Troughs for the hard-worked beasts of burden. They will do their work more cheerfully and with less fatigue."

mother's parting kiss as she kept on saying, "Mind what I say, my good lad; don't part with your Sunday clothes—never."

"Well I'm sure," said a neighbour-woman, in a ragged gown, who heard the widow's parting words, and watched the young man as he trudged along trying to look far braver than he felt, "I think Dame Hayes might have said something better than 'let the son—such a fine about Sunday clothes seems to me like pride.'"

No, it was not pride, as the ill-natured slatterly woman supposed. Widow Hayes knew that one reason why the Sunday classes do not attract a Place of Worship is because they have no Sunday clothes. The poor shop and tavern boys who attend the school have a decent suit, and the working men shaken to enter the House of God in their working jackets, and so they idle away God's Holy Day in wicked sports, or sink into dismal rooms filled with smoke and evil company, and they are tired, and cross, and wretched; when if they resolved to have a Sunday suit of clothes they might meet with Christian friends, and unite with God's people, and hear words of wisdom and comfort to strengthen them for the coming fine life, and to them, by God's Grace, for the life to come.

Frank reached London safely, but his cousin Tom had rather misled him, for the work was only a job, and lasted but about two weeks after Frank came up. When it was over there was a time during which Frank walked many miles, seeking employment, and could hear of nothing. He began to feel very downcast. He lodged with his cousin Tom, and the very first week the young men received work, Tom sent his landlady with his Sunday clothes to the pawn-shop, to Frank's surprise. Though Tom had been in work for months, he had not a shilling saved. Indeed there were arrears of rent. Tom confessed he had a heavy old score at the tavern where the wages were paid, and that paying off that, had prevented his paying his landlady; who when she was so concerned, became clamorous for her rent, and away went Tom's Sunday suit. With an aching heart, Frank went to his accustomed Place of Worship, leaving Tom in bed, reading the newspaper, and smoking his pipe. On Frank's return, Tom was inclined to quarrel, and Frank was glad when the afternoon service commenced, to get away from his cousin's grumbling—for when people are dissatisfied with themselves, they are always ill-tempered with others—and at night when Frank pulled out his little pocket Bible, and wanted to read to Tom, the latter said, "It was all very fine for Frank, who could turn out like a gentleman, but Bible-reading, and Church-going were not for poor fellows like him."

It was in vain to point out that Frank was really far longer out of work than ever Tom and been, this was but adding fuel to fire, and answering a fool according to his folly.

Next week passed, and there was no work, and Frank's money was all gone. He had a few books, and he was obliged to part with these for bread, still keeping the best of all books. When Sunday came, Frank had not been able to pay his washer-woman, and she would not let him have a clean shirt, but the poor fellow buttoned up his double-breasted waistcoat to the throat, smoothed his hair and face look clean and wholesome, and putting on his Sunday coat and hat, went as usual to the House of God. He was cold and hungry, and miserable when he entered, but he found comfort there. The words of the text were "All things shall work together for good to them that love the Lord."

As Frank listened, he wondered how such troubles as his could be for good. His poor mother's poverty pained his heart, his cousin's angry remarks that awaited his return, seemed insupportable, but yet he heard the words of the preacher, and they comforted him. A heavy storm came on just as the congregation were dispersing, and a little girl, who was walking with a feeble old gentleman, slipped on the curb-stone, and fell heavily to the ground. Frank's active arms soon lifted up the child, and he offered to carry her home. The child's grandfather, insisted that Frank should walk in, and detained him to partake of their cold dinner. The poor young man scarcely broken his fast that day, and he accepted the invitation with a grateful heart, but he forbore to say a word of his distress, and parted with his new friends without their having any idea of his trouble. Another storm came by and still no work. Tom managed to get credit for drink, and on Saturday night was completely drunk, and in his senseless talk, he said to Frank, "Your pride, my man, will come down before long." Frank did not heed the words then, but on going to his box next day to put on his Sunday clothes he found his coat was gone! Yes. Tom had pledged it the previous day, and got drunk with the money. There, in the place of his coat, was the pledge-ticket. "The law shall punish him," said Frank in his first moment of anger. The law! and Tom, his own mother's sister's son, almost as near as a brother, how could he take the law of him! "It is to prevent my going to church," said Frank, "but I hard as I can go in my fustian jacket. I'll do it; God knows the heart, and mine is well-nigh broken." It was no disgrace to the poor fellow's manhood that tears were in his honest eyes as he spoke. He made himself as decent as he could, and though his face was very red as he entered the Sanctuary, and for a long time he could not compose his thoughts for fancying people were looking at him, and a pang now and then shot through him, as his mother's last words came to mind; still at length the solemn influence of the place fell upon him, he was able to join heartily in the worship. At two o'clock he left hastily, not waiting the kind friend of the former Sunday to see him. Sadly he took his way homewards, and as he entered his lodging, his cousin, who here not shown himself that morning, rose from his chair, with a sorrowful look, and said reproachfully,

"Hang it! Frank, I'm sorry, more sorry than I ever was in my life, for taking your coat. I'm a confounded scamp, I know I am, and the sooner you cut me the better; but I'll get the coat, mark me—"

"Hold! no more of words, much less oaths," said Frank, "if you're really sorry for the trick you've played me, and will make restitution as soon as you can, you need say no more. You see, my church-going don't depend on my coat; though it was hard, very hard, for a decent fellow to go in this trim."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a knock came at the door, and almost before either Tom or Frank said, "come in," the aged friend with whom Frank had dined on the previous Sunday, stood before them, saying, "Excuse me, I come as a friend. I have followed you, young man, for I saw by your looks and your coat that you were in trouble—can I help you?" These kind words broke down poor Frank's reserve, he told all his simple story of parting with his mother, and his poverty in the great city, and would have smoothed over Tom's conduct, but the latter, touched by Frank's genuine worth, made a full confession. Their benevolent auditor listened both, and on his departure, promised to help them. The next day, Frank was taken into the service of a relative of the kind friend Providence had roused up, the master saying, "I want no other character than the incident my relative mentioned, for I have always found a man who makes conscience of his religion, makes conscience of his work." In a short time Frank was able to speak a good word for Tom, and to get him employed—and when Frank received his own Sunday clothes, he presented his cousin to go on short allowance of food for once, and so get his best suit, and to redeem his pledge! Tom's friendship, it was the beginning of good days; in less than a year from that time the young men were comfortable and respected. Widow Hayes had come to London to superintend their home, and Tom was so changed by good example and regular work—regular food, by Sabbath days kept holy, that he looked back with shame and wonder to the time when he pledged Frank's Sunday coat. B.

A WISE REBUKE.

THE following anecdote is related of the late excellent Joseph John Gurney, of Norwich, by one who, as a child, was often one of his family circle:—

One night—I remember it well—I received a severe lesson on the art of speaking. Severe I thought it then, and my heart rose in childish anger against him who gave it; but I had not lived long enough in this world to know how much mischief a child's thoughtless talk may do, and how often it happens that talkers run off the straight line of truth. S. did not stand very high in my esteem, and I was about to speak further of his failings of temper. In a few moments my eye caught a look of such calm and steady displeasure, that I stopped short. There was no mistaking the meaning of that dark speaking eye. It brought the colour to my face, and humbled and shame on me. I was silent for a few moments, when Joseph John Gurney asked, very gravely,

"Dost thou know any *good thing* to tell us of her?"

I did not answer; and the question was more gravely asked:

"Think; is there nothing *good* thou canst tell us of her?"

"O, yes; I know some good things, but"—

"Would it not have been better, then, to relate them good things, than to have told us that which would lower her in our esteem? Since there is good to relate, would it not be kinder to be silent on the evil? for 'Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity.'"

"WAIT AWHILE."

ART thou trembled, "Man of earth?"
Trembled, that thy lowly birth
Shuts thee out from places where
Meet the noble and the fair?
Wait awhile.

Lowly though thy lot may be,
Doubtless, it is best for thee.

Art thou thinking, that thy mind
Fits for work of nobler kind
Than the drudging menial toil
Of a tiller of the soil?
Wait awhile.

Do thy work, whate'er it be,
And be thankful—Mind is free.

Art thou longing for the strife;
For the work and *toil* of life?
Is thy rest but like a chain,
Fretting active limb and brain?
Wait awhile.

Never fear but there will be,
By-and-by, a place for thee.

Dost thou murmur at thy fate?
Dost thou wish for higher state?
Think'st thou, that of work and care,
All have not an equal share?
Wait awhile.

"Man of earth," thou'lt one day see
Mercy chosen thy lot for *thee*.

Slow our progress—very slow,—
Very little can we know.
Wait awhile.

What, *down here*, we cannot see,
Clear as light, up *there*, will be.

Subjects of an alien state,
What have we to do but wait?
Thankful, for the mercies that fall,
And the love, that's over all.
Waiting lips
By-and-by may learn to tell,
How "He doeth all things well."

And, what we cannot comprehend,
Let us leave until the end,
Eternity will break the seal,
And all Time's hidden lines reveal.
Wait—still wait.

LOVE, we shall discover *then*,
"Rules the destinies of Men."

ERNEST LEE.

THE FAMILY LIKENESS.

THERE is nothing which strikes a reflecting mind more, in visiting the residence of an ancient or noble family, than the resemblance to each other of the portraits which adorn the walls. We may extend over two or three hundred years, but still the family likeness is perceptible throughout. Not unfrequently, too, there is some peculiar feature, that stands prominently forth and marks the genealogy; disappearing, perhaps, in one generation, but sure to reappear in the next. It may be a high forehead, an aquiline nose, or a light blue eye; but there it is, observable alike under a chancellor's wig, a warrior's helmet, or the robe of a court beauty, and marking the relationship in characters which cannot be mistaken.

A physical similar resemblance may be traced throughout the family of God. Whether they be old or young, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, the family likeness is perceptible in them all. And there are two peculiar features, which are never assuming, but conspicuously distinguish them from all other men. They all hate sin, and they all love Christ; and those marks of relationship are traceable at once, for they lie on the surface of their respective characters. Whether, therefore, a Christian be descended from an ancient family, or whether he cannot name his own grandfather—whether he sway a sceptre by his consequence, or can barely read his Bible with understanding: whether he wield a fieldsman's baton, or carry a plasterer's hod—he will hate sin, and he will love Christ; and those two unmistakeable features stamp him of the family of heaven, "an heir of God, a joint-heir with Christ" of the eternal inheritance of the redeemed.

British Workman! are you a child of God? an heir of heaven? If so, you will have sin with a perfect hatred, and you will love Christ with a perfect love. Those lines of character always exist together. No man ever truly hates sin until he has been taught by God's Spirit to love Christ; and no man really loves Christ, unless he at the same time hates sin. Try yourself, therefore, by this test. Examine your own character as you see it reflected in the mirror of God's Word; and, if after such examination, you feel convinced that you do not hate sin and do not love Christ as you ought to do, then pray to God for grace to enable you to do so. But if, after such a calm and careful scrutiny, you must say, with a heart-felt happy conviction, that you really hate sin and really love Christ, then accept the congratulation of a Christian brother, and bless the Ethiopian eunuch after his baptism by Philip, "go on your way rejoicing!"

THE SOLDIER'S BIBLE.

A YOUNG soldier, who was leading a dissolute life, was often reproved by a pious friend, but to no purpose; at last his friend gave him a Bible. The young man immediately said, "I will cut it in pieces before your face;" which he actually did with his words and ever after shunned his friend's company.

About two years after this had occurred, the soldier was brought to a sick and dying bed, and sent for his friend, and also expressed a wish to have a Bible brought to him. He received it, and read it; and one day he clasped the book with both his hands, and exclaimed,—

"Oh, that ever such a wretch as I should be permitted to read this blessed Book, which I once cut in pieces! This Book has now cut my sins in pieces, and led me to Christ as my Saviour. Oh, that I could recall my property, and my murdered time; all, all should be spent in distributing this blessed Book!"

THE WIDOW'S SON;

OR,

A NIGHT WITH THE MISSIONARIES.

(*Continued from page 158.*)

One day, about three months after the period when this reformation began, an important suit was placed in his hands with the promise of a very handsome fee, if it should prove successful. A careful examination of its bearing on his merits convinced him that if rightly managed, the suit could be gained. Greatly encouraged and strengthened in his determination to abide by his resolutions of reform, he turned his steps homewards, an hour or two before nightfall. He was musing upon the case as he passed along Calvert Street in the neighbourhood of his lodgings, when he lifted his eyes to the face of a young lady who was passing at the time. Both stared, amazed and astonished, turned pale, and then hurried by. All passed in a moment, but to each it was a moment of agony, for a painful wound, that time could not heal, was probed in each heart to the quick. Florence K——was loved still; fondly, but hopelessly loved.

Scarcely conscious of anything around him, Lennox moved on mechanically until he reached his home. There, at a chance in his appearance, that instantly attracted his mother's eye, and made her heart bound with a sudden palpitation, and then sink and tremble in her bosom. His manner, too, was altered—and he was strangely silent. But he could not be drunk, he had not drinking. She did not venture to question him in regard to this change, and he made no allusion to it. Twice when he was by her, he retired at once to his chamber, and remained there during the evening.

He was seated there alone, struggling, but in vain, to banish from his mind the image of Florence, he was tempted strongly to seek oblivion in intoxication. Had there been wine or brandy within his reach, the temptation would have been too strong for him. On the next morning, the breakfast hour passed, in the same oppressive silence and reserve that had marked the evening before. As soon as he was over, Alfred went out. In going to his office he had to pass the door of a drinking-house hitherto much frequented. As he neared it, the thought of henumbing the acuteness of his mental suffering, by a deep potation, glanced through his mind.

"I might as well do it first as last," he said to himself, "for to that it must come by and end."

As he said this, he passed opposite the tavern door, and held a brief, agitating struggle. It ended in his plunging into the house, and calling at the bar for brandy. The glass half filled with the strong intoxicating drought, was at his lips, when the image of his aged mother came up before his mind with startling distinctness, and he seemed to hear her voice uttering in tones of agony,

"Forbear!"

Slowly he returned the glass, its contents untouched, to the counter, and turning away, passed out from the scene of temptation. The house he returned on to his office, and sat down to investigate the case he had in hand. But the letters of the document he attempted to examine, would fall from his vision, and before the eyes of his mind would form distinctly the pale, agitated countenance, and eyes eloquent with unutterable affection that he had met on the day before, for the first time in long years of agony and degradation.

"And him! the only one, the blessed heart mine are not the only affections!" he at length murmured, rising from his chair, and leaning the tempting drink on his office table and fro; "she, too, has continued to love hopelessly, and hopelessly must she love on to the end—we have blighted her life, but she is madly crushed her heart and soul!"

"I can bear this no longer!" he at length ejaculated, leaning his head, and continued to pace the floor of his office for half an hour. Then, seeming to take a sudden resolution, he passed out of his room with a hurried step, and in a few minutes was standing at Malcolm's bar, drinking to the dark drop a strong glass of brandy and water.

With painful forebodings did Mrs. Lennox await the return of her son at dinner-time. On entering the room she was enough to tell the sad tale that he had again been drinking. Few words passed between them during the meal, for Lennox did not wish to converse, and his mother's heart was too full to speak. At night he was still more under the influence of liquor, and went immediately out after tea. It was twelve o'clock when he returned, and then was stumbling up to his bed, startling the whole house with his noise.

The result of this determined struggle against the debasing vice to which he had become enslaved, left him weaker in resolution than ever. He could now oppose only a temporary barrier to his fiend from his evil habit, without a single hope of ever being able to rise above it. Of course under such circumstances he was drunk more frequently.

A few months brought the affairs of his executorship into such a condition, that he feared they could no longer be concealed from his mother. The last pound had been drawn from the bank, and no more *rents* would be due for two months.

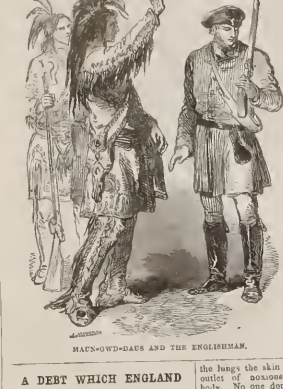
(*To be continued.*)

** We are unavoidably compelled to postpone the insertion of Chap. VII. of "WHOW GREEN AND HER THREE NIECES."

THE SKIN.

WELL, what about it, you will perhaps say, I know that it covers my body, and that's all I want to know about it. But stay, and let me see if I cannot shew you that it does something more than this, and that to a much greater extent than you are perhaps aware of.

The blood, in its course through the body, not only supplies nourishment to its various parts, but also takes up into its veins, decomposed substances. And in order that the blood may be kept pure and the body healthy, it is necessary that these poisonous matters should be drawn off from the blood as regularly as they are received into it. For this purpose organs are especially provided, viz., the lungs, the liver, the kidneys, and the skin. Of this last only we will now speak. Next to the most important organs the lungs the skin is the outlet of poisonous substances from the body. No one doubts that if an animal is prevented from using the lungs, (*i.e.* breathing) for only a short time, it must die of suffocation, and it has been as clearly proved by experiments, that animals prevented from perspiring die of suffocation as certainly, though not so quickly. And this will the more readily be believed when it is known that there are on the surface of the body no less than five millions of glands, whose office it is to collect the perspiration and convey it through the skin; and that the quantity of fluid sent out by them amounts to about two pounds in twenty four hours, this quantity being much increased by heat or by labour. You will naturally ask, what becomes of all this fluid; why, part of it is carried off by the air, (which no one will doubt who has worn a waterproof coat for any length of time, as this not only keeps the rain out, but the perspiration in, and if continued very long is as unhealthy as uncomfortable; to prevent this, the waterproof coat should have an opening made near each armpit.) Another part of the perspiration is absorbed or sucked up by the clothes,—(hence the necessity for underclothing being changed at least once a week, or else it will act more or less upon the skin, as a garment steeped in poison.) The other part of the perspiration forms itself into a kind of scurf on the surface of the body, and it is this part which I want to talk to you about and to advise you to get rid of. "How?" you will perhaps say, by having a bath on the Saturday evening at the "Baths for Working Men." Well, this would be a good plan, and be worth more than three times the money it cost you; but this is not to be had in every town or village, but I can tell you of something cheaper and better, which is, to wash the body every morning, on rising, with a piece of flannel or a sponge. I expect you will say, "I have n't time." Well, the quicker it is done the better, and need not take more than two minutes, including the drying and rubbing, which should follow it. Others will say it is too cold to begin now; the very reason for your beginning, as this will harden you against the cold and will keep you from having colds, rheumatism, &c., &c. To bakers, and those who work in glass-houses, and iron foundries, &c., I would especially recommend it, as it will certainly help you to hear the heat better, and prevent you from taking cold, on going out of the heated bakehouse or factory into the cold air. I have done it for years, and find that it keeps the body cool in summer and makes a great cost difference in winter. Do try it, and keep on with it, you may then do with fewer blue pills and black draughts, doctor's visits, and club payments. And if this does not persuade you, let me tell you that if the skin is not kept healthy, extra work is thrown upon the lungs or kidneys, and diseases of various kinds, and very often death is the result. M.G.



MAUN-GWD-DAUS AND THE ENGLISHMAN.

A DEBT WHICH ENGLAND OWES.

I HAVE heard many powerful speeches at Missionary Meetings—I have read many touching appeals from talented writers, but none of them have impressed me more in favour of Christian Missions than the remonstrance I once heard from the lips of Maun-gwd-daus, one of the finest specimens of the Red Indian Chiefs. Listen to what he said, 'Before your countrymen did come to our tribes, bringing FIRE WATERS, many of our Indians did live *one-hundred years*, but now very few do now live *sixty years*.'—S.

THE LIVING SACRIFICE.

THE race of sacrificing saints has not yet departed from the face of the earth. Abraham was not the last believer, who, at God's command, laid a beloved child upon God's altar. Such deeds of love are yet enacted.

I have in my recollection at this moment one, who, like Hannah of old, "served God with fasting and with prayers night and day." To her, as unto Elkanah's praying wife, a son was given, the son of many hopes. He was the subject of baptismal vows and consecrating prayers. As he grows up to man's estate, the parent's eye beholds with joy the rising stuff and step on which her old age is to lean when "desire shall fail, and the grasshopper become a burden." But at length a voice comes from heathen lands, the voice of perishing humanity, the death-cry of dying souls; and with it comes the command of God unto her, saying "Go, work for the redemption of Israel," "*Take now thy son, thine only son, whom thou loverst, and send him to the place of which I shall tell thee; the Lord hath need of him.*"

These seem, at first, to be startling words. The struggle is a struggle of life and death; but the answer of faith is, "Here he is; do with him, Lord, as seemeth Thee good." The sacrifice has been made. The parting word has been spoken, amid heart-wrung tears and sobbings, and he has gone "bound in spirit," to heathen shores.

When many weary months and years have rolled on, the tidings come to that mother's ears from those distant lands, that God has owned the labours of that son by a copious return of blessings. Benighted souls have been rescued from Satan's thrall, God has owned the labours of that son by a copious return of blessings. Benighted souls have been rescued from Satan's thrall, have been restored to life; the darkened idolater has become a worshipper of Abraham's God; broken-hearted penitents have been guided by the widow's son to the Saviour—his mother's Saviour. That stripling, whom her faith laid on the missionary altar, has become the spiritual father of many souls, and in "her seed" a whole heathen people may yet be blessed." "Merciful God!" she exclaims, with streaming eyes, and her poor old heart almost breaking with joy, "it is enough! it is enough! let now thine handmaid depart in peace, for mine eyes have witnessed Thy salvation!" — *Stray Arrows. By the Rev. T. L. Cuyler, New York.*

THE WRESTLER'S REFLECTION.

PHILIP, King of Macedon, when wrestling at the Olympic Games, fell down in the sand; and when he rose again, observing the print of his body in the sand, cried out, "O how little a parcel of earth will hold us, when we are dead; we who are ambitiously seeking after the whole world while we are living!"

There
remaineth therefore
A REST
to the people
of
GOD.

[*Read about this 'Rest,' in the 4th chap. of Hebrews.*]

JOHN HARRIS,

THE CORNISH MINER AND POET.

POETS have come from the plough and the shepherd's crook, from the weaver's shop and the blacksmith's forge—the shoemaker's lapstone, and the tailor's shopboard—but a poet *from* a mine is indeed a rarity, light and social intercourse seem essential to the poet's nature, yet, whenever God gives his good gifts, he gives also the means to employ them, even amid the severest trials and greatest impediments. As "the wind bloweth where it listeth," so genius, while it does not leave unvisited the palaces of monarchs, or the mansions of nobles, equally it does not desert the poor man's cottage.

John Harris, of Camborne, is a man of whom his brother British workmen may be proud. He owed all his little school education to the Sabbath-school, where he was a diligent pupil. At an early age (under twelve) he went to work in the mines of his native district. In other parts of England there is no idea of what the tin and lead and copper mines of Cornwall are, extending miles underground. A hundred fathoms deep (six feet to a fathom) is a mine of very moderate depth. Narrow shafts, only wide enough to contain a ladder and allow one person after another to descend or ascend in succession, go down to these mines. There are many different levels and platforms, winding away into the bowels of the earth, but all are reached down narrow precipitous ladders, and the toil of the miner is increased after his eight hours of labour, by having to climb these almost endless ladders before he emerges to the light. A flannel dress, a candle in his hat, a spade and pickaxe, are his equipment. "Surely life under such conditions must be a great hardship—there can be no relish for intellectual pleasure, and no to a taste for the poetic, why it is absurd to think of it," says the wondering stranger, as he looks down the shaft and shudders at the darkness in which it loses itself.

Reader, the Cornish miner is as happy a man as any workman in the British dominions. He is generally an intelligent, thoughtful man, often a pious man; religion, temperance, and education flourish among the patient, toiling dwellers in that most remarkable of English counties. If we wish for evidence of this, we have it in the well-filled places of worship, the observance of the Sabbath, the decent clothing, the good behaviour of the operatives throughout all the mining districts. Nor are they without their sweet true poet in John Harris, for many years a working miner, loving his employment and magnifying his lowly condition by noble thoughts and pious deeds.

His little volume, "Lays from the Moor, the Mine, and the Mountain," has won him the appreciation of many of the wise and good of his native land.

We are glad to find that after years of hard toil, John Harris is now the Scripture Reader at Falmouth. His poems shew him to be a Bible student, and well fitted from an experimental knowledge of Divine grace and truth to lead others in the way of peace.

We subjoin a true story of a Cornish miner, related in the black verse of John Harris:—

CHRISTIAN HEROISM

COME let us leave the fields and flowers behind,
The meandering brooklet, where the poet walks,
Wearing life's roseate into either flowers
To beautify the home of father-land.
Come let us leave the frauteous life of day,
The bower of roses, and the Muse's haunt,
Where the green ivy roofs us overhead,
And go down, down into the earth's black breast,
Where, in the bottom of a shaft, two men
Prepare e'en now to blast the solid rock.
The hole is bored, the powder is confined;
The fuse is lighted—I cannot be drawn forth,
They negligently cut it with a stone
Against a rod of iron. He is struck!
The fuse is burning, and they fly, both fly
Towards the bucket, taking hold thereon,
Shrieking the well-known signal. He above
Sieves, but in vain, to put the windlass round.
One could escape, delay was death to both;
One of these our Christ Jesus! Stepping back,
He looked a moment at his comrade's face;
O what a look was that, and cried "Escape!
"A minute more and I shall be in Heaven!"
On sped the bucket up the sounding shaft,
The man was safe. Eager to watch his fate—
The fate of his deliverer, down he stooped,
And beat him o'er the shaft, just where the roar
Of the explosion trembled from below.
Up came a fragment of the rifted rock,
And struck him on the brow, leaving a mark
That tells him still of his deliverance;
A mark which time will never chip away
With its rough hatchet, but it will remain
Till death shall wrap him in his mantle pall!
They soon begin among the fallen rock
To burrow for the corpse. At last, they heard
A cheering voice—the voice of him their friend
Rising in the resisting fragments! Here he was,
Roofed over with the rock, alive and well!
Forth from his fearful grave the Hero came
And smiled on all around. Danzel's God
Had saved his servant in this dangerous hour.
All he could tell us, that, when left alone,
He sat down on the corner of the shaft,
And held a piece of rock before his eyes,
To rest the mole. And when asked why he
Gave up his life to save his friend, he said,
"He little children would be wet with grief
"While I had none my sudden death to mourn."

A MODEL FOR MOTHERS.

A FEW weeks since, I was travelling with a gentleman, on an outside car, through the County of Wexford. The day was delightful, and the geniality of the weather seemed to have expanded our hearts by its influence; for we soon became as freely as though we had known each other for years. He was, I think, travelling for some house, and was a thorough Englishman, to judge by his appearance and conversation, though from what he said, thirty years' residence in the Emerald Isle had imbued him with an honest admiration of the Irish character. He was, perhaps, fifty years of age; was married, and the father of several children. He said he disliked travelling, and avoided it as much as possible. I asked him the reason, and here lay the secret. He possessed in his wife a great treasure—not only because she loved and respected her husband, but chiefly from the exemplary manner in which she brought up her young family. In the course of conversation he said, "My wife, as sure as each evening comes, brings all her little ones around her, and gives them Scripture lessons out of the Old and New Testaments. She shows them, from the Bible, what they ought to believe, what they should do, and what to avoid. They know more of religion and the Holy Scriptures than numbers of grown persons I meet with every day, and they look forward to the regular employment of the evening with the greatest delight. I feel that nothing improves me so much as to sit quietly by and listen to them. She gives them puzzling questions out of the Bible, and it is really astonishing what clever answers they give her. Whenever a good thing comes into my head, I say something myself; but indeed," said he, with charming simplicity, "in general I think it better to say nothing. I feel each evening a better man, and I think it does me as much good as going to hear a sermon from Mr. Gregg. The clergymen very often visit our family, and they say that my children are the best answerers at Sunday School. Ah! Sir, I feel it a great loss being away from my family, even for a few weeks."

Here is a picture of a Christian household. Here is the husband sanctified by the wife." And will not God rain down abundant blessings on such family circles? Yes, assuredly. He will, for it is written, "*He blesseth the habitation of the just.*" A.

THOUGHTS FOR TRAVELLERS.

OUR wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months and years pass by;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, we do it all
We're *travelling* to the grave.

"We are strangers before Thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers: our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding." 1 Chronicles xxix. 15.

"HAPPY is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

PROVERBS iii. 13, 14.

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SAGACITY OF SHEEP.

The following instance of sagacity in an animal not distinguished for that quality, is given in the words of an eye-witness. Walking with a lady through some meadows, lying between two villages, in the county of Gloucester, the path conducted us within a hundred yards of a small brook. Many ewes and lambs were in the meadow, we were about half way over it, when a ewe came up to me, and bleated very loudly, looking up in my face, and then ran off towards the brook. I could not help remarking this extraordinary behaviour; but my attention was particularly roused when she repeated it, and bleating louder, seemed to wish to signify something in particular; she then ran off in the same direction, repeatedly looking behind her, till she reached the brook, where she stood still. After standing to look at her some time, we continued our walk, and had nearly reached the gate that led into the next meadow, when she came running after us the third time, and seemed, if possible, more earnest than before. I then determined to discover the cause of this singular procedure; I followed the ewe towards the brook; seeing no advance, she ran as fast as she was able, looking behind her several times; when she came to the brook, she peeped over the edge of a hillock into the water, looked up in my face, and bleated with the most significant voice I ever heard uttered by a quadruped. Judge of my surprise, when, on looking into the stream, I saw her lamb just under the hillock, nearly immersed in water, and unable to extricate itself. I at once drew it out; it was still alive. The fond mother instantly began to lick and suckle it, and looking up to me, uttered several sounds very different from those I had heard before, and evidently expressing satisfaction and pleasure. I needed not her thanks, for I never performed an action that gave me more unmixed pleasure, nor did dumb creature ever appear more grateful.

How forcibly does the above fact reprove those unworthy parents whose indolence, extravagance, and intemperance, manifest a want of natural affection, by suffering their children to lack the common necessaries of life, and what is infinitely worse, by neglecting the more important concerns of their soul's salvation.

In contrast with what has been described, contemplate a scene, the like of which is unhappily too common. Look at yonder group. There is but one dark room and in it are a family of seven. Four pinched and hungry children huddle in a distant corner, and the eldest, a pale girl of twelve years of age, is trembingly attempting to keep her sister and noisy brothers quiet. The principal objects in the scene, are a man and his wife. The woman is lying on what is designed to be a bed—pale, emaciated, and haggard, worn down by care and suffering, caused by the intemperance of him, who vowed to love and cherish her until death. She presses a baby to her cold, shivering bosom, and fixes an imploring eye upon her husband, as she feebly murmurs, "O, for God's sake, leave us not to perish! I shall soon be gone, but think of these poor *children*." With glaring eyes and clenched hands, and, with a fearful oath, the man utters a wish that they were all dead together. He turns away, the door has swung upon its hinges; he is in the street; he staggers to his seat again, at the sign of the "Black Bear," where he expends, on liquid fire, the money which might have saved his wife from perishing. Whilst he is indulging in frantic, fiendish mirth, his wife is dying—his children famishing. Such is the influence of strong drink. O drunkard! on whose head shall the blood of thy wife descend, but thine, and if thy children become scottish and deprived like thyself, at whose hands shall their souls be required, but thine? Yes, let thy thought torture thee, let it lash thee as with whips and scorpions, and lacerate thy very soul with its envenomed smart until the intoxicating cup becomes in thy hand, hot as burning coals, and cause thee to dash it in desperate agony to the ground;—until, with tears of repentance, deep as thy guilt, thou hast mourned before God as the murderer of thy wife and children. All drunkards are not, however, equally depraved and callous, neither are all negligent parents drunkards, but should this paper be read by any who care not for their children's welfare, but leave them to pursue, unchecked, the road that leads down to death, let the beast of the field reprove you; let the language of Scripture admonish you. "Even the sea monsters draw out their breasts; they give suck to their young ones, (but) the daughter of my people is become cruel like the ostrich in the wilderness. The tongue of the sucking child cleaveth to the roof of his mouth for thirst; the very children ask bread and no man giveth to them."

"Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?"

T. H. W.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."

"THE WEARY ARE AT REST."

We look'd upon the cold, dead face,
And thought that we could see
Traces of old expressions there,
And lights, that *used* to be.

A calm had settled on the brow,
And every wave of pain
Was smooth'd down into voiceless rest,
And perfect peace again.

There was no writhing anguish now;
No heaving, troubled breast;
No gasping breath—no pleading pray'r,
"The weary was at rest."

And we, "the mourners," stood and look'd,
But, oh! we did not weep;
We'd seen the suffering, and we thought
"How sweet the after-sleep!"

Widows and orphans mourn'd for him,
And grief how'd many a head,
When it was told in poor men's homes,
"The good old man is dead."

"He's gone to Heav'n," they simply said
And then down fell the tears,
As up they carried, one by one,
Good deeds of many years.

He's gone to Heaven! we thought so too,
And kiss'd the quiet brow;
As softly said we to ourselves,
"Thank God he's happy now."

* * * * *

An empty temple then it was,
That in still rain lay;
The Spirit that ennobled it,
Angels had borne away.

But Faith could hear their triumph song,
Sounding through all earth's dim—
"Lift up your heads, ye gates," and let
The Lord's Redeemed come in!

ERNEST LEE.

THE BEGGAR OF THE BARRIERE.

Mons. Arnault, one of the members of the French Royal Academy, died lately, leaving some written memoirs of his early life, in which he relates the following incident. When about eighteen years of age, he used frequently to walk from Paris to Versailles, where his mother then lived, and on passing the barriere or gate of the city, he constantly met a beggar who saluted him with the cry of "Charity, charity, my kind sir," and the young Arnault frequently gave the man a "copper." One day, whilst doing this, a sharp, active - looking little gentleman, well dressed, and with a well powdered head, passed by; he stopped, eyed the beggar for several moments, and then said, "My friend, you appear able to *work*, why do you lead this miserable life? I would gladly remove you from this wretched condition, and instead of your begging, give you at least *ten thousand pounds!*"

Antoine, for such was the beggar's name, began to laugh. "Laugh as much as you like," replied the powdered little gentleman, "but attend to my advice, and you will acquire all that I promise; I only ask you to follow my example. I was once as poor as you are, but instead of begging I tied an old hamper upon my back, and went from village to village collecting old rags. During the first year, many were given to me, but in the second I had money enough to pay for all, and to buy a donkey and a small cart. I went on, and at this present moment I am a paper manufacturer, and possess two good houses in Paris!"

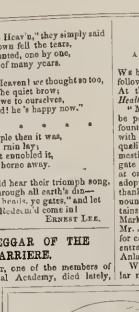
The little gentleman immediately walked away, leaving Antoine in such a brown study that he let two ladies pass the barriere without screaming after them, "Charity, charity!"

"In 1815, during my exile in Brussels," continues M. Arnault, "I one day entered a book-shop in order to make some purchases. A portly-looking man was walking slowly up and down the shop, giving his orders to four or five clerks. We looked at each other for a few moments, as if a vague idea occurred to each of us that we had met before.

"'Sir,' said the respectable shopkeeper, 'did you, some five-and-twenty years ago, frequent the road leading from Paris to Versailles?'

"'Antoine,' I exclaimed, 'is this you?'

"'Yes, sir,' he replied, 'the powdered little gentleman was right; his kind and fatherly advice has gained me not less than TEN THOUSAND POUNDS!"



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STREET FOUNTAINS.

A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

We have peculiar pleasure in inserting the following paragraph from the *Hull Times*. At the meeting of the *Local Board of Health* on the 24th ult.—

"Mr. Henry John Atkinson's request to be permitted, at his own expense, to erect fountains free to the public, to be supplied with running streams of water of the same quality as supplied to the houses for domestic use, and to be placed, one at Lowgate end, Queen's-dock side, and the other at or near the Whitefriargate-bridge, was adopted unanimously, with the cordial thanks of the board; and the MAYOR announced his intention to erect similar fountains near the Corporation-pier and in the Market-place at his own expense.——

Mr. JACKSON suggested that water troughs for cattle should be provided at all the great entrances to the town from the Beverley, Anlaby, Holderness, and other roads."

We want that we shall receive many similar notices from other places. The more the better.

☞ Copies of the "Twenty-eight Suggestions for increasing the circulation of the "*British Workman*" may be had (post free) on application to the publishers, Partridge, or the Editor, 13, Berners St., London. We beg again to return our thanks to those readers who have made our little periodical so extensively known amongst their friends, by enclosing their 'Suggestions' in their letters. It is an effective mode of helping us. We feel particularly obliged to the MANUFACTURING *Stranger* who has kindly enclosed a copy to each of his *seven hundred* customers.

Notices to Correspondents.

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THOMAS DEAN, 63, Penny Street, Blackburn.

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Further particulars will be given in our next number. We have to acknowledge the receipt of numerous communications, for which we are obliged. Many of them will be inserted in future numbers

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FINERY AND FREEDOM;

Or, LUCY'S CHOICE.

IT was a rainy spring evening, and two young women were walking home from church under the shelter of one umbrella; they were both about twenty years of age, tall, and fresh coloured, but there was a great difference in their dress. One had a large warm brown cloth cloak, that kept her wrapped comfortably from the cold, and that covered her dark stuff gown from the weather. Her straw bonnet was close, and neatly trimmed, with a very clean quilling round her happy-looking face; and her feet were protected by strong, well-fitting boots and good clogs over them. Altogether her attire looked so warm and good, that a more respectable young woman you would scarcely see than Mary Grey. It was evident that she was the owner of the umbrella which she held with so much care over her companion, whose dress, indeed, needed its shelter. Lucy Ranger wore a little green silk cape, a thin striped silk gown, very much tarnished with wear and weather—a bonnet on the back of her head, with some large pink bows on it—a crumpled cap underneath, with some blue flowers that tangled themselves in the long curls which, now wetted by the rain, fell on her shoulders like a spaniel dog's ears, while her feet, pinched into a pair of thin drab boots, pattered miserably along the wet streets.

"To think I should be out in this wet!" she said, peevishly, as she cowered under Mary's umbrella. "But," she added, "I'm not going to stay much longer in this humdrum place."

"What! do you mean to leave; and such a good place as you have, Lucy?"

"Good! I don't know what you call good. My old mistress is well enough—she never complains about my having a pretty gown or bonnet, though, perhaps she would, only she's so ill. But the married daughter has been to see us lately, and she's been finding fault at a pretty rate. My hair ain't right, and my dress ain't right; and when I do a bit of crochet-work,

LUCY IN THE DRESSMAKER'S WORKROOM, AT THE WEST-END OF LONDON.

she take me if my stockings are mended, and I don't mean to put up with it. I'm tired of service, so I'll green grocer, and mean to go to London. I know a young woman there, that earns no end of money at the dressmaking; and then, when I'm a dressmaker, I needn't wear a cap—I hate caps!—and I may dress as I like.

"Oh, but Lucy, think of the long hours you must work, and then you'll only be a day-worker, and pick up a little bit of the trade. It costs a great deal, both of time and money, to learn dressmaking thoroughly, and then some do make a good living. Those that are in business for themselves do well sometimes, but a poor dressmaker or a day-worker is not half so well off as a respectable servant."

"Well off!" said Lucy, with a laugh, "why, they're called 'Miss,' and reckoned quite a cut above servants. I can tell you, and as to long hours, I'm made not very comfortable, why, one gets used to that. There's no ringing the bell, and telling one about having a bit of a curl in one's hair. I mean to roll mine, and wear it Empress fashion, as soon as I leave Mrs. Morrison, and I advise you, Mary, to leave. I'm quite sorry to see you always in your dark plain gowns, and never a bit of a flower in your cap, it's dreadful hard work, I know.

"I don't think it hard at all," replied Mary quickly. "If I spent my wages in ends of ribbon, and flounces, and flimsy gowns, and thin shoes, I should never have a shilling to buy me good useful clothes.

"I've a good stock of under-clothes, Lucy, and plenty of morning gowns and aprons, and I'm not in want of a shawl or cloak, and gowns, suited for summer or winter, and as to wearing a cap, or answering a bell, I never found that a hardship, and I'll not change with any sewing girl in England. I'm sorry to see their pale faces, poor dings! I know there's heartsome dressmakers, but they are but few, and they have spent money to learn, and have friends to put them in business. I have only my servitude, and I mean, by God's blessing, to do my best in that."

"Ah! you're no spirit," said Lucy, "I mean to *rise* in the world."

"Take care," added Mary, "that you don't fall. You've been need to live in a good house, eat at a good table—have no cares—with a fixed sum of money to pay clothes; you'll find the difference—I'm sure you will, your place has been very easy—just to wait on your old lady, and do a little needlework. I don't want to complain, but my place is much harder than yours."

"Oh! you're a slave, working for all that family," exclaimed Lucy, "but here you are at home, and I must borrow your umbrella, or I shall get wet."

"Take it, and welcome, Lucy; but think well before you do what you say—for the sake of our old schoolfellows, I speak advice: stay in your place, take care of your wages, and be a respectable servant, and not a half-starved needlewoman."

"Oh, I must leave; I've given notice, Mary, and my time is up next week."

And so the young girls, who had been old schoolfellows, parted. Mary fully expected that Lucy would at least come to bid her good-bye, but instead of that, Lucy left the umbrella back with a message that she would write soon to Mary.

Accordingly, in three weeks the following letter arrived from Lucy:—

"Dear Mary,—I'm in London, and I have got work at a master-tailor's, near Leicester Square; oh, such lovely silks, and such sweet shapes as we make. I'm not paid much yet, for I have to get my hand in, but I advise you to leave, for next month we shall be very busy, and I could get you work for the spring.

"I have made myself a jacket out of my old mantle, and my hair looks so well in the Empress style. When you write, you must direct to 'Miss Ranger'—I'm not very well suited with a lodging; five of the young ladies meet a room with me, but I shall look out for a better. I began this on Monday, but I couldn't finish it till this Sunday, as we are very busy and work late, and I have no more at present from your affectionate

Lucy.

"P.S. Could you lend me a pound, for few weeks, or get me a pair of boots on credit of our old shoemaker, for I forgot when I bought my blue frock, that I was in want of boots, and my feet are quite on the ground." Then followed her address.

Mary read this letter with many misgivings. Lucy had been one of the cleverest girls in the school, and her parents had kept her there until she was nearly grown up, and then she obtained a superior situation, to attend on and read to an old lady. The lady, as her parents, within a few months of each other, had made her thoughtful for a time and anxious to give satisfaction, as years passed on and the infirmities of her mistress increased, Lucy was left a good deal to her own guidance—she formed some foolish acquaintances with young people who dressed gaily, until she grew discontented with her circumstances as a servant. At first she did not think of giving up her situation, but she resolved to dress as little like a servant as possible, and her mistress's failing eyesight did not readily detect the change. So Lucy's money was spent in finery, that soon spoiled, and that never looked well, instead of the three requisites for dress—*comfort, neatness*, and *suitability*—she had boots that pinched her, gowns that would neither wash nor turn, and colours that did not blend. Many sneered at her, and talked about her, but her friend Mary grieved at her, and gave her advice, until Lucy had petulantly said,

"You dress as you like, and I shall dress as I like."

When Lucy left the beautiful town of Guildford in Surrey, and went up to London to commence her dressmaking, she felt bewildered at first with the greatness of the great city; and now and then a sigh would rise, that she had not gone to Bedfordbury that she occupied with the companions Ellen Smithson had invited her to, she felt lonely in an instant of sigh as she thought of the clean bed and airy bedroom she had so long been used to, and where she rose in the morning, and made a hasty meal of musty-tasting bread and sloppy tea, for which the landlady of the house provided hot water, as the girls had no time to make a fire for themselves, and indeed, could not afford the coals. She then had to walk to the street near Leicester Square,—where she had obtained employment—trying, as she went, two ounces of cold boiled beef, which with a loaf of bread, was her best dinner; on days when money ran short, it was very worth of potatoes or pease-pudding was fetched in the dinner hour from a neighbouring cook-shop; tea was provided for the workers by the master, it consisted of two thin slices of bread and butter, and a breakfast cup of warm fluid was very comforting to the jaded girls, though it could hardly be called tea. Then they all fell to work, and when not over busy, left at nine o'clock, but if it often happened, work was brisk, they worked overhours, and sometimes the clocks chimed one or two in the morning before Lucy and Ellen and the others, crept, cold and hungry, into their crowded room, and slept the sleep of exhaustion on the squalid beds; but then, Lucy had some sources of satisfaction, she was called "Miss Ranger," and spoken of by the lady as a young lady; she did not wear a cap, and could dress her hair as she liked, and she was often too tired even to comb it out, and if she had spoken the truth, she would have owned that if her locks were twisted into smarter forms, they were not so neat and glossy as she once used to keep them.

She could by sitting up at nights, and also working on Sundays, contrive to alter her clothes into more fashionable shapes, but this was not virtuous, when by chance, she saw herself in the large glass in her mistress's show-room. Six weeks hard work, and she had a new merino sleep, had bleached her once blooming face to a sickly white, and the roundness had left her form. She was so altered, she knew her own face, but the reply made her ill, was, that now she looked "Genteel, before she was rosy, looked vulgar, but to be pale was lady-like."

If these had been the only troubles of Lucy, time might have cured them; but under all the hurry and discomfort, the vanity and misery, there was a yet darker scene. She found the spring clothes, that with all her toils, she could not get the fine clothes she wanted, her stock was wearing out without replacement, and unpaid for. Some of her companions appeared to manage better—they sported smart bonnets and dresses, and sometimes stole out to spend away a day or two from their work, and then come back with presents. They generally said that some cousins gave them, or some relation gave them the much prized finery. She had no cousins to give her anything; and as she was living in fear for the moment of discontent, a foreigner, who used sometimes to meet Lucy as she returned home, and who had often frightened her by his looks, spoke to her one evening, and as Ellen was with her, and nothing loath to have such idle chats, made both of them tired and depressed, they did not, as on former occasions, avoid the man. He asked them to take some oysters, for they were nearly famishing; they saw a well-filled purse in the libertine's hand, and accepted his invitation. Poor Lucy, from that night, was a stranger to peace. Ellen could brave out her shame, but our country girl used to the propriety of a Christian home, was overwhelmed with grief. Her companions laughed at her, and to raise her spirits brought the lady of female degradation, the Gin-bottle, to complete her ruin. Yes, Lucy began to drink, and when excited, she forgot her misery, and again and again met her destroyer.

Soon even the semblance of industry was given up, she became irregular at her work, the spring was nearly over, her mistress could do without her, and therefore told her, in anger, not to disgrace her workroom by coming there again. Thus as hundreds are ruined, step by step, poor Lucy became an outcast. While the summer lasted, she did not feel all the consequences of her sorrow. What with drinking and dissipation, overnight, and drowsiness by day, she was scarcely able to realize her terrible position. She had some fine clothes, and the patron of some worthless men pleased her vanity; but yet, whenever she thought of her old friend Mary, she tears would rush into her eyes, and a sob would rise in her throat. She had quarrelled with Ellen, and cared not for the others, but her old schoolfellow, whom, she never dared to think of seeing again, and whose gold advice had always been opposed to her vanities, held a firm place in the unhappy girl's heart.

> "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."—Prov. xvi. 18.

Towards autumn, Lucy began to be in want. The foreign gambler who had first betrayed her to her ruin, had driven her from his haunts with oaths and insult. She was in the power of a bad woman with whom she lodged, and who forced her, with threats of a prison, upon a course of infamy. Here she began to hate the fine clothes in which she was decked—how the look of her own face—even the once delightful task of decorating her much prized hair—was loathsome. Weary of vice; longing for a home and yet an outcast; women turning from her with shame and horror, and leering on her with mingled insult and cruelty; she fled to drink as a resource from the gnawing agony of her remorse, instead of coming as a penitent sinner to Christ. Just as winter set in, and the old blasts of boisterous nights were freezing to her very bones, it happened that she once again saw her old schoolfellow. Mary's mistress had been summoned suddenly to London by the illness of a son, a student of King's College. She came by a late train to town, and brought Mary with her. As they were alighting at Norfolk Street, in the Strand, the policeman was telling a young woman to go home, and not to bring about them. The poor creature at the word "home," uttered a wild laugh, which struck on Mary's startled ear, as she was helping the driver to carry the luggage into the house. She immediately exclaimed, "Who is that?—O, Lucy, can it be you?"

The poor outcast darted forward a moment to the door-step, and by the light of the lamp over the door, saw the horror-stricken face of Mary, her old schoolfellow. She caught wildly at her hand, wrung it with a strong grasp, and then with a dismal cry, rushed down the street.

The laugh, the grief, the cry, shook Mary like a convulsion; it was with difficulty she could go through her duties of attending to her mistress, and supping, and when she retired to bed it was not to sleep. She had drawn up her window-blind and looked out upon the night. The moon and stars were glittering through the frosty air, and Mary gazed at them through her tears, thinking of the homeless wanderer. Never before had she prayed so fervently for her early friend, she had those prayers returned upon her own head, but Lucy was beyond their reach. The moon that shone so brightly into the little room, consecrated by Mary's trouble, but fervent prayers—looked upon a very different scene a short distance off. A young girl, with a rosy flush upon her drooping face, with a fashionable dress of a popular song, put down her half-empty at the tollgate of Waterloo Bridge. The man as he took the coin looked into her face, but her jaunty air deceived him. Besides there were several people on the bridge still. Ah, but the young girl lingers, she sits down in the deep shadow cast by the bright moonlight, until the passengers have gone, and then springing up on the parapet, over the coping with the yellow glare of the gas-lamp, she leaps into the way involuntarily from her lips, as her slender form cuts the glittering waters in the very track of the moonbeam. A watchman, moving his boat, hears the splash, and plunges leaps into his skiff, well knowing the tide and the spot where the body of the drowned will rise. But the current is strong, it sweeps her away, he pulls a good oar, and he reaches the place where rises she has risen. There's some bubbles on the water, but Lucy has ceased to rise no more, except as a swollen, disfigured corpse! It was morning before the body was found. During the following day, the policeman who had been on the beat the night before, came to Norfolk Street, to ask Mary if she knew the young woman who had proved herself to be the door-step. Mary's answer was, of course, in the affirmative, but no words could paint her horror, when she was asked to go and see the body. Her mistress who had known the lost girl from her childhood, hurried Mary off on her dismal errand. Yes! it was true! There, in the dead-house, on a stretcher—a scanty garb of faded flossy clinging wet cotton, a wasted limbs; her hair in a long tangle twisting round her throat, the face swollen and distorted with the last bitter agony, —by all that was left of the poor Lucy, Mary knew her, and innocent Lucy. A love of fine clothes, and vanity, and a dislike of homely duties, had brought her to a career of shame, and a death of despair.

POOR LUCY'S FEARFUL END.

A FRIENDLY HINT.

What position in life is more honourable for a young woman than that of being in *service?* A clean, tidy, industrious, faithful servant is one of the most useful and honourable members of society. Oh, how much of the happiness of families depends upon the conduct of servants! I have observed through life, that the *best wives* for working men come from the *kitchen*.

Uncle John.

WATCH AND PRAY.

Watch, for there are foes abroad,
Who would tempt thy soul from God
Dangers in the world are found,
Evil men are around,
Watch! or thou will surely stray,
Wandering from the narrow way.

And as thou art weak and frail,
How shall watchfulness avail?
Pray! pray! on bended knee,
Ask the Lord to succour thee;
Watch and pray! no earthly fear
Need alarm if God is near.

Watch! thou hast a heart within,
Full of carnal sin and pain
Evil wandering thoughts are there,
Thoughts of bitterness and care;
Watch! lest unguarded hour
Yield it to corruption's power.

Know, tho' strength of man's is weak,
Strength Divine 'tis thine to seek;
Therefore pray:—"Almighty power,
"Save me in temptation's hour,
"Give me grace that I may stand,
"Strengthened by my Saviour's hand."

Then at last thy conflict o'er,
Thou shalt watch and pray no more;
Prayer shall turn to endless praise,
Watching end in victory's days,
And the Saviour's rest shall be
Thine throughout eternity.

> "The fear of the Lord prolongeth days: but the years of the wicked shall be shortened."
> Prov. x. 27.

From "Pioneers to Sacred Poetry, Original and Selected," by Rev. B. Rickings, M.A.

THE WIDOW'S BOX.

A NIGHT WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS.

(Continued from page 114.)

"Alfred, I wish you would bring me home ten pounds," she said to him one morning as he was about leaving the house after breakfast.

He promised to do so, and then immediately thought of the ten pounds in his pocket—all the money he possessed in the world. His mother supposed that there were, as there always had been, several thousands in the bank. Although very dissipated, she could not suspect him of robbing her, and yet, in her fondness for his integrity was unwavering—the vice of drunkenness was a weakness—a blind infatuation but to waste the substance of his widowed mother, was an act, in her estimation, so far beyond his power to commit, that the mere suspicion of the thing never crossed her mind. Of this he felt conscious, and it caused him to feel pangs of remorse still more acute.

To his office he first repaired, where he passed the first hour some time, his mind in a state of violent agitation.

"She must not—she *shall* not know it!" he length said, throwing and striking down his clenched hand into the vacant air, with an energy of desperation—"That pang I will not endure!"

He seemed in that last expression to have confirmed himself in the determination to perform an act of crime, for his mind revolved, for his whole manner changed, and he became calm and apparently resolved. After hastily arranging some papers, he left the office and proceeded to a neighbouring tavern, and called for brandy, his favourite drink. A single glass was taken, then another, and another, at intervals of five or ten minutes. As these began to take effect, the whole appearance underwent a change. The despondency of mind and lassitude of body under which he had been labouring, gave place to a kind of boastful confidence, that flowed out into the expression of his face and bearing of his body.

"I will do it, and I *will do it*," he said half aloud, as he stepped confidently into the street again.

He turned his way down Cavendish Street until he came to Lovely Lane, through that to South Street, then down Second Street to Wapping Lane, into which he turned, first glancing quickly up and down to see if observed by any person. The whole appearance of the place, the dependency of mind and lassitude of body under which he had been labouring, gave place to a kind of boastful confidence, that flowed out into the expression of his face and bearing of his body.

"I will do it, and I *will do it*," he said half aloud, as he stepped confidently into the street again.

He turned his way down Cavendish Street until he came to Lovely Lane, through that to South Street, then down Second Street to Wapping Lane, into which he turned, first glancing quickly up and down to see if observed by any person. The whole appearance of the place, the avenue he proceeded some one or two hundred yards, and then turned into a narrow alley, or rather, a flight of broken steps, the use of which presented few, or no indications of its being inhabited. He entered this, as if familiar with the place, and as if still fearful of observation. He had evidently been there before, for the way was familiar to him. The termination of the long and confined, dirty passage, brought him to a door which he opened, and then he entered a sickly furnished room, which was filled with tables, at several of which sat groups absorbed in play. After wandering through this room glancing from one party to another, as if in search, he seemed to make a selection of that to which he preferred attaching himself, and as he approached, he was seen by others in individuals composing it were seated.

The stakes on this table were small, as therefore he had chosen it. As soon as he approached the vacant place, the cards were shuffled, and he was invited to take hand. The stake was five shillings. He had his money ready, paid down his shilling, and at point of keen restless eyes. At every opportunity that offered for scrutinising unobserved, the features of the man he had fallen, seemed carefully to read the expression of his countenance. He knew him well and also his downward career, for he had few years, but he was knew that he was a cantor for his father's estate, and all due the resources of that estate. When a young man lost his few pounds, he was perfectly satisfied that it was all he had.

"Shall I make you an offer?" he said with a laugh, as he was adding several bank notes of various amounts, half presented in his hand.

"I will take twenty five pounds, if it please," Lennox replied, "I have no mo with me to-day."

(To be continued.)

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to acknowledge with thanks, the receipt of numerous interesting and valuable articles, all of them well suited for the Magazine. Indeed, in fact, relative to the Sabbath, Temperance, and rest to animals, &c., &c., we have, at times, so able, if written in a clear handwriting, and on one side of the paper.

Prize Essays on Kindness to Animals.—We had great pleasure in paying the prize money to successful competitors, whose names appeared in our last Number. In addition to the publication of the three best Essays, we have pleasure in stating that a very large proportion of the two hundred and forty received by us, are highly creditable to the writers, we had great difficulty in a few every one of them. With the permission of writers, we shall publish extracts from some of the Essays. Some facts are too good to be lost.

PLEASE MAKE YOUR SHOP PURCHASES NOT LATER THAN SIX O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING.

THE WIDOW GREEN AND HER THREE NIECES.

CHAPTER VII.

SEMPERVIVO WRONG.

ALL the faults which have thus far been laid to the charge of the widow's two nieces, Harriet, and Jane, were such as a good mother might have prevented by care in very early life. Oh! if mothers would only consider how much they might do for their children while young, which nobody else can do for them, and which they will find it very difficult to do for themselves afterwards! So soon as any young girl begins her work as a servant; so soon as she takes up a duster, or handles a broom, you may see whether she has been well-taught by her mother or not. But, especially, so soon as she begins to talk about her dutiesabout what she ought to do, and what to leave undone—then, indeed, the mother's influence, the mother's teaching, and the mother's example come to be seen, just as clearly as if the mother herself was present.

Mrs. Green had often occasion to think of this when she felt angry with her nieces, Harriet, and Jane. She often said to herself, "Poor things! They had no mother to teach them better when they were young." For their own mother was very weak and sickly, and besides that, had been badly brought up herself.

Mary, also, was a motherless girl, but then, she had been taken while quite a child to live with her aunt. So Mary had learned a great many useful things; with tidy and clever ways, which, as she grew up, appeared almost as if they were natural to her. And this also is one of the great and good things which a mother can do. She can so teach and train her children, that good habits will be more easy to them than bad ones. Thus whatever they do, will be done in the best way, without having to be much thought about at the time.

Take reading, again, as an example. At first, it seems very difficult to learn the separate letters, and to spell even the smallest word. Each letter has to be thought about there; but by use and habit, we are able, with a single glance of the eye, to take in a whole word at once; and then we can give up thinking about the letters, and are at liberty to think about the sense of the book—what it tells, and what we may learn from it.

In this respect, the Widow Green had great satisfaction in her niece Mary. She her small way, there was nothing she could not do in a house, and do cleverly; and this with such perfect ease to herself, that she had time to think, and talk, and to pray, even while she was about her work. It was, in a measure, like reading with her. She had got through all the learning of the letters, and the spelling of the little words; because there was nothing in the way of sweeping, dusting, washing, or any other common work, which she had not learned to do well while very young; so that it seemed quite natural to her to go about a house, putting everything in its proper place, and making the fire, the hearth, the chairs, the tables, and, indeed, all articles of furniture, as well as use, look as pleasant and as neat as possible. There was always this difference between Mary and the other two girls. When they all met together at their aunt's to drink tea, and spend the evening, Mary brought her work; while the other two sat with their hands empty, sometimes talking about, but never looking settled and comfortable as Mary did.

One of the little things which Mrs. Green had endeavored to impress upon Mary's mind, was, that she might both talk and work; that it she had anything to say, she need not stand idle, as so many do, while others look gaping and wondering when they listen, perhaps with their hands on their sides; thus trifling away a great deal of precious time in hearing, or doing what would, perhaps, be very much better unheard, and untold. "Besides saving time," Mrs. Green used to say, "if you will keep working, it will cut short many a foolish speech, and many a scandalous story. Especially as regards sewing," she said, "no one need ever be empty-handed, so long as there is a stocking to mend, or a handkerchief to hem."

With all her aunt's good teaching and training, however, it must not be supposed that Mary was perfect. We shall soon see that in new situations, and with new trials, and temptations, she could not only feel very much at a loss what to do, but could prove herself wrong in judgment, as well as others. All that we desire to show with regard to Mary thus far, is, that she had been so carefully trained from her very childhood, that scarcely could a young woman have been found anywhere more capable of making a clever, good, and agreeable servant. We say *agreeable*, because with all her cleverness, Mary knew exactly where her proper place was. She knew that she was a servant, and she did not wish to be anything else. So she always behaved respectfully to those who were above her in station, and gave up her own will to theirs, in the most cheerful and ready manner; simply because it was her duty to serve, and to obey, and rule in their own household. Service was to her a serious engagement. But she had entered it of her own free-will and choice; she, therefore, saw no reason why all that such an engagement required, should not be willingly and cheerfully complied with.

In most respects, then, Mary was able to give great satisfaction in the place which her aunt had obtained for her. It was a very good place, as under-housemaid in a genteel family. Perhaps the Widow Green felt a little proud sometimes, when she saw how nice and respectable Mary looked, and when she heard her spoken of; for Mary had a pleasant, civil manner towards everybody, and never gave rude, pert answers, nor made enemies by cross looks, or sharp words.

It happened, however, on the evening we are about to describe, that Mary looked a little downcast, when she had taken off her bonnet, and sat down to work in her aunt's neat little parlour. Harriet and Jane came in about the same time, and as they had neither of them brought any work, they were a long time in getting settled down, so as to begin conversation. At length Harriet said:—"Well Mary, and how do you get on? Have you caught a scolding, yet?"

"Indeed I have," replied Mary, "at least, we all have, for I don't suppose I was thought so much to blame, as some of the others, who are older than me. And what made the scolding worse to bear, was, that I had no idea that I was wrong."

"Well, now," said Harriet, "that is quite different from me; I set them all as defiance, when I don't feel wrong myself. But that feeling yourself wrong, is terrible bet down. It makes one so faint-hearted."

Mary smiled at Harriet's view of the case; but still she could not feel so cheerful as she had, until she had told her aunt all that had happened; and as the little party seemed very anxious to hear, she began thus:

"You see, aunt," she said, "you and I used to think a great deal about the clever way we had of managing a great house. I shall never forget those hard-working, but happy days, when you used to show me how to do the greatest number of things dried in the shortest time. I suppose, I have been a little proud of my skill in these matters; for I soon saw plainly, there was not one in the house, who knew anything about the real management of a wash, except myself."

"I should not have thought they would have washed at home in such a family," said Jane.

"No," replied Mary, "we only wash our own things, and a few belonging to the house. But we may not do this oftener than once in three weeks, or a month; so you may be sure there is plenty to do, and all must be got through in one day. The washerwoman declares it impossible; but I said, if they would just let me try for once to manage it myself, I was quite sure it could be done."

"And your other work too?" asked Jane.

"There," said Mary, "was the great mistake, as it seemed. I thought a wash cleverly got out of the way, was the grandest thing possible. So I turned to in good earnest, and should have done it charmingly, but lo! and behold! down comes mistress like a thunder-clap upon us all, as if we had been doing the worst thing in the world, when I thought we were doing the best."

"What a shame!" exclaimed both the sisters. Mrs. Green said, "How was that?"

"You see," Mary went on to say, "we left a good many things undone, until the clothes should be hung out; such as the making of the beds, and also clearing away of the breakfast things. It was chiefly the bedrooms, it seems, that gave offence; and yet I've held left the linen in water untill all this was done, the best of the day would have been over; for we saw plainly the fine weather would not last. Now aunt, I do wonder what you will say in such a case. Mrs. Page never comes down into the kitchen, more than once a day, just to give orders to the cook, and I am sure, I never heard her speak angrily before, but this time she was very angry, and said such things! —that we made the house a disgrace to her, and I don't know what. Indeed, I cannot understand the matter at all; for, as I have said before, you know, dear aunt, we need to consider a wash our glory."

"Why wouldn't you help smiling at Mary's difficulty. She saw at once, that this was one of the lessons she ought to have taught her niece before she went out to service—that what is a poor person's glory, may be a rich person's disgrace.

"You are quite right," observed Mrs. Green, "in thinking that a great wash well got out of the way, was a grand thing for a poor person's house, as it very well saves a good deal of our house work to stand over until the first things should be hung out to dry. But even in my small way, you know there were some things I never would have left, such as the making of beds, for example. There is, however, a great difference in what belongs to all such matters in different stations of life. A patch neatly set in to your poor man's knee, is really no disparagement; yet if a gentleman should go into company with a patch of the same kind, it would be a disgrace."

"I never thought of that;" said Harriet, "I wonder how it is?"

"Mrs. Russell used to say," continued the widow, "that the reason why a patch was a disgrace to a gentleman, and an honour to a poor man, was, that it shewed carefulness and industry in the poor, and these are great virtues in them; while in the rich it showed slugginess, which is a vice."

"Why, yes," observed Harriet, "it is clear the gentleman ought to have given his clothes away, before they could need patching; and by doing this, and buying new ones, he would not only be bestowing charity, but encouraging trade."

"I wonder," said Jane, "what the glory of such people is, then?"

"That is rather too deep a subject for us," repeated her aunt. "Suppose we go back again to the wash. You see, every one supposes that gentlefolks' clothes are washed; but they themselves don't talk about how and where they are washed. They have other things to talk about, besides their dirty linen, or their clean linen either."

"Indeed!" said Harriet, rather scornfully, "I am sure they don't always talk about their wash for much better, even at table, as I can prove"

"Hush!" said her aunt, "no repeating of conversations here, if you please. A servant must see, and not hear in her master's house. You must listen to me a little longer, for I want you all to understand better, what I mean by a thing being one person's glory, and another person's shame. You know we read in Scripture, of there being 'one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon.' We must always remember that in serving others, or we may disgrace them, when we would gladly do them honour."

"It is lady like Mrs. Page, for example, it is an honour to have a beautiful and well ordered household. Anything, no matter what, which throws her household out of order, dishonours her. A well managed wash is an honour to you; but it is nothing to her; and therefore as you are bound to serve her, you must study her honour, and make everything give way, that would in any manner interfere with it."

"To a gentleman like Mr. Page, it is an honour to act as a good magistrate, to speak well in public, to know a great deal, and also to keep a good table, and to treat his friends genteelly, and handsomely. It would be a dishonour to him to cook the food for his guests, to spread the cloth, or to do any of those things, which still are an honour to his cook and footman, if they are done well."

"I think, I understand all about it, now," said Mary.

"You must never forget," continued her aunt, "that the dignity of those whom you serve, must not be let down. I once lived with a fellow-servant, who, when she was sent out for some more jellies, came back, and said in a loud voice, before all the company:—'There isn't any more, for the cat has broken the dish!'"

"I wonder," said Jane, "what one ought to do in such a case."

"Just be quiet," replied her aunt; "a mistress will be almost sure to understand there is some reason why the thing asked for does not come. And if she should perseverc in asking, you might make some excuse for going to her end of the table, and so whisper close to her ear, what you have to say. A mistress will seen take the slightest hint; and you must do anything, except tell a falsehood, rather than bring disgrace upon her, or her household."

The little party at the Widow Green's had sat very quietly while this conversation was going on, and the three girls were beginning to think it was time to go; when suddenly they were all startled by a loud rattling sound, opposite the window, as if some one was drawing a stick against the iron railing. Harriet immediately jumped up from her seat. This was very natural, but she also became exceedingly red, and looked exceedingly confused. Her aunt observed her, and could not understand why she looked so.

"I must go directly," said Harriet, and when the others begged of her to wait for them, she declared it was impossible. This however, caused a little delay, and when there was a different sound, still more strange; and Harriet began to look very uncomfortable, as well as confused. This time a distinct tapping with a finger was heard against the window shutter. Mrs. Green felt sure there must be something *wrong*; so, bidding Mary fetch her bonnet and shawl, she laid her hand upon Harriet's arm, and said:—"You shall not leave the house alone; I will go with you myself."

(To be continued.)

"To dress good amongst the Soldiers in *two* ways—first, it supplies good reading; and secondly, not a few of the men afterwards copy the expression, instead of spending their time in the canteen!"—*From an Agent to the "Soldier's Friend Society."*

WHO WILL HELP!

A FEW months ago, a gentleman gave a volume, bound in cloth, for each of the twenty guard-rooms of the London barracks. Mr. Baker, the agent of the Soldier's Friend Society," says, "This volume of the *British Workman* is regarded as no small thing by the soldiers. It is *generally being read by some one* when your Missionary visits the guard-rooms."

Who will help to place one of these volumes in every guard-room throughout the British dominion?

At present our Gratuitous Fund is entirely exhausted.

Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Henry Ford Barclay, Esq., Walthamstow, Essex.

FOR WIDOWS.

"THE Lord relieveth the fatherless and *widow*." Psalm cxlvi. 9.

"For thy Maker is thy *husband*, the Lord of Hosts is His name, and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel."

FOR WEEPING MOTHERS.

"TAKEN from the evil to come."

Your must not cry, my mother dear,
And wish me back again,
But think, how sweet 't will be for me
To suffer no more pain.

For all the little lambs of Christ
Are folded safe, you say,
Where nothing harmful ever comes
To take their joy away.

This little aching head of mine;
The poor hot, beating brow,
Will never, never hurt me then,
As they are hurting now.

And Jesus will be glad, I know,
A "little one" to see;
For, "Suffer them to come," He said,
Of children just like me.

You must not cry, my mother dear;
Weakly, and suffering so;
My Father thinks it best, that I
Should be the first to go.

I'm very sorry, mother dear,
To leave you all alone,
And wish you had another child
To love you when I'm gone.

And yet, perhaps, this very want,
This grief, so very sore,
Will make you call her little child of Christ,
And love her all the more.

And 'twill not be so very long,
Before you come to me,—
Oh! then I shall be happy quite,
For all eternity.

My God and Jesus will be there,
And then, my mother too,—
Oh happy! happy! happy child!
What glory waits for you.

* * * * *

The little head fell softly down
Upon the mother's breast;
A smile just press'd the quiv'ring lips,
And then they were at rest.

And tears fell from the mother's eyes;
Such tears as mothers shed,
When from their lonely hearts they say,
"Our only one is dead!"

But soon there came the Comforter,
And down upon her knees,
She listen'd with a faithful heart,
To such-like words as these—

"Let not your heart be troubled so,
Not let it be afraid;—
Look up! and see your suff'ring child,
A little angel made.

And now the Father's glorious face,
She'll evermore behold,
While far away from harm she dwells
Within the Heavenly fold.

Look up, and see the crown put on
Thy child's fair, saintly brow;
Then say, is it not all for good
That she is taken now?"

* * * * *

The weeping mother's poor droop'd head
Was lifted to the sun,
And very calmly to her Gon,
She said, "THY *will be done*."

ERNEST LEE.

Price One Penny, Illustrated.

The British Workman's Almanac for 1859.

We trust that this Illustrated Almanac will find a place on the walls of many workshops and kitchens. The welcome reception given to our Almanac for the present year has encouraged us to issue a second one.

"Say unto them As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" EZEK. xxxiii. 11.

OPEN-AIR SERVICES AND MEETINGS.

THERE, perhaps, never was a time during the present century when Christian men were so deeply impressed, as now, by the Sacred Injunction, "Go ye out into the highways and hedges—preach the Gospel to every creature." We rejoice at what is being done, not only in London, but also in the provinces. The interesting report of the "Open-Air Mission" is worthy of perusal by our readers.* We are also thankful to find that the Committee of the National Temperance League are sending out *judicious* and *talented* lecturers into the populous districts of London, and it is gratifying to learn that their labours have been crowned with the Divine blessing. Drunkards have been reclaimed, and joy brought to many a once wretched home. The efforts of this association are worthy of more extended pecuniary support by the friends of sobriety.

The Rev. Robt. Maguire has set a noble example. We have listened with great delight to his earnest Gospel appeals, delivered from the "Wagon" in front of the Sessions House on Clerkenwell Green. The pleasure has been greatly heightened by finding that the labouring classes have so far appreciated the efforts of this earnest-hearted clergyman, that the large church is now literally "crowded to excess" at the ordinary services. This is not a solitary case, as we shall be able to show, by referring to the labours of other clergymen and ministers, in future numbers.

* A copy may be had by enclosing two stamps to the Secretary, "Open-Air Mission," 1, Robert Street, Adelphi, London.

WITH 400 ILLUSTRATIONS.

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☞ *Only a limited number of this volume can now be supplied. Those who desire to possess a copy will do well to give their orders through a bookseller early.*

DRINKING FOUNTAINS & TROUGHS.

We beg to thank the conductors of the London and Provincial Press for the cordiality with which they have called attention to our remarks on the importance of Public Drinking Fountains for the people, and Troughs for the poor horses, cattle, and dogs.

Mr. C. P. Melly, of Liverpool, offers to supply two of the granite fountains, with bronze heads and bells complete, for the City of London, provided any gentleman will undertake to erect them, and secure for them a constant supply of water. We shall be glad to hear from any benefactor who is willing to accept this offer, and thus confer a daily boon to tens of thousands?

Those of our readers who take in the *Band of Hope Review* will be gratified to find in the No. for this month, an engraving showing a valuable *addition* which has just been made to one of the "MELLY FOUNTAINS," viz., the receiving of the *waste water* from the drinking fountain into an iron trough for cattle, and a smaller trough for dogs. This good work has been done by a benevolent lady, whose example we trust will soon be followed by many others.

ILLUSTRATED HAND-BILLS.

(By the Editor of the "British Workman.")

These Hand-bills (printed on paper made from straw) are suitable for general distribution. They embrace Religion, Sabbath Observance, the Sacred Scriptures, Temperance, Peace, Kindness to Animals, Truthfulness, Swearing, War, &c. Nos. 1 to 50 may be had (for 3s.pence) as under:—

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8. New Have *Family Prayer.*
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29. What Shepherds a day will do.
30. Swallowing a 'Lord of Land.'
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32. Thomas Mann, or, How many days do you work?
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34. There goes a Teetotaller.
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"For every beast of the forest is Mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills."

"Those all wait upon Thee; that Thou mayst give them their meat in due season."

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THE BIBLE—A WONDERFUL BOOK.

A NATION must be truly blessed if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed Book; it is so complete a system that nothing can be added to, or taken from it. It contains everything needful to be known or to be done. It affords a copy for a king, and a rule for a subject. It gives instruction and counsel to a senate. Authority and direction for a magistrate: it cautions a witness, requires an impartial verdict of a jury, and furnishes a judge with his sentence. It sets the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the table; tells *him*, how to rule, and *her* how to manage. It entails honour to parents, and enjoins obedience to children; it promises and limits the sway of the sovereign, the rule of the ruler, and the authority of the master; commands the subjects to honour, and the servants to obey; and promises the blessing and protection of its *Author* to all that walk by its rules. It gives direction for weddings, and for burials; it promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both; it points out a faithful end an eternal Guardian to the departing husband and father; tells wife whom to leave his fatherless children, and in whom his widow is to trust; and promises a father to the former, and a husband to the latter. It teaches a man how to set his house in order, and how to make his will; it appoints a dowry for his wife, and entails the right of the first-born; and shows how the younger branches should be left. It defends the rights of all, and reveals vengeance to every defrauder, oppressor, and oppressor. It is the first book, the best book, and the oldest book in all the world. It contains the choicest matter, gives the best instruction, and affords the greatest pleasure and satisfaction that ever was revealed. It contains the best laws, and profoundest mysteries that ever were penned. It brings the best tidings, and affords the best of comfort to the inquiring and discomfiture. It exhibits life and immortality, and shows the way to everlasting glory. It is a brief recital of all that is passed, and a certain prediction of all that is to come. It settles all matters of debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all their scruples.

It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to Him; and sets aside all other gods, and describes the vanity of them, and all that trust in them.

In short, it is a book of laws to show right and wrong; a book of wisdom that condemns all folly and makes the foolish wise; a book of truth that deserts all lies, and confutes all errors; a book of life, that shows the way from everlasting death.

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To understand it, is to be wise indeed; to be ignorant of it is to be destitute of wisdom. It is the king's best copy, the magistrate's best rule, the housewife's best guide, the servant's best directory, and the young man's best companion. It is the schoolboy's spelling-book, and the learned master's most complete grammar for a novice, and a profound treatise for a sage. It is the ignorant man's dictionary, and the wise man's concordance. It affords knowledge of witty inventions for the ingenious, and dark sayings of the grave, and it is its own interpreter. It encourages the wise, the warrior, the sage, and the governor, and proposes an eternal reward to the conqueror.—And that which crowns all is, that the *Author* is without partiality and without hypocrisy, for

"In Him is no variableness nor shadow of turning."

From an old A

CHEAP POSTAGE.

The Publishers will forward packets of the *British Workman* to any part of the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, the Shetland and Orkney Islands, and the undermentioned towns. To those parts who order *post free*, on the undermentioned terms. To those parts who order *rural districts, far away from any Bookseller*, the cheap postage recently conferred a great boon.

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BRITISH WORKMAN

Where is there a LOVELIER sight to be seen,
Than a COTTAGE embosom'd in covert of green;
Where the rose and the woodbine embow'r the gate,
And health and contentment in lowliness wait?

THE TWO COTTAGE HOMES;

OR, "A PENNY SAVED AS GOOD AS A PENNY EARNED."

"THANK you kindly, Mary, for your offer, but I cannot leave my children, my work must be at home, I'm sure I find quite enough to do, and a few extra shillings a week would be a bad bargain, if my children were neglected."

This was said with a half sigh, by a very clean, but plainly dressed woman, with a child in her arms, to a showy person who stood in the doorway, looking round the room with a scornful glance.

"Well! do as you like, but for my part I've a spirit above drudging on a man for every penny I want! I can earn ten shillings a week at fringe making, and I should be a fool to bury my days, nursing children, and dradging about. Ha, ha, I calls that being a maid-of-all-work without wages. And I must say, Nancy Wilson, such a good hand as you are at cap-making, I wonder at you."

Mrs. Wilson looked on her baby's face, as the child's little rosy hands, wandered lovingly over her gown and clutched at her cap strings, and said, speaking to the child in a mother's fondling voice:—"And you, my pretty! who's to mind you, I wonder, and to get poor daddy's dinner, and to send Willie and Fanny to school? No, no, my darling, my place is at home with you; tell Mrs. Jennings so, my pet."

"Oh, if it comes to that," was her reply, with a toss of the head which fluttered some dusky crumpled artificial flowers in Mrs. Jennings' bonnet. "I'm a mother as well as you, but I can't spend my days dawdling about with a child in my arms, and muddling over a bit of a home. I like to have my time and my money; I've been used to it, and so has my husband, and he'd look very queer if I came bothering him for money for my gowns, or for frocks for the children—we have rows enough about money as it is, Mrs. Wilson, so I'll bid you good morning. Don't say I did n't give you a chance of earning as much, and being as well off as I am."

With a half offended air she took herself off, and poor Mrs. Wilson as she hushed her baby to sleep, looked round her room and repeated the words "dawdling" and "muddling" two or three times. There was a natural flush of anger on her face, for, in truth, her life was very active, not a moment wasted, and her home though poor, was very clean and neat. The deal table was scrubbed so white, it looked like ivory. The floor was scrupulously clean, and as the sunbeams streamed in through the clear window-panes, and touched the bright fire-irons and her row of neatly mended old china teacups on the mantle-shelf, and lighted up the face of the Dutch clock, every thing shone and sparkled with the housewife's best polish—*cleanliness*. But Mrs. Wilson had not much time for anger or meditation. The baby was asleep, and the clock told her there was only just time to get the dinner ready by noon; the hour when her husband and children came home. So she bustled about, and soon forgot her vexation in the delight of putting a good smoking-hot dinner on the table, which, as she said to her husband, was but "the scraps from the weekly joint, cooked up with plenty of nice vegetables;" but the family brought good appetites to the meal, and thankful hearts; and it was a real pleasure to hear Willie and Fanny repeat their simple grace, and see the baby clutch his little hands together in a lump, and say "Amen."

Yet! these poor, honest, hard-working Wilsons, were happy in their little home, though the father earned but very low wages with all his toil. And the mother had to cut and contrive and manage, making frocks for the children out of her own old gown skirts, and socks out of the legs of stockings, while in the evenings her husband learned to mend their shoes, and they each and all contrived to have a plain, decent suit of Sunday clothes, worn only as best, and put carefully away on Monday morning. Mrs. Wilson was so clever at her needle, and could wash and iron so well, that when she sent her children out to the Sunday-school, all bright and clean from head to foot, they looked so neat and nice, that no one would imagine all the contrivances their good mother had to adopt.

Wilson's home might truly be called the COTTAGE OF CONTENT. It was occupied by a Bible-reading, Sabbath-keeping, and God-honouring family. Even the children, in their merry gambols, gave evidence of the good training of their worthy parents.

It never entered into Mrs. Wilson's head to doubt that Mrs. Jennings was much better off than herself. Jennings was a skilful, well-paid mechanic; when he chose he could earn two, and sometimes three pounds a week. And his wife earned, as she said, ten shillings. They had had many children, but several died in their infancy. Mrs. Jennings did not or could not nurse her infants. They were brought up by hand, as it is called, and but few survived. There were now a girl and boy, aged thirteen and eleven, and an infant-girl nearly two. One born a short time before our story commences, had lived only a few weeks.

Mrs. Wilson had no time for visiting, and as the Jennings lived some distance off she had not called on them for years, and would have lost sight of them altogether, but Mrs. Jennings passed near in going to her work, and her children for a little time had attended the same Sunday-school as the little Wilsons, but only for a time. They attended about three months before the anniversary; came in of course for the school treat, and then disappeared, and when after some months they were again heard of, they were attending another school, and meant to stay until the annual festival was over.

Mrs. Wilson did not encourage her children to tell tales, or she might have heard that both Harriet and Fred Jennings were among the most unruly children in the school; and of late they had given up going to day-school altogether. They had been in turn at every National and British School within a circuit of three miles, and had left or been dismissed from all. But these details were not known to Mrs. Wilson, who as she sat up mending her boys' clothes, caught herself sighing, as she thought:—"I wish Mary Jennings none the worse, but I wish I had as much coming in."

Children's children are the crown of old men;
and the glory of children are their fathers. Pr. xvii. 6.

The very next day after this thought had troubled the good mother, early in the afternoon she came to a great house in the street, and looking out, saw a boy in the grasp of a policeman, and a troop of young urchins following. Her motherly heart melted as she noticed how young the boy was, and how ragged and dirty his clothes were. "Poor fellow, what has he done?" she cried, as the tears came into her eyes. To her astonishment she heard that the lad had robbed a child of a handle, and was detected just as he was going to sell it at an old clothes'-shop. "Why've been on the look out for him for some time," said the policeman, as the women gathered round, and Mrs. Wilson, as she gazed at the culprit, thought that she knew his face. It was Fred Jennings!

No one could tell her whether his parents knew of this trouble, or where they were to be found, one wild-looking girl said she had lost her home, but found no one there. Mrs. Wilson's revolution was taken, she would go and seek the boy's home, and ask her to appease either the mother or father, or both. With her baby in her arms, away she went on her errand of kindness. On reaching their lodging, the people of the house told her that the key was left with the old woman who nursed his sister, and who lived in the court hard by, that they pointed out. If Mrs. Wilson had felt very with surprised at the dirty stairs, and grimy door of Jennings' lodging, her amazement increased when she entered the inhabited room where an old woman, reeking with gin was sitting; while half a dozen fretful, sickly-looking, starved children were crying about the floor, and one gasping for breath, about the bed, and one gasping for breath, yet doing heavily, was supported on the dirty cushion of an old arm-chair. Some thin rod lay on the table near the woman's hand, and seemed to be there not merely to frighten the poor babies, but the creature, who was piteously sobbing in the corner, seemed to be trying to cover her arms, and swollen eyes and cheeks under her tattered pinafore.

To Mrs. Wilson's inquiry where Harriet Jennings was to be found, the old creature replied, "I don't know, nor care, I've no end of trouble with their cross-grained brat, and lady I've never seen the colour of their money. Hold your tongue, will you, or I'll shake the life out of yer," she yelled, as half fright at the sobbing child from the corner, and shook it. "Oh, dear, dear! poor little thing! is that Mrs. Jennings' child?" "Yes it is, and if you can do better with the little limb, you may take it. It wont walk," the old woman hug the child into the ground. "Why its poor legs bend under it," said Mrs. Wilson. It seems quite a cripple—poor thing! it can't help its mother being poor, and no money, pray be kind to it." She took a biscuit from her pocket, and gave it to the child, but repeated disappointment followed, for all the other children set up a cry, and the old woman went into such a rage that the terrified mother was glad to escape, grasping her own chubby, happy child closer in her arms, and saying, "Leave you my darling! to mind a nurse so like—no, not for any money." As she retreated from the door, a girl spoke to her, and said, "Harriet was gone on an errand for the two young ladies that lived on the first-floor, over the barber's shop opposite," but there was something so strange in the look of the girl, and one of the "young ladies" who was standing in the window looked so different from a modest woman, that poor Mrs. Wilson felt afraid to make any inquiry there, and would have gone completely without her errand, but that on turning to go, she met the object of her search, biding a gin-bottle under a little torn, but tawdry apron. Harriet Jennings was still of her age, a good-tempered, pretty, slatternly girl, neither better nor worse than thousands of others, but like all young people, needing care and kindness, and guidance—without these, what but crime and sorrow was before her? When Mrs. Wilson told her her errand, the girl nearly let the gin-bottle fall, and one of the before-named "young ladies" called to her to make haste; Harriet ran crying to them, and soon that re-appeared, wearing a dirty bonnet of faded red, and with a shy-shod foot, kept close beside Mrs. Wilson who in all her poverty had never walked in the street with such a piece of filth and finery before. "I dare not tell my father," sobbed the girl. "It'll break my neck if I go to him with bad news, for he says, Fred's goings on is all mother's fault, and I know he's hot on the drunk, off and on, for this fortnight! What shall I do? Oh dear, what ever shall I do?"

"Your mother must know," said Mrs. Wilson, "there must be some one to speak for the boy.

"What can mother do?" she cried. "Here's our goodie—the landlord vows he'll seize 'em for rent—and mother says half of life—always at work, and no comfort. She went last night to the Vulture in the Road for a little change, she said so miserable." So talking, they came at length to the fringe and trimming factory, and Mrs. Jennings, looking very pale, haggard, and cross, was called to them. She seemed to expect bad news, for she said, "Is Fred's sentence passed out yet," and when she was told, her rage at her husband seemed greater than her sorrow for her boy. "It's his fault, the brute," she said "and I told him how it would end." There was no reasoning with her, and Mrs. Wilson, knowing what to do further, returned to her home to get ready the evening meal for her husband and children, taking poor Harriet Jennings with her, and giving the neglected girl what she seemed rarely to have—a good meal. She gave her good advice too, but alas! the neglect and idleness of years is not easily overcome.

Fred was convicted, and the magistrate very properly blamed his parents for letting him roam in idleness and vice, but decided to put him, after a fortnight's imprisonment, in a Reformatory School; the father was ordered to pay for his support, or the maintenance of his neglected boy. Though the parents ought to have been able to afford this sum, they were so deeply in debt, they knew not how to spare it, and it was a constant wrangle between them, each laying the fault upon the other. Mrs. Jennings John and Nancy Wilson begged them to alter their whole plan, and to take care of their home and children. They agreed their course—and when the four years were up, and Fred was free, he found that his little baby-sister had been laid to death—his father was miserably ill in Marylebone Infirmary—his mother was still working early and late at the factory—a gin-drinking shrew, hating everybody, even her own child. And Harriet, what of her? Old in crime, and older in sorrow, she lives a life of infamy.

Never, from the day when Mrs. Wilson went on her charitable errand, did she for a moment wish to leave her home and family for any fancied benefit. She learned then that the wife who *sees*, is always doing as good, and mostly a better work, than the wife who *earns*—and as years went by, though the pennies still had to work hard, their children grew up industrious and useful. The boy went with his father to the City, and rose into respectable service, and when the youngest showed an inclination for books and study, the family were able to keep him at school until he was of age

THE SCOTCH COLPORTEUR.

There is an interesting and important movement going on in Scotland, which deserves to be known and imitated throughout the length and breadth of the three kingdoms. We allude to the efforts of the "Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland" for carrying to the working classes books and periodicals by means of Colporteurs.

A friend has kindly transmitted to us a photograph of the oldest of these worthy labourers. With his pack on his back, he is just entering the village, at every house in which he is about to call and dispose of the contents of his well-filled treasury.

The above Society has now forty-four colporteurs in various parts of Scotland. The results following their travels are of the most gratifying character. The clergymen and ministers of the various districts are duly apprised of the intended visit of the colporteur, and by means of notices left their pulpits and schoolrooms, the people are prepared for the welcome visitor. Within the last twelve months, thousands of good books and papers have been scattered in the cottages of Scotland, amongst those who reside so far away from any bookseller, as to almost preclude the possibility of their possessing such valuable companions for leisure hours, unless they had been brought to their doors by these colporteurs. The Committee of the above Society merit, and we feel assured they will receive, the hearty thanks of the working men of Scotland for the boon now being conferred.

Those of our readers who desire to have one of the best catalogues of books and tracts yet published, (comprising those issued by various societies), will be well repaid by enclosing a postage stamp for a copy, to Mr. Grierson, the Manager, Religious Tract and Book Society, South St. Andrew Street, Edinburgh.

We also take this opportunity of calling attention to the liberal offer recently made from the Dublin Tract Repository, viz., to supply Ministers, Sunday and Day School Teachers, Tract Distributors, &c., with £1 worth of tracts for ten shillings. Full particulars may be had by enclosing a stamped envelope to the Superintendent, 10, Dolier Street, Dublin.

THE WIDOW GREEN AND HER THREE NIECES.

CHAPTER VIII.

A TOUR GIRL'S FORTUNE.

The Widow Green, as we have already said, put on her bonnet and shawl; and she did this in so determined a manner, that her nieces saw there would be no preventing her doing that which her mind was set upon, whatever it might be. Harriet alone looked as if she knew what it was. Indeed, Harriet looked very conscious of something, and altogether very uncomfortable. She herself had what is called a great spirit, but there was about her aunt that quiet sign of a strong will, which people seldom think of opposing, because they see at once it will be of no use. So Harriet went quietly out with her aunt, who took her hand, and without another word, placed it within her arm, holding it there very closely, as they walked hastily along.

They had not gone far, when a young man, with a kind of sailor's coat buttoned closely up to his chin, pushed rather rudely up to them. Mrs. Green said nothing, but she noticed that Harriet lifted up her hand as if making a sign for him to go away. He was not, however, a person to care for anything but his own amusement; so the next thing he did was to walk quickly on before, and then turning sharply round, to meet the widow and her niece face to face.

Mrs. Green now saw that the young man was, or ought to have been, a gentleman, though trying to assume himself like a common sailor; and this made her still more disgusted and angry with the bold way in which he looked intently at Harriet, as if they had been acquainted before.

"Who is that?" asked Mrs. Green, as soon as he had passed.

"My master's son," replied Harriet, "just come home from sea."

Mrs. Green said no more, until she discovered that the young man was walking on the other side of Harriet. Then she spoke out as boldly as if he had been any common man, for she felt no respect whatever for a person who could so far forget what belonged to her proper place.

Harriet began to feel very much afraid that some mischief would follow, for the young man cared nothing about her aunt, and replied very rudely, setting her down as a low person; to which Mrs. Green replied, that high and low belonged, as she thought, to how people behaved themselves, and what kind of characters they bore.

This disagreeable conversation, however, did not last long; for as they drew near to the home of Harriet's master, the youth dropped behind, and thus left them to enter the house undisturbed.

The Widow Green, feeling very anxious in her own mind, insisted upon going into some room alone with her niece. But Harriet wanted to treat the whole matter as a joke; and by way of excuse began to describe Mr. Sydney Blake as a good-natured fellow, whom nobody minded. She said he had just come home from foreign parts, and did not know how to behave himself; but there was no harm in him, she was quite sure.

"Perhaps not;" replied her aunt, "but there are two questions you must answer me—first, did you expect to meet with him this evening?"

"Why, no, not quite," replied Harriet, "he certainly did talk some kind of nonsense about coming to see my safe home, and he said too, that he should tap at the window to let me know that he was there."

"Window?" exclaimed Mrs. Green very sharply. "How did he know which was my window?"

Harriet blushed very red, when she answered, "I told him, to be sure."

Her aunt looked very hard at her, and was silent for a little while. She was almost too much shocked to speak. But at last she said, "May my question is—have you ever been out with him before, or given him your company in any unsuitable manner?"

"No, aunt, I have not," said Harriet, and at the same time, looking her aunt full in the face, "there has nothing passed between us that I should mind your knowing—nothing but a little joking, and fun. He has not been at home more than a week, and indeed, aunt, I had no idea he would really come, though he said he would, and I—I'm afraid I rather dared him to it; for I do assure you, it never struck me there was any harm until I saw your look when you put on your bonnet."

"Harriet," said Mrs. Green, "you have always been a truthful girl, whatever else you may be. I am so glad to believe what you tell me, that this is all that has passed between you and the young man. But then, my dear, you know it will not be safe for you to stay in this house. You must be got away somehow, and this very night, too."

"Oh! aunt," exclaimed Harriet, very much terrified; "you must not mention this nonsense, indeed you must not, there will be such a piece of work! Master will be so angry!"

"I dare say he will," observed Mrs. Green, speaking very plainly by the way in which she spoke, that she did not think the anger of Mr. Blake of near so much consequence as something else that was weighing upon her mind. "I dare say he will;" she repeated, as if musing, and turning the matter over in her own mind, in order to see what was the best thing to do. And all the while Harriet went on describing what a passionate man her master was, though very kind in his way; how kind they all were of Mr. Sydney; and a great deal more which seemed, in her opinion, to stand in the way of her aunt's meddling in the matter at all. But there was one argument which her aunt had ever ready to bring forward, whatever Harriet might say. It was simply this:—"My dear, while a rich gentleman's anxiety is, a poor girl may lose her character; and your character is your fortune. It is of more value to you than all your master's money can be to him."

It was clear to Mrs. Green that her niece did not see this subject in its true light. Perhaps she was too young, and too unexperienced to understand the case entirely. She confessed that she had been foolish in the first instance, so far as to talk and laugh with the young man; but she believed herself quite equal to breaking all this off now, and even promised her aunt, that she would look for grave as a judge, the next time Mr. Sydney spoke to her.

Her aunt looked into her pretty, merry face, and thinking how unlikely this would be, she determined at once to follow out her first resolution, believing that nothing else would really make the character of her niece entirely safe.

With this intention, Mrs. Green asked if the servants wondered she should ask such a thing at that unlikely time of day. It so happened, however, that Mrs. Blake was at home, with only a friend with her; and being a good-natured woman, she allowed the widow to be shown into a little private room, where she soon went to her, to hear what she had to say.

Mrs. Green told the whole story just as it was, without making it her business to throw blame upon anybody. But she was a good deal disappointed and perplexed, to find that the lady only smiled; saying, that young men would be young men, and that Harriet was too pretty by half; with some other joking of the same kind, all which convinced the widow only still more that her niece must be got away for the sake of her character, for, if the mother could think and speak so lightly, what was to be expected from the son. Mrs. Green did not know, or perhaps she did not consider at the time, that had the same danger been likely to happen to a daughter of Mrs. Blake, she would have been ready to move heaven and earth, as people say, to get her child out of the way of harm.

In short, Mrs. Green could make no serious impression upon the lady at all, until she brought forward her proposal of taking Harriet away that very night. Mrs. Blake did then offer some very grave objections, such as who would do Harriet's work? but being an easy sort of woman, not fond of trouble of any kind, and particularly disliking a dispute, she gave way at last, only repeating an observation which she had made many times in the course of the conversation, "I don't know whatever Mr. Blake will say!"

Mrs. Green did not know either, but she was glad enough to get her niece up-stairs alone, and to begin together to collect a few necessary articles previous to taking her entirely away. When this was done, her heart felt lighter, and she was as she believed, just on the point of escaping with her niece in safety, when an arrival took place which slightly disturbed the composure of her mind. It was the master of the house, who had often noticed Harriet with pleasure, for a pretty, cheerful-looking girl. Observing two figures just going out at the garden gate, he naturally asked who they were. The next thing he did was to call them back; and finding that Mrs. Green was taking her niece away, he demanded an explanation. The widow's simple but truthful explanation seemed only to make matters worse. The gentleman was very much put out—indeed, he went into a perfect passion, calling the widow some very strange and disrespectful names, and turning all the blame upon Harriet, as if she had been a bold, ill-conducted girl.

Harriet said not a word. She was too much frightened, and too much grieved that her aunt should have to hear all this insult and provocation for her. The widow bore up wonderfully. It felt to her very hard that a poor woman should not be able to protect her child without reproach; and yet if that child should actually fall into sin, who, among them all, would look upon her then? But she never once lost her temper, nor answered more than was necessary. Only she kept to her purpose, which was to get her niece away.

After awhile Mr. Blake, like most passionate people, having expended his anger, grew more calm. He had said a great deal more than was wise. Indeed he had said some very foolish things, and some things very wrong. But at last he also gave way, for Mrs. Green's firmness and perseverance seemed to be too much for them all. So Mr. Blake, when his wrath abated, turned away with an air of contempt, promising to allow to do as she thought best; though he did not actually give his consent to Harriet's leaving. It is quite possible, he might think within his own mind, that the matter would be best passed over without more words, lest any discredit should fall upon his family from what a high-spirited woman like Mrs. Green might have to say.

In the course of this story, we have frequently used the words *high-spirited*, and *determined*, as if these words stood for good qualities, and good we think they are when used in a good cause, though very dangerous in a bad one. The Christian often needs to be very resolute against evil; and very high-spirited in setting a hold face against the first approach of evil. If a young girl would begin in this way when first troubled by what is wrong, or even by what is imprudent, she would escape many of the consequences of evil. If Harriet, for instance, had begun in this way, instead of talking and laughing with a thoughtless, wild young man, who had no business to be joking with her, she would never have brought any danger upon her character, nor caused sorrow and pain to the kind relation who valued her character so highly, because she knew it to be a poor girl's fortune; and as such, that it ought to be kept for her with even more care than people bestow upon their money.

But while speaking of a high spirit, and a strong determination so good that they must never forget that they are things which especially require the grace of God to keep them under, and to guide them aright. The Widow Green knew this, and as she often found herself in the greatest danger of getting wrong through her high spirit, and her strong will, so she found the greater need both of watchfulness and prayer, lest she should mistake her own will for that of God, and so in her own strength, instead of relying upon the Almighty arm both for support and safety.

Never, perhaps, in her whole life, had the widow felt this more than on the occasion which has just been described, and before returning to rest that night, with her mice secure and safe beneath her own roof, she knelt down with her, after reading a chapter in the Bible, and prayed long and earnestly for pardon in what she might have sad or done amiss, for strength and wisdom to keep her and those committed to her in safety through the future; but especially she poured out her heart in deep gratitude to God for this mercy and goodness in permitting her to carry out the purpose which she had so firmly believed to be right.

THE WIFE'S SONG.

Tune—"The Young May Moon."

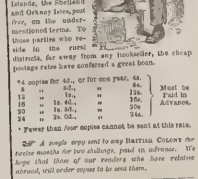
The cheerful fire is burning, love!
And I for the cooking preparing, love,
And the children clear, with merry cheer,
Have hailed thy glad returning, love.
Then stay at home to-night, my dear,
I will be a real delight, my dear,
For there's no place, in the world's wide space,
Like home, when bright with love's light, my dear.

No strong drink here is flowing, love,
But joy in our hearts is glowing, love,
And every day, to be remember'd, my dear,
Is a secret well worth knowing, love.
Then read to me to-night, my dear,
I'll listen with true delight, my dear,
I would not change for the world's wide range,
So pleasant a sound and sight, my dear.

Though clouds our lives have shaded, love,
Flow'rs from our path have faded, love,
But in every grief, we've found relief,
As each the other has aided, love.
Then hoop the fire to-night, my dear,
While our hearts are bounding light, my dear,
Let who will roam, we'll strive to make home,
A place that love keeps bright, my dear.

C. L. B.

CHEAP POSTAGE.



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Literary Contributions *to be addressed to the Editor,* 13, *Barnsbury Square, London. (N.)*

"Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the LORD: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—Isaiah i. 18.

TAG-RAG.

About twenty years ago, a poor shoeless beggar boy was seen to enter one of the sheds of the Greenock quay. He held in his hands a cup of coffee, a bit of herring, and a scone. These he carried to a poor ragged, homeless drunkard. Poor as the boy was, he felt pity for his still more wretched fellow-creature, a man who by his intemperance had reduced himself to the lowest depths of poverty, and the verge of starvation. This poor man was known through the streets of Greenock by the name of *Tag-Rag*.

Much as Tag-Rag loved drink it is said that he always kept sober on Sundays, and when sober was a generous-hearted fellow. It is told of him, that on one occasion he leaped over the quay to save a sheep; and on another he plunged into the river to rescue a child. So drunken, however, had he become that he could obtain shelter in no lodging-house in Greenock, and for a long time the quay shed was his only home.

On one occasion he became so fearfully intoxicated by drinking rum, which was being landed from a vessel, that he sank down apparently dead. For some hours he gave no signs of life, and was being prepared for his coffin, when, to the consternation of those who were present, he started up and shouted, "There's eight o'clock, and the Liverpool boat 'll be in!"

It was after his recovery from this fit of drunkenness that Tag-Rag was invited to attend a Temperance Meeting. He went, and to the astonishment of many, he signed the pledge. Tag sent word to the Superintendent of Police that he might place over his cell, a ticket with the words "TO LET," as he would now no longer occupy it! A porter's badge was got for him, and for the first time he began to enjoy the fruits of industry, and taste the sweets of sober living. The boys ceased to call after him Tag-Rag, and it was not long before he rejoiced in the honourable designation of Mr. McTaggart. Many predicted his fall, but, through God's grace, he has hitherto been preserved.

His minister informs me that he is a regular and devout hearer of the Word of God. Many attest that those who know his past and present—among whom are the bailies, who, in the discharge of their duty, often sent him to jail—declare that henceforth they will despair of no man's reformation.

A few years since a crowded meeting of the inhabitants of Greenock was held for the purpose of presenting a silver medal to one whom the people "delighted to honour," and to whom, think you, really was this token of public esteem awarded? to none other than John McTaggart, the reclaimed one.

A career so remarkable induced me to solicit an interview with Tag. There he was—a bluff, honest-looking, sailor-like old man, bearing unmistakable indications of rough weather and rougher usage. As I took his massive medal in my hand, I said, "You were not always led by this chain, Tag."

"Deed no, sir," was the reply, "but often I expected to end my days with a rope about my neck."

Deceived by his man-of-war appearance, a naval officer one day asked him if ever he had been in the navy?

Jack replied in the negative.

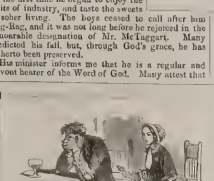
"Then," said the officer, "you must have been in the army?" Jack still replied, "No, sir." The officer, making a still closer inspection, declared, "You must have been engaged in some work of warfare."

"Ye're richt there, sir; but it was in the WHISKY WAR, and it was then I was so severely wounded; but I am now in the COLD WATER ARMY, where there is *good pay*, and the expectation of retiring with a *liberal pension*."

Rev. W. Reid.

[Abridged from No. 8 of the "Monthly Pictorial Tracts," published by the Scottish Temperance League.

John M'Taggart, with his silver medal.



PUBLICATIONS FOR THE

SUPPRESSION OF INTEMPERANCE.

1. The Sailor's Home. 2. The Goose Club. 3. The Man in the Well. 4. The Leather Almanac. 5. The Door in the Heart. 6. The Ox Sermon. 7. The Free-gang. 8. Water is Best. 9. The Unfaithful Steward. 10. Let Every Man mind his own Business. 11. Cold Water Boy. 12. Speak Kindly. 13. What are Bands of Hope? and How to Form them. 14. Two Christmas Days.

A packet, containing a copy of each of the above 14 Publications (12 of them illustrated), may be had through all Bookseller, or *post Free* on receipt of sixteen postage stamps

London: PARTRIDGE & Co., 34, Paternoster Row.

The share which England has unhappily had in this unhallowed traffic claims serious attention. Now that the East India Company's powers are transferred to the nation at large, the continuance of the opium traffic throws a personal responsibility on every man in the nation.

In our next number we hope to give some account of the efforts now being made by an influential body of clergymen, ministers, and members of parliament, for the purpose of rousing national attention to this painful subject.

May we, in the meantime, be allowed to urge upon the friends of Missions the necessity of doing more than has yet been done for spreading the blessings of the Gospel amongst the millions in the eastern world. The Gospel is *the great antidote* to the world's woes.

TO MY COUNTRY AND FELLOW-WORKMEN.

O England! land of boasted liberty,
Whose soil has power, the shackled slave to free,
To shield his sable body from the stroke
Of cruel bondage, and to break its yoke!
Say—shall your sons be fettered by the chain
Of democratic faction? Shall the stain
Of Sabbath desecration soil the land
In opposition to the fourth command?
Shall Christian England be but such in name?
Shall Sabbath-keeping England lose her claim
To such distinction, and good men's applause,
Or yield another palm to Satan's cause?
Forbid it all, who prize their country's weal!
Forbid it all, who in your bosoms feel
The warm—the generous—patriotic glow
Which none but those who love their country know!
O let not England's Sabbaths be profaned!
That Sacred Day, by God Himself ordained!
If you love Music—let your voices raise
To Him the songs of gratitude and praise.
But some will say—"Tis rational to give
"The Working Classes pleasure while they live.
"That recreation in the open air,
"Will cheer their spirits and their health repair."
This may be well—but from the world's turmoil,
Its six days' traffic, and its six days' toil,
Can none be spared? Must greedy mammon fix
His paw unsatiate on more than six?
Can not one day in seven be given to God?
Do we not fear His now uplifted rod?
E'en now we hear from India's distant shore
The victims' shriek—the murderous cannon's roar.
Is it indeed too much, that God demands
This sacred duty from the creature's hands?
To thank Him for the daily mercies given,
And read His Word that tells of sin forgiven,
To leave the world, and to His House repair,
To sing His praises, and to worship there.
Do not mistake the road to happiness,
Nor spurn the privilege you now possess.
In vice in time, nor Bitter life away,
In search of pleasures that so soon decay,
Remember too, that man is born to die—
And after death—a long eternity!
God, in His mercy, hath the Sabbath given,
To rest from labour, and prepare for Heaven.
If you observe with reverence this day,
And to your God your constant homage pay,
Believe me, friends, 't will give you peace and joy:
A peace that's lasting, and without alloy.
A peace, which all the joys of sense combin'd,
Can never bring to the immortal mind.
Then think of this, as to the Parks you go,
To drown your better thoughts in noise and show.
Nor be misled by those, who but pretend
To be the people's guardian, and their friend,
Whose well-known object is from you to claim
Your loud applauses, and an empty fame.
But turn to truth and soberness, and you
Will be the wiser, and the happier too.
And be assured, that in the end you'll prove
That God will send His blessing from above,
On you and yours, and He will be your Friend
In every change that may your lives attend.
O Hi Him we live and move;—on Him rely
For peace in life, and comfort when we die.
May He vouchsafe our native land to bless
And give His Gospel the desired success;
Protect our Queen—extend her gentle sway,
O'er Britain's realms, to life's remotest day;
May all her subjects keep the fourth command,
With heart and soul throughout our favor'd land.
Giving due honour to the powers that be,
Serving our God with fear, our Queen with loyalty

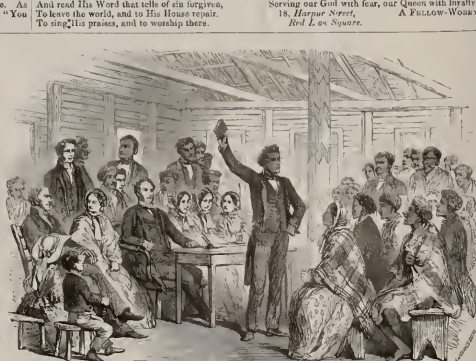
18, *Harper Street,* A Fellow-Workman
Red Lion Square.

NEW ZEALAND.

The powerful influence of the Gospel is most apparent in this recent seat of cannibalism. At recent Missionary meeting, there, a convertist native pleaded with considerable power the claims of the Mission cause!

THE LORD'S DAY.

As we believe that every encroachment upon the sanctity of the Sabbath inflicts a serious injury upon society at large, and specially upon the Working Classes, we are glad to give insertion to the following hymn from one of "Sons of Toil." If British Workmen lose their Sabbath, they will soon have to give "Seven days' *work* for six days' *pay*.



A recent scene in New Zealand. A converted native pleading the cause of missions.

London. Published on the first of every month, for the Institution, by Messrs. Partridge & Co., 34, Paternoster Row, A. W. Bennett, Jun.

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BRITISH WORKMAN

THE CRASH IN THE HALL.

Good servants will be crossed by bad masters, and good masters will be plagued by bad servants, until both masters and servants are influenced by the same principle of love to Christ, and guided by the same rule of obedience to God's law. Where the Holy Bible is duly acknowledged and truly acted upon, one common standard of conduct is regarded in public and private. Whatever may happen to occasion a temporary misunderstanding, it is soon arranged when both parties admit that what the Bible sanctions is right, and what it condemns is wrong. In the family of Squire Holt its authority was not acknowledged.

Mr. Holt wanted a footman, and two persons applied for the situation. Ralph was recommended to him as a plain, honest, pious servant; and Reynolds as a sharp, shrewd fellow. Ralph was ignorant of many things that Reynolds knew. He did not know how to tell an untruth, to wear a mask of deceit, or to rob his master. But if there were many things known to Reynolds, which were unknown to Ralph, there were some things familiar to the latter, to which the former was an utter stranger. He had an acquaintance with his Bible and his own heart; and, more than all, he knew Him, whom to know is eternal life. Mr. Holt saw the applicants for five minutes only. "No Ralph for me," said he; "I will take Reynolds."

"Sign this," said he to Reynolds, putting a paper before him, "I like every one to know what he is doing. I agree to take you for a quarter at the rate of thirty pounds a year."

Reynolds signed the paper without so much as reading a line of it, believing that no master could make him do anything that he had not a mind to do. The paper was witnessed by the butler. The Squire

THE RAGE OF SQUIRE HOLT WHEN HE SAW ON THE STONE FLOOR OF THE HALL, THE WRECK OF HIS CHINA.

had chosen Reynolds rather than Ralph, because he was the better looking of the two, and quicker in his movements; but a man may pay too dear for his whistle.

Not long had Reynolds been in his place before he began to find out his master, and his master to find out him. The Squire had put down in the paper that Reynolds had signed many things which the latter had never been accustomed to do, and this made him half mad with vexation. He was determined to have his revenge.

Things went on as they usually do go on in many ungodly families; the servants were treated as slaves, and those they served were regarded as tyrants. The end of the quarrel was near at hand, and Reynolds, who felt sure that his revenge would then be dispensed with, began to rest about in his mind how he should spite his master.

Mr. Holt had a few hobbies, and one of them was a set of china which had cost him a high price; it was his delight to launch out in praise of his "Pekin porcelain."

Mr. Holt's set of china, though it afforded him much pleasure, occasioned him no small degree of solicitude, for well he knew that if by any accident a single piece were broken, he should never be able to get its place supplied. On high days and holidays, and then only, it made its appearance.

"Adorned profusely with metallic hues,
With golden purpies and cerulitic blues."

As it was onto the intention of the Squire to send off Reynolds when he had completed his quarter, he invited a large party the day before, that he might have his services on that occasion, instead of those of a fresh footman, who might at first be a little awkward. Now, then, was the time for Reynolds to secure his revenge. A word or two of concert with Hayeroft the housemaid, who hated her master quite as much as Reynolds did his master, was sufficient.

All things went off well at the party, and the Squire, as usual, launched out eloquently in praise of his "Pekin porcelain." At length Reynolds had to carry out the tea containing a great part of the china, and this he seemed to do with particular care. Of course it was quite accidental (at least he so afterwards represented it to be), that he met Hayeroft midway on the stairs carrying an empty tray to an upper chamber; and of course it was nothing but an accident when Reynolds, as he passed the tray for a moment over the banister to let Hayeroft pass, happening to loose his hold, down fell the tray into the hall with a terrible crash, taking with it a part of the glass chandelier which was suspended there.

The crash told its tale too loudly not to be heard and understood by all from the drawing-room to the kitchen. From the latter ran cook and scullion, and from the former rushed Squire Holt, with a face red with rage, while his lady, followed, accompanied by half-a-dozen of her guests. The rage of Squire Holt when he saw on the stone floor of the hall the wreck of his china, knew no bounds. Regardless of his company, he broke loose into the most violent language, declaring, with an oath, that his "Pekin porcelain" had been wilfully demolished, while the wicked and exulting leer in the eye of Reynolds, which he too well understood, almost drove him to madness. That day was to Reynolds a day of inward exultation. He had executed his plan, he had spited his master, he had had his revenge.

On the morrow, Reynolds demanded his wages, seven pounds ten shillings; but now it was the Squire's turn to take the lead. True, he had irrecoverably lost his china, but half his vexation was taken away in the malicious joy of having overreached his "villain of a servant." With a malignant smile he produced the paper which Reynolds had signed without reading, one article of which was, that the full amount of his breakages should be taken out of his quarterly wages. If before, the Squire had turned red, Reynolds now turned white, with rage and disappointment. The Squire up all in a few words, by that crash in the hall, Squire Holt had lost his china, and ruguish Reynolds his wages and revenge.

There is no real cure for these sinful things on the part of masters and servants, but that of getting Bible principles planted into the head and the heart. Then, and not till then, will servants be obedient to their masters, "Not with eyeservice, as men pleasers; but as the *servants* of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart." Ephes. vi. 6. And then *masters* "will do the same things unto them," forbearing threatening;" knowing that they have a *Master* in *Heaven*, and that there is no "respect of persons with Him." Ephes. vi. 9.

A GOOD SERVANT.

A good servant considers himself bound by the laws of God as well as man, to be strictly honest, just, and faithful, with regard to everything committed to his charge; he will not content himself with eyeservice, but as as careful of his master's property as if it were his own, and that equally as much in his absence as when his master is present with him. He obeys all the just and reasonable commands of his master with zeal and pleasure. He does not stand in need of admonitions for the performance of his duty, nor reproaches for the omission of it. He treats his master with respect in his presence, and never slanders him when out of his hearing. He endeavours to promote the same fidelity amongst his fellow-servants which he constantly practises himself, and if they do not act otherwise, he thinks it his duty to acquaint his master with their conduct. If his master is a man of piety he respects him the more for it, and esteems it a great privilege to attend with him at Public Worship, and to have the benefit of his precepts and example.

DO ALL THE GOOD YOU CAN, AND AS OFTEN AS YOU CAN, IN ALL THE WAYS YOU CAN, TO ALL THE PEOPLE YOU CAN.

"And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for ye serve the Lord Christ."

A master should be sometimes *blind*, and a servant sometimes *deaf*.

If thou be a servant, deal justly by thy master; let his business be thy care, and his welfare thy content: when commanded, be obedient, when not commanded, be provident: let diligence be thy credit, and faithfulness thy crown.

Wicked hopes, like blind guides, deceive a man, and lead him into sin.

All our present glory consists in our preparation for future glory.

Many a young man leaves home influence behind him, when he goes out into the world in search of gold. His Bible is forgotten, his God is forgotten. A mother may have prayed for him earnestly, and placed the Sacred volume in his trunk, with supplications that it might be read daily; but in the earnest pursuit of wealth, prayers and supplications are often unheeded. Under the influence of irreligious companions, and the absence of all the observances of religion, great is the peril to the immortal soul. Would to God that to each and all such wanderers from the right way, would come a gentle admonition as it came to Alfred Bell. "Where is your Bible, Brother? Are you not afraid God will forget you?"

The earnest pleading of his loving sister, Minnie, touched Alfred's heart. That night he opened the Sacred volume, and read aloud from its pages. "Pray for me, dear mother, for I have wandered far from God, I fear He may forget me." Night after night the earnest prayer ascended to the Throne of Grace. The brother was reclaimed from his wanderings, and now lives to be a blessing to his home, a truly Christian man, fearing God, and walking in His commandments.—*American Messenger.*

VOICES FROM THE PULPIT.

No. I.

We are much gratified by the receipt of the following letter from the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B., of Surrey Chapel, London. We shall rejoice to receive thousands like it.

Dear Sir,—Last month I had the pleasure of admitting to church-fellowship, and to the Lord's Supper, a young man, who stated that the first link in the chain by which God drew him to salvation, was his coming to our monthly Temperance Meeting, held in the chapel. He had been so much interested in the address, that he came to hear me preach the following Sabbath, and thus became a regular attendant on the means of grace.

Last week I had the pleasure of presiding a Bible to a poor man, who received it with a face beaming with gratitude and delight. Twelve months ago, this man was an awful drunkard. During ten years he had been the persecutor of his wife and children. She supported her family by her needle; but he, not merely contributed nothing, but spent what he could get of her earnings. Expecting to be confined, she one day returned home from work, to find that her husband and the publican had stripped the whole of *everything*. He had bed and bedstead were gone, and every scrap of carpet. She had to seek a neighbour's garret, in which to give birth to her child. He has often sold her Sunday clothes, and the children's shoes, so that they could not go to church or school. Some months ago, he heard our Missionary, Mr. Murphy, preach in the street. He went home much ashamed. He had drank cream mixed with tea. The Missionary called, and very properly told him, that if he really wished to be saved, he must give up his beer drink altogether, for Christ said, "See that ye enter not into temptation," and drinking was to him the road to hell. He took the pledge. Mr. M. prayed with him, for God's help that he might keep it. He has kept it now for nearly two years! ministry, is filled with gladness. She has become a member of my church. The children are regularly at school. The husband is punctual in his attendance at Surrey Chapel, on the evenings, and at Mr. Murphy's working-classes' service in the evening. An old, blind, drunken woman, who had been reclaimed from intemperance, astonished at their happiness, has asked to be taught the secret, and he is now reduced to poverty and misery.

One of our Temperance Meetings was lately addressed by a man well-known in London, as a licensed victualler. At that meeting, he told us, that soon after marriage, he pawned his wife's wedding-ring for drink—that he was reduced to poverty through intemperance, and from circumstances of respectability, had brought himself to begging in the streets. Through the kindly board of his room was torn off for a seat—and the cellar door formed their table. Through sorrow and misery of mind, he had been induced to sign the pledge. He was now once more well-dressed, in comfortable home, in a lucrative business, and his wife was now wearing the wedding-ring, which her daughter, sixteen years old, had not seen till then!

May God bless you in your most useful labours, and may the *Band of Hope Review* and *British Workman* continue the blessings of Temperance and Religion to multitudes of homes.

Believe me,
Faithfully yours,
Newman Hall.

A "TRY" FAMILY

The following letter shows what may be done by earnest-hearted helpers, whose motto is TRY

"Seeing as appeal for an increased circulation of your valuable papers, we obtained several of your Band of Hope Reviews. Our object was, in order of getting subscribers, and have since succeeded in circulating British Workman, Band of Hope Review, copies of the Sheet Almanac, and 364 of the *Band of Hope Review*. We enclose above money for your friends which we call the "Try Company." We are,

A Family in a small town in Berkshire.

THE SABBATH IS THE BIRTH-RIGHT OF EVERY WORKING-MAN.

TEMPERANCE AND HUMANITY.

BY THE LATE SIR H. HAVELOCK.

"Let it be recorded, to the honour of the sectors, that though Ghuznee was carried by storm, after a resistance stout enough to have roused the angry passions of the assailants, the Afghans were everywhere spared when they ceased to fight; and it is itself a moral triumph, exceeding in value and duration the praise of the martial achievements of the troops, that, in a fortress captured by assault, not the slightest insult was offered to one of the females found in the Zanana, within the walls of the citadel. This forbearance, and these substantial proofs of excellent discipline, reflect more credit on officers and men, than the indisputable skill and valour displayed in the operation. But let me not be accused of foisting in unfairly a favourite topic, or attempting to detract from the merit of the troops, when I remark in how great a degree the self-denial, mercy, and generosity of the hour may be attributed to the fact of the European soldiers having seen at *Ghuznee*, no candid man, of any military experience, will deny that the character of the scene in the fortress citadel,' would have been far different, if individual soldiers had entered the town primed with attack, or if spirituous liquor had been discovered in the Afghan depôts. Since, then, it has been proved that troops can make forty marches of forty miles, and storm a fortress in seventy-five minutes, without the aid of rum, behaving after success, with a forbearance and humanity unparalleled in history, let it not henceforth be argued that distilled spirits are an indispensable portion of a soldier's ration."—*Sir Havelock's "Narrative of the Afghan War."*

HINTS FROM HELPERS, No. 8.

An energetic friend writes from Dumfries:—

"I entered a workshop here the other day, with the determination to gain a few subscribers to the *British Workman*. I promised to give a volume of the *British Workman* to any one who should obtain the *greatest number* of subscribers. They all immediately set about their work, and I am bound to say, in the course of three days I had *thirty* new subscribers added to my list!

I am about to canvass in a new sphere, viz., amongst the Carmen."

THE CABMAN'S HOLIDAY.

There is an Association in London which merits the hearty support of the Christian public. We refer to the "London Cabmen's Branch of the National Lord's Day Rest Association."* It is a pleasing fact that there are now upwards of one thousand cabs in London which have six-day plates, and, therefore, never come out on the Sabbath. There are, however, upwards of *three thousand* London cabs which are still brought out on the Lord's Day. We frequently peruse the journal of one of the "Missionaries to the Cabmen," and every page seems burdened with the cry from the Seven-day men, "Give, O give us our Sunday. We have no rest—day either for body or mind."

We feel assured that if all our readers will peruse the interesting pamphlet by Miss Catherine Sinclair, entitled "The Cabman's Holiday,"† their sympathy will be awakened on behalf of one of the hardest-worked classes of our countrymen.

* Mr. James Tillett, Hon. Sec., 250, High Holborn, London.

† The Penny Edition of the "Cabman's Holiday" is published by T. Derry, Hatton Garden, London. Four copies may be had, post free for four stamps.

A GOOD TEMPER.

There's not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'Tis worth more than distinguish'd birth,
Or thousands, gain'd a year.
It lends the boy a new delight,
'Tis virtue's firmest shield,
And adds more beauty to the night,
Than all the stars may yield.

A charm to banish grief away,
To smooth the brow from care;
Turns tears to smiles, makes dullness gay,
Spreads gladness everywhere.
And yet, 'tis cheap as summer dew,
That gems the lily's breast;
A talisman for love, as true
As ever man possess'd.

What, may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright Divinity?
Good temper!—nothing more!
Good temper!—'tis the oil-cruet gift
That woman homeward brings;
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bless, unknown to kings.

Charles Swain.

"WHERE IS YOUR BIBLE?"

Alfred Bell, when the fever for emigrating to California was as its height, did not escape the contagion, and, though not sixteen years old, nothing would do, but he must leave a pleasant home and a kind mother, and a little sister, and go and dig for gold in a newly-found State. After three years he returned, and his mother and sister greeted him with warm embraces.

"I have something pretty for you in my trunk, Minnie," he said to his little sister, "You see I have but little baggage, but a small trunk has been with me, through sunshine and storm."

"Let me unpack it, brother please," said Minnie; "I will be very careful, and not tumble any of your nice clothes," and taking the key from Alfred's hand, she proceeded to take out carefully one article after another, and put them on one side, until she came to the bottom of the trunk. She paused a moment and seeming to distrust herself, she put her hand first upon one article and then upon another; then looking up earnestly in her brother's face, while she still sat on the floor beside her unpacked things, she said, "Where is your Bible, brother?"

"I have none," he said quickly.

"No Bible, Alfred?" said Minnie, as she arose, and put her hand upon his arm, "No Bible, brother?"

"No Minnie," he said, a little impatient at her questions; "I left all my books in New York, when I started for California, they took up too much room."

"And have you had no Bible for three whole years, brother?"

"No Minnie," he answered.

"Whose did you read at night, then, brother?"

"I did not read anybody's, Minnie. Come don't bother me now; let us find that pretty fine dress I have for you."

"No, stop a moment, brother. Have you not read the Bible for three whole years?"

"No Minnie, I have not; and I don't know as I have ever seen one, since I have been in California."

Minnie stood and looked at him in utter astonishment, while the tears poured down her cheeks. At length, raising her eyes, she said, in a low, earnest voice: "*O brother, were you not afraid that God would forget you?*" What an appeal to a brother's heart! He drew Minnie to his arms, and kissing her, he said: "I am almost afraid, I have been forgetting God, Minnie."

The eye of Alfred Bell is not a single one. Think upon it Christian parents.

☞ *As we are unable to conclude "THE WIDOW'S SON" next month, we shall defer Chapter IX. of "WINOW GREEN" until the commencement of the new year.*

TO THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

GENTLEMEN,

I am very sorry to say my father was a sad drunkard. I don't want to follow in his steps. I often have to be out in London streets during the hot weather. Many a time I have been parched with thirst, and I have panted for a drink. The temptation to go into a public-house has often been strong, but I have thought of what became of my father through going there, and God has helped me to keep outside. Second-hand clothes have caught a few drops from the street-watering-carts in the top of my leather cap, and have been thankful—even for that. Gentlemen, I hear that in a good many places the Corporations are putting up nice drinking fountains in the streets for folks, and I wish you would take pity on those souls of poor lads like myself in London. Do gentlemen! and you shall have the heartiest thanks of many

A WORKING-MAN'S SON.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

OR,

A NIGHT WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS.

(*Continued from page 163.*)

You have only lost about one hundred and twenty-five pounds since you came in, said the gambler, with entirely discourage you. Why, a young man sat down to that table last night, and lost seven hundred and fifty pounds, when luck turned in his favour, and he left here with nearly twelve hundred and fifty pounds in his pocket! Just then the tempter came in, and he induced Lennox to accept of another advance of one hundred and twenty-five pounds. He thus continuing to make advances, it was well aware that his victim possessed the entire control of his mother's property.

For a time the young man was successful again to win, and thus entired onward and onward, into deeper and more inextricable difficulties, ending in the clear loss of five hundred pounds, payable on *demand!*

At the stage of his infatuation, finding himself losing all self-command, and therefore conscious that he was playing at a great disadvantage, he resolved to risk no more. He had drank freely for several hours, and the strong potation of the morning had lost its stimulating influence. Mental excitement was now keeping him up, but with this kind of excitement, more of rational perceptions mingled, than with the artificial excitement of liquor. This enabled him to do at least one sensible act, and that was to reserve ten pounds, the sum which he had at first proposed to risk.

It was nearly two o'clock when he stole out through the obscure back entrance of the establishment, by which he had introduced himself so cautiously. Once in the street, he turned neither to the right nor to the left, but ran with speed, past the public houses that would, at another time, have wooed him irresistibly to self-indulgence. Another time was on the table when he arrived at home, and he sat down with his mother in silence. Her eye, that ever sought his face with an inquiring look, noted that he was pale, and that there was upon his countenance an expression of great anxiety and pain of mind. Few words passed between them during their brief meal. At its close, he handed her the ten-pound note.

He soon went out to his office. He had been seated there for only a brief period, when the gambler entered.

The brow of Lennox lowered involuntarily, at the same time that he made an effort to put on an unconcerned smile.

"How do you do, my dear, Mr. Lennox?" the visitor said, as he seated himself with a business air.

"I have seen the time when I felt better," was the equivocal reply.

"You despond too easily, Mr. Lennox. Before I became at last successful in the profession, I lost a pretty little fortune. You lose a little now, but you gain a skill that will amply repay you in the end."

"Don't mistake me, if you please," the young lawyer answered, half indignantly, "I have no desire to identify myself with gentlemen of your profession."

"O, as to that, every one must follow his own taste," the gambler replied, tossing his head contemptuously; "but it struck me you were not altogether loth to win, this morning."

"It was the result of a painful necessity, sir," Lennox said, somewhat sternly, "not of a fixed principle. I hold it a moral wrong to gamble! It is taking the money of another without rendering him a just equivalent."

"And yet you seemed wonderfully elated to-day when you had two hundred and fifty pounds of winnings, not earnings," the gambler said, with a malicious grin.

"No doubt I did—and I had a reason for it. But I will not attempt to justify even to myself an act that I condemn in others in another. I was wrong in going to your den, and wrong to feel delight in winning your money. But let us waive all that. Your business now is, I presume, to claim the debt I mainly incurred."

"You anticipate me in declaring the reason of my visit," the gambler replied, "I come for the money you acknowledged under your hand to be justly due to me."

"You will have to wait a few weeks, until I can realize the sum on the sale of a house," Lennox said, "I have no ready money."

"Your notes are on demand."

"I know that, sir, as well as you do; and you can demand the payment a dozen times a day for the next three weeks, if you choose—but, my word for it, the money will not be forthcoming before the end of that time, if, indeed, the whole of it is then," Lennox replied, indignantly.

The gambler ground his teeth together, and murmured a half audible threat, but the eye of Lennox fell not, nor quailed a moment beneath his fixed and angry glance.

"You are a——"

"Beware!" ejaculated the lawyer suddenly, interrupting the sentence; "a man in my position cannot bear much. You may provoke me beyond endurance."

There was that in the look, tone, and manner of the unhappy young man, that made the gambler, fearless, and desperate as he was, hesitate.

"You will, at least, secure me in mortgage on your property, until such time as sales of it can be effected?" he said, after a pause of some considerable time.

"I will do no such thing!" was the prompt answer. "My honour is your security, and most assuredly, it is all that you will receive."

"We will see!" the gambler said, rising suddenly and leaving the office.

After he had left, Lennox went to the office of a real estate broker, and made arrangements with him for the sale of a house, estimated to be worth one thousand pounds—the most valuable piece of property owned by his mother. The terms, as proposed by himself, were, one half in cash, one-fourth in six, and one-fourth in twelve months. In the course of the next two weeks a purchaser was found, for the property was desirable, being under but a nominal ground-rent. The money was paid down, notes given, and the deed transferred. Half-an-hour after closing this transaction, the gambler entered.

Without scarcely a word, Lennox proceeded to fill up a cheque for the five hundred pounds, which he had just deposited. This he handed to his unwelcome visitor, after receiving the obligations which he had given, when the latter withdrew.

"A lesson for a lifetime, I should think," the young man murmured to himself, sinking back in his chair, overcome with a strong and overpowering sense of despondency. "Fool! fool that I have been! This day I might have stood among the first and most successful advocates of the Bar—but for my blind, mad folly! I have sold my birthright for a mess of pottage! Weak, fool, madman, that I am! Am now I am going on to entail tenfold misery on the head of that honoured mother, whose life I have already made a burden too painful to be borne! Wretched man that I am! what shall save me from this wild infatuation? I feel that I have lost the power of self-control, and am madly running on to destruction. O, wretched, wretched man that I am!"

Under this heart-aching sense of his debased and helpless condition, did he sit for nearly an hour, with arms stretched forth from his chair, saying in a husky voice:

"I can bear this no longer"

Leaving his office, he turned his steps towards one of the taverns and in a few minutes stood at the bar, where he called for liquor. Tossing off a glass there, he proceeded to another and another, drinking at each place until he had taken six strong glasses of brandy.

On the next day, a bill of taxes, and two or three other bills, were presented, amounting to about thirty-five pounds. To pay these, he had not the first pound. His professional fees were reduced to a mere trifle, and there were to be no further returns from the sale which had just been made, for six months. To resort again to play, he felt would be madness. There was no alternative but to sell another house, and to this he resorted most reluctantly. The sale was for two hundred pounds—one hundred in cash, and the balance, as before, in payments of six and twelve months.

As to the state of his mother's mind—that mother who had loved him with such a deep and confiding love—under all the evils of her relation towards her son of which she was conscious, we feel our pen inadequate to a description. Her manner and appearance were all sadly changed. She seemed to have lived twenty years during less than half that period. The cheerful composure of her countenance, the inward play of varied and pleasing emotions, had become fixed into an unchanging expression of subdued, toubling melancholy, mingled, as even a careless eye might see, with something of hopelessness. To Alfred she always spoke in the kindest and gentlest tones, and regarded him and loved him with a deeper interest than ever—that peculiar kind of interest which a parent always feels for a child hopelessly deformed, and rendered in a measure disgusting to others. She did not give way to a paralyzing despondency under her severe trials, but was kept in a degree of calm, but exquisitely painful resignation for her hard lot. The wind, tempered in a degree to the chorn lamb, was still a cold and biting wind.

Things remained nearly in the same condition in which we have presented them, for about a year and a half, when Lennox, who had been at several times during the period tempted to risk something at the gaming-table, found himself again in great straits, in consequence of having incurred very large sums of money. The only property that remained of all that had been intrusted to his care, was a small house, about three hundred pounds, and the dwelling in which they lived, which was a very handsome one. Of all this, Mrs. Lennox was profoundly ignorant. Nor did any suspicion of the real state of affairs cross her mind. She knew that the habits of her son must involve a constant outlay of money, but she supposed that he was, of course, doing something in the way of his profession, by which all his wants were more than supplied. Every time she asked for money, the amount was much larger or small, she was promptly handed to her, and thus no suspicion was allowed to enter her mind.

No resource presenting itself, Lennox was induced to sell again. He did so, and received a hundred pounds or so as the cash payment on the sale. Conscious that she alone could not meet all the demands that would be made upon him, his mind entered seriously on the debate of the question, how that small sum could be used to reproduce itself? Of course, to a man in his condition, and to one who had already been tempted to play, no means could present themselves better than the gaming-table. The income from his profession was a mere trifle, for few were disposed to employ him in any case that involved even small consequences. To the gaming-table, then, he entered, risking only small sums, and breaking away when the chances were against him. But, although he often won, yet he rarely left one of those miserable haunts, without a diminution of the sum with which he entered. At last every pound had vanished.

"If I only had ten pounds I could recover all—I know that I could!" he said, one morning, as the influence of his early potations began to be felt. Under this new impulse of hope he went and borrowed, on a mortgage of the house in which they lived, the sum of one hundred pounds. Twelve o'clock that night found him wandering the streets half delirious, without a shilling in his pocket.

Thus he continued to waste, in vain efforts to go back what he had so wickedly squandered, of his widowed mother's substance, until all was gone. The house in which they lived was only nominally the property of Mrs. Lennox—there were upon it, mortgages, fully covering every penny of its value; and for a payment of the interest upon these, her son was daily harassed. Of all this she was ignorant.

"I want ten or twelve pounds, Alfred," she said to him, as he was about rising from the breakfast table, at a time when his mind was in a state of tumult.

He started involuntarily at the request, and a confused expression passed suddenly over his countenance. This, if perceived, was not understood by his mother—at least, suspicion was not aroused in her mind. At the regular dinner hour he let not come home—a circumstance of such rare occurrence that it troubled Mrs. Lennox. She waited for some time, however, to be returned, but so much intoxicated, as to be obliged to go to bed. On the next morning, when he awoke, it was with a vivid consciousness of the nature of his relation towards his mother.

To meet her at the breakfast-table, with one hundred pounds he had asked for, on the day before, he did not dare to do; for he felt that, if he should do so, he must inevitably betray the extent of his mad waste of her entire substance. He therefore arose and quietly left the house. To his office he first went, but the tumult of his mind was too great to allow him to remain there but for a short period. From thence he repaired to a tavern and drank freely. Meeting a few friends there, about as abandoned to the vice of tippling as himself, he spent a great portion of the morning in drinking and discussing politics. When he at last emerged from the place, it was near twelve o'clock. At first, he turned his steps towards his office—but the image of duns and collectors arose in his mind, and caused him to change the direction he had taken. For a time he wandered about the street, undetermined what to do, or where to go. At last he resolved on home.

On entering the house he found his mother standing in the middle of the parlour floor, pale and trembling, with an expression of the most harrowing anguish of spirit!

"O mother! what is the matter?" he involuntarily exclaimed, while his blood grew cold about his heart, for he had an instinctive perception that the worst had come.

"Tell me, Alfred," she said, "is it *true* that you have mortgaged this house?"

"It is too true!" responded the unhappy young man, hurrying into tears.

"And the rest of my property, Alfred?"

"All gone," was the brief reply.

The heart-stricken mother sank upon the sofa, faint and helpless as an infant.

A promise, a pledge of amendment and of devotion to his mother arose to the lips of her son—and he was sincere in his wish to do all that he was about to promise—but he felt that such a promise would be in vain; for he had come to despair of ever being able to conquer the desire for liquor which was now irresistible. He, therefore, stood a silent spectator of her misery, waiting for the first symptoms of returning consciousness, and then, when she sunk upon her knees and prayed to the Strong for strength, to whom alone she could look for support, under this new, unexpected and most painful trial, involving as it did, not only the entire loss of all her means of support, but destroying that sustaining confidence in her son's integrity that had kept her head as it were, above the billows. In the consciousness too that she had at least an income of one hundred and fifty pounds, besides her house to live in, she had felt that she would ever have a home, for her infatuated child. That hope was now, not only cut off, but she knew not where she should find even for herself, a shelter or home.

During that morning, in the absence of Lennox, a legal process had been served upon him at the house, preparatory to a foreclosure of the mortgage. This process came into his mother's possession, and at once revealed to her the secret, he had been so anxious to conceal from her. A few weeks sufficed to effect a real change in Mrs. Lennox's external circumstances. The home of thirty years was taken from her, and she was forced to remove to a very small and uncomfortable tenement, after the sale of a great portion of her furniture, the proceeds of which formed her only means of support for herself and her son, to whom her affections shocked and lacerated as they had been, still clung with a deep and abiding tenderness.

To be concluded in our next No.

TO OUR READERS.

We are obliged to our friends for the exertions they are making to extend the circulation of the British Workman, and especially to those who are forming District Committees for canvassing their respective localities. We find that the house-to-house exercise under the superintendence of an active Committee produces most satisfactory results. Any of our friends desirous of seeing the British Workman circulated amongst the masses, and who are willing to adopt this means, note that the Committee system has commenced, will be kind enough to communicate with us on the subject. We shall be glad to furnish them with a supply of Hand-bills to assist them in their work. Past Distributors who have had an opportunity of canvassing their Districts on the weekdays, have it in their power to render most valuable help. Those who desire to aid us can do so by enclosing in their letters to friends, the circular, "Twenty-Eight Hints for increasing the circulation of the British Workman." A supply may be had on application to the Editor, 13, Barnsbury Square, London. N.

☞ *The Yearly Part of the "British Workman" for 1858 will be ready on the 1st of December, price Eighteen-pence, post free.*

☞ *On 1st December. A complete Edition of the "British Workman" from 1855—1858, with 500 engravings, bound in cloth, price 6s. Well adapted, (forming a handsome Gift-book), price 7s. 6d.*

☞ *Just Published. Parts 1, 2, 3, 4, & 5, price 6d. each, with numerous Woodcuts, Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones," compiled by Uncle John.*

☞ *The British Workman's Almanac for 1859 is now ready. Price One Penny. With 8 Illustrations. We hope the Almanac will be acceptable to our readers.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE following anonymous contributions towards sending copies of the British Workman to Soldiers in India, &c., and for placing the volumes in the Board-rooms, have been received:—Anonymous, 5s and 4s.; Irene, Leamington, 5s.; A. Servent, 5s; M., Hy., 2s.; Ed. Ley, 1s.; Ba., E. T., 1s. 6d. Contributions not acknowledged are acknowledged direct from the Treasurer.

OPTIMA TRAPPIE. We are compelled to defer this article until a fuller season.

We have to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of hundreds of communications.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

The Publishers will forward packets of the *British Workman* to any part of the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, the Sheffield and Dover Isles, *post free*, on the undermentioned terms. To those parties who reside in the remotest districts, far away from any Bookseller, the cheap postage rates have conferred a great boon.

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A single copy sent to any BRITISH COLONY for 12 months for 3s., paid in advance. We hope that those of our readers who have relatives abroad, will order copies to be sent thus.

All ORDERS *should be addressed to the Publishers,* MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & CO., 34, *Paternoster Row, London.* (*E.C.*)

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS *to be addressed to the Editor,* 13, *Barnsbury Square, London.* (*N.*)

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

2 CORINTHIANS, iv. 17.

JENNICHT

"Oh, what a magic charm there is about those two words—" MY MOTHER!"

GOOD MOTHERS.

I was once on a visit at a gentleman's house, in the good town of Huntington, and my attention was arrested by a picture that hung in the dining-room. It represented an aged woman in a homely dress. It was not a fine work of art, and it boasted no decoration or peculiarity, but that of extreme simplicity of delineation, yet my eye rested complacently on that good, calm face, with its thoughtful eyes, and kind mouth, that one almost expected to break into a smile. I looked at my host, and observed he had similar bright dark eyes and open brow, and without asking, I was assured the picture, with the plain close cap and neat apron, represented his mother. Seeing my eyes fixed on the painting, my host came to my side as I stood gazing, and after a little pause, while a slight mist—it might be a gathering tear—dimmed his eyes, said half abstractedly, as though he was thinking aloud, "I know she was a sinner, because the Bible says all have sinned, so of course she like the rest of us must have been a sinner, but I cannot call to mind a word or deed she ever said or did that was sinful." I turned to him as he was speaking, and his eye caught the inquiring look of mine. He smiled and repeated, "Yes, it's true, my only knowledge that she was a sinner, is, that the Bible says 'There is none righteous, no not one.'" "What a testimony," I exclaimed, "oh, that *my children* could say the same of *me*."

These words of my friend, a man not given to strong, still less to exaggerated expressions, sunk deep into my heart and led me to think a great deal more about mothers than I had ever previously done.

Reader, the best earthly blessing is a good mother, the greatest earthly curse is a bad one.

Children may overcome the misery of a bad father, but rare, indeed, are the instances where they have escaped ruin when they have had a bad mother. But I have not the heart to write of bad mothers, it's Satan's worst mischief—the mystery of iniquity. Let us comfort our souls as we travel life's journey by thinking over some good mothers.

In the north of England there is a band of brothers—rich manufacturers. If the people of their town want a library, a mechanics' Institute, or a school-room—if a place of worship needs enlarging, repairing, or erecting—nay, if the toiling operative wants a park, these princely brothers have not only the means, but the heart and will to give, and give liberally, and pleasantly, making the gift all the more precious from the manner of the giver. These generous brothers are the sons of a good mother, and they delight to relate her lovely history. She was born of respectable worthy parents, but early in life a change occurred in their circumstances, and their daughter resolved to earn her own living. She was not troubled with any of those vain and foolish notions that so perplex the young women of our time about service not being so genteel as needle work. She preferred living comfortably with a respectable family to the half-starved life of many dress and bonnet makers, so she went to service—worked hard, won the esteem of her employers, in due time married a prudent, steady young man; above all, and amongst all, never forgot to ask her Heavenly Father's blessing on all her undertakings. She was as good a wife as she had been a servant, became as good a mother as she was a wife. If her husband earned industriously, she saved carefully, and the God whom they loved and served prospered them and theirs. Some griefs were sent; the tender wife had to resign her husband to the grave, but her sons came to comfort her, and call her blessed, and now among England's good and generous men they rank with the foremost. A new meeting was held rather more than a year ago, by a small religious community in a village in the West Riding of Yorkshire. To the surprise of many, Mr. ——, one of the before-mentioned brothers was present at the meeting. Though it was an unexpected honor, the company were truly glad to welcome him, and to beg that he would take the chair. In his opening speech he explained the reason of his being there, saying, "I take a special interest in this place, for MY MOTHER once was a *servant-girl* in this village." He went on to say, that under God, he owed everything of spiritual progress, and much of worldly prosperity to her beautiful example." His speech went to the hearts of all present, more especially the mothers.

GEORGE STEPHENSON, the great railway engineer, had a good mother. In all her poverty, and it was very bitter, she was spoken of as "a real canny body," the highest praise her neighbours knew how to give.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY had a good mother; one who encouraged him to study; one who during her widowhood devoted herself to her children, and taught them perseverance by her good example.

JOSEPH HUME, M.P., the celebrated statesman, had a good mother. She was a widow in poor circumstances and kept a pottery shop in Montrose (Scotland). She resolved her diligent boy should have a good education, and laboured hard to give him every advantage when he started in life. Whatever he learned in public life, he learned industry and economy in private life, at his mother's lowly home.

In specially religious biography, what a number of good mothers come to our remembrance. Mrs. SUSANNAH WESLEY had a family of nineteen children. Her husband's income was very limited, but her wisdom in managing her small means and large family, made the Rectory, at Epworth, a memorable dwelling. Here grew up JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY and many pious, gifted daughters. Eloquence, genius, and spirituality flourished in that home, and ultimately spread from thence over the length and breath of the land. Great as were the gifts of nature and grace bestowed on that family, the best gift was the good mother.

DR. ISAAC WATTS had a good mother. When he was a little child his pious father was a prisoner at Southampton, for conscience' sake, and he remembered his mother carrying him in her arms to the gate of the prison, and weeping over him as she thought of her husband's affliction. Those dark days of religious persecution passed away, and her son grew up, not only to bless and comfort his mother, but to write sweet and holy strains for old and young.

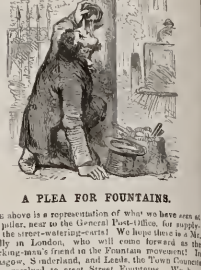
DR. DODDRIDGE had a good mother. He was the youngest child of a large family. Death had so often entered the dwelling and gathered the infant flowrets, that Mrs. Doddridge rejoiced with trembling over her youngest treasure. While she cared for his body, she did not neglect his soul. The old Dutch tiles round the fireplace had Scripture stories printed on them, and the child, as he sat on her lap in the evening, used to listen to his mother's voice, telling him the customs of the holy men of old, and God's dealings with his ancient people. The boy grew to manhood, the mother went to her heavenly rest, but these evening hours were never forgotten. When Philip Doddridge became a teacher of truth and righteousness, his mother's voice lingered in his ears, her words dwelt in his memory, her pious teachings throbbed in his heart, and made him in his turn zealous for the truth, and peculiarly forcible and tender in speaking and writing for the young. But time and space fail us. Think God for good mothers, may their numbers be ever increasing.

B.

A VOICE FROM THE VINTAGE.

In case any of our readers are contemplating a purchase of "Port" or "Sherry" for the approaching Christmas, we recommend their perusal of Mrs. Ellis's "VOICE FROM THE VINTAGE,"* *before* giving their orders. The expenditure of a *shilling* on this book, will enable them not only to save money, but also to increase their means of doing good to others.

* "*Voice from the Vintage.*" By Mrs. Ellis. Second Edition, Price One Shilling, post free. W. Tweddle, 337, Strand, London.



A PLEA FOR FOUNTAINS.

The above is a representation of what we have seen at the pillar, near to the General Post-Office, for supplying the street-watering-carts! We hope there is a Mr. Melly in London, who will come forward as the working-man's friend in the Fountain movement! In Glasgow, Sunderland, and Leeds, the Town Councils have resolved to erect Street Fountains. We hope that London will not be long in the rear.

SIR EDWARD PARRY,

A MODEL GOVERNOR.

SIR EDWARD PARRY, the celebrated voyager, was in 1846 appointed Captain-Superintendent of the Haslar Naval Hospital. Whilst holding that important and responsible position, his untiring zeal in promoting the comfort and welfare of the invalids, gained him the ardent affection of thousands of poor Jack Tars. He not only cared for their *bodies* but he sought to benefit their *souls*. His Sunday Evening Lectures will never be forgotten by many. His biographer states—

"A few minutes before five the party used to assemble in one of the large wards of the hospital, and punctually, almost while the clock was striking the hour, Sir Edward entered the room with his large Bible under his arm, and took his seat at a table prepared for him. The lecture, which lasted about three quarters of an hour, was preceded and closed with prayer. 'I have listened to many eminent clergymen' (are the words of one of the medical officers of the hospital), 'but to none who surpassed Sir Edward Parry in the power of commanding attention. His delivery was pleasing and earnest, his voice clear, sonorous, and such as went to the *heart*.' In such repute were these lectures held, that numerous visitors found their way to the officers' houses in order to have the satisfaction of attending them.

"Those who were privileged to spend a Sunday at Haslar will not soon forget that evening hour spent in the ward, and the interesting group of pale and eager listeners to the truths of the Gospel which fell from his lips. It was a *sailor* speaking to *sailors* of the things of eternity."

Sir Edward Parry has gone to his reward, but he has left behind him an example for all governors of hospitals, and "a good name" that will be honoured throughout generations yet to come.

THE LATE SIR EDWARD PARRY'S "SUNDAY EVENING READING" IN ONE OF THE WARDS OF HASLAR HOSPITAL.

George Walton, Printer, 8, City Street, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

Letters for the Editor to be addressed to 18, Berners Street, London.

BRITISH WORKMAN

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST;

OR

THE SAILOR-BOY'S RETURN.

It must be nearly midnight, thought I, as I walked rapidly along. I had travelled full fourteen miles. The rain descended in torrents, and, finding ready admittance at a farmer's barn, I climbed upon a hay-mow, and threw myself down, thoroughly wet, weary, and sleepless. What an awful visitor it is, thought I, at the poor cottager's fireside! How forcible and true are the words of Holy Writ! If wine be "a mocker," in the castles of the rich,—among the habitations of the poor, "strong drink is raging." There was I, at the age of sixteen, turning my back upon my birth-place, upon my home, upon a mother and sister, whom I tenderly loved. As the recollection of all they had endured already, and the anticipation of their future sufferings rushed upon my mind, I had almost resolved to return: but, alas! what could I oppose to the ungovernable fury of an unkind husband and an apostate father! No, thought I, I will fly from that which I can neither prevent nor endure. By the kind providence of Him, who

hath promised to be the Father of the fatherless, and such, in reality, I was to win, by honest industry, the means of bringing comfort to her who bore me, when my father's intemperance and prodigality shall have made favour of all that remains. My resolution was fixed. Sleep was gathering over my eyelids. I got upon my knees to commit myself to God in prayer. I could scarcely give form to my wishes in thought,—it seemed under the condition of high excitement in which I then was, that my father was before me, standing at my departure, and demanding who had taught me to pray. It was he himself, who first set me upon my knees, and placed my infant hands together, and put right words into my mouth, and bade me ask of God to put right thoughts into my heart. How often had he led his little household in morning and evening prayer! Degraded and changed he was; but he had been once a kind father, a tender husband, a generous neighbour, a faithful friend, a pious and professing Christian.

Drink and ruin, hand-in-hand, had entered our dwelling together. The ruin-sober had laid my poor misguided father under the bonds of an unrelenting and fatal appetite; he had worn away the hallowed bread; and converted our once happy home into an abode of wretchedness.

It was very evident to me, that we were going to destruction. My father's interest in the welfare of us all was at an end. Debts were accumulating fast. His farm was heavily mortgaged. His habits, long ago had compelled the church to exclude him from the communion; and the sorrow I knew was the certain consequence, whenever my poor mother went nigh to the tabble of the Lord. I could bear to see my father's harsh treatment of myself and of my poor sister Rachel, but to witness home, at last, constantly intoxicated; and when opposed in anything, would swear, and rage, and break the furniture, and abuse my poor mother in such an awful way, that I could stand it no longer.

I waited anxiously for a favourable opportunity, and asked my father's permission to go to sea. He flew into a terrible rage, and told me what indeed put me wish to leave home. I hesitated; but as he urged me to speak out:—

"Father," said I, "it kills me to see you and hear you talk and act so badly to poor mother." He flew into a greater rage than before, and bade me never open my mouth on the subject again.

One evening, my mother and sister had been long engaged, as usual, in their housewifery at night but they contribute to keep our poor wreck of a domicile together, as long as possible. I had learned to write, a fair hand, and was engaged in copying some papers for our squire. It was nearly ten o'clock. My mother put on her spectacles and opening the Bible, began to read Rachel and I sat by the fire, listening to the words of truth and salvation. My poor mother had fallen upon a portion of Scripture, which, from its applicability to her own situation and that of her children, had affected her feelings, and the tears were in her eyes, when the loud tramp upon the door-step announced the return of my father. His whole appearance was as usual ominous of evil. My mother stirred the fire, and I placed him a chair, which he kicked over, and threw himself down upon the bed, and railed for supper. Mother told him, in a gentle manner, that there was nothing in the house but some bread. He told her she lied, and swore terribly. She sat silently by the fire;—I looked up in her face; she wept, but said nothing.

"Don't cry so, dear mother," said Rachel, "Will," said my father, sitting up on the side of the bed, "when will you leave off crying?" "Whenever you leave off drinking, husband," replied my mother, in this kindest way.

My father sprang up in a furricane of wrath, and with a dreadful oath, hurled a chair at my mother's head. I sprang forward, and received its full force upon my shoulder. Rachel and my mother fled to a neighbour's house and my father struck me several blows with his feet and fists, and as I made my escape, I left him dashing the furniture to pieces, with the fury of a madman. I rushed forth to seek shelter amid the driving storm, from the tempest of a drunken father's wrath. I went as speedily as possible to the squire's house, and begged him to take compassion on my poor mother and sister. Having received his promise that he would go instantly over to our cottage, I took the resolution which I have already stated.

After I had passed a comfortless night in a farmer's barn, I pushed forward to the city, and a trifle of change in my pocket. I bought a bonnet of a travelling hawker, and I had no relish for any other than the beverage of God's appointment, which was near at hand. When I reached the city, I made my course to one of the wharfs, and succeeded in obtaining a voyage in a ship bound to China.

I worked hard and strove to please the captain. I soon found that ploughing the sea, was very different to ploughing the land. Happily, I had been taught by my father, and my poor unhappy father also, till he became intemperate, to put the fullest confidence in the promises of God. When we arrived at China, the ship was bound for England. I laid out my wages by his advice. I could not have followed a better and kinder counsellor. We had a most boisterous voyage to Liverpool; but whenever I pulled a rope, I always pulled a little harder for the sake of my poor mother and sister Rachel; I had saved nearly every penny of my wages, and my little investment in Cutlery turned out far beyond my expectations. I do not think I was avaricious; but I felt it to be my duty, to save my earnings for my honoured mother. Nevertheless, I felt myself authorized to indulge in one luxury at least; so upon my arrival at Liverpool I went into the first book-shop I could find, and bought myself a pocket Bible.

Five years had now gone by, in which I had sailed many thousands of miles, and visited various parts of the world. During this period, I had put together a larger sum of money then I ever expected to possess at twenty-one; handles having made several remittances to the squire for my poor mother, to whom I wrote upon every convenient opportunity. They all came to hand, as I learned, by subsequent inquiry, in 1841, which went to the bottom, with poor Tom Johnson, who was lost at sea. If I was fortunate enough to see my poor mother, just let me say, for the advantage of every brother sailor, that there are *four* things I never did, I never contracted a habit of swearing to go down my hatches, blow high or blow low; I never rolled stinking weed, like a sweet morsel, under my tongue; I never crossed hands with a drunken landlord; and I never bore away from a port of blow where hammock was harder than my own.

My five years' absence from home might be certainly taken as a sufficient excuse for the conduct of my mother and sister, which became more forcible from day to day. My remembrances of my father were of a most painful character; which often brought tears into my eyes, and served only to render the image of a sober and degraded parent more frightful and revolting.

I had shipped, about this time, on board a vessel bound from London to Leith, late in the afternoon, two or three of us, a day or two before the ship sailed, had strolled over to the south side of the Thames, and down to the dock-yards at Deptford. As I was rambling among the docks, whom should I see but old Tom Johnson, as boatman to a crew we were a carpaulin? He was born in our village.

"Why, Bob," said he, "I'm heartily glad to see you, my lad; so you've taken leg bail of the old folks, and turned rover in earnest, eh?" "Not so, Tom," said I, "I didn't think I'd left my poor mother to think for herself, in her old age.

"Not a jot," replied the old sailor. "Squire Seeley told me the whole story, and said he had put the sweet of your brow, rather than spoil the fortune of the old lady's hand, and made her old weather-beaten heart leap for joy, to hear you was so thoughtful a lad. I'm sure I'm glad to hear about a year ago, and your sister Rachel."

I shook old Tom Johnson by the hand; I could not restrain my tears, for this was the first news I had received from home for more than five years.

"Come, Bob," said the old fellow, "don't be for opening your scuppers and making crooked faces; though it blows hard enough now, it may get to be calm weather after all."

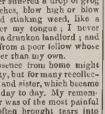
"How is my father doing now?" I inquired. "Why, as the old saying goes, Tom Johnson, "the old man holds on to mischief like a heavy kedge in a clay bottom. The cold water fashion began, some a year ago, to scatter their seed in the village, in the shape of tracts and papers. Some of them were thrown at your father's door, and on the door of old deacon Flint the distiller. Your father was in a great rage, and swore like a shoal the first morning after the delivery of their rascally publications before his door. I'm afraid it will be a long while, my lad, before the temperance folks get the weather gage of him."

As Tom Johnson was to sail in about a week, I sent by him a few lines of comfort, and a small remittance for my mother. As I have already stated, they never reached their destination. The Oranoke, of which he was first mate, foundered, and the whole crew perished.

After I had arrived at Oporto, the crew of the Swallow were discharged; and, finding a favourable chance, I shipped for Philadelphia, where we arrived, after an extremely short and prosperous passage. I directed my course, once more, towards my native hamlet. My feelings were of a mixed and perplexing character. I felt the little property which I had gathered, I felt conscious of something like a power and influence, with which, by God's blessing, I hoped to comfort my mother. Yet, when I recollected the unpovernable violence of my father's temper, under the stimulus of liquor, I almost despaired of success. At any rate, thought I, I could behold the face of her who bore me, and receive her blessing once more before she died.

Having sent my luggage forward, I performed a considerable part of the journey on foot. I had arrived in the village adjoining our own. I paused to look at the barn in which, five years before, I had passed a miserable night. It brought before me, with pain, the gloomy record of the past.

I had arrived within two miles of the little river, which forms one of the boundary lines of our village. I was passing a little grocery, and, standing at the door, I recognised the very individual who formerly kept the dram shop in our town, and from the fact my father had purchased his dram for many years. Although it was already grey twilight, I knew him immediately; and, however painful to approach a person in whom I could not fail to behold the destroyer of my mother, I could not repress an earnest desire to learn something of my family. I accosted him, and he remembered me at once. I inquired how they were, in a surly and dissatisfied man. In reply to my inquiries, he informed me that my parents and sister were living, and, he said, with a sneer, that my father had set up for a cold water man; "but," continued he, with a spiteful laugh, "*He'll* never stand." On



"In the morning saw thy seed, and in the evening withheld not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Eccles xi 8.

farther inquiry, I ascertained that there had been a temperance movement in our village, and that the poor Tom Johnson, as he phrased it, "had been scattered" there, with an unsparing hand. I also gathered, that a large number of the intemperate had voted "no license;" and that he himself had therefore been obliged to quit his bad business and take to a new one."

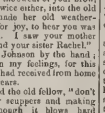
I turned from the dram-seller and proceeded on my way. It was quite dark, but the road was familiar to my feet. It afforded me unspeakable pleasure to learn that my mother and sister were alive and well. But I was perplexed with the dram-seller's statement in relation to my father. Can it be possible, thought I, that *he has* become a cold water man? Twelve years my father has been an intemperate man; and even if he has abandoned ardent spirits for a time he has little reliance under the influence of a drunkard's reformation. Besides, Tom Johnson had expressly stated, that he was a hard and unreasonably hostile to the temperance movement from the beginning.

With these reflections, my mind continued to be occupied until I entered our village. It was about half-past nine, when I came within a few rods of the old cottage. A light was still gleaming forth from the window. I drew slowly and silently to the door.

I thought I heard a voice. I listened attentively. It was my father's. My mother appeared to reply; such was her constant habit; whenever under the influence of liquor, he gave a loose rein to his tongue, and indulged in unkind and abusive language. I drew still nearer, and passing softly into the entry, I listened more attentively and tremblingly. Oh! is possible! thought I. He was engaged in prayer, in fervent and pious prayer! He prayed, with a trembling voice, for the restoration of an absent son. I knew, from the tone of his utterance, that it was evident they had risen from their knees.

I gently raised the latch, and opened the door. Language fails me in attempting to describe the meeting.

My mother and father fell once more upon his knees; we all followed his example; and before a word of congratulation had passed from one to the other, he poured



"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

Eccles. xi. 1.

"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men."

Gal. vi. 10.

forth such a touching strain of thanksgiving and praise to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for my safe return, as would make my heart bleed for the absent prodigal offender. It came directly from the heart of a truly penitent sinner, and it went straightway to the God of mercy. I guess upon my poor old father. It seemed like the moral resurrection of one, already dead and buried, at his trespasses and sins. I glanced rapidly about me; all was peace, all was order, where all had been strife and confusion before. The spirit-gong no longer occupied its accustomed place upon the table;—the expanded volume of eternal life was there in its stead.

I gazed with inexpressible joy upon the happy faces about me; my father, to all outward appearance, such as he had been in former days, sitting in silence, and evidently restraining the emotions of his soul; poor Rachel, her features bathed with happy tears, and my dear old mother turning her countenance, full of gratitude and love, alternately towards heaven and upon a long absent child, returned at last.

God had mercifully softened the stubborn soil in my father's heart. The seed had not all fallen, as Tom Johnson supposed, upon stony places. Others of them have sprung up, as in our own highly-favoured heritage, and borne fruit an hundred fold. Let us thank God, then, who has enabled us abundantly to gather the HARVEST; for peace at once more at our hireside; the wife has regained her husband, and the orphans have found their father.

J. M. S.

[We hope that the foregoing affecting fact, will stimulate many of our readers to make more vigorous efforts for the extermination of the drunkard's curse. The happy movement to the village referred to, rose almost entirely from the gratuitous distribution of good tracts. Let others go and do likewise.]

A RESPECTABLE MAN.

In the course of a celebrated trial for murder, one of the witnesses was asked, in reference to an individual whose name was, for some cause, spared, with the question, if he was "a respectable man." "Yes, he keeps a gig," was the confident reply.

In the estimation of this witness, the possession of a gig was a sufficient proof of respectability; and it is to be feared that the sentiment is too prevalent in the world. Yet no estimate of a man's character could be more erroneous. A man may "keep a gig," or keep a carriage or a riding horse, and be a swindler after all; while the humble pedestrian, whom he covers with dust, or splashes with mire, may be a gentleman, in every sense of the word, be a more respectable person.

A respectable man is a man who deserves to be respected—a man who may, or who may not possess money, but who possesses that which is of infinitely more intrinsic value, I mean, moral worth. In this point of view, it is of no consequence whether, he wears his man dresses in broad cloth, or in fustian—whether he "keeps a gig," or trundles a wheelbarrow,—if he fills honest labor with dignity, the sphere in which Providence has placed him, pays his debts, provides for his family, injures no one by his actions, and is conscious of the comprehensive words of the Apostle, "lives soberly, and righteously, and godly in the world."

A respectable man is the intelligent reader of the *British Workman*, that, compared-plated in the light of Scripture and of common sense, the sober and honest labourer may thus be as respectable a man as the proprietor of the land he tills; or that the prudent and industrious mechanic, who honourably fulfils his engagements to his employer, and gives "a fair day's work for a fair day's wages," may in point of real worth and respectability be that employer's equal. God alone has made them to differ.

Will own inscrutable wisdom He has appointed them their stations in society; and for the benefit of that society, He has made them necessary to each other, by assigning to the one wealth, and to the other mechanical strength and mechanical skill. The real elements of happiness are within the reach of both; the souls of both are cared for in the night of God; and to both alike He has said by the mouth of His Prophet, "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

All honour then, say I, to the pious and prudent mechanic, who, conscious of the dignity of human nature, improves and is with the image of the Almighty, scorns to debase that image by indulging in intemperance or any other degrading vice. All honour to the sober and industrious labourer, who, content to "eat his bread in the sweat of his brow," and satisfied with the wages with which nature provides him, can lie down at night with the sweet feeling that he has done his duty to his fellow man, and that there is no score against him in the public-house. O, if men would only believe that there is as much enjoyment in the cottage as in the palace, as much respectability in building a house as in owning one, and individual worth, dignity in honest labour than in lordly idleness. For, independent the appointment of Providence and the exigences of society require that men should differ in possessions and in rank, yet still—to borrow the language of one who, with all his genius, was, through want of moral worth, less respected than he might have been,—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."

Dr. Hufe.

GOOD ADVICE FOR EVERYBODY.

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek
Five things observe with care;
Of whom you speak—to whom you speak—
And how—and when—and where.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

Mr. Crouch, of Sydney, New South Wales, states, that on the arrival of the English packet, he sends out a number of "runners," who distribute hundreds of copies of the *British Workman* in the streets!

The following letter from John MacGregor, the well-known author of our travelling in America, will be read with great interest by many of our readers. Mr. MacGregor is known as the founder of the "Shoeblack Brigade:"—

"Chicago, on Lake Michigan.
Oct. 3rd, 1858.

"Dear S.—I addressed a large congregation to-night, chiefly of fugitive slaves, from Canada, who flock in hundreds with great delight. At another place, where I spoke to a meeting of slaves, they heard with the deepest interest, and I find the *Workman* is liked exceedingly by all classes in this country.

"I have given open copies in many of the great towns in America—to the hardy settlers in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—and the Indian settlers of Canada—and the miners going to California—on the Ohio, and Missouri, the Hudson, the Mississippi, and the Great Lakes. It is an excellent paper for introducing useful conversation with fellow-travellers, in railways, coaches, and steamboats, and, as I have always found it well received in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, I cannot help urging every friend of the poor who travel, the advantage of carrying with them a good supply of the *British Workman*."

Yours truly,
JOHN MACGREGOR.

"COME UNTO ME."

With tearful eyes I stand by the sea,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heav'nly whisper—"*Come to me.*"

It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee;
O to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the holiday—"*Come to me!*"

When the poor heart with anguish learns
That earthly prop is reaped and sere,
And from each broken cistern turns,
It hears the accents—"*Come to me.*"

When against sin I strive in vain,
And cannot from its yoke get free,
Seeking Salvation by heavy chain,
The words arrest me—"*Come to me.*"

When nature shudders, loath to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see,
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters—"*Come to me.*"

O come, for all else must fail, and die;
"Earth has no resting-place for love;"
"Heav'nward direct thy weeping eye;
"I am thy Portion—*Come to me.*"

O, voice of mercy! voice of love!
In death's last fearful agony,
Sustain me—"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
"Let me hide myself"—"*Come unto me.*"

TWENTY HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS.

☞ *The bound volumes of Part 1 of the "British Workman" for 1858 is now ready, price Eighteenpence, post free.*

☞ *Just Published. Parts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. price 6d. each, with numerous Woodcuts, "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones," compiled by Uncle John.*

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☞ *At the late great Social Science Gathering in Liverpool, several papers on subjects affecting the happiness of the Working Classes were discussed, it was shown that "drinking habits" formed the chief barrier to the prosperity of working-men. We have, therefore, for the December No. contain more than usual reference to this national evil.*

* A vigorous effort is being made by the "United Kingdom Alliance" to obtain a "*Permissive* License Law" on this country, whereby a majority of the ratepayers will have the power of regulating the number of licenses in their respective localities. We shall be glad to have the opinions of our readers on this subject.

THE PLANT AND THE THACT.

A POOR old woman in a house of industry, or poorhouse, applied to a collector of a Tract Association, for the tract called "To-Day." She wished to pay for it, but money she had none; however, one source remained; the inmates of this house were permitted to raise small plants, such as geraniums and others of a similar description, which they sold for a few pence, and this trifle enabled them to purchase some extra indulgences. "I have no money," said the poor old woman, but I will bring you a geranium for it." The plant was accordingly brought. A short time afterwards she called again and said, "I thank you heartily for that tract! Oh, let me have some more. I will gladly pay for them, for I have one other geranium."

What shall we say to the faith of this poor woman? Was it not rich indeed? Let us ask ourselves, "Have I so longed for the things of God as this poor woman?" And when we feel any reluctance to contribute to our Master's service, let us think of the poor old woman and "the other geranium." M. T.

A CHRISTMAS TREE IN A WORKHOUSE.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us of a beautiful Christmas Tree which was seen last year in one of the large Union Workhouses in Lancashire. The branches were crowded with pretty little presents and articles of clothing, which had been given by a number of kind-hearted friends. Although there were upwards of two thousand inmates, yet they *all* shared in the general rejoicing! Old, young, and sickly, were all alike remembered. The very infirm, who could not leave their beds, were not forgotten, for to them little packets of tea and sugar were carried.

It was a joyful time, on which the memory loves to dwell.

Reader! forget not the inmates of your workhouse at the coming Christmas.

THE WIDOW'S SON;

OR,

A NIGHT WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS.

(Continued from page 187.)

As for him, the shock roused him to a temporary exertion. For a few months he abstained from drink, and attended regularly at his office, and the court-room. Several cases had already come into his hands, and his mother had begun to feel her hope for him rekindling in her breast—was beginning to be reconciled to the change in her circumstances, if the effect upon Alfred was to be so salutary. Alas! he fell again, and abandoned himself to a lower degree of moral debasement.

A few more years sufficed to sink Mrs. Lennox into a condition of abject poverty, and to make her son as abandoned and wretched in appearance, as he was in character. It was with the utmost difficulty that, stricken in years and broken in health, the mother could procure, by knitting and very coarse sewing (for her eyesight had failed her very much as years accumulated), even the necessary food, coarse in quality, that was required to sustain nature. In him the desire for drink had increased until the obtaining of it made up the one end of his life. For a time, when other means failed, he would borrow small sums from old acquaintances; when this could no longer be done, and he could get liquor in any of the lowest and vilest places on trust, he resorted to that means. But his failure to pay soon cut off this resource; then he would attract, when the opportunity offered, pennies and even small silver from his mother, hard as she had to toil for the meagre pittance she could obtain, until she was forced to keep this temptation out of his way. Often he would go for nearly a day without drinking, and as night came, half maddened by his intolerable desire, would solicit money in the street, and when this failed, beg for bread and sell it for liquor! This was the deplorable condition at the time he was induced to attend the meeting of reformed drinkers, where he signed the Temperance pledge.

"Do not go out to-night, Alfred," his mother said as he arose from the table that stormy evening, and lifted his hat, preparatory to leaving the house. He did not reply—only paused a moment or two under the desire not to pain her by acting contrary to her reasonable request—but the thirst for drink was irresistible.

"I will be back soon," said he, and then glided hurriedly away.

"Poor boy!" she murmured, as Alfred closed the door after him, heaving a deep sigh as she spoke.

Then lifting from the shelf a large family Bible, she placed it upon the table and endeavoured to read as well as the dim light would permit. Her progress was slow, but as she lingered over each verse, a deeper meaning than that apparent in the mere letter of the Sacred Page, seemed to come by an influx into her mind, bearing with it a degree of confidence in her Heavenly Father, and thence, a measure of peace, such as she had not experienced for many, many years. As she thus read on, she would pause ever and anon, to look upwards with moistened eyes—now with the murmured expression of resignation,—

"Thy will, O Lord, be done!"

Or the prayer,—

"Help me to *suffer* as well as to *do* Thy well, O, my Father." "Still Lord, suffer me to pray for my erring one; let it please Thee to bring him back. O, let my last days be cheered by his restoration."

Then she would again bend over the Holy Book, and ponder its Sacred Truths, whose influence continued to fall like gentle dews upon the parched ground. She felt comforted in her affliction, above what she had been for many months, and she was conscious that the comfort she experienced was from on High.

But as the time passed away, and the storm without abated not, she began to be troubled at the prolonged absence of her son. He had said he would be back soon, but more than an hour had passed since he had left the house; and yet he had not returned. What she most feared was, that he might fall intoxicated into the street, and freeze to death. Her anxiety about him had approached almost to alarm, when about ten o'clock the door opened quietly, and he entered. He was evidently no more under the influence of liquor than when he went out.

"I am glad you are home, Alfred," she said, "I have been troubled about you. It is a cold and stormy night for one no better protected than you to be out."

"I am better protected, mother, than you think," he replied mysteriously, as he seated himself near her.

"I see," she said, observing him more narrowly, "that you have on better and warmer garments, than when you went out. Where did they come from, Alfred?"

"From kind friends, mother—the kindest and best of friends.

There was an earnest pathos in his voice that touched the heart of his mother, and made her pulses throb with an interest as he was so unusual.

"Who are those friends?—where are they? Speak out plainly, Alfred,"

"I don't know, mother, that you will feel much confidence in what I say—I have deceived both yourself and my own self so sadly and so often," the son replied. "But the truth is this, I have joined the society of reformed drinkers to-night, and I feel more confidence in being able, by God's help, to abide by my pledge, than ever I did in any resolution which I have heretofore taken to reform. Others have confidence in me likewise, as these warm clothes will testify. Can you take hope, mother?"

"A mother's heart never ceases to hope for her child," she said in reply to his question, the moisture dimming her eyes.

"Hope then for me with a stronger hope, and let me find a power in your confidence," was his reply.

"O, my son, if you could only find power to abide by this resolution," Mrs. Lennox said, her voice trembling, and a sudden agitation running through every nerve. "How happy I shall be! The past shall all sink into oblivion, or be remembered only to add pleasure to the present."

"By God's help, I will abide, mother."

"Then let us give thanks to Him who has caused light to spring up amid darkness—to Him who will be strength to us in every good resolution."

As she said this, the mother sunk upon her knees, and her son by her side, and with humble acknowledgments for the great good with which their Heavenly Father had now blessed them, prayed that when temptation again prevailed, the weak one might be delivered from evil.

Then they arose, and each retired with more peaceful hearts than they had known for many long years. Day after day now passed away, and Lennox went out and came in a perfectly sober man.

The sudden re-appearance of Lennox at the Bar, under the known circumstances of his reformation, created a lively interest in his favour, and everything was done to sustain him. Six months had only passed, when he was able to rent a larger and better house for his mother—to furnish it with some degree of comfort, and to provide her with a servant. Then, indeed, did she truly feel confidence in her son, bore to her mind. Like the son of the widow of Nain of in the Gospel, she received him, as it were, from the dead.

It was, I believe, about this time, that there was one day, in a well-furnished apartment in the same city, a maiden, over whose head some thirty-five years at least had passed. Though still fair, there was upon her face, a deep cast of thoughtful melancholy. She was sitting by a table, leaning her head upon her hand, with a newspaper by her side, from which she had evidently been reading. After some time thus spent in deep abstraction, she lifted the paper, and read over as if for the second or third time a paragraph running thus:—

"A PLEASING SCENE.—Yesterday we stepped into the court-room to observe the progress of an important trial. Mr. A. Lennox was pleading a case, and we listened for more than an hour, to one of the most able arguments we have heard for a long time. Mr. Lennox seems to have lost little of the vigour, depth and brilliancy of mind that distinguished his best efforts at the Bar, more than ten years ago. Our readers are aware, that a great change has taken place in him, and that he is now in every respect a reformed man. He will yet take a high position at our Bar."

A long deep respiration followed the reading of this paragraph, and again the maiden fell into a profound reverie.

The reader has no doubt guessed her to be no other than Florence H——. Her father had died some four or five years previously, and left her a handsome property. From the time of her rejection, under the counsel of her father, of Mr. Lennox, she had had almost secluded herself from society, much to the pain of her father. In spite of this sorrow, she was of twice wooed, but unsuccessfully. Her affections had become too deeply pledged, and were not to be transferred to another.

A few days after Florence had become fully conscious of the position that Lennox was taking since his reformation, a fact that had some time before reached her ears, he was passing down Market Street, when he suddenly met her face to face. He did not feel authorized to speak to her, under all the circumstances; but he read the expression of her eyes, and felt that there yet lingered in her heart, unextinguished, and unextinguishable affection for him.

A week had not passed before he had sent her a note requesting an interview. It was granted. A year after, they were married.

It is now nearly ten years since Lennox was united in holy wedlock to Florence H——, and nearly nine years since his legal mother was removed to a better and happier world.

Wealth and honours have since been the portion of this happy couple, but amid them all, Alfred never ceases to remember with gratitude to God his first NIGHT WITH THE WASHINGTONIANS.

TESTIMONY OF A MATE.

ONE Lord's day, when returning from the Mariner's Church, a tract was put into my hand, called "Dr. Payson's Address to Seamen." As I cast my eye over its pages, the words, "*Whither are you bound?*" came home to my heart. I said to myself, "Where am I bound?" The only reply I could make to my own inquiry was, "Pursuing my present course, I am bound to perdition."

This awful apprehension resting on my mind, I promised God that if He would return me to my family once more, I would steer a different course. But this did not satisfy me; the words "Whither are you bound?" were sounding in my ears by night and by day. I now resorted to my Bible as my chart, but my heart was so hard that I could not steer by it. This led me to pray.

I at length returned to my family, and these words came immediately into my mind, "Attend to your promise which you made to God." It was not long before I took another voyage. We arrived at our port in safety, but on our return were thrown upon a ledge of rocks, where, in attempting to cut away the rigging, I severely wounded my arm. In this situation, anxiety for my soul, soon became my greatest concern. It appeared to me that perdition would soon be my portion, for I supposed my day of grace was past. I was now brought to consider how my dear Redeemer was wounded upon the cross. Oh, how my sins heaped upon me as the blood gushed from my arm! I cried to my Saviour as earnestly as I could, to have mercy on my soul. I thought nothing of the loss of the vessel. Could gold have delivered my soul, I would have given a thousand worlds; but alas! all was in vain. I was constrained to bid my wife and children farewell, and through the loss of blood to recline my weary head. At this critical moment, I expressed aloud the words,

"Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do."

Soon all my distress was gone. I felt myself to be in the arms of Jesus, and there I found rest to my soul. About this time daylight appeared, and it was a new day to me. I was all the time in prayer, and when I got on shore, I poured out my full soul to God. Then this world was quite gone out of my feet. Oh, that was the time when I could tell to the world what a dear Saviour I had found. The real enjoyment I then felt, I cannot express. I remained several days, three of which I was in a small hut, and had no opportunity to converse with either captain or crew, for I was three miles from them. All my comfort was in looking to Jesus, and praying that I might be kept from sin. I had a desire to be once more restored to my family, but was enabled to say, "Not my will, O God, but Thine be done." If I know my own heart, I have ever since delighted in prayer, and wish to serve my God and Redeemer, and to commit myself into His hands for time and eternity. I feel an ardent desire for the salvation of my poor fellow-seamen. A CAPTAIN'S MATE.

*** We hope that the above interesting fact will encourage many of our readers to scatter good Tracts more extensively amongst sailors.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of numerous communications.

BRITISH COLONIES.—In reply to several inquiries, we may state that we challenge a year will send the *British Workman* to twelve months in any British Colony.

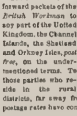
HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING.—Our best thanks are due to the friends who are thus exerting themselves to increase the circulation. We are more than ever convinced, that this is the best means yet known for accomplishing this object. In proof of which, we need only state, that a few friends at Burnham, who have recently formed themselves into a Canvassing Committee, have already helped seven hundred persons to take to the *British Workman*, with every prospect of adding considerably to the numbers, as the canvassing is still going on. On average, out of every three persons they apply to, they obtain two subscribers. Any of our friends desirous of seeing the publication circulated amongst the aged, and who are willing to devote a little of their leisure time to the above object, will be kind enough to communicate with us, when we will furnish them with ample instructions how to proceed, as well as with a supply of handbills, &c., to assist them in their work. Tract distributors who have an opportunity of canvassing their districts, on the week-days, have a very power to render most valuable help. We would suggest that the commencement of the year is a good time for beginning a *regular* one of this kind.

TO BOOKSELLERS.—As we believe it is the intention of many of the trade, at the commencement of next year, to make an extra effort to increase their circulation, on the *British Workman*, we would suggest that, amongst other means, they should exhibit a Number in their windows, so as to be easily seen by the public. A correspondent says, "I do not remember to have seen it placed by a Bookseller's shop, in London, where this plan is adopted, but I have seen persons looking at the Number, and on inquiry, I have uniformly been told, that the sale was increased by this means more than by any other.

THOSE who desire to lend in a helping hand, can do so by sending in their letters to Provide the circular, "*Penny-Light Hints for increasing the circulation of the British Workman.*" A supply may be had on application to the Editor, 13, *Bartholomew Square*, London. N.

SEVERAL anonymous contributions towards sending copies of the "British Workman" to Soldiers to India, etc., and to distribute the volumes in the Guard-rooms, will be acknowledged in our next.

CHEAP POSTAGE.



The Publishers will forward packets of the *British Workman* to any part of the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, the Shetland and Orkney Isles, post free, on the under-mentioned terms. To those parties who reside in the rural districts, far away from any Bookseller, the cheap postage rates have conferred a great boon.

*4 copies for 6d., or for one year,				6d.
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Must be Paid in Advance.

* Fewer than *four* copies cannot be sent at this rate.

☞ *A single copy sent to any* BRITISH COLONY *for twelve months for two shillings, paid in advance. We hope that those of our readers who have relatives abroad, will order copies to be sent them.*

All ORDERS *to be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Partridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London. (E.C.)*

LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS *to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Bartholomew Square, London. N.*

"HE which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

2 CORINTHIANS, ix. 6.

"DIP YOUR ROLL IN YOUR OWN POT AT HOME."

A CUTTER of stone was Richard Bell;
As plodding a man, so his neighbours tell,
As ever a chisel wielded:
But a fault he had, and a sad one, too,
(May it never be said of me and you)—
His manhood to drink he yielded.

Across the road a signboard swings,
To tell you 'tis "The Jolly Kings,"
And kept by Bridget Draincem.
A harsh virago she, they say,
When customers can't pay their way,
Or when she can't detain 'em.

Here you can have your "bitter" beer,
Your pipe and pot, and ale so clear,
Your lemoned gin-and-water:
But pender, drinkers, while ye quaf—
Though Bridget deals in half-and-half,
She gives poor men no quarter.

Each night, as soon as work was o'er,
Would Richard seek the tavern door,
And in the chimney corner
He'd sit, and drink, and drink, and drink,
Nor once of his poor Mary think,
With scarce a rag t' adorn her.

Here, with old Joe, and Tom, and Bill,
He 'd talk and argue, smoke and swill,
Till midnight found him fuddled;
Then homeward down the road he reels,
To where yon half-thatched room conceals
His wife and children huddled.

One night ('twas pay-night) Richard's score
Reached half across the "parlour" door,
His pints had been so many;
And when the bill at length was paid,
All that was left, he found, dismayed,
Was but a single penny.

"I'm faint," cries he, "I'll have a roll,"
But Dick was such a thirsty soul
His eye for drink was gleaming;
And, thinking Bridget saw him not,
He dipped it in the savoury pot
That on the fire was steaming.

Poor Dick! poor Dick! he little knew
How quick was Bridget's eye. She flew
Beside her steaming kettle,
And, arms a-kimbo, did so rail,
As made our hero quake and quail,
Although a man of mettle.

"How dare you, sirrah, touch my stew?
Make broth, indeed, for such as you!
To a fine pass we're come!
Such habits, sir, you should control;
Be off, I say, and dip your roll
In your own pot at home."

Dick hurried out, and as he strode,
Jaded, along the moon-lit road,
Deep thought rose strong and fast:
Good! "Dip your roll at home," mused Dick.
Ah, that I'll try to do right quick;
And thus he's home at last.

Poor Mary! much she might have said,
Herself and children needing bread,
And all Dick's wages spent;
Yet neither angry look nor word
Escaped her—though, unseen, unheard,
She gave her sorrow vent.

A year has fled, but what a change!
(His late companions think it strange)
Drink, Richard has foresworn;
Now, 'mid his books, by Mary's side,
At his own hearth he loves t' abide
When evening shades return.

The cash once squandered at "The Kings"
Now many a solid comfort brings,
The hearts he loves, to cheer;
And Sunday bells no longer chime
Reproving, as in former time,
His thirst for gin and beer.

One morn they all to church had been,
When, lo, approached, across the green,
A lady, gaily dress'd:
"Who's that," said Mary, "Richard, dear?"
As Bridget Draincm's self drew near,
In all her Sunday best.

"Why, Mister Richard, how d' ye do?
How glad I am to meet with you,
And looking, too, so charming!
We never see you now at all;
Pray give us now and then a call,
When you want something warming."

"I'm well, I thank you, dame," said he,
"Much better than I used be.
But care not now to roam:
I've done, I trust, with pipe and bowl,
And, taught by you, now dip my roll
In my own pot at home."

E. W. P.

THE CAPTAIN'S MATE. (*See previous page.*)

"A little that a righteous man hath, is better than the riches of many wicked."

"Lord, make me to know mine end, the measure of my days, what it is."

All communications for the Editor to be addressed to 19, Berners-buryquare, London. N

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BRITISH WORKMAN

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."—PROVERBS xxii. 29.

"Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance."—2 PETER, i. 5—8.

THE WONDERFUL RAILWAY ENGINEER.

THE wildest romance that was ever written, is not so marvellous as some true stories of the lives of great men. Out of the humblest homes, in the lowest depths of social life, God has sometimes caused a man to arise, who has attained to the summit of human greatness, and left his impress on the institutions of his age and country: like the lark, that builds its lowly nest amid the clods of the valley, and yet soars aloft, and sings its morning song above the clouds. But, of course, the instances are rare of such progress from the lowly to the lofty, and sometimes the cases are more wonderful

than instructive, for it is not easy to note the steps, or trace the path, of those mental gladiators of our race. Something miraculous, either in themselves, or their circumstances, or both, makes the case a brilliant exception.

But the life of George Stephenson, while wonderful as to progress, and astounding as to results, is chiefly instructive, as showing us a steady, step-by-step plodding energy, from the lowest rundle in the social ladder to the highest. He had a long climb, a heavy load, a hard struggle, before he gained a good position, and began to breathe the free air of success, or back in the sunshine of prosperity.

Robert and Mabel Stephenson, were a poor, honest couple, who lived at the collieries, or villages of Wylam—eight miles from Newcastle-on-Tyne. Like many labouring people, they had but one room in a little detached house still standing, whose four apartments were let off to as many families. Mabel, though of delicate constitution, was spoken of as "a real canny body," which means in Northumberland, a good housewife, a kind, sensible woman. Robert was of a slender frame, and most amiable disposition. He had an eye for all that was beautiful in nature, and he cherished both love and pity to the animal creation. His occupation was that of fireman to the pumping engine of the colliery. His wages were twelve shillings a week. Their family consisted of six children, James, Jenny, Eleanor, Robert, John, and Anne, at the average difference of two years between the age of each. Poor George was born June 9th, 1781. Poor neighbours, who yet remember the family, bear this remarkable testimony to the boy, "They had very little to come and go upon, they were honest folk; but sore handicapped in the world, poor folk!" What a blessing to inherit an honest name, and to have during childhood no heritage but poverty. This poor, honest home, was the only school the children knew; bread was dear, and it was hard to get them food, so schooling was altogether beyond them. It was a great day for little George, when he was first trusted to carry his father's dinner to him, and to take charge of his little brothers and sisters, and keep them from straying on the wagon-way, where the children's wagons dragged the coal past the doorway of the Stephenson's little dwelling.

When George was eight years old, the family following their work, removed to Dowley House, two miles off, where little George first began to earn an honest penny by labour. A widow, named Grace Ainslie, had a little farm and her cows used to graze on the sides of the tram-road or waggon-ways, and she needed a boy to herd them, and keep them from straying. For this service, little George had twopence a day. While watching the cows, the boy found time to make whistles out of the rush and to model clay engines, in a bog near at hand, a proceeding that looked not much more inviting than making dirt pies, but the mechanical genius of the future engineer was even then stirring within him. Before the child could stride across the tram-road he was set to leading the horses at ploughing, and he used to say in after life, he wont to work without other children knowing of their beds. Fortunately, it was work in the open air, and he had interest at first for play, so did not hurt him. His wages rose gradually from twopence to fourpence, and then he was taken on to work at the colliery as "picker," (taking stones and rubbish out of the coal) until he reached the age of eighteen at a day. He is said then to have been "a grit lare-legged laddie," full of fun, and always trying to imitate everything he saw or heard, but never in all his frolics, unkind. He was very fond of birds, and a favourite black-bird used to follow his footsteps, by out and enjoy its liberty all day, and even depart to the woods to pair and rear its young, returning to shelter in bad weather, to George, and this went on for years.

At fourteen years of age, George thought it a great promotion when he was taken on to assist his father in firing the engine, at the wages of a shilling a day. He now began to study the engine, in the hope of the sooner doing a man's work, and earning a man's wages. He had no one to teach him anything, it was by observing and taking to pieces as he could, different parts, that the meaning and purpose of the whole came into his mind. He was observing, observed, and by the time he was sixteen, he was put to firing a pumping engine at a neighbouring pit, and when, on the first Saturday-night, he was paid twelve shillings for his week's work, the same wages his father earned, he said a man he came out and told his fellow-workmen, "Now I'm a made man for life."

From this time to his eighteenth year, he continued to make progress, and gained the character of a clever, steady workman, always to be depended on. But while he was there improving as a worker, a new want sprung up in his mind. He could neither read nor write. He had the good sense to perceive that it was needful if he was to continue to improve his mind, and must be able to do both. So no false shame prevented him from making a beginning, grown as he now appeared, at his book. He found a teacher, Robin Cowens, who kept an evening school, and George paid threepence a week, and began the mystery of reading and writing. He did not learn very fast, everything was gradual in George Stephenson's progress. Other a year's schooling, he was pleased at the age of nineteen, to be able to write his name. Soon after, a Scotchman named Andrew Robertson set up a night-school, and as he was a skilful arithmetician, George Stephenson became his scholar, and soon took great delight in figures, employing his thoughts during the day in doing his sums mentally, and making great progress. The poor young woman was very happy at this time, and he was the means of happiness to others. Her parents were comforted for all their trials by seeing how steady and diligent their son was. Round his engine fire, flocks of his mates, mostly others, would gather for the crumbs he gave them, and his faithful dog daily brought his dinner in a can suspended round his neck, to the pit. Every living thing loved the brave and gentle youth.

When he was twenty years of age, and after some difficulty from the envy of an overseer, he had learned to be "a Brakesman," with wages from £25 to £28 a fortnight, he learned in his evening hours to mend shoes, and as he did all he undertook in the same manner he was able, he soon became expert as a shoe-mender. This new branch of employment was destined to effect an important change in his condition. His friend Henderson, a young servant at a neighbouring farm-house, was not only fair to the eye, but good and sweet-tempered, one of those young women whose modesty and worth elevate womanhood. Her shoes went to George to mend, and the young man with all the fervour of his honest love, contrived to show about with him in his pocket, and was proud and pleased that he had made "a good job of them,"—no doubt Fanny thought so too.

Out of this shoe-mending business, George saved his first guinea, and began to consider himself as he said, "a rich man." He was rich in the best sense. Good health and good conduct are true riches. When his fellow-workmen on Saturday afternoon were lounging about with bad companions, or spending their earnings at the public-house, George was taking the engine to pieces, cleaning it, learning it all by heart, and it was then said of him, "He never wasted a day's work, and never was intoxicated in his life."

On the 28th of November, 1802, George had to go a few months longer than twenty-one years of age, he married at Newburn Church his beloved Fanny Henderson, and took her to the new home at Willington Quay, six miles from Newcastle. His industry had made a neat little home for his young wife, and she was proud of its comfort. The sisters of Fanny had married men in better worldly stations than George Stephenson, but they were all of a good stock—capital housewives, and full of warm-hearted sympathies—so that, by his happy union, George had now a new and prosperous family circle.

With new duties came new energy. From mending shoes, George took to making them, and he drove a good trade in making shoe-lasts, which were soon found of great excellence. An accident happened to a cottage that developed the young husband's mechanical skill. While he was absent one day, the chimney took fire, and the neighbours, in putting it out, swamped the dwelling with water, and injured what was most prized of all, the clock-case. George was send this to a clock-maker for repair would cost more than they could afford. So he set to work himself to mend the clock, and succeeded so well that his neighbours from that time sent him their clocks to repair, and gave him the name of "the clock doctor."

On the 16th of December, 1803, the young parents rejoiced over their first-born, and as it proved, their only child, now a man of world-wide celebrity. It marks the filial piety of George, that he called his son after his own worthy aged father, Robert, little dreaming that M.P. would in time be put after that name, and the world would be the better for the genius of Robert Stephenson as it has been for that of his father.

The warm heart that had given its love to so many dumb creatures was sure to have plenty to pour upon this last dear claimant. His wife and child were indeed a crown of rejoicing. Poor Fanny was fondly proud of her husband's skill, and as he was a skilful arithmetician, George Stephenson became his scholar, and soon took great delight in figures, employing his thoughts during the day in doing his sums mentally, and making great progress. The good young woman was very happy at this time, and he was the means of happiness to others. Her parents were comforted for all their trials by seeing how steady and diligent their son was. Round his engine fire, flocks of his mates, mostly others, would gather for the crumbs he gave them, and his faithful dog daily brought his dinner in a can suspended round his neck, to the pit. Every living thing loved the brave and gentle youth.

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TUBULAR BRIDGE OVER THE MENAI STRAITS.

One of the greatest engineering monuments of George Stephenson's son.

by an ingenious employment of his leisure. The housewives of the district were indebted to him; for by a simple contrivance, he made the smoke-jacks at the chimney side rock the cradles of the infants. He used also to cut out men's suits of clothes so accurately, that "Robert Stephenson's cut" is spoken of to this day; meanwhile, his favourite occupations of last making, and clock and watch mending, went on, and filled up his leisure—reading, writing, and above all, arithmetic not being forgotten. During that year he saved £100 in guineas; and during a demand for gold, he sold his guineas for twenty-six shillings each, and began to feel his footing more secure in a worldly sense, though his wages were still very moderate. At the end of years of age before he obtained his regular employment as an engineer to a colliery, at £100 a year.

One of the strongest determinations of Stephenson was that his son Robert should have a good education. Accordingly he sent the boy to a good school at Newcastle, where he proved himself as diligent as ever his active father could wish. The young scholarship and the further development of his father's mind, for as Robert in time attended the lectures at the Newcastle Literary Philosophical Society, he was required to bring home an abstract of what he heard, and few more beautiful sights could be seen than in George Robert on a Saturday afternoon, when he returned to his home at Killingworth, giving his father an account of scientific matters, or reading with him some valuable scientific book, or making drawings and experiments. Both skill and time were carrying on their education.

The wooden tram-ways that ran in front of the cottage where Stephenson first saw the light, were of course the means of suggesting the modern railway, and the first locomotive or travelling engine that Stephenson made was simply a contrivance by which coal waggons might be propelled along the tram-ways with more speed and less expense. His own account of the matter is this, "The first locomotive I made was at Killingworth colliery, and was for Ravensworth's money. Yes! Lord Ravensworth was the first to trust me with money to make a locomotive engine." This engine was made in 1813, and Stephenson called it "My Lord."

He did not claim any inventive power as to the locomotive. His mental history is chiefly remarkable for his aptitude at improving and applying what, but for his practical common sense, might have only been scientific curiosities. A man of worn-down genius in Cornwall, named Trevethick, made a locomotive steam-engine to travel on common roads, as far back as 1802. He had been marvellously ingenious, but his such danger associated with this invention, that it never found permanent favour or success, and Richard Trevethick left a name second to none as a man of genius, but he wanted what is as rare and as valuable as genius—plodding, sound, common sense. As these latter qualities Stephenson excelled, and they stood him in greater stead than the loftiest genius without them.

Years went on, and the locomotive was dragging the coal waggons on the tram-ways, at Killingworth, without any one thinking of the possibility of such a plan being adopted of dragging passenger carriages. The common people called the engine Puffing Billy, and after a little time curiosity caused about the matter, until a gentleman, named Blenkinsop, came to discovered—not the locomotive, but George Stephenson, and had the wisdom to see that he had made a great discovery. This gentleman thought of railways and steam travelling as possible, and in 1818 submitted a plan to public investigation. Another powerful friend arose at this time, Edward Pease, an eminent Quaker, graphically described by one who knew him as "a man who could see a hundred years ahead!" This worthy gentleman, aided by others of his name—Richardsons, Backhouses, &c., formed the first railway company, and the first line of rail laid down, was from Wilton Colliery, near Darlington, to Stockton, and was called in the district "the Quakers' line." The best works the old Romans left were their roads; these remain, when their wars, and the results of their wars are like a tedious fable. We in this age may well look upon the first railway with interest, for when the record of our warriors and our victories shall have crumbled into dust, these iron railways will tell to coming generations of the great hearts, strong hands, and wise heads of the nineteenth century.

There was, of course, plenty of laughter about the railways; people used the word "ridiculous," some noblemen would not have their fox covers disturbed; others ordered their people to drive off any person making surveys, as trespassers, or summarily to duck them in a neighbouring horsepond; and pamphlets were written to warn the public. It was gravely stated, that if railways were formed, it would prevent the cattle from grazing, lines from flying, and that the poisonous air from the locomotives would kill the birds as they flew, and would be a grievous nuisance to the neighbourhood. While honeckbders said the line were told their houses would be burnt up, waggons would be overturned, and the poor passengers massacred. And when it was known that Mr. Stephenson had said locomotives could travel at the speed of twelve miles an hour, there was one shout of laughter throughout the kingdom. But George Stephenson was not to be never overcome. Stephenson and his band of faithful friends and scientific allies bore down all opposition and ridicule.

No trial that the great engineer ever endured, equalled his examination before a committee of the House of Commons, in March, 1825. He was then forty-four years old, a well-built man with a comely, intelligent face, and modest, unpretending manners. But his speech retained a touch of his native dialect, and his ideas were clothed in a set of mere peasant words that he found to express them. So that, confused by many questions, and confused by the manner in which he questioned, he was embarrassed and did not do himself justice. He wished, as he said, for any "lad to stand out, and say what he could have done the very hardest work than have stood before that committee, one of whom asked, "If he was a little engine, what would 'ye' do was mad," and one put this case for his consideration, "Suppose one of these engines had to stop upon the railway at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, and suppose a cow were to stray upon the line, would not the engine be in a very awkward circumstance?" "Yes," said Stephenson drily. "Very awkward indeed, for the cow." The poor cow was of great value, was not against the witness, who sadly perplexed as he was, resolved not to be put down, and ultimately the bill was passed for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway.

That line runs for twelve miles over a level, and yet it cost £400 a mile, there never was such a triumph of road-making as carrying a line over that dreadful swamp. It occupied many months, and cost a very sum of money, but the road was at length safe and good, and it remains the best part of the line. Another road of great value and great engineer was established—his fortune made.

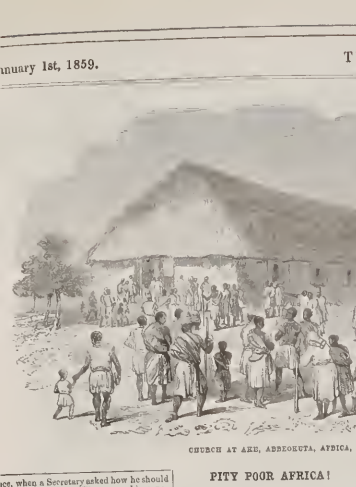
Besides his labours as railway engineer, Stephenson is beloved in the north of England for his valuable invention of a safety lamp called "the Geordie," and without taking from the great name and merits of Sir Humphrey Davy, whose invention is equally original and effective, the Geordie Lamp was in the hands of the manufacturer on the 24th of November, 1815, he had been participating in the invention of the lamp, and it was not until after the lamp had been brought into use in the pit on December 21st, 1815, that Stephenson made a safety lamp in the course of construction by the above-named great chymist.

It is from the progress of the great engineer's success, would be to write the history of railroads in Britain. The high Menai Bridge, Newcastle; the tubular Bridge Mersey, and the Britannia, one of the greatest works of father and son, while the Kilsby Tunnel, in the excavating of which, the ingenious Stephenson a quicksand, that they had to pump dry by the labour of 13 engines, 200 horses, 1250 men, night and day for six months, raising 1800 gallons a minute, seems a labour and expense almost incredible.

It was a fine quality in Mr. Stephenson's character, that he liked to aid talent in others. Many young men looked up to him as a father. He promoted their interests, and aided them by his wise advice. He often bore testimony to the power of perseverance, by relating a case in his own life, at the Mechanics' and Literary Institutions in the north, or near Ingold Hall, his country seat, in Derbyshire, and

"He that gatheretb by labour shall increase."—Prov. xiii. 11.

"The hand of the diligent shall bear rule."—Prov. xii. 24.



CHURCH AT AKE, ABBEOKUTA, AFRICA.

ence, when a Secretary asked how he should announce his name—What were his ornaments to my name either before or after, said I think it best you merely say, George Stephenson. It is true I am a Belgian knight, but I do not wish to have any use made of it." Thus simple, modest, unassuming in his wealthy days as he had been industrious and kindly in his struggling years; he passed on to a general old age, surrounded by faithful friends, cherished by an affectionate wife, whom, many years after the wife of his youth had passed away, he had sought as the companion of his declining years, and blessed by the dutiful attentions of his congenial-minded child, his answer peacefully down the sure and certain hope of a brighter home, to an endless day. After a short illness, he died, of effusion of blood from the lungs, August the 12th, 1848, aged 67. In all the relationships of life—as son, husband, father, servant, master, and friend, George Stephenson is a most noble model of a true-hearted man. His biographer does not tell us of his spiritual or inner life; but such kindness and goodness do not springs from unmoulded human nature, and doubtless he could say, "it is by God's grace I am what I am."

[The Writer is indebted to "Smiles' Life of George Stephenson" for the facts recorded.]

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

ANOTHER year of mortal life,
Lord, Thou hast granted me;
And has the treasure been employ'd
In glorifying Thee?

Sinful, and weak, and frail, I am,
And need Thy constant aid
To keep me in the narrow way
For pilgrim-footsteps made.

Feeble, and slow, on Canaan's road,
My halting step mov'ns;
And but upward lift oft the pray'rs
I offer up to Thee.

Yet, at Thy feet, my Lord, and King,
Fain would I lie me down,
And bear the cross appointed me
By Him who gives the crown.

Strengthen, oh Lord, my feeble will;
My halting footsteps guide;
Fence in weakness under Thy strength,
Redeemer—Crucified.

And if more years of earthly life
Thou yet should'st grant to me;
May they of Love, and Faith, and Works,
A fuller record be.

ERNEST LEE.

SHORT MEMORIES.

"SIR," said a man, addressing a minister going home church one Sabbath afternoon, "did you meet a boy on the road, driving a cart, with rakes and pitchforks in it?"

"I think I did," answered the minister: "why with a short memory, sir?"

"What made you think he had a short memory, sir?" asked the man looking much surprised.

"I think he had," answered the minister, "and I think he must belong to a family that have short memories."

"What in the world makes you think so?" asked the man greatly puzzled.

"Because," said the minister in a serious tone, "the great God has proclaimed from Mount Sinai, '*Remember* the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' and that boy has forgotten all about it."—*Christian Treasury.*

PITY POOR AFRICA!

WE are much gratified to learn from an esteemed correspondent at Ake, that the *British Workman* has found its way into the interior of Africa. We have watched with heartfelt interest the progress of Christianity and civilization amongst our coloured brethren and sisters in Abbeokuta. The friends of the oppressed African have regarded this interesting colony with hope, as likely to furnish one of the most remarkable illustrations of the success of AFRICAN COMMERCE, thereby striking a fatal blow to the horrid slave trade.

Not only have churches and schools been built and well attended, but a large and yearly increasing traffic in palm oil and other valuable commodities has been established.

The recent permission granted by the Emperor of the French for the importation of "coloured emigrants" into French colonies has suddenly revived the horrors of the slave trade along the African coast. Kidnapping by the native chiefs is revived; honest trading has been paralyzed, and the Abbeokutians are in fear of being again subject to the horrors of the slave trade.

We feel assured that Napoleon III. would not *intentionally* sanction a revival of this horrid traffic, and we therefore hope that the representations now being made to him, both from Africa and this country, will result in a speedy suppression of the license.

COUNTRY HOMES FOR LONDON WORKMEN.

A RAY of hope has at length dawned upon the thousands of London Workmen, who rarely see a green field or breathe the pure air. The new Lord Mayor has given his powerful influence to Mr. Peirson's noble project for erecting cottages for working men, in the suburbs of London, with cheap railway trains to the heart of the city.

A BEAUTIFUL REPLY.

A PIOUS Scotch minister, being asked by a friend, during his last illness, whether he thought himself dying, answered, "Really, friend, I care not whether I am or not; for if I die, I shall be with God,—if I live, He will be with me."

GIBBON'S CONFESSION.

THE celebrated Gibbon confessed just before his death, that when he considered all worldly things, they were decting; when he looked back, they had been fleeting; when he looked forward, "*all was dark and doubtful.*" Surely no one can wish to be an infidel for the comfort of it.

MAKING FREE WITH THE COMMANDMENTS.

THE late Dr. Lockhart, of the College Church, Glasgow, when travelling in England, was sojourning at an inn, when the Sabbath came round.

On entering the public room, and about to set out for church, he found two gentlemen preparing for a game of chess. He addressed them in words to this effect:—

"Gentlemen, have you locked up your portmanteaus carefully?"

"No! What are there thieves in this house?"

"I do not say that," replied the doctor, "only I was thinking that if the waiter comes in, and finds you making free with the fourth commandment, he may think of making free with the eighth."

Upon this, the gentlemen said there was something in that, and so laid aside their game.

THE WIDOW GREEN AND HER THREE NIECES

CHAPTER IX.

HOW TO SAVE A POOR GIRL'S FORTUNE.

MRS. GREEN, being a woman of great feeling, as well as great spirit, suffered more than she liked to speak of in consequence of what had taken place in relation to her niece Harriet. She had willingly sacrificed a month's wages. That seemed a small price to pay for a girl's character, but she had had much to bear, and the thought of what yet might happen to her niece, through carelessness of behaviour, made her feel deeply anxious about the future. She knew that too many words on the subject might do harm instead of good; so she tried to think of some way of making such an impression upon the mind of her niece as would be the best for her life. All the while, too, she was planning to get her out of the neighbourhood for awhile, and she recollected with some pleasure that an uncle of Harriet's, a plain, honest farmer, had said how much he should like one of them to go and stay with him and his wife, and help them through the busy time of harvest.

Harriet went to pay this visit, however, Mrs. Green thought she should like one more evening with her nieces altogether; for her heart was very full of subjects on which she wanted to have some earnest talk with them. One of these was the subject of being *true to themselves.* She had herself, when young, often wondered what this expression meant, until a kind lady explained it to her, and then it became clear to her mind as of quite as much importance as being true to other people.

"On first setting out in life to be a servant," said Mrs. Green, "a young girl has to determine to be true to herself. Now, I dare say, you wonder, as I did once, what this means. It means, that she must settle in fairly in her own mind, and hold to it for a truth which nothing can shake, that she is a servant, and nothing but a servant. If she has any doubt about her dress, she will then only have to ask herself what a servant's duties are; if she has any doubt about her dress, she will only have to ask herself how a servant ought to dress; and so on. But especially, if any gentleman wants to be familiar with her, she will only have to ask herself whether she is in her right place as a servant when allowing such behaviour from one who belongs to a different station in life. A gentleman, she may be very sure, does not want to marry her. There is, therefore, nothing but pollution in his touch, and she ought to escape from him as she would from a person infected with some frightful disease."

"Well," said Harriet, "this may be so sometimes; but you know, aunt, a gentleman *has* married Betsy Parker, a girl I went to school with."

"Yes," replied her aunt, "and has been ashamed of her ever since. There can be no doubt of that; for if you do but notice the look and manner of a real lady at table, you must see how impossible it would be for any of us even to use our hands as they do, to say nothing of our conversation, which is the principal thing."

"Indeed!" said Harriet, with a slight toss of her head, "Betsy was always a fine girl, and a great deal handsomer than any of that proud family."

"That may be," said her aunt; "but she was born and bred a servant, and her husband can never make a lady of her, whatever he would do."

"And pray," asked Harriet, "is not a servant every bit as good as a lady any day?" I wonder at you, aunt, so often as I have heard you speak well of honest servants."

"Yes, and I shall speak well of them I hope, till the day of my death," said Mrs. Green very warmly; "but it will be only as they are true to themselves—only so they are right and honourable servants, not would-be-ladies. The common soldiers of an army are as valuable, or more valuable than the officers; because, if I understand the matter, they do most of the fighting; but if a common soldier should leave the ranks, and stand in the officer's place, especially if he should try to make his resemblance like unto that of the officer, he would make himself not only useless, but ridiculous. In the same way, if a lady ever so grand, should try to crown upon her head, and try to pass for a queen, she would lose all the rank and dignity which properly belong to a lady. No, let people try to make themselves valued for what they are, not for what they never can be."

"But," said Harriet, "what is a young girl to do when a gentleman begins to pay her attentions?"

"If he is a youth, tell his father—if a married man, tell his wife."

"Oh! aunt, what a terrible business you would make of it!"

"Of course, child, I don't mean you should do this for the first foolish word. You can protect yourselves when the first wrong word is spoken, if you will. But in case you have been careless, and have talked with foolishly, thinking no harm, until things begin to look serious, then there is one way in which almost every woman can defend herself, and perhaps only one—she can expose the man."

"Why, aunt, I know an acquaintance who did just as you say, and they all turned upon her, and made it out that she was quite a naughty girl, and I am sure she was not."

"Very likely. People who do wrong will mostly try to throw the blame upon others. But I will see you righted, my dears, never fear."

"Well, I don't think I should like to be the one just to cause trouble into a family. At all events I would bear a great deal first."

"Harriet, my dear, a girl should be just to herself, as well as true to herself. Now, look here. Suppose you took a sovereign off your master's desk, or a piece of lace off your mistress's table, would they expose you, or would they not? One of them attempts to take away your character, which is of more consequence to you than millions of sovereigns, and you feel so tender about them, that you will not expose them, even to save your life, or be saved of your precious character. What false notions of justice you have, child! Why, your master and his wife would think they did right—did quite a good act when they exposed you for stealing. I have no notion of these senseless scruples standing in the way of a girl keeping her character pure and untouched with shame. I am quite sure that a girl might keep her character if she would—first, by having no nonsense with any man; and next, by telling of the man who no longer will let her be herself in any other way; and I maintain that this is a right, and a just, and a lawful way of dealing with those who don't know how to have themselves. It is all nonsense for a girl to say that she cannot help herself when there is a wife, or mother in the house. The next bad thing to committing a crime, is hushing it up, or concealing it. I think I could fix this in your mind for life, so that nothing should ever make you forget it. I know that it requires great firmness, and great courage to act upon this plan; but so does all right doing, as it seems to me, or we should never have any occasion to praise those who do it. If the good fight—putting on the armour of faith, and many other things which seem to be spoken of as if it required all the dwarfs to maintain, a battle to fight, and a tough bit of pilgrimage, and that sort of thing. But, my girls, you know I promised you a walk this evening."

With these, words the widow began to put on her bonnet, and presently the three her nieces, and so soon as the tea things were all cleared away, they set out together, first passing some pleasant fields, and then entering a quiet lane, along which there stood a few cottages on either side, some of them mean and poorly, many more of two looked extremely poor and miserable.

"What a difference there is in people's houses!" said Harriet, as they walked along, sometimes admiring the neat little gardens which they passed, and sometimes glancing in at a door which they saw had stood not like to call their own.

After awhile, the girls were startled by hearing sounds like loud and severe scolding in an old woman's voice, amongst all which they could distinguish sometimes a feeble, mourning cry, and then a quick, sharp cough, as if it came from some one in great pain. For a few minutes they stood still, wondering what could be the matter, until they saw through the broken hedge the figure of an old woman dragging out a poor, than, ill-looking girl, and almost pushing her into a chair, whose size sank down as if nearly fainting from the violence of her cough. And then they heard the old woman say, in the same angry voice—"Pain, indeed, don't tell me about pain. I wonder who has a greater right to feel pain than people that bring shame upon their relations. You know as well as I do, that it's all your own fault; and now I'm to suffer for it."

The last words were stopped by the little party turning round a corner of the lane which brought them directly in front of the cottage; and as Mrs. Green knew a little of the old woman, and had brought something in her basket for the poor girl, the little party entered the miserable garden, and walked towards the door where the girl was sitting, propped up with cushions, in a very uncomfortable chair.

When they first saw her, she was pale as death, with large bright eyes, and a sharp thin nose. As they approached nearer, a flush of colour came into her face, and spread all over her cheeks, making her look very beautiful. As soon as the old woman caught sight of the party, her voice and manner entirely changed, and she began to whimper and cry, and talk about her poor dear Ellen, as if she was very fond of her; when all her neighbours knew the hard treatment the poor girl had to bear at her hands.

This was a shocking spectacle to the widow's three nieces. The cottage had broken windows stuffed with rags, and the holes in the thatch admitted nearly all the light that fell into the one filthy room, which served for almost all purposes, both by day and night. It was dirty and bare both within and without. No pretty flowers grew about the door or window, but tangled weeds, with heaps of rubbish lying here and there, and in the midst of this wilderness sat the dying girl, crouching down in her chair, and almost gasping for breath.

Mrs. Green as she stood beside her, lifted her damp hair off her forehead, and wiped the perspiration off her face, whispering at the same time, a few words of kindness and sympathy. She then asked for some water, and after washing her hands and face, she combed out her long shining hair, and made her look quite comfortable, only for the distressed aspect of her countenance, which never changed for anything that was said or done. That her bodily suffering was great, no one could doubt who beheld her poor wasted frame, and heard her distressing cough, but there were signs and still greater suffering of mind, which made it doubly painful to look into her face, and then to think what a wretched home she had, and what a hard-hearted, cruel old woman, her grandmother, who nursed her, was.

Mrs. Green had lately gone more than once to see this poor girl, taking with her, something which she thought, perhaps, she might fancy. She had read to her from the Holy Scriptures, and had offered up beside her bed a short and ample prayer.

This evening her object was to let her nieces see the condition of the poor fallen creature; and no sooner had they left her, than she began to tell them how all this sad trouble had come.

"Ellen Carr," she said, "was once as hopeful, and as nice a little girl as one could wish to see. I know her parents, who both died when she was young. She was sent to her grandmother to bring up; and I should think that old woman was one who had never cared her anything but outside show. Ellen was very pretty, and the man thought much of her. I dare say she had no one to show her the true value of a poor girl's character. She was often seen in the company of wild young men; and when she went to live with some genteelfolks in the neighbourhood, there were very unpleasant tales got out about her."

"Very likely," observed Harriet, "she told of her young master, as you recommend, and so they turned upon her, and made it out she was to blame."

"It might be so," replied Mrs. Green, "and if this had been all, Harriet, I should have said, as I have often done, that that girl ought to have kept her place, rather bear in mind, that I said she held her character lightly before—often joked and laughed with loose men—dress'd herself out in style with light girls; and so threw her character away, as one may say, perhaps without being really at that time a very wicked girl. So when she left her situation, nobody would have her for a servant. She was a nice, kind-hearted girl, and meant no harm to anybody, poor child! But you see no one could speak to her character, it was completely pulled away—through thoughtlessness, and through not understanding its true value. I fear, poor thing, that she afterwards fell into actual sin, for her grandmother was always complaining about having her idle upon her hands; and being fond of company and dress, she was led astray, and so quite lost her character, and then all was lost. No master would hire her—no mother of a family would receive her—no man would marry her. Think of that girls! think of it night and day; and thank God that He has given you treasure, which if you keep faithfully, will be more to you than all the rank, or all the riches of this world without it."

(*To be continued.*)

MORNING AFTER BOXING NIGHT.

A PICTURE WHICH NEEDS NO FURTHER DESCRIPTION.

THE POOR CLIMBING BOYS.

A HUMANE British Parliament passed an Act several years ago, known as Lord Shaftesbury's "CLIMBING BOYS' ACT," whereby the barbarous employment of poor children for sweeping chimneys was prohibited, and the use of machines enforced. So far as London is concerned, this Act is, we believe, faithfully enforced,—but in the provinces there are at the present time upwards of 3000 of these poor creatures still suffering the wrongs of British slavery.

As the bulk of the climbing boys come from the families of working-men, who by accident, or the premature death of their parents, are thrown into Union Houses—we appeal to our readers to do what they can to enforce the faithful carrying out of the Act of Parliament. Mr. Wm. Wood, of Bowden, Manchester, or Mr. James Glass, of 24, Barrington Crescent, Brixton, will gladly correspond with any parties who desire to aid in preventing the use of climbing boys in districts where they are at present employed.

"PITY THE POOR CLIMBING BOYS!"

WITH ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS.

☞ *The Yearly part of the "British Workman" for 1858, price Eighteenpence, post free.*

☞ *Just Published. Parts* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, & 6, *price* 6*d. each, with numerous Woodcuts, "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones," compiled by Uncle John. Bound in cloth,* 5*s.*

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THE TWO FAT PIGS;

OR, "THERE'S PLENTY IN THE PANTEY."

Two splendid fat pigs were seen some time ago near the cottage of an industrious Irish labourer, in the locality of Rainey Park, near Dublin. Having the pleasure, not long ago, of meeting the worthy proprietor of that beautiful estate, Thomas M. Gresham, Esq., of world-wide celebrity, he told us, in reply to our inquiries, the following interesting fact.

"About twenty years ago," said Mr. G. "I had in my service a man who was given to intemperance. He became so bad, that I was obliged to dismiss him. Father Mathew came into the neighbourhood soon after, but at that time, I had little or no faith in the labours of the Irish Apostle of Temperance.

"I lost sight of the man for a long time, but one day in the following year, I saw his poor wife gathering stones, when I inquired—

"'What has become of your drunken husband?'

"'Oh Sir,' said she, 'he is not a drunkard now—he took the pledge, and don't taste a drop.'

"'Have you faith in the pledge,' said I.

"'Oh yes, Sir,' she replied with earnestness, 'and I that never had a glass of spirits within me, have taken the pledge too, as an example to my children.'

"With deep emotion she continued, 'I never knew what happiness was since I was married, until he gave up the drink, Sir!'

"I immediately sent for the man, and again took him into my service.

"The above interview took place in March, 1839," said Mr. Gresham, "and from that day until now, upwards of 19 years, he has proved himself a trustworthy and clever man. He has faithfully kept to his temperance, and as one good result, he is now saving money. Once he was clothed in rags, but now he is a credit to the parish. His two fine fat pigs were sold some months ago for SIXTEEN POUNDS, but he re-invested part of the money, and he has now *two large pigs, and eleven young ones!*"

Oh how many HOME COMFORTS the Working Classes may have if they *will*, by only keeping *from the* DRINK!

We shall probably have to refer again to our interesting conversation with Mr. Gresham, but we conclude the present notice by stating that one of our Low Moor readers, once very intemperate, was induced by John Jasper to give up his drinking ways. Two young pigs were purchased, and when Christmas arrived, they were amongst the fattest and finest to be seen near Bradford. Instead of want and misery, the owner had the gratification of being able to say to his wife and family, "There's plenty in the pantry." We hope that many more of our readers will go and do likewise.

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

THIS good cause is making most pleasing progress. H. Clark, Esq., of Larkhill, Southport, has generously proposed to the authorities of the town, to present them with three polished marble drinking fountains, one of which is to be placed near the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, and is to be so arranged that the overflow will feed a trough for cattle, and below that again, a small *dog-trough*. The Commissioners have agreed to supply the water.

The Glasgow City Water Commissioners have agreed to the erection of no less than thirty-two ornamental fountains, viz.—two for each ward.

In Aberdeen twelve have been erected. One of these, erected by Mr. Fidler, deserves special notice, as in addition to supplying drinking water, there is a trough for cattle, and two wash-hand basins for public use. Mr. Fidler's noble gift is highly prized.

In previous numbers we have asked "Is there no one who will do for London what Mr. Melly has done for Liverpool?" We are now thankful to state that Mr. Samuel Gurney, M.P., following the steps of his honoured father, has nobly stepped forward to take the lead in this good work for the Metropolis. Mr. Gurney has offered to erect fountains on Holborn Hill, and King's Cross, and in front of the Royal Exchange. We are glad to be able to add that Mr. Anderton, one of the oldest members of the London Common Council, has undertaken to bring the subject of fountains before the consideration of the Court.

At Sunderland and Leicester, fountains are in progress. Stockport also bids fair to have some erected, through the liberality of R. H. Greg, Esq., of Norcliffe.

E. S. Ellis, Esq., has done good service to the travelling community by the erection of a drinking fountain at the Leicester Railway Station. This was so highly prized by the passengers, that the Directors of the Midland Railway have resolved to erect fountains at all their principal stations. At the Darlington Station two fountains have also been erected.

We hope to have to report many others before long.

TO OUR READERS.

In no way can our friends so effectually promote a more extensive circulation of the "British Workman" amongst the working classes, than by forming District Canvassing Committees, and using their influence to induce others to do so. In this latter respect, our influential friends can do much. A gentleman, in Belfast, has organised a Committee of WORKING MEN, *in that city, who are now carrying out their plans most successfully. He writes us as follows:—"One member of the Committee tells me, what I know myself to be the fact, that where a copy of the "British Workman," or even a hand-bill is shown, it invariably secures a subscriber." The Burslem Committee of Working Men have done nobly. After meeting to discuss their plans of operation, they have gone out not*

only into the streets of Burslem, but to the surrounding villages, calling by house-row, and soliciting new subscribers. Last month, this band of earnest-hearted and philanthropic workers had upwards of One thousand names on their list of subscribers! In our last issue we stated, that the Committee on an average obtain two subscribers out of every three persons they apply to; and indeed, as far as we have been favoured with reports, the same may be said with regard to all the canvassing efforts that have hitherto been made. We hope these facts will not only encourage those friends who are forming new Committees, but induce others to go and do likewise. If those who are willing to do so will kindly communicate with us, we will furnish them with instructions how to proceed, and forward a supply of hand-bills, &c., to assist them in their work. The co-operation of District Visitors, City Missionaries, Scripture Readers, and Tract Distributors is peculiarly valuable in a movement of this kind. The beginning of the year is a favourable time for forming Canvassing Committees, and in most cases they need not occupy more than a portion of the leisure of a single month. One hundred Committees like the one at Burslem would add one hundred thousand to our January list of subscribers!

CHEAP POSTAGE.

The Publishers will forward packets of the *British Workman* to any part of the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, the Shetland and Orkney Isles, *post free*, on the undermentioned terms. To those parties who reside in the rural districts, far away from any Bookseller, the cheap postage rates have conferred a great boon.

4 copies for 4d., or for one year,			4s.	Most be Paid in Advance.
8	"	8d.,	"	8s.
12	"	1s.,	"	12s.
16	"	1s. 4d.,	"	16s.
20	"	1s. 8d.,	"	20s.
24	"	2s. 0d.,	"	24s.

Fewer than *four* copies cannot be sent at this rate.

A single copy sent to any BRITISH COLONY for 12 months for 2s., paid in advance. We hope that those of our readers who have relatives abroad, will order copies to be sent to them.

All ORDERS *to be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Partridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London. (E.C.)*

LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS *to be addressed to the Editor, 19, Bartholomew Square, London. (N.)*

BRITISH WORKMAN

WORKING MEN! HELP YOURSELVES!

We stated in our last, that the late Social Science Gathering in Liverpool, was distinguished by one of the most interesting meetings ever held in this country. About *five thousand* working-men were addressed by *five* noblemen, viz.: the Earl of Carlisle, Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, and Lord Sandon. The *pith* of their excellent addresses may be given in one sentence, viz.: "We may meet and discuss, we may pass resolutions, and get Acts of Parliament enacted, but remember, unless you Working Men will

HELP YOURSELVES,

we *cannot* help *you*—and the *great barrier* to your prosperity and self-elevation is—D-R-I-N-K!"

We give a painful fact in illustration of the above remark. Our artist recently passed a gin-shop, wherein he saw a skilled mechanic in a state of helpless drunkenness. This man, evidently endowed with great natural gifts, *might have been* a second George Stephenson or Edward Baines, had he, like them, spent his spare moments, and spare pennies well. Instead of this, his time and money have been squandered in dissipation, and in lieu of leaving, like the two worthies named, "an inheritance to his children's children," both he and his poor wife are likely soon to end their days in the Union Workhouse, and be buried at the expense of the sober parishioners. Reader, God *helps those who help themselves*, but the sluggard and the drunkard shall come to poverty and shame.

Get lastly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live contentedly.

If you would know a bad husband, look at his wife's countenance.

SCENE IN A GIN-SHOP; RECENTLY SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

A man who might have been a second George Stephenson or Edward Baines

EDWARD BAINES;

OR,

THE MODERN FRANKLIN.

No kind of reading (the Bible only excepted) is at once so improving and so interesting as the lives of great and good men. Many a youth, and many a man and woman have been strengthened in right conduct, and led to forsake foolish and evil ways, by reading useful biography. The life of Franklin, the great American printer, has been the means of leading readers of all ages, especially the young of the working classes, to study economy of time and of money—never to waste the smallest portion of either. This was the secret of Franklin's success. He worked with a will at all he undertook, whether it was at his trade, or in improving his own mind, and by self-control he brought his wants within the limits of his means; that is, if he earned but sixpence a day, he would contrive to live on fivepence, so as to avoid debt and to have a trifle in hand against a rainy day. Now, among the thousands of readers who have been benefited by the wise example and precepts of Benjamin Franklin, there was a youth in the north of England, at the latter part of the last century, who was a very careful reader and a great admirer of the distinguished American printer. This youth was Edward Baines, the second son of a respectable, but not wealthy couple, Richard and Jane Baines, of Walton-le-Dale, near Preston, in Lancashire. The father of Edward had been a grocer, but he became a cotton-spinner and manufacturer. There was some intention, when Edward, a bright, merry boy, was fourteen or fifteen, of making him a weaver, but the lad preferred to be a printer, and his father wisely suffered his son to follow his own inclination in the important matter of a trade.

THE ELOQUENCE OF GRIEF. (See page 200)

He was apprenticed, in 1790, at the age of sixteen, to Messrs. Walker and Cay, printers, of Preston.

Those were very unsettled times. Work was scarce, bread was dear, and the influence of the great French Revolution was spreading wild and dangerous ideas among the working classes, particularly in the north of England. Men had not learned then the true wisdom of a calm, mild, enlightened view of their condition and their rights. They rushed into violence that terribly recoiled on themselves. Out of evil nothing but evil comes. God can bring good out of evil, and can make the wrath of man to praise Him; but man reaps as he sows. The young apprentice saw a mob bring a cannon before his master's printing-office, and fire it off in revenge for some lancet wrong done to the populace by a paper that was there published; and one of the partners (Cay) was unhappily a man of harsh temper, and he was afterwards sentenced in a lower court. These circumstances did not pass without leaving their impression on the mind of the youth. He learned to take a clear, strong, calm, kindly view of great questions, and in time, thousands relied upon the wisdom of his judgment.

His not being apprenticed until he was sixteen, put him at a disadvantage with others, for he had to serve seven years before he could work as a journeyman, and when he was nineteen, he began to wish for opportunities of improvement greater than Preston, and his master's failing health, afforded him. He had in the meanwhile, set a good example to his young companions: instead of going in the evening to the tavern, as was then the custom, he established a sort of mutual improvement society, where discussions and essays on useful topics formed the employment of the members. Yet this praiseworthy society in those times, was the object of suspicion. How is this day of books, and papers, and reading societies, and mechanics' institutes, are the opportunities of improvement to the working classes increased. If a man, now, lounges away his time at a public-house, it is because he has a love for the degrading associations of the taproom, or the fiery stimulus of strong drink, and in either case he is on the high-way to ruin.

In time our young printer obtained permission to leave his Preston master, and seek another with whom to serve out the rest of his time. His life as an independent member of society began when he left his father's roof and native county, carrying with him little else than the rich treasure of his parents' blessing, and his own steady, industrious habits. He set off on foot. The journey by coach then, was both tedious and expensive, and true to his favourite Franklin's maxim, "that a penny saved is a penny earned," the youth set out on his long walk to Leeds; a friend walked with him along the banks of the beautiful Ribble as far as Clitheroe, there the two parted company, and our young workman pursued his way over the wild moorland that bounds Lancashire and Yorkshire, with his trusty staff and his small bundle. Who that looked on that lonely wanderer plodding his way over the desolate moor, could suppose that he was to become an honour to the town of his adoption—a man of wealth and influence, a member of Parliament, and the founder of a family, of whom one is a Privy Councillor of our Queen, and another one of the ablest writers and thinkers of the present day; yet, wild and improbable as this seem, it is all strictly true.

When the young man arrived in Leeds, he had not a single friend in the town, but he lost no time in inquiring for work, and went direct to the Mercury office. The Leeds Mercury of that day was but an obscure paper compared with what it has now become. The stranger's application for work was successful, and a singular thought took root in his mind: he resolved if he once obtained a good footing in the office, never to leave it. He never did. He worked away with his usual ability and steadiness, and it was soon discovered that he was no common person. He served out his time, and at twenty-three was free of his indentures; in that time he had made such progress that many regarded him justly as a rising man.

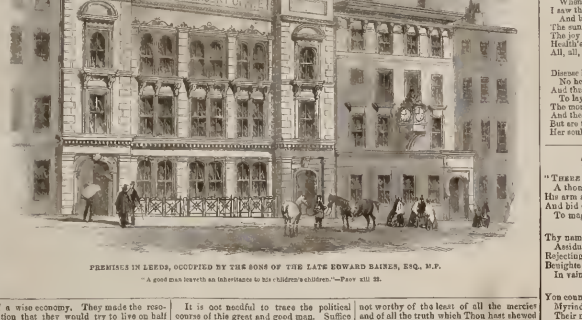
In the great event of his life—marriage, he made a most wise and happy choice. How true is the old saying, that "a man must ask his wife whether he is to succeed in life." As this important relationship for life, it would be well if young people a little more carefully considered consequences than they do. The wise man asks, "Who can find a virtuous woman?" This question implies that people search for this treasure—not a mere pretty face or merry manner, though both are good in their way—but a virtuous woman. Young man, read the last chapter of Proverbs before you propose. Think not lightly of the matter, for the Bible says, "Every wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands."

Miss Charlotte Talbot was in the high Scripture sense, "a virtuous woman," and the result of her union with Edward Baines was, that God "did him good, and not evil, all the days of his life."

His commencing business and his marriage took occurred in the twenty fourth year. If he had been diligent as an apprentice, he did not relax his diligence now he was beginning as an humble tradesman. No foolish pride kept him from turning his hand to any and every branch of his business. He worked at press as well as case, if it was needful. He kept the most careful accounts, though not used to bookkeeping, and he always knew exactly how he stood in his money affairs. Often was he seen at work at five in the morning, and his admirable wife fully entered into all his plans and received them, and though the night worn away before the tender mother was soothed by tossing her scattered darlings gathered together in infancy, put the words, "The children are all safe!" consoled them for other losses; for strange to say, this prudent young man was uninsured.

He always spoke of this as a valuable, though most expensive lesson.

Among other fine qualities, Mr. Baines had great personal bravery. Once, when he was attending a public celebration at his native town at Preston, called the "Guild Merchants," and half every town joined in it, the crowd that assembled to see the civic procession, there was one man who had climbed up to the steep shelving roof of a house, and being wearied, waiting for the pageant, fell asleep, if he had moved the least in his sleep, he must have fallen from his dangerous position, and been killed or maimed for life. With his usual promptitude, without waiting for a ladder,—for a moment might be fatal,—Mr. Baines climbed up a water-spout to the roof, and safely woke the sleeper. In all human probability saving his life.



PREMISES IN LEEDS, OCCUPIED BY THE SONS OF THE LATE EDWARD BAINES, ESQ., M.P.

"A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children."—Prov xiii 22.

of a wise economy. They made the resolution that they would try to live on half their income, and this plan, and not windfalls or lucky chances, laid the sure foundation of his future prosperity. He won the confidence of all who noticed his character, and when it was decided to establish the Leeds Mercury under new auspices, he was enabled, by the assistance of some gentlemen who esteemed him, to become the acting proprietor of that journal. The circulation had fallen to seven or eight hundred when Edward Baines commenced his labours, and he so raised its character that its sale gradually, but surely, progressed to more than as many thousands, and he handed back all the money advanced, and became sole proprietor. As a father, he was a truly lovely character. He entered into the amusements and pursuits of his children with a zest equal to their own. A peep into the parlour of his private house when his sons were in their ardent youth, shows us a most interesting scene. He formed a society that comprised many his sons and a young friend named James Parsons. The good father always presided, and the young people carried out their discussions and oratorical exercises with him for audience and umpire. The juvenile orgaments fed the flame of youthful zeal with the grand speeches of Burke, Pitt, and Fox, and all at them have attained distinction. The young friend alluded to has been for many years one of the most eloquent and earnest ministers of Christ of this age—the Rev. James Parsons, of York.

It must not be supposed that it was all sunshine and progress in Mr. Baines's career. He had his public griefs in his troubled times of the Luddite riots, and very early in his married life he had a private loss, cheerfully borne because it might have been so much worse. Mr. and Mrs. Baines attended an Anti-Slavery meeting, leaving their children under proper care and their dwelling safe. Imagine their horror when a loud voice from the door of the hall of meeting, exclaimed, "Mr. Baines's house is on fire!" Away they fled, those tender parents, in wild affright to their house, the one cry on their lips, the one agony in their hearts, "The children! the children!" They stood before the home, the scene of so much joy and peace, now a mass of flame; but they were soon comforted, for eager voices told them their chief treasures were safe. Kind neighbours had received them, and though the night worn away before the tender mother was soothed by tossing her scattered darlings gathered together in infancy, put the words, "The children are all safe!" consoled them for other losses; for strange to say, this prudent young man was uninsured.

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gently fulfilling all his duties as husband, father, citizen; conscientious in little things, as some call them, but "trifles make the sum of human things." He was so faithful to his convictions, that he never used tobacco or snuff, and never entered a theatre or tavern. Without being what is now called a teetotaller, he was a water-drinker, and he took the chair at the first meeting ever held in Leeds for abolishing the use of ardent spirits. But with all these excellencies, his congenial-minded son records' that he was somewhat undecided for many years on spiritual matters. His pious wife not only prayed for him, but she exemplified her piety in her life. Like an ideal wife, she was gentle, she concerated it—and at length her prayers were answered in the full conversion of her husband. And then what humble thankfulness he began to exhibit. How he traced the hand of God in all his earthly pilgrimage, and often, in old age, when referring to his long walk as a friendless youth, with his staff, to Leeds, and to the prosperity permitted, not only to himself, but to his sons Talbot and Edward, he used to quote the words of Jacob, "I am

It is not needful to trace the political course of this great and good man. Suffice it that when Leeds in 1831 sent her first Members to Parliament, Mr. John Marshall and Thomas Babington Macaulay were the first representatives returned; the latter, well known Lord Macaulay, and the great historian and essayist, accepted in 1833 a seat in the Council of the India Board, and a vacancy thus occurred in the representation of Leeds. Mr. Baines was advised to stand, and the town of his adoption did itself honour by returning their admirable townsman. He continued faithfully to represent his constituents in three successive parliaments, and he won for himself friendships with some of our very greatest men. At the recent meeting of the British Association in Leeds, 1858, Lord Brougham called at the Mercury Office, and asked to be conducted to see the statue of his old and esteemed friend, Edward Baines.

But we must hasten to a close. The day had been fine and cheering but the evening of Mr. Baines' life was marked with cloudless lustre. He was permitted to see not only what the Germans call a silver wedding-day (twenty-fifth), but a golden wedding-day, a fiftieth anniversary of his union with his true-hearted, noble-minded partner. On that day, indeed, they celebrated with grateful hearts this memorable day. After a life of so much work, the aged father and partner began to show rapid signs of decline; a few short weeks after his truly golden wedding-day, with his family around him, and Christian trust in the merits of his Saviour—able to take farewell of all his family, and leave a word of advice and his blessing with them all. At the age of seventy-four, this good and faithful servant entered into the joy of his Lord.

He has been called the "Franklin of Leeds," and to some extent the term is a good one. He resembled Franklin in self-culture, industry, economy, and perseverance. His public duties did not call him to visit two hemispheres, or to fill the world with his fame. Edward Baines dwelt among his own people, and served them faithfully; a great provincial and English reputation being his—not a universal reputation. But there was one very important point of his character in which he far transcended Franklin—in the "inner" parts of his life. Early in life Edward Baines was a good moral man, most diligent, faithful, and, though the night worn away before the tender mother was soothed by tossing her scattered darlings gathered together in infancy, put the words, "The children are all safe!" consoled them for other losses; for strange to say, this prudent young man was uninsured.

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worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth which Thou hast shewed unto thy servant, for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands."

The distinguished American in private and spiritual excellence—the highest excellence!—cannot compare with the devout Christian, Edward Baines. The Rev. James Parsons, of York, when he preached the funeral sermon of the friend and patron of his own youth, beautifully said, "He mourned for him with the reverence of a son, and the affection of a brother."

* We are glad to learn that a cheap edition of the life of the late Edward Baines, is in course of preparation by his son, Edward Baines, Esq., Leeds.

THE PAPER KITE.

Once on a time, a paper kite
Was mounted to a wondrous height,
When giddy with its elevation,
It thus expressed self-admiration:—
"Mark! I pass by crowds of gazing people
Admire my flight above the steeple;
How would they wonder, if they knew
All that a kite like me can do!
Were I but free, I'd take a flight,
And pierce the clouds beyond their sight;
But now, like some poor prisoner bound,
My string confines me near the ground.
I'd brave the eagles' towering wing,
Might I but fly without a string."
It tug'd and pulled, while thus it spoke
To break the string. At last it broke:
Deprived at once of all its stay,
In vain it tried to soar away.
Unable its own weight to bear,
It flutter'd downwards through the air;
Unable its own course to guide,
The wind soon plung'd it in the tide.
Ah! foolish kite, thou hadst no wing.
Her coolest thou fly without a string?
My heart replied, O Lord, I see
How much the kite resembles me:
Forgetful that by Thee I stand,
Impatient of Thy ruling hand,
How oft I've wished to break the lines
Thy wisdom for my lot assigns!
How oft indulged a vain desire,
For something more and something higher!
And, but for love and grace Divine,
A fall thus dreadful had been mine.

JOHN NEWTON.

THE DRUNKARD.

BY THE REV. J. T. BARR.

There was a time, a blooming time,
When virtue warm'd his breast;—
Of all my early schoolmates then,
I lov'd my Henry best.
Together, when the Sabbath bell
Peal'd softly o'er our native dell,
We sauntered to the house of prayer,
And found it good to worship there.

There was a time, a happy time,
When fir'd with youthful pride,
I saw him in the chancel stand,
And claim his bride beside.
As harp to harp, in union sweet
Their kindred hearts found family beat;
All nature round them gaily smiled,
And every earth-born care beguiled.

There was a time, a mournful time,
When Henry went astray;
And all his early hopes were crush'd,
By choosing error's way.
Second, he join'd th' intemperate throng,
And learned to sing the drunkard's song;
And nightly to the tavern he
Resorts,—to ill health and fortune fee.

One winter's night, a piteous night,
When fast fell down the snow,
The inebriate stagger'd toward his home,
Now made a scene of woe.
No star appear'd, no lunar ray
Beam'd on the wanderer's lonely way;
He sunk exhausted on the ground,
And soon a sunless'd corpse was found.

There was a time, a sad, sad time,
When desolate and poor,
I saw the drunkard's widow weep,
And beg from door to door.
The sunny smile, the roseate hue,—
The joy that once her bosom knew,—
Health's fervid glow,—Hope's cheering ray,
All, all, alas! had passed away.

Disease had touch'd her fragile frame,
No healing balm was nigh;
And then she sought the Workhouse, there
To lay her down and die!
The morning dawn'd with golden ray,
And there the youthful victim lay;
But ere the sun had reach'd the west,
Her soul had found its final rest.

THERE IS A GOD.

"There is a God," all Nature cries;
A thousand tongues proclaim
His arm almighty, mind all-wise,
And bid each voice in chorus rise
To magnify His name.

Thy name, great Nature's Sire Divine,
Assidnous we adore;
Rejecting godheads, at whose shrine
Benighted nations bend and wine
In vain libations pour.

You countless worlds in boundless space,
Physical or moral, speak
Their mighty orbs as curious trace,
As the blue circle studs the face
Of that enamell'd flower.

But Thou, too, mad'st that floweret gay,
To glitter in the dawn;
The hand that made the lump of day,
The blessing comes launched away,
Pointed the velvet lawn.

As falls a sparrow to the ground,
Obedient to Thy will,
By the same law those globes wheel round,
Thy unerring code, all still found
In one eternal system bound,
One order to fulfil.

LORD BROUGHAM.

WAKE, BROTHER, WAKE!

Wake, brother, wake!—the morning breaks,
And bid thee hasten away:
The hours speed on, our life is gone—
Can we recall a day?

Wake, brother, wake!—the east is red,
And we have work to do:
Let slumber bind the lazies mind,
But not the brave and true!

Wake, brother, wake!—old time speeds on;
Can we recall an hour?
Then, haste away, work while ye may
With all your youthful power.

Wake, brother, wake!—the sun is up;
On earth his gold rays pour:
Dream not of rest until re-blest
In Paradise once more.

A. R. L.

"Heaviness in the heart of man maketh it stoop; but a good word maketh it glad."—Proverbs xii. 25.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—Prov. iv. 18.

TO THE MEN OF LEEDS!

My Friends,—The visit of Queen Victoria at the opening of your magnificent Town Hall, last year, was an event that will never be forgotten by you so long as memory lasts. You did nobly in your unexampled efforts to give our worthy Queen a true "Yorkshire" reception, and *such* a reception, we are told, Her Majesty has stated, she *never* had before! But, my friends, let us not forget to prepare for the coming of One greater than Queen Victoria. Never since Old Leeds was built, was there such a transformation in the appearance of the town. All that paint, whitewash, water, willing hands, and willing hearts *could* do, *was* done in preparing for the Queen's visit. Keep up the cleanliness of your homes, not only outside, but also inside, and you will long be the gainers. Let the sight of your noble Town Hall (of which the above is an engraving), and the remembrance of Victoria's visit, remind you of the coming of the "King of kings and Lord of lords." You prepared *well* for your earthly monarch,—oh, neglect not to do the same for your Heavenly One!

A Yorkshireman.

THE WIDOW GREEN AND HER THREE NIECES.

CHAPTER X.

HOW TO CHOOSE A COMPANION FOR LIFE.

We must now request the reader to pass over a little time with us, and to look in again upon the Widow Green, whom her nieces had grown somewhat older, and had begun to be thought of by young men, as they looked about them for those who seemed likely to make them happy in the married state. That young men should do so is but natural and right, and we only wish when they talk those matters over, that all would be as reasonable as those whose conversation we are about to repeat.

One of these young men is Henry Westwood, the son of a market-gardener. He is a well-dressed, respectable-looking young man, who has been twice on the Sunday to a place of worship, and has taught in the Sunday-school besides; and now when the duties of the day are over, he takes a little stroll by the river side with two other young men of his acquaintance; and as they walk, they happen to talk about the Widow Green's three nieces. Ah, if young women could sometimes hear what young men say about them, when they talk seriously and quietly together, we fancy some of them would take off a little of their flowers and their finery before next Sunday, and perhaps, mend a few holes in their stockings, besides dressing more tidily during the other days of the week.

On the present occasion, it so happened that Henry Westwood's friends were joking him about his partiality for Mary Miller, Mrs. Green's favorite niece; and as he never denied that he admired her more than any girl he knew, Mary's admirers, who thought her rather divine, and difficult to get acquainted with, pressed him to tell them what it was that he really admired so much in Mary; for, as one of them observed, Harriet was a prettier girl by far.

It would have been very difficult for Henry to answer these inquiries by telling all; but there was one thing which he felt no shame in speaking of. It was that at whatever time he called at the house, Mary looked always so neat, and as nice, as she did in her Sunday's dress.

"That may well be," said his companions, "for she never has any dirty work to do—nothing but to wait upon the ladies."

"Indeed," said Henry, "you are mistaken there. I have seen her in the midst of a great wash, and her hair was just as neat, her collar as clean and tidy, and though her gown might be an old one, I am sure she looked every bit as nice as she does when first going out on a Sunday."

Of course, Henry's companions laughed and joked him about the notice he must have taken of Mary's hair and collar; but they both agreed with him at last, that it would be a terrible thing to have a wife at home looking for six days in the week, the dirty miserable object they often saw, and then going out like a fine lady when he called herself *dressed*. One of them went so far as to confess that he had one morning seen Harriet such a figure, with her hair *down*, and her stockings in holes, that he never could look at her with any real pleasure again.

"I wonder," said he, "who the women dress *for*, when they do so. It cannot be for their husbands. Now, I should like a wife to think more about how she looked in my eyes, than in any other person's."

"And I," said Henry, "should like my wife to be always neat and nice, because she would consider it a disgrace to be otherwise—in fact, because she *loved* cleanliness and decency; and that would keep her nice, and the house nice too, whether I was in the way, or not."

"There is one thing," observed his friend, "of which we may be very sure. That if the girls don't keep themselves neat and clean, and their own cleaners remunded while they are in service; they will never keep a husband's clothes as they ought to be kept, when they have only his wages to depend upon; to say nothing of a family of children to care for besides."

Thus the young men talked together. But we must not forget to tell the reader, that more than a year has passed since the last conversation we have recorded between the widow and her nieces. We said at that time, that Harriet had been asked to go and stay awhile with an uncle who was a farmer; and Mrs. Green, thinking it would be a good thing to get her quite away from the place where she had formed so unsuitable an acquaintance, gladly accepted the invitation for her, and she was sent off accordingly without loss of time.

It so happened, however, that she soon found another situation. Her uncle lived on a small farm belonging to a large estate, and very near to his humble dwelling stood the great hall or mansion of the high family who owned the property. No sooner was the harvest over, during which Harriet had made herself very useful to her aunt, that it was found that a housemaid was wanted at the hall, and as the servants there had a good character for steadiness and respectability, Mrs. Green made no objection to the proposal that her niece should fill the vacant place.

We must here do justice to Harriet by stating that before even six months had passed over, she had profited very much by her previous experience, and by the wise treatment and good advice of her aunt. She now tried very hard to keep herself as tidy when about her work, as when she went out on the Sunday; and if she was not quite so smartly dressed, everybody said she was quite as good-looking. Especially with regard to men, she had learned a lesson which no right-minded girl would be likely to forget; and though her handsome face not unfrequently attracted their attention, and her lively spirits sometimes led her into playful conversation with them, she kept always into her mind the fear of going even in the least degree too far; and so checked herself whenever she felt that her laugh was too loud, or her speech too free.

Indeed, there was reason to hope that both Harriet and Jane had learned to look upon life and its duties in a much more serious light than before. They had both done wrong, and had been very near falling into grievous sin. What, but the infinite mercy of God, had kept them from the frightful consequences of such misconduct? Seeing the evil from which they had been saved, how could they look back without deep gratitude to God, or forward without resolving that by His help they would walk more circumspectly for the future?

But we must now suppose it to be the harvest-time of the year, and that Mrs. Green has taken her two nieces, Mary and Jane to spend a week at the farm as a very great treat. Mr. and Mrs. Wright had no children of their own, but they had adopted a nephew as their son; and a very fine young man he was—handsome, kind—and very clever at his work, but a little in the habit of leaving it sometimes for pleasure. James Ryan, for that was the name of the young man, had dark eyes, a fresh complexion, fine curling hair, and just the kind of winning smile that made people forgive him as soon as ever he acknowledged himself done wrong. We do not mean that he did much that was very wrong. He was extremely kind to his aunt,—indeed, he was always ready to do any one a good turn; so that the neighbours liked him, and called him the best tempered fellow in all the country. His uncle liked him too, for he was a famous worker when there was anything extraordinary to be done. He used to say, "Thank God, keep James sober," and he would match him against any man for work.

"Keep him sober." Yes, that was the expression which people had begun to use when speaking of James Ryan; but Mrs. Green had never heard it when she came to pay their visit, nor Mary either, or perhaps she would not have looked quite so pleased when James came in from his work, and after dressing himself very nicely, proposed to take his cousins and her out for a walk. Harriet had been sat at liberty to spend her holiday with the rest, and she and James were great friends, so that altogether they were a very happy and merry little party. The harvest moon was then in all its glory, the evenings were particularly fine; and although the young people sometimes remained out rather longer than Mrs. Green would have chosen, they were upon the whole so steady, and she had in her own mind such entire confidence in Mary, that she scarcely felt herself called upon to check what appeared so innocent an enjoyment.

Besides which, the Widow Green had a very high opinion of the happiness, as well as the respectability of the married state, and provided she could altogether approve of the connection, she felt no objection whatever to any of her nieces being married, so soon as they should have attained a reasonable age. "The greatest thing," she often said, "is for young people to know one another well beforehand, and how should they do that, if they never spend an hour walk together in a respectable and friendly way, but just meet at unsuitable times, or by stealth, and then rush blindfold into a union that can never be broken." To these remarks she would not unfrequently add—" And what is a young woman good for, if she cannot be trusted in the company of a young man, so far as to talk sensibly, to keep a proper distance, and to behave herself in all respects with modesty and decorum?"

Her nieces had wandered out with her one beautiful afternoon into the harvest field, and had amused themselves with gathering blackberries, until at last they all sat down upon some sheaves of corn lying ready to be gathered up with the next load. The field was now nearly cleared. It was the last day of the pleasant visit, and the girls wanted to make the most of every moment by strolling about in the fresh pure air.

"I think I should like to be a farmer's wife," said Jane, very innocently. "Wouldn't you, Mary?"

What could be the matter with Mary that she blushed so deeply at this question? In vain she stooped to gather up some ears of corn—in vain she drew her bonnet down, and looked away; her very neck was almost crimson, while Harriet, perceiving her confusion, began to laugh and joke about it, and so made the matter worse.

"Nonsense! Harriet. Be quiet;" said Mrs. Green, for she always had a great dislike to this kind of joking. "If you mean anything about love, as I suppose you do, "I'll tell you what I think about it."

Harriet pretended to be very much astonished that so grave a person as her aunt should speak on such a subject; but they all begged she would go on, as this was the first time in their lives they had any of them known her take it up.

"One thing I must insist upon, Harriet," said her aunt, "that if I do speak, I won't have any giggling; for, in my opinion, to love a worthy man as he ought to be loved, is the most serious, as well as the most important thing, a woman ever does."

"Oh, aunt!" exclaimed Harriet and Jane at once; but Mary was silent, only she raised her eyes and fixed them steadily upon the face of her aunt.

"I mean what I say," continued Mrs. Green, and if young girls would be more serious, and more in earnest on this subject than they are, there would be less wickedness in the world in general, and less sorrow would fall to their share in it."

"But, aunt," said Harriet, laughing, "suppose they happen to fall in love——"

Her aunt interrupted her rather sharply by saying—"Don't talk to me about falling in love." A modest, prudent woman has no business with falling in love. It is just this notion that they have fallen in love with one another which young people get, that makes so many miserable marriages. But I am ashamed to talk of such a thing. Trust me, I don't mean *that*; for I believe, and always have believed, since I reached to years of discretion, that to a right-minded woman, love goes as much wisdom to guide her in this, as in any other thing; and that she needs it more, for in what does she risk so much, as her choice of a companion from whom, every one else, nothing but death can separate her?—a companion with whom she is to share everything she enjoys, or suffers in the world?—a companion whose safety for the life to come, as well as whose comfort in this, will be in a great measure dependent upon her? No, my girls, it is only those women who look upon love as foolish, bad thoughts about love, that trifle at away with every man they meet. Those who look upon love—yes, human love—as a precious and a holy thing, will keep what they feel of it untouched, and pure, to be given at the right time to some worthy man, who above all things loves and honours God. There is no other way of safety for a poor girl to go by; and, by taking this, she makes ship wreck of her peace in this world, and too often of her happiness in the world to come."

Before the widow finished speaking, all the little party had begun to look very grave. A tall figure had come up silently, and joined them. He smiled at first, for it was James Ryan; but by degrees his countenance became very serious, and as they walked towards the house, if they were not sad, they were certainly more silent than usual. It was the last evening before they separated; and the words they had just heard were such as some of them had cause to remember.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

NEW VERSION.

God save Victoria Queen,
Long live our noble Queen.
God save the Queen;
Send her prosperity,
Dailing wealth,
In peace and piety;
God save the Queen!

O! Lord, our God, arise!
Convert her enemies
Into friends all;
And make their politics
Free from worthy tricks:
On her our hopes we fix.
God save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store
On Queen Victoria pour,
Long may she reign:
May she preserve our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with vast applause
God save the Queen!

S. Ricaud.

CANVASSING COMMITTEES.

We cannot express the thanks we feel to the various Committees of Working-men, who are so zealously exerting themselves to extend the circulation of the "British Workman."

In no other way can our friends more effectually promote a wider circulation of the paper amongst the working classes, than by forming District Canvassing Committees. If others who are willing thus to help will kindly communicate with us, as under, we will furnish them with a supply of hand-bills, &c., to assist them in their work. The co-operation of District Visitors, City Missionaries, Scripture Readers, and Tract Distributors is peculiarly valuable in a movement of this kind.

Address, The Editor of "British Workman," 17, Bernsbury Square, London. N.

HINTS FROM HELPERS. No. 9.

We heartily thank J. W. Bardsley, Esq., of Manchester, for his interesting letter, from which we extract the following:—

"I cannot forbear mentioning to you a very encouraging circumstance. When writing to a lady friend, residing in a little village in Warwickshire, and enclosing some tracts, and several of your useful papers, "*Twenty-eight Suggestions for increasing the Circulation of the British Workman*, *Leaves*, &c., I also wrote with my letter, a *British Workman Almanac*, saying what a blessed thing it would be if each of the villagers had a copy on their walls, with the daily texts and warning illustrations.

"She received my letter and Almanac, and placed the letter on her table. During the course of the day, a neighbouring clergyman and the medical man of the village, called, and their attention was attracted by the Almanac. They asked questions, and seemed with it beyond degree. Amongst other things, was a lady from the next village, who has only just come to reside there. She commissioned decidedly of the great, and very useful work. "I am ordained, must something to do," said my friend, and then directing her attention to the Almanac, "Here I'll give you a challenge. You shall canvass your village, and I mine, and we will see who can dispose of most copies."

"Agreed, said the lady, thankful for any thing which would be likely to occupy her time. The villages are only small, but I have received a letter saying, that they "actually sold between seven and eight dozen copies." Not to that all! my friend, encouraged, determined to follow up the charged work, and in her own village last month, sold 40 copies of the *British Workman* and *six monthly Friends Workmen*. The villagers had never seen the paper before, and were loud and long in their praises of the paper."

GRANTS FOR SOLDIERS.

A Soldier writes from Gibraltar, "Drink is the soldier's curse, and the *British Workman* is just the thing for him." We have also letters from India, Vancouver's Island, &c., to the same effect.

Contributions of a few friends, upwards of £50 worth of monthly Nos. and volumes, have been sent to India. But what are these for 70,000 men? As the present grants, we could advantageously distribute ten times as many as we have already sent, but our Gratuitous Fund is exhausted.

Contributions will be thankfully received by Henry Ford Barclay, Esq., Treasurer, Walthamstow, London. N. E.

JOHN WESLEY'S REPROOF.

John Wesley, having to travel some distance in a stagecoach, fell in with a pleasant-companioned, well-dressed officer. His conversation was sprightly and entertaining, but frequently mingled with oaths. When they were about to take the last stage, Mr. Wesley took the officer apart, and after expressing the pleasure he had enjoyed in his company, told him he was thereby encouraged to ask of him a very great favour. "I would take a pleasure in obliging you," said the officer, "and I am sure you will not make an unreasonable request." "Then," said Mr. Wesley, "as we have to travel together some time, I beg that if I should so far forget myself as to swear, you will kindly reprove me." The officer immediately saw the motive, felt the force of the request, and with a smile thanked Mr. Wesley.

Now ready. With 100 Illustrations, and six coloured plates, "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones." Compiled by Uncle John. In cloth, 6s. Handsomely bound, with gilt edges, 7s. 6d (post free). London: Partridge & Co., 34, Paternoster Row.

SCENE AT THE GOLD DIGGINGS.

THE GOLD DIGGERS.

Let it be observed how, at the gold-diggings, men toil and labour. Some busy themselves in deep excavations: they dig often and deep, and there is no gold. Others toil *perseverc*, until they reach the bluish marl in which gold grains are deposited; others ply the crradle. One breaks the lumps of earth; another pours in a continuous stream of water; a third washes carefully into a low dish the deposit that has fallen through a sieve of the cradle on the boards beneath; until, after long washing, the glittering dust is seen along the bottom edges of the dish. Why do they take such pains? Because they are in *earnest*. Reader, are you in earnest? You say that you do not enjoy the comforts of religion; that it has not enriched you; that you are still poor. But have you sought? If you have, you must find, for the promise is, "Seek, and *ye shall find*." Have you sought Him where He is to be found, in His Word—His Word read and His Word preached? Have you sought Him on your knees, diligently and humbly? Have you sought Him in His ordinances, means of grace? Have you sought Him as the diggers seek the gold?—*From Church Missionary Intelligencer.*

Some of our readers are to be found at the Gold Diggings of Australia and Vancouver's Island. Will they allow us to remind them of the following words of Sacred Scripture: "Wisdom is the principal thing: therefore get wisdom; and *with all thy getting*, get understanding." —Prov. iv. 7.

TO PARENTS, TEACHERS, &c.

We shall be glad if those of our readers who are fathers, mothers; superintendents or teachers in Sunday schools; masters or pupil-teachers in day-schools, will kindly further the circulation amongst their little ones, of our halfpenny monthly paper—"The Band of Hope Review, and Children's Friend."

This little illustrated paper is designed, under God's blessing, to aid in the training up of the young in habits of sobriety;—obedience to parents—the observance of the Sabbath; the practice of kindness to animals; and above all, a love of the Sacred Scriptures.

With 70 Engravings. Price 1s. The Yearly Part of the "Band of Hope Review" for 1858. Also, with 100 Engravings, the Cheap Edition for the Eight Years, bound in one vol., 5s., gilt edges, 10s.—The best picture-book we know of.—*Mother's Friend.*

THE ELOQUENCE OF GRIEF.

The American philanthropist, Governor Briggs, relates the following affecting narrative:—

The inhabitants of a thriving burgh in Pennsylvania, assembled, as was their custom, to decide what number (if any) of licenses the town should petition for from the County Court, from whence they were issued. There was a very full attendance. The magistrate presided, and the physician, deacon, and pastor of the village, were on the platform. One of the most respectable citizens, after a short speech, moved that the meeting petition for the usual number of licenses, and not give way to any excitement. When it was about to be almost universally adopted, and the President was going to put the motion to the meeting, an object rose in a distant part of the meeting, and all eyes were instantly turned in that direction. It was an old woman, poorly clad, and whose care-worn countenance was the powerful index of no light sufferings; and yet, there was something in the flash of her bright eye, that told, she had once been what she then was not. She addressed the President, and said, with his permission, she wished to say a few words to the meeting.

She had come because she heard they were going to decide the "*license question.*"

"You," said she, "all know who I am. You once knew me as the mistress of one of the *best estates* in the borough. I once had a husband and five sons, and woman never had a kinder husband,—mother never had five better or more affectionate sons. But where are they now?"

"Doctor, I ask where are they now? In yonder burial-ground there are six graves filled by that husband, and these five sons; and oh! they are all drunkards' graves! Doctor, how came they to be drunkards? You would come and drink with them, and you told them that *temperate drinking* would do them good. And you too, Sir, (addressing the pastor) would come and drink with my husband; and my sons thought *they might drink with safety*, because they saw you drink.

"Deacon, you sold them rum, which made them drunkards. You have now got my farm, and all my property, and you got it all by *rum!* And now, I have done my errand, I go back to the poor-house, for that is my home!

"You, *doctor*, you, *reverend Sir*, and you, *deacon*, I shall never meet again, until I meet you at the bar of God, where you, too, will meet my ruined and lost husband, and those five sons, who, through your means and influence, fill the drunkard's grave!"

The old woman sat down. Perfect silence prevailed until broken by the President, who rose to put the question to the meeting—"Shall we petition the Court to issue the licenses to the borough for the ensuing year?" and then one unbroken "*No!*" which made the very walls re-echo with the sound, told the result of the poor old *woman's appeal.*

[We have received a number of letters from correspondents, expressing a strong desire that the Pennsylvanian "Permissive" principle, with regard to Licenses, should be adopted by our Government. The subject shall have our consideration.]

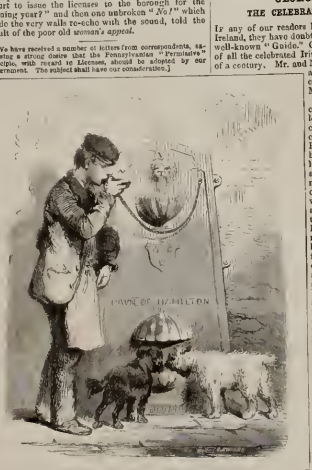
GEORGE WINDER,

THE CELEBRATED IRISH GUIDE.

If any of our readers have visited Glendalough, in Ireland, they have doubtless seen George Winder, the well-known "Guide." George has been the companion of all the celebrated Irish tourists for the last quarter of a century. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall give a pleasing account of him in their interesting work on Ireland, and Mr. Barrow says of him:—

"From the moment he accosted me to the moment he left me, his tongue never ceased, but went on at a most chattering, tremendous rate. He wore mustaches and a beard of a fine rich brown colour, and his personal appearance was altogether such as might give uneasiness to a man of weak nerves; indeed, I afterwards heard that ladies have sometimes been afraid to trust themselves with such a rough-looking, ruffianly fellow—but my word for it, he is a good, honest, and agreeable chaperon, for all his look. His mode of expression was true Irish, and as singular as himself. For instance, I managed to edge one or two words in, and inquired if there had been many visitors to these parts this year? 'A *powerful* sight,' quoth he, 'and an *awful* number more would come, if it wasn't for the *terrible* bad things that are told of my countrymen just now, which makes you Englishmen think they'll surely be murdered if they come over here.' All this with no small touch of the brogue, and as fast as he could gabble out the words. He talked much of *Tommy Moore*, and 'It was I,' said he, 'who accompanied Mr. Tommy' (for so he invariably termed him) 'through all the scenes of his poems; it was I who told him all the various legends, and pointed out the curiosities of the places.' Then he would rattle out, 'By that lake,' and repeat the whole poem from beginning to end, just as a schoolboy repeats his verses, never stopping till he reached, to my great satisfaction, the last stanza, where 'Her ghost was seen to glide.' I never in the whole course of my life met with a man with so retentive a memory. His head seemed overflowing with Irish legends. He never hesitated for a word, and altogether it had not been my fortune to meet such a character in any part of the world. He calls himself Winder, and says that his ancestors came from Windermere, in Cumberland.

How uncertain is life! Since we sent the above to the printer, we have heard of the death of the celebrated Irish guide. Honest George Winder is no more!



DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

This good movement—this boon to the Working Classes, is spreading. Scotland is taking it up in good earnest. The above engraving is from a photograph (kindly sent us by Mr. W. A. Dykes), of one of the Drinking Fountains recently erected by the Town Council of Hamilton, N.B. There is a continual flow of water, which is supplied by the Water Commissioners *free of charge.*

The following particulars, kindly furnished us, of that fountain, may be useful to some of our readers:—

Drinking Fountain and Trough for Dogs. Of cast iron; 5 feet 3 inches high, the water, after filling the upper basin, flows down (behind the plate) to the trough below. Iron jug, attached by chain to side. The dog trough is kept clean by the inverted trough above. Cost of iron-work, about £3.

We have engravings in hand of Fountains erected in Hull, Blackburn, Darlington, &c.

GEORGE WINDER, THE GLENDALOUGH GUIDE.

☞ *With 500 Illustrations. A complete Edition of the "British Workman," from the commencement, may now be had, bound in cloth, price 6s.; crimson cloth and gilt edges, 1s. 6d.*

☞ *With 100 Illustrations. The Yearly Part of the "British Workman" for 1858. Also, for 1855, 1856 and 1857, price Eighlempence each, post free.*

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold."—Proverbs xxii. 1.

No. 51, Price One Penny.

BRITISH WORKMAN

MARCH 1st, 1859.]

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WORKING MEN'S CLUB.

A Club has been established by the Rector and Curate of St. Matthias, Salford, assisted by several of the congregation, for the purpose of providing suitable amusement and instruction for the working-men in the neighbourhood; and has met with the greatest encouragement from those for whose benefit it was intended. Two of the largest and best cottages in the parish have been thrown together to form a club-house; it is well lighted with gas, and substantially furnished, so as to be a thoroughly comfortable place of resort, where the working-man may have far greater advantages and comforts than any public-house can afford, without any of its dangers. The club-house contains a committee-room, used by the parochial clergy as a daily place of call for any who wish to see them or to be visited; a conversation room; a washing apartment; a newsroom, liberally supplied with local and other papers; an amusement room, where chess, draughts, &c., are supplied; and a library and class-room. At a desire arises for instruction in any branch of education, it is supplied. Reading and writing classes have already been formed, with the most gratifying results.

The subscription entitling to all the privileges of the club is only *one penny* per week, and coffee is supplied to members at cost price. It is managed by a Committee, one half of which is composed of working-men. The Rector has also established a Penny Bank in connection with it, which bids fair for great usefulness, fourteen depositors having come forward on the first night, and some of the worst characters in the neighbourhood having expressed a wise determination to "save money," instead of spending it in "drink."

We are authorized to add, that the Rector, the Rev. E. B. Chalmer, M.A., 72, Camp Street, Lower Broughton, Manchester, will be happy to give information respecting its working, to any person desirous of establishing a similar institution. Those who apply should not fail to enclose a stamped envelope.

We have peculiar pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the Salford Working Men's Club, and hope that the example will be followed in many other parishes. At the same time we increasingly feel the importance of urging working-men to make their *families* and their *homes* the great centres of attraction. "Home! home! sweet home!—Be it ever so humble, there's no place like *home*." We have been not a little cheered in our work by the receipt of various letters, assuring us that not a few working-men have been led, through the perusal of the *British Workman*, to "come home early!" Let us hope that the number of such cases will greatly increase.

WORKING-MEN'S CLUB-HOUSE, SALFORD.

These working-men who wish to improve their condition in life, should peruse that stirring little book, "GOOD TIMES," published by Groombridge & Sons, Paternoster Row, price 4d.

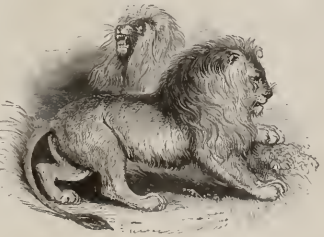
THE LAST TRIAL OF MADAME PALISSY. FROM A PAINTING BY W. J. GRANT, ESQ.

LIONS AND TIGERS.

An officer in India happened one day to stroll into the jungle, in the neighbourhood of his quarters, and, before he had gone far, encountered a large lion, face to face. Both parties came to a dead halt, and gazed earnestly at each other. The officer had no arms with him, save a sword, which, in an assault from such an enemy as that before him, would be utterly useless. Giving himself up as lost, he had still the presence of mind to recollect that lions and tigers sometimes gave way, it was said, to a firm gaze from man's eye. He therefore stood motionless, looking as steadily as possible upon the beast. The lion, which appeared ready to spring, after a minute or so grew disturbed, slunk aside, and attempted to creep round upon him. The officer steadily turned his face to the new quarter of attack, and the animal as regularly shrunk from his eye. This manœuvreing continued nearly half-an-hour, when the lion at last shunk into the thicket and disappeared. The officer, it may be supposed, did not foresee any more pleasure in his stroll, and made the best of his way back to his tent, and his comrades.

The inability to bear the gaze of the human eye has been put to the proof, involuntarily, it may well be supposed, on several occasions, and seems to be perfectly authenticated, both in the instance of tigers and lions. The effect produced on the animals arises probably from man being an erect being, and most unlike their usual prey; and that a fixed gaze of the eye is a confusing affair, to which these lords of the thicket are totally unaccustomed. Let the man conjoin his gaze with the movements well known to them, of resistance or flight, and the charm is fatally dissolved. This seems to prove that it is not cowardice, or fear of opposition, that keeps them at bay.

Mr. Churchill, a missionary in India, was one evening reclining on a sofa, reflecting on the death of his late amiable wife, his two little children were fast asleep on the bed, when this terrific animal walked into the house, and entered the very room where he was. Mr. C., seeing the animal, fully expected that he and the two darling children would be destroyed immediately; but the tiger, seeing his own picture in a large mirror fixed up in the room, rushed forward, supposing it was another of its own species, broke the glass into a thousand pieces, and then instantly left the room. Thus did God preserve this good man and his children from the jaws of the tiger. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them. The Lord redeemeth the soul of His servants; and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate."—PSALM XXXIV. 7, 22.



PALISSY THE POTTER.

BERNARD PALISSY was one of the most remarkable of those men who have conquered fortune through indomitable energy and unconquerable devotion to a single purpose. Born of poor parents, he had little or no education except such as he was able to procure for himself. His first step was made by acquiring the art of land-surveying; he next overcame the difficulties which then stood in the way of a knowledge of chemistry; after which he proceeded to study art, and by copying the works of the great masters in painting, he made himself a painter. At length a piece of enamelled pottery, of a peculiar description, fell in his way, the manufacture of which was guarded with all the mystery and jealousy so characteristic of the period, and with this his fancy was so struck, that he determined to devote himself to discovering the secret of its composition. For years and years he pursued his investigations, expending not only the little money he had previously amassed, but all he could obtain by borrowing and begging. The world regarded him as a madman, and treated him with laughter, with threats of imprisonment, and with scornful pity. It was not till after sixteen years of this life, when he had burned his tables, his chairs, and part of the very flooring of

(Continued on next page.)

THE BIRTHPLACE OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

his house, as fuel for the insatiable furnaces of his laboratory, that success rewarded his perseverance, and he became great and a rich man. The story which Mr. Grant's beautiful picture illustrates is told of that period of his life when he was reduced to utter extremity. The last morsel of gold, essential for his experiments, that he could procure by borrowing had been exhausted; no trinket remained in the house, save only his wife's wedding-ring; this she, with the noble devotion which had borne her through all former trials and privations, volunteered to sacrifice, and, lest another, in the fanaticism of art—accepted it, and dropped it into the crucible. Whether the experiment was that which brought him fortune, or not, we cannot say; but by the rules of poetical justice this "last trial" should have been so rewarded.—*National Magazine.*

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD AND HIS "FARMER'S BOY."

THIS time poet of nature was born in 1766, at a small village in Suffolk. His father died in the same year, leaving his widow five other children besides himself. To obtain a maintenance, she opened a school, and taught her own children the elements of reading, along with those of her neighbours. Besides this education, Bloomfield was taught to write for two or three months at a school in the town of Ixworth. At the age of eleven, he went to work upon his uncle's farm, receiving one shilling for his labour. In his fifteenth year, he removed to London, to join his two brothers in making shoes in a garret in Bell Alley, Coleman Street. At this time he read about as many hours every week as boys generally spend in play. He next wrote a few verses, which were printed in the *London Magazine;* and he was observed to read with much avidity a copy of Thomson's *Seasons,* which first inspired Bloomfield with the thought of composing a long poem, such as the *Farmer's Boy,* the idea being favoured by a visit of two months to his native district, where he had often held the plough, driven a team, and tended sheep. He returned to London and shoemaking, but some years elapsed before he produced his *Farmer's Boy,* which he composed while he sat at work in his garret in Bell Alley, with six or seven other workmen; and nearly six hundred lines were completed before Bloomfield committed a line to paper. The poem was published in 1800, was translated into French and Italian, and partly into Latin; 26,000 copies were sold in three years; and it was the dearest of the lowly-born poet's possessions. As his book was printed, to present a copy of it to his mother, to whom he then had it in his power, for the first time, to pay a week after twelve years' absence from his native village.

Bloomfield was a little boy for his age. "When I met him and his mother at the inn" (in town), says his brother, "he strutted before us, just as he came from keeping sheep, hogs, &c., his shoes filled full of stumps in the hard roads, looking about him, slipped up; his nails were unused to a flat pavement. I remember viewing him as he scampered up, looking small to us. I hardly thought that little fatherless boy would be one day known and esteemed by the most learned, the most respected of the wisest, and the best men of the kingdom."—*Schooldays of Eminent Men.*

SYMPATHY.—Any man with the hardest heart, who lies safely and comfortably in bed in the heart of a wintry night, must pity the poor seaman at the mast head in the gloomy dark, amidst the raging elements of wind and water, where one false step barries into death, and would do what he could to render his situation comfortable, and not leave him to the wide world to shift for himself, as he is obliged to do at present, as if he had been called upon only to come into the world and perish. Let sympathy be awakened in your heart, and I believe that Providence will reward that sympathy with a more than usual blessing.

THOMAS CLARKSON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

AS humble cottage in the retired village of Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, was the birthplace of Isaac Newton, in the year 1642. The sickly child of an already widowed mother, was thought a scarcely living from the produce of a small farm, his lot seemed to present few attractions and fewer hopes. Yet, as soon as the kind and opportunity afforded for the exercise of his powers, there were presented early indications of ingenuity, if not of genius, in the mechanical contrivances which he made; and in the mills and clocks, the kites and sundials, with which he surrounded himself, there were evidences which augured much for time to come. At any rate, his medicine-boxes and book-portings were soon found utterly incompatible with the discharge of the humble duties of agricultural life which were intended to him. His friends wisely resolved to favour the bent of his genius, and he at length exchanged the sackyard and the stable for the academic cloisters of Trinity College, Cambridge, where as student and professor he manifested those evidences of intellectual power and achieved those extraordinary discoveries which have given immortality to his name.

Our space forbids us to indicate the various steps by which he rose to eminence in those regions of astronomic science over which his genius loved to expatiate; but one fact must be recorded, which gives more of moral dignity to his character than any mere intellectual attainments could have conferred. In those computations which ultimately demonstrated the universality of the influence of the law of gravitation, he unexpectedly found there was an inconsistency between his calculations and his anticipations, which invalidated his theory, and destroyed the hope which he had so fondly cherished of attaining to the dignity of solving one of the greatest problems of existence. Instead of attempting, as too many would have done, to "make up the difference" from imagination or delusion, in order to save their theory, he accepted the result; and, by an act of self-denial which has been emphatically characterized, as "more heroic than any other recorded in the annals of intellectual pursuit," he dismissed the speculation from his mind. His reward came at last. Some false data, which he had assumed to be true, were corrected, and the long desired and long delayed conclusion was obtained. The delight of that triumphant moment, when he saw that the mighty discovery was all his own, can hardly be conceived; and it is affirmed that such was his agitation as he continued his calculations, and found that every figure was bringing him nearer to the conclusion of his desires, that he was at length unable to proceed, and was obliged to request a friend to conclude them for him.

To convey some idea of the extent of the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton, it is enough to say, that so intricate and comprehensive have been the problems which he first opened up to research, that despite the laborious efforts of Clairaut, D'Alembert, Euler, Lagrange, and Laplace, it is affirmed that another century will be required to complete the task. Yet, with a modesty which throws into still nobler relief his splendid attainments, Newton felt, at the last, that his own efforts seemed to himself "as only a child picking up pebbles from the shore, while the great ocean of truth lay unexplored before him."

THE CREATION contains treasures of wonderful kind. What a wonder that such a vast variety of beautiful objects, and so orderly placed, should actually spring from nothing! how many millions of wonders does the face of the earth contain, as well as the natural heaven, the sea, and the bowels of the earth! how well placed is the sun, the chief beauty of all the creation! how regular the swift motion of the planets, and how orderly they produce the revolution of the seasons on the year! how the day dies and the morning rises into the morning again! in all the beasts, birds, fishes, flowers, herbs, fruits, and plants, we see the wisdom and power of God, nay, in the smallest reptile, and the most common productions of nature, we may trace the footsteps of a Deity.—*Hall.*

HOW MUCH WORSE IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Honest fellow, sore bested,
Yes'd by troubles quick and keen,
Thankfully consider yet
"How much worse it might have been!"

Worthily thy faults deserve
More than all thine eyes have seen,
Think thou then with stronger nerve,
"How much worse it might have been!"

Though the night be dark and long,
Morning soon will break serene,
And the burden of thy song,
"How much worse it might have been!"

God, the Good One, calls to us
On His Providence to lean,
Shout then out devoutly thus,
"How much worse it might have been!"

M. F. TUPPER, D.C.L.

THE BEAVER.

A MODEL TEACHER FOR MEN.

SO much that is wonderful has been recorded of the beaver, that intelligent writers have not scrupled to express a belief, that it possesses but little of that surprising sagacity and skill ascribed to it. Mr. Joseph Sansom, of New York, gives an account of the Canadian beaver, which confirms the general character given of their habits and economy. He tells us, that in the recesses of Canadian forests, *undisturbed by man,* the beaver is a practical *example of almost every virtue,* he is a pattern of conjugal fidelity and paternal care; laborious, frugal, honest, and ingenious. He submits to government, for the benefits of association, but is never known to make depredations upon his weaker neighbours. Wherever a number of them come together, they combine to perform the common business of constructing their habitations; apparently acting under the most intelligent design, no contention or disagreement being ever observed among them. When a sufficient number are collected to form a town, the public business is first attended to; and as they are amphibious animals, provision is made for spending their time, occasionally both in and out of the water, so that they seek a dwelling which is adapted to both these purposes.

A lake or pond, and sometimes a running stream, is pitched upon. If it be a lake or pond, the water in it is always deep enough to admit of their swimming under the ice. If it be a stream, it is always such a stream as will form a pond, that shall be convenient for their purpose; and they never fix upon a situation that will not answer their views. Their next business is to construct a dam, that is always placed in the most convenient part of the stream, the form of it is either straight, rounding, or angular, as the peculiarities of the situation require; and no human ingenuity could improve their labours in this respect. The materials they use are wood and earth; they choose a tree on the river side, which will readily fall across the stream, and some of them apply themselves to cut it through with their teeth; others cut down smaller trees, which they divide into equal and convenient lengths; some drag these pieces to the brink of the river, and others swim with them to the spot where the dam is forming; others are engaged in sinking one end of these stakes; and as many more in raising, and securing the other end; others are employed in plastering, in carrying on the plastering part of the work; the earth is brought in their mouths, formed into pieces with their feet and tails, and spread over the intervals between the stakes; saplings, and twigs being interwoven with the mud of the stream.

Where two or three hundred beavers are united, these dams rise from six or twelve feet thick at the bottom; at the top, not more than two or three. In that part of the dam which is opposite to the current, the stakes are placed obliquely, but on that side where the water is to fall over, they are placed perpendicularly. These dams are sometimes a hundred feet in length, and always of the exact height which will answer their purpose. Some ponds thus formed, sometimes cover five or six hundred acres; and to preserve the dams against inundation, there must be a middle sare left for the redundant water to pass off.

When the public works are completed, the beavers separate into small companies, to build cabins or houses for themselves. These are built upon the margin of the pond. They are of an oval construction, resembling a bee-hive; and very from like to the Indian wigwam. Sometimes the number of families they are to accommodate. These dwellings are never less than two feet high, generally three; and sometimes they contain four apartments. The walls are from two to three feet thick, formed of the same materials as the dams. On the inside, they are made smooth; but they are left rough without, and as impenetrable to rats. The lower story is two feet high, the second is formed by a floor of sticks covered with mud, and the upper terminates with an arched roof. Through each floor there is a passage, and the uppermost is always above the level of the water. Each of these half at two floors, one on the land side, to admit of their going out that way; another under the water, and below where it is necessary for the communication of the beavers with the pond.

No association can appear more happily and harmoniously regulated, than the tribe of beavers. In September, they lay up their winter's stock, which consists of bark and the tender twigs of trees. Then commence their long period of repose; during the winter they remain within, every one enjoying the fruits of his own labour, without pilfering from any other.

Towards spring, the females bring forth their young. Soon after, the male retires to pair for the ensuing season, but the dam remains at home. The male returns occasionally, but not to carry, until the end of the year; should however, any injury happen to the work, the beavers are soon collected by some unknown means, and join all their forces to repair the damages.

When an enemy approaches their village, the beaver who perceives the stranger, strikes on the water with his tail, to give notice of danger; and the whole tribe instantly plunge into the water.

In a state of nature, undisturbed by barbarous and selfish man, this provident animal lives fifteen or twenty years, and prepares the way for several generations, by adapting his dwellings to the increase of his family.

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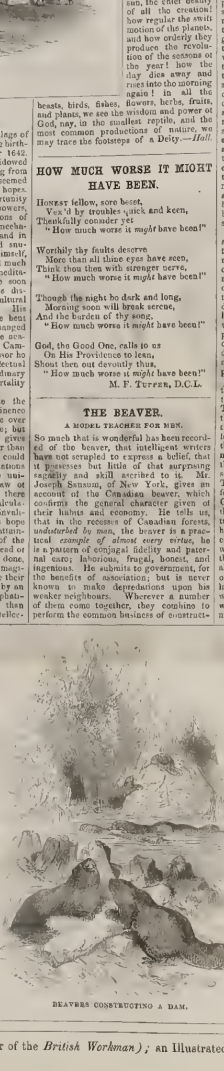

BEAVERS CONSTRUCTING A DAM.

NEVER "PUT OFF."

WHEN'ER a work's to be begun,
With sober judgment view it,
And never idly work it done,
Begin at once, and no it:

For Sloth says falsely, "Next day's hours
Will better suit for work than to-day's;"
For *present* strength is *surest* strength,
Begin at once, and no it.

Delay's dull path's a dangerous one,
For hearkening relics stress it
Of work interrupted to be done
By those not brave to no it.

Procrastinator—some good will slip,
And Time may never renew it,
Then, while the good is in thy power,
Begin at once, and no it.

Say not, "A lion's in the way;"
Nor faint, though thorns bestrew it,
But boldly *try,* and strength will come,
For God will help thee no it.

ANNIE CLARKE.

THE INFIDEL'S CONVERSION.

W.——, a young gentleman of fine talents, some years ago chief clerk in a bank in Virginia. He was a good scholar, a courageous and honest young man, but was the leader of an infidel club, and had seared, succeeded in throwing off the mind all last shackles of what he used to call the "nursery superstition," which was the religion his pious mother had taught him. On one occasion, upwards of one hundred dollars belonging to the bank bills had to be carried to Kentucky, and he was selected to carry them. He was obliged to pass through a dreary forest, where very few high way roads or paths existed, and he was obliged to be frequent, and he arranged to pass it in the daytime. Night came on, a strong rain and having lost himself, was glad to find shelter anywhere. He rode about a long time in the forest, in the darkness and chilliness of a starless October night, at length he saw a dim light, and pushed his horse towards it. It came so near to a wretched-looking cabin. It was now too late o'clock. He knocked, and was admitted by a woman, who said that her husband and children were alone—her husband had gone out a hunting; but she was certain he would return in a few hours, some time according to promise. The young man's feelings may well be imagined. He had a large dollar in his bank, of course alone, and perhaps in the house of one those robbers whose name was the terror of every traveller. He could go no further what was to be done? The woman gave him supper, and prepared his retiring. He was tired, and was soon in a sound sleep, but self thus easily to fall into the hands of robbers. He took out his pistols, examined them, and determined to sell his life as dearly as he could.

In the meantime, the man of the house returned. He was rather a fierce, uncouth looking hunter: he had on a deerskin hunting shirt, and hearskin cap, and seemed very rough, and, and in no talkative mood all of which boded our young infidel good. He asked the stranger if he did not fear to sleep in such a place, he was not sit by the fire all night. The man of the house urged him. But no, he should think of such a thing. He was tired alarmed, and expected this would be his last night on earth. His infidel principle gave him little comfort. His fears grew a perfect agony. What was to be done At length the backwoodsman rose up, reaching over the stranger's head to a list of hooks, and taking down a rifle, said, "Well, stranger, if you won't go to bed, will; but it is my custom always to read a chapter of Holy Scripture before I go bed." Alarm was at once removed from him. Though avowing himself an infidel, he had very little confidence in The Bible, he at once safe; he felt that the man who lived an old Bible in the house, and held it, at least his knees before he retired, would not him no harm. He listened to the prayer of the good man, at once dismissed his fear and fell down in that rude cabin and slept as calmly as he did under his father's roof. From that day he ceased to revile the Bible. He became a Christian, and often relied these facts to show that no man can be a infidel from principle.

THE BIBLE.

A FOUNTAIN ever springing,
Where the weeping may repair,
The heavy burden bringing
Of sin and of despair.

A live of honied treasure,
Just fled from Eden's bower,
Where heaven-born hope, with pleasure
May feed in wintry hours.

Drink for the soul that's thirsting,
Comfort for those that fear,
Balm for the heart when burning,
May all be gathered here.

What adult boon is wanting?
Thy blessing, Lord! must give,
The gift of faith by granting,
To read, believe, and live.

The *Band of Hope Review and Children's Friend* (by the Editor of the *British Workman*); an Illustrated Paper for the Young. Published monthly, price One Halfpenny.

LONG LIVE ALEXANDER III.

THE attention of the civilized world is fixed upon Russia. The friends of liberty may well about for joy. Alexander III. has granted a name granted that date of all his predecessors. He has summoned his nobles for conference as to the best method of giving freedom to the millions of serfs in the vast Russian Empire. He has done more—he has set one of the finest *examples* to his nobles ever recorded:—he has proclaimed LIBERTY to the hundreds of thousands of serfs throughout the royal estates! The Grand Duchess Helena, widow of the Grand Duke Michael, brother of the late Emperor Nicholas, has followed the noble example of her nephew, and given freedom to the serfs upon her estates from the 19th of the present month. Besides her extensive, including house, kitchen, garden, poultry-yard, and shed, they will each receive four acres of arable land, for which they are to pay a small rent of about half a rouble. They will moreover receive wages of from 25 to 40 roubles a year for their labour upon the Grand Duchess's estates. We are glad to learn that the Emperor of Russia is about to visit England this year. We feel assured that all classes will join in giving him a hearty English welcome. May the shout of welcome be wafted over the waves of the broad Atlantic to our American brothers, and lead them to say, "Our land of boasted liberty shall not be behind-hand with Russia!"

SONG OF HUMANITY.

"Remember them that are in bonds."

In the God of truth be strong!
For the truth shall perish never,
Nor the weak be crushed for ever—
Right shall triumph over wrong!
Cherish, then, our bond of union—
Love in brotherly communion—
Love our neighbour—help our brother—
With our watchword ever each other
"BE STRONG!"

In the God of truth be strong!

In the cause of man press on!
Let now sympathy be kindled
In the breast where love hath dwindled,
Until warmth of soul be won!
Here upon our common altar,
With true hearts that ne'er shall falter,
Let us pledge our life's devotion
To humanity's promotion—
Press on!

In the cause of man press on!

Man is destined to be free!
Free from slavery's oppression—
Free from tyranny's oppression—
And from crushing poverty,
Free from prejudice and error—
Free from vice, the greatest terror
Fear not!

Man is destined to be free!

Lewis Ann Slavery Tracts.

A RUSSIAN NOBLEMAN AND HIS NOBLE SERF.

A RUSSIAN nobleman was travelling in the early part of the winter, the frost having set in very early, his carriage was on wheels, and he demanded a relay of horses to go on; the innkeeper entreated him not to proceed, for there was danger abroad, the wolves were out. He thought the object of the man was to keep him as a guest for the night, said it was too early in the season for wolves, ordered the horses to be put to, and in spite of the continued remonstrance of the innkeeper, the carriage drove away, containing the nobleman, his wife, and an only daughter. On the box of the carriage was a serf, who had been born on the nobleman's estate, to whom he was much attached, and who loved his master as he loved his life; they had grown old together, hardened snow and there seemed no signs of danger; the moon began to shed her light and brought out into burnished diffusion the road on which they were going; at length the little girl said to her father, "What was that strange sad sound that I just heard?" Her father replied, "Nothing but the wind sighing through the trees of the forest we have just passed." The child asked her eyes and was quieted for the time; but in a few minutes, with a face pale with affright, she turned to her parent, and said, "That was not the wind; I heard it again, did you not hear it too? Listen!" The nobleman listened, and, far, far away in the distance far behind him, but distinct enough in the cold, clear, frosty air, he heard a sound which he knew the meaning of, though they did not. He put down the glass, and, speaking to his serf, said, "I think they are after us, but we must make haste; tell the man to drive faster, and get your carbine and pistols ready; I will do the same; we may yet get on." The man drove faster, but the sad mournful sounds, which the child had first heard, began to come nearer and nearer, and it was perfectly clear to the nobleman that a pack of wolves had got scent and were in pursuit of them; but he endeavoured to calm the anxious fears of his wife and child. At last the baying of the pack was distinctly heard, and he said to his servant, "When they come up with us, do you single out the leader and fire; I will single out another, and as soon as any of them are down the rest will stop to devour them; that will be so much delay, and we shall get on." As soon as he put down the window, he could see the pack distinctly, fast approaching with their long nose-bred tread, the large dog-wolf leading them; they singled them out, and two fell; the pack immediately turned on their fallen comrades and soon tore them to pieces; the taste of blood only made them come on with more fury, and they were again soon up with the carriage. Again the nobleman and his servant fired, and two more fell, which were instantly devoured as before, but the post-house was still far distant. The nobleman then said to the postillion, "You must get off your horse, and detach one of the four horses from the carriage, and when the wolves come up with him their desire to eat of the horse may gain us a little time." That was done, and the horse was left in the forest, and in a few minutes they heard the loud agonizing shriek of the poor animal as the wolves tore him down. Again they urged on the carriage, but their enemies were in full pursuit of them. A second horse was sent adrift, and shared the same fate as his fellow. At length the servant said to his master, "I have served you since I was a child, and I love you as I love my own soul; it is perfectly clear to me that we shall not all reach the post-house alive; I am quite prepared, and I ask you to let me die for you." "No," said the master, "we will live together or die together; it must not be so." But the solicitations, the arguments, the entreaties of the man at last prevailed. "I shall leave my wife and children to you, you will be a father to them; you have been a father to me; I will willingly lay down my life for you; when they next reach us I will jump down and do the best I can to arrest their progress." The carriage rolled on as fast as the two remaining horses could drag it; the wolves were close on their track, and almost reached against the doors of the st-length reached post-house as they were closed against them; they heard the discharge of the master's pistols as he jumped from the carriage; and when they went to the spot the following morning they saw the place where the wolves had pulled him down, and on that very spot there now stands a large wooden cross, erected by the nobleman, with this text upon it, illustrating the story, as perhaps you will say the history illustrates the text,—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Rev. W. W. CHAMPNETTS.

THE WIDOW GREEN AND HER THREE NIECES.

CHAP. XI.

NAN'S TRIAL.

THE visit of the widow and her nieces to their uncle's farm, had been a very pleasant one. It was soon over, but not without consequences. Scarcely a fortnight had passed before a well-dressed, good-looking young man was met one Sunday walking home with Mary from church; and as she had the opportunity of going out again that day, it was hinted, by her fellow-servants, that the same young man waited for her at the end of the street, and took her—certainly not to church again—perhaps it might be to her aunt's. She returned, however, in good time, and apparently in good spirits, but said nothing about where she had been, or who she had been with.

It is true that on the following day Mary made remarkably quick work in putting an empty plate where the meat should be on the dinner-room table; but these blunders only served to raise a good laugh, in which Mary joined as well as the rest, only blushing a little more. As time passed on, however, Mary began to look not quite so happy. Her companions thought she had something on her mind; and they were not far wrong.

Up to this time, as the reader will have observed, Mary had maintained an unusually good character. She had been well trained from her childhood, and she had besides an excellent temper, and disposition. She was delightedly disposed too, and liked much better to be with good people, and to walk in safe and prudent ways, than to have anything to do with people who were disreputable in character, or conduct.

So far all was well. But we have now to see what Mary did when tried by temptation. Had temptation come to her in any sinful shape, there is every reason to believe that Mary would have turned from it with disgust. But it came in the shape of a very handsome and kindly-spoken young man, whose conduct to her she did not fully know, it came, in short to her heart at once, when the language of love was spoken to her for the first time in her life. Not that she was anything wrong in the love itself. It was only wrong in the way in which it was brought to, and encouraged by, for in the first place, Mary was persuaded to turn away from a place of worship which is recommended by God and his Christ, and in the next place, because she had done so, she was tempted not to tell even her aunt that James Ryan had been with her. Mary felt—much less that he had asked her to become his wife, and that she had almost consented.

On the next day passed over, this telling of her aunt became still more difficult, for how could she excuse herself for not having told her at once, clearly, and openly, as she ought to have done? It was so difficult, indeed, that at last she began to think she could not tell her aunt at all, until James Ryan should come again, when she knew he would come and claim her full consent to be his wife.

Pleasant then as it might be to have James to think about her, Mary found it far more pleasant to think about her aunt—that kindest and best of friends, who, in her orphan state, had been to her all that a mother could be. And yet here was the greatest, and most important business of her whole life actually kept a secret from her faithful friend.

It is a great mistake when young women do not speak openly and directly to some one else about themselves, so soon as they listen to words of affection from a man. They may feel inclined to do so, but if they are wise enough to listen to the man, it can only be a false and foolish shame which keeps them from disclosing the matter to a friend.

By such a disclosure we do not mean talking the affair over in a giddy giggling way, which is only fit for a set of laughing girls of their own age. Nothing can be more foolish than this; we mean going directly to some one who is a mother to you, who has been of the heart, as a little child would go directly to a parent with some new joy, or some grief, which would too great for it to bear alone. And never does a young woman need a friend and protector so much as when she is about to listen to a man who wants her to leave everything else in the world to go and live with him, to share his lot, whether happy or miserable, and to unite herself with him by a bond which nothing but death can ever break.

Yet how common is say! bad Mary, young as she was, taken her affairs into her own hands, and acted in this great and important matter without advice, receiving counsel only from her own heart. Even when she next went to visit her aunt, she could not utter a word on the subject, though two or three letters had passed between her and James Ryan, and though she was yielding day by day more to the agreeable belief that she should certainly become his wife.

It happened on the occasion of this visit, that Mrs. Green had just received a long letter from Harriet, so long, she said, that she really had not had time to read it, but rather preferred keeping it until the evening, thinking that Mary and Jane, who were both to drink tea with her, would enjoy the letter as well. So when the tea was over, and all cleared away, the widow and the letter upon the table, she was rubbed her spectacles let to beginning to read; Mary and Jane looked on, with their wonder at the length of the letter, but Mary especially feeling very curious as to what it might contain, because she thought it very likely that James Ryan might be mentioned.

It was indeed a long letter. And as the widow glanced over it a little, before beginning, she was heard to say two or three times, "Dear me!" as if something strange had happened. "Why, dear me!" she said again, "there has been a great fire at the Hall!"

"A fire?" exclaimed both girls at once, and they begged their aunt would read aloud. So she began at the beginning, while her nieces listened with the greatest attention.

The letter contained a long account of a very alarming fire which had broken out in the gentleman's house where Harriet lived, and which she herself had been the first to discover. It seemed, too, that she had taken a very active and useful part in saving her master's property from destruction; and all who knew how quick and clever Harriet could be when she liked, could readily believe that when she really set herself to a work of this kind, she would actually do almost as much as half-a-dozen common people. And well might Harriet be excited if she did say—"*Mr*" rather often in the letter; only that this little word, was somehow rather curiously connected with the coachman; "Mr and the coachman," being so frequently repeated, that the two girls laughed heartily when they found that nobody had been hurt, nor after all, any great amount of property destroyed—"Thanks to me and the coachman."

But now the widow has come to the last portion of the letter, which seems to be written quite differently, and begins, "I am very sorry. Yes, I am very sorry, to tell you about poor James Ryan. At first, I thought he had fainted; but when the coachman could come up to him. But they gave out beer very freely; and then I think they must have given brandy, for James got quite tipsy, and helpless, or worse; for he quarrelled with the firemen, and would not; so there was quite a row, until the police carried him off. I am very sorry, and I believe James is sorry too. But, poor lad! it will be a warning to him, and make him a teetotaller. Our coachman says, he wants nothing more to make him a clever fellow, and a good fellow too."

"Poor James!" said Jane.

"Poor James, indeed!" said her aunt, "he must be for gone, if he cannot keep himself sober when there is work like that to do."

Neither of them looked at Mary. They were too much occupied with thinking of James, and what how it must have looked when the flames burst out from those grand windows; how awful, too, it must have been the situation of the family before they knew that every life was safe. Neither of them looked at Mary, nor thought of her just then. But when at length they did catch a glimpse of her face, it was pale as death. Her aunt thought it was the news had been too much for her. She never suspected that James and his bad conduct, had anything to do with those pale cheeks, and trembling lips.

Mary felt now how much better it would have been had she told her aunt at first, instead of waiting for James to come and do it for her, and, as he had not gone, and so soon as the outer door was closed, stepped back into the parlour, and, walking up to her aunt, asked her to sit down again, as she had something to say to her.

Mary's altered voice had first startled Mrs. Green, and then she looked full into her face, she became very much alarmed. Mary went on, however, quite steadily with her aunt, and to say, telling all, and keeping nothing back; at the same time confessing with great penitence, and many tears, how wrong she had been, how bad been. She did this with so much humility, and with such proofs of real sorrow, that her aunt gladly discovered, that she repented, and grieved, felt no disposition to reproach her, but sat still, listening with a very anxious face, and with a very fixed spacing.

Indeed, it was not with reproaches that the widow's heart was burdened then. One idea took possession of her mind, and could not all other thoughts. The thing must be put a stop to directly; and she said so at once in her sharp, sharp way.

"Oh, aunt!" cried Mary, bursting into tears.

"*Directly!*" said the Widow Green.

"There must be no putting off—no hallooing what has to be done. I will write to James Ryan myself."

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A GOOD HINT.

"PITY THE POOR."

We have pleasure in inserting the following extract from a letter by Mr. F. Thompson, of Bridgewater:—

"I addressed a note to the Board of Guardians for this district, offering to give copies of the *British Workman* and *Land of Hope Review* for the inmates of the WORKHOUSE. The decision of the Board appeared in the report of the meeting in the *Bridgewater Gazette* as under:—

READING FOR THE INMATES.

The Chairman read a letter from Mr. F. Thompson, offering to supply regularly to the Workhouse, the *British Workman* and the *Band of Hope Review*, for the use of the paupers. The offer was *thankfully accepted*.

"I also place copies in the INFIRMARY, and they are *much valued*. A hint through your pages may induce *others* to do likewise."

[There are thousands of poor inmates of workhouses whose long weary hours will be cheered if Mr. Thompson's suggestion be extensively acted upon. In the wards of some workhouses and hospitals the YEARLY PARTS and VOLUMES have been presented through the chaplains, with the most pleasing results.]

CANVASSING COMMITTEES.

WE have again to thank our friends for their hearty co-operation in making our little paper more extensively known. During the past two months the *British Workman* has been brought before many hundreds of working-men who previously had never seen or even heard of it. A gentleman in Newcastle-on-Tyne who has kindly visited several of the large manufacturing firms in that town, writes:—"They have each purchased a number of copies for gratuitous distribution among their men, and permitted canvassing committees to be formed in their respective works. The subscribers at Messrs. Allsop's, already number 300." This is very encouraging.

We shall be glad to supply circulars, posting bills and suggestions to any friends who are kindly disposed to aid us by forming canvassing committees. (*For address, see below*)

CHEAP POSTAGE.

The liberal rates of Postage adopted by the Government enable the Publishers to forward packets of the *British Workman* in any part of the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, the Shetland and Orkney Isles, *post free*, on the undermentioned terms. To those parties who reside in the more remote, or for ease from any Bookseller, the cheap postage rates have conferred a great boon.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to thank several hundreds of correspondents for their communications.

We shall be glad to forward a supply of the "Twenty-Eight Suggestions" for increasing the circulation of the *British Workman*," to those who will kindly enclose them in their letters.

THE CHANGE. A single copy of the *British Workman* sent to any British Colony for twelve months for two shillings, sent in advance.

We hope that those of our readers who have relatives abroad, will order copies to be sent to them. A single copy will go per post, to any British Colony for a penny postage, if posted within fifteen days of its date. The wrapper must be left open at the ends, but no writing thereon, except the address.

All orders to be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. PARTRIDGE & CO., 34, *Paternoster Row, London.* (*E. C.*)

LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS *to be addressed to the Editor of the British Workman*, 13, *Barnsbury Square, London.* (*N.*)

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THE LATE MR. T. B. THOMPSON, OF LEEDS.

T. B. THOMPSON.

THE hand of death has arrested this most devoted friend of the industrial classes. T. B. Thompson, to whose eloquent and touching appeals thousands of adults and tens of thousands of the young have often listened with the deepest interest, has been called to his reward. During the sixteen years that he laboured as one of the agents of the British Temperance Leagues, it is believed that he delivered 4000 lectures, and travelled (to a large extent on foot), upwards of 50,000 miles. Mr. Thompson was a model temperance lecturer. We have listened to him on many occasions, with peculiar pleasure, and have always felt benefited by the pious yet lively strains which flowed from his eloquent tongue. Into many homes, once desolate by the curse of intemperance, T. B. Thompson has been the honoured instrument in God's hands of carrying the blessings of sobriety and religion. He rests from his labours, but "his works do follow him." That his mantle may fall upon his successor is our earnest prayer.

JOHN ETHERIDGE, THE SHOPKEEPER OF BILSTON.

IT is many years ago, since I used to visit a beloved sister, who now rests from her toil. The neighbourhood in which she lived was very populous; chiefly inhabited by colliers and miners. As I walked out from the little parsonage, where my sister dwelt, an abode of prayer and peace, and therefore of peace—I had nothing around me but mounds of soil, dug from the bowels of the earth, and cool and iron pits. It was a scene of constant bustle and noise. The rolling of wheels, the hissing of steam-engines, the shouting of men, and the bawling of women at the pit's mouth. The roaring of furnaces, the blast of the bellows, and the thunder of mighty hammers as they smote the huge masses of smelting ore, are well-known sounds to all who have lived among, or even visited the mining districts of England. Black faces, and familiar nods, and "how him on?" are sights and words equally well known. But under the blackened skins, under the rough outside, was many a tender, loving heart, many a heart washed white in the Redeemer's blood. In these walks, it was our habit, very often, to go to the neighbouring town of Bilston, in Staffordshire, there to make sundry little purchases, especially at the shop of a very good, kind, and benevolent man, named Etheridge, where you could buy Testaments, tracts, and other religious books, and such presents as were suitable for the poor; and among other things, spectacles, which were highly valued by the colliers, whose eyes were often weakened by working in the pits, and among the furnaces. Whenever you wanted any thing for religious or charitable purposes, old Etheridge seemed always to forget himself, he never appeared to think how much money he could get out of his customers, but how much *good* he himself could do, and how much he could assist you, in *doing good*. Like his Blessed Master, whose trustworthy servant he was, and whose Divine steps he humbly endeavoured to follow, he spent his life in doing good! Oh, how blessed a thing would it be, were each of us, in whatever situation of life we are placed, daily to try and do *all the good we could*; daily to try and live for the glory of God, daily to try and encourage others to do good, daily to try and help others to live for the glory of God, and thus daily to try and help others to Heaven. But alas! we are too selfish, we think too little of *others*, we think too much of *ourselves*. Our Divine Lord and Master forgot Himself, while He lived for *others*. But look at the world around us. Were I to say to one man, what do you live for? "For self," he would reply. Who do you live for? I may say to another. "For self!" is still the answer. And who do you live for? I might ask of a third. "For self," would still be the answer. I once asked a nobleman, what he really thought, was the object of life; in other words, why was he born, and sent into this world?

"To amuse myself!" was his answer.

Oh, how many, how very many, who have immortal souls, say the same! What! none for God, and all for SELF? Yes, here and there one; yes, here and there another. And John Etheridge, of Bilston, was one of these few simple Christians, who, without fortune, without rank, without name, and with but little education, lived for God, and the good of his fellowmen, instead of for self. But he had a large heart, a simple mind, a humble spirit. His walk was with God, he felt that he was God's servant, he therefore did God's work, and to God he looked for his wages, when his work should be done. And now his work is done, he has found the truth of the Apostle's words, "The gift of God is eternal life." But see how God honours those, who honour Him, while thousands of kings and nobles are even forgotten by name, and their mighty deeds blotted out of this world's history. The poor widow, who cast in two mites into the treasury—all she had—is remembered to this day by men and angels. That Mary who washed the Saviour's feet with tears of repentance, and wiped them with the hairs of her head is spoken of in praise, wherever on earth the Gospel of the Living God is sounded forth, and the name of John Etheridge is spoken of with affection, is remembered with gratitude, and I doubt not, but it is written in the Book of Life. The following account of this good man, is taken from one of the leading periodicals, a work which usually speaks of the deeds of statesmen and warriors of men of learning, of note and renown. But the remembrance of the just is sweet. "One day last spring, (1858) strangers who passed through the town of Bilston, were surprised to see the shops closed, the manufactories emptied, and an unusual concourse in the streets. The town had not presented so solemn an aspect even on the fast-day, when the cholera was thinning its inhabitants. The people, the magistrates, the clergy, the ministers of all denominations were attending a funeral—and of whom?—a petty tradesman, whose humble dwelling was pointed out, at the corner of St. Leonard's Churchyard, the same in which he had been born, and in which he died. There he kept a small hardware shop, and sold frying-pans and Bibles, and knives and maps, spelling books and marbles, spinning-tops and tracts, &c., his personal expenses were limited to some nine or ten shillings per week. The rent of his small earnings, and the whole of his spare time during a long life, he devoted to the service of others. He was the general counsellor, the general peacemaker, the general comforter. During Divine service, he used to go about the streets, and speak to the loiterers whom he met, and inquire why they were not at church. In answer to the usual excuses, he would take them by the arm, and lead them to the nearest church, and then, having secured them a comfortable seat, leave them to look for others. He would speak plainly and seriously to those whose consciences he desired to awaken, yet never met an insulting word in reply, and it is said that many an idler, who was lounging in the sun, with his dog and his pipe, would think out of the way if he saw the redoubtable old man approach, as swiftly as if he had seen the policeman with a warrant. There may have been some things odd in his conduct, but the excellence of his heart, not less than the sincerity of his zeal, is proved by the respect and love of the public, in whose daily sight his long life had been spent, and who followed him, as a father, to the grave." We have pleasure in recording the name of John Etheridge."

My dear reader, go thou, and do as John Etheridge did, live him live, like him die; beloved, useful, and respected, as peace with God and man, through Jesus Christ.

C. CAMPION.

JOHN ETHERIDGE'S SHOP IN BILSTON.

"The Lord is my Rock, and my Fortress."—Ps. xviii. 2.

OUR FEMALE FRIENDS.

WE have again to express our gratitude for the services of our fair friends. They wield an influence which none but themselves possess, and we believe that much of our increased circulation is attributable to their unwearied efforts. We hope the following fact will encourage many to persevere. A young lady (whose time is much occupied) lately adopted an ingenious method by which she has already added upwards of 600 to our list of subscribers. In the first place she enlisted a friend who has the management of some public works, to canvass the men employed therein. A considerable number of them cheerfully complied, and she now gives one copy monthly to every 12th man for distributing the numbers to his fellow-workmen, and collecting the money. She then canvassed the neighbourhood, and having obtained a goodly list of subscribers she waited upon her friends one by one, and requested each of them to take a certain number of these subscribers off her hands by engaging to supply them all with the numbers every month, exacting a promise of perseverance from each. She observes:—

"Should any of the subscribers I have thus put into the hands of my friends fall off, I shall immediately supply their places with others. A refusal is a rare thing. I do not think that more than half a dozen have been met with. This pleasant labour I trust will not terminate until the 'British Workman' has found its way into every village and nook around me."

We shall be glad to forward a supply of circulars, &c., to any ladies who may be willing to follow this example, and we doubt not but similar effects will be produced by their efforts, if like this excellent young lady, they ask for the blessing of God upon them.

☞ A Sergeant in the Royal Artillery writes as follows:—"On going round the Hospital a few Sunday evenings since, a man followed me out of the ward, and inquired if I recollected him. I replied in the negative, when he said, 'I am the man to whom you lent that nice book, the *British Workman*. Then, I was the most confirmed drunkard in the regiment, but thank God, my eyes have been opened. I have abstained from the cursed drink, and began to attend the Bible classes in the Institute.' Ah, sir, in that day of days many will rejoice that they were led to purchase the *British Workman*." Will some of our friends enable us to increase our grants to soldiers?

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

We rejoice to have to report further progress in this good movement. The Vestry of Islington, London, has resolved to erect a more stone. We hope that the above five Fountains. Brighton is also moving; and in Manchester Mr. Robert Barnes is acting a noble example to the "Merchant Princes" of that great city. We hear of several "Monumental Fountains." How much better to erect something *useful* than mere other "Monumental Fountains" being erected in other parts of the country.

HOT SPRINGS; OR, COOKING WITHOUT A FIRE.

IN New Zealand there are numerous boiling springs. Travellers and missionaries frequently halt at these springs whilst their native guides superintend the boiling of the food for their welcome repast. Villages of the natives are to be found near these volcanic springs. They are rather dangerous localities for a home, but the natives prefer them as they thereby require no fires, and all their cooking being done in the hot springs, the women's backs are not broken by carrying fuel, moreover, from the warmth of the ground, they are able to raise crops several weeks earlier than their neighbours. Bad accidents, however, sometimes arise from children and strangers falling into these boiling caldrons. We shall have more to say about New Zealand shortly.

COOKING POTATOES AT A BOILING SPRING, IN NEW ZEALAND.

G. Wetton, printer, 3, Rolls Yard, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

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BRITISH WORKMAN

DR. KITTO;
OR,
THE REMARKABLE WORKHOUSE-BOY.

It is very sad to think of the many respectable families who are brought to ruin by intemperance, and the number of innocent victims who suffer every kind of misery from the effects of that vice. I am about to relate a most affecting history of the life of a great man, who died only four years ago; and whose home in childhood was desolated by the bad habits of his father. Indeed, the family both of the mother and father, of the subject of my narrative, were reduced to poverty through the love of strong drink.

Mrs. Cecilia Picken was a very respectable intelligent woman, living in 1796, at the pleasant village of Braxton, near Plymouth. Her husband was a man in a good trade, as a boatmaker. They had one little girl named Mary; three sons by Mrs. Picken's former husband were all grown-up and settled at a distance from their mother and step-father. One stormy night, when Picken had been on some matter of business to Plymouth, he was prevailed on by foolish friends, to partake freely of strong drink—and being generally a very moderate man, perhaps he drank without being fully aware of the effects of the liquor. He mounted his horse to ride home to Braxton, but alas! when about half-way on his road, probably overcome with either dizziness or sleep,

he fell heavily from his horse, and died instantly. It anything could add to the widow's grief at this sad termination of her husband's life, it was that she expected another infant in a few weeks. The poor little babe, fatherless before its birth, came to add to the mother's cares. It was a girl, and they named her Elizabeth.

The widow was not a woman to sit down and mourn her sorrow—she felt it a duty to her two helpless little girls, to struggle with her grief, she was industrious and much respected by her neighbours, by whom she was generally called "Poor Mrs. Jones." By dint of great exertions she managed to bring up her daughters well—but as they grew towards womanhood, with the hope of improving her circumstances, the widow removed to Plymouth. In the same street where she took up her abode, two young gentlemen, brothers, came to reside. The elder, William, was an engineer; the younger, John, a stone mason—and they were intelligent young men in good circumstances. These two brothers formed an attachment for the two young girls, Mary and Elizabeth, and it would have been well if a few more years had passed over the heads of these young people before they had thought of marrying. But trade was good, and all seemed fair—weather prospects, flowering over their hopes—but they were very different. Mary was tall, high-spirited, with a rather imperious manner, and though taller than her sister, was more agreeable, from her greater gentleness. In 1803, the marriage of John with the younger sister took place, the bride was scarcely sixteen, and the bridegroom only twenty. Then they went to a neighbouring village to enjoy their otherwise clear prospect—both the brothers joined freely in the use of strong drink. Both were fond of men their company was prized, and when William, who married Mary, began, as well as his brother, to neglect his business and wrong, it was the commencement of bad days. On December 4th, 1804, a child was born to John and Elizabeth—he wished to gave the father's Christian name—a delicate child, destined in after years to many trials, and to many triumphs. The grandfather, in his father's house, began soon—for by the time that John the son was four years old John the father had injured his circumstances and his good name by intemperance. At this period, a grandmother, Mrs. Vickes, paying the little delicate boy, took him to her home, as her especial charge—and for a few years he had a happy home indeed. Tender and seemingly unwilling to join in the rough play of other children of his age, the boy was a delighted listener to his grandmother's budget of stories, and early began to read for himself all the entertaining books that could be bought or borrowed for him.

There was one disadvantage arising from John being brought up in the comfortable home—his parents being relieved of their responsibilities, evidently thought more of their younger children, and John, when he occasionally came to their house, seemed more like a visitor, then a child of the household. At that time, the boy did not, perhaps, did not observe this. Happy in the tender love and care of his good grandmother, his affectionate heart was not yet fully returned her love. But the course of intemperance is like a fire, it consumes all before it; and the home of John's parents, the couple was the scene of want and strife, and to add to the misery, Mrs. Vickes had sold all her little property to assist her family, and was now in her old age attacked with illness that made it needful she should reside with her daughter Elizabeth, so that when John was ten years old, he became with his sick grandmother, dependent upon his parents. The father was merely a journeyman mason, and often out of employment. He did not try to do his little thoughtful boy at school, and indeed, John had very little schooling, having only attended for a few months at a time.

The mother was so reduced, that she had to go out charring to earn a trifle for her family, and the father commenced to look to his home in his trade, and when Saturday night came, would send home the poor boy without a farthing, while he went off to drink at the alehouse. One day a house in Butter Street, Plymouth, was being repaired—and John then in his thirteenth year, and small for his age, was carrying up a load of slates to the roof, he had just reached the topmost round, and was stepping off the ladder on the roof, when his foot slipped, and he fell five and thirty feet on to the stone pavement of the backyard of the house. The poor boy was lifted up insensible, bleeding from his mouth and nostrils, *but not from his ears.* He lay for a fortnight in a state of insensibility, unconscious of pain. The first thing he noticed, was the total silence of the room, and he thought that all were keeping so still, out of a kind concern, for his weakness, but yet he wondered why no one spoke to him: at last he was strong enough to say "Why do you not speak?" To his amazement, a reply was written on a slate, and handed to him, the words were, "*You are deaf.*" Yes! that was the meaning of all the dumb-show he had observed! Never more was he to hear a sound. The full force of his great grief was not felt all at once by the poor boy; for four months that he was confined to bed, the silence continued to his recovery; and in four months after that, eight months in all, his health was partially restored, but he was afflicted for life.

He now found the advantage of being able to read, and he improved himself in writing, so much, that he tried to earn a trifle by writing labels neatly. The kindness of neighbours supplied him with books of a very varied sort, and his efforts, many and ingenious as they were, all failed in enabling him to get even a scanty living. To add to his misfortune, poor dear, kind grandmother, the only earthly friend who really loved him, was obliged to remove to Devonport. Helpless herself, she could not help him, except by her prayers, and they were constant. Yes! reader, such people do live to see and hear, they were answered.

So poor deaf John was now dependent entirely on his parents—and they evidently felling impatient of the burden, made application to the parish, and the guardians agreed to receive him. On November 15th, 1819, he was placed among the boys in the workhouse. A cruel device was employed to get the unsuspecting lad there. He was taken to the workhouse in ignorance that there was any intention of leaving him there, and when she doors were closed behind him, "his anguish was indescribable." How hardening is the effect of unmerited cruelty, here was the boy's feeling, a skilful mechanic, not more than thirty-six years old, and yet he put his affliction, and his deafness from sympathy, who had received the injury that afflicted him, by doing work for his father beyond his age and strength, and he was in the workhouse, apparently glad to get rid of him—and even the mother made no resistance. Bowed down, but not broken in spirit, and spirit-broken. There is seldom a night so dark that no ray of light appears, and God put it into the heart of the governor of the workhouse to be kind to poor John, and the clerk to the Board of Guardians, Mr. Burnard, was thoughtful that this was a wonderful workhouse boy, and a friendship was commenced that lasted for life.

Of course, John was set to work, and shoemaking seemed the pursuit best suited for him. In this time, he commenced reading a journal, and formed the valuable habit of putting down his thoughts, clearly and correctly with his pen. But a grief happened at this time that nearly reduced him to despair—the death of his beloved grandmother. He had always been the will all the tenderness of one who had a heart full of love, and none to call it forth, but the poor boy had been such a mother to him—it is heart-rending to read his remarks about his parents at this time. "Will they be always thus? I think the spirit of my grief is blunted, relapse into their former indifference? I expressed this doubt to my parents. She seemed as if her conscience kindness. I would have said, but did not, 'Oh! my mother! representative of the dead! if I could have but, what I were certain this kindness would continue.'"

The sight of death and the grave solemnized the mind of the youth; from this time his journal contains frequent reference to religion, and it was evident he was led to God in prayer. A few months after he felt himself completely alone in the world, a man came to the workhouse with an apprentice, and seeing John's work, chose him, but the youth demurred, alleging his deafness, and perhaps, from the tenor of his books of the man, however John's objections were overruled, and he was bound. Poor fellow! he had a hard remembrance of his aunt! who used in his fits of rage to strike the poor youth with the hammer. That head which was rendered tender by such misfortunes and privations, was exposed to savage blows from this wretched man. By this dreadful treatment, the poor youth was driven to despair, but he took the wise resolution of writing a claim statement of his condition, and it was given to the guardians by his friend Mr. Barnard. This paper was so respectful and so well-expressed, that an inquiry was instituted, and the poor lad in the youth being released from the wicked tyrant who had made sport with his affliction, and who had the cruelty to bring torture to the workhouse, where he was now an esteemed inmate. And many friends who had not been aware of his fitness for help, were yet useful in providing him with good books, and encouraging him in his work of self-culture. He never seems to have wasted an hour. Diligent at work, and diligent to improve his leisure by careful study, and in company with his friends. Town Library was open to him, and he gladly availed himself of its contents. Even in his cousin and uncle's house, he was intelligent eye all he saw, and his powers of minute description were added by his yet greater power of the pen and pencil. About this time, three little essays of his, on Happiness, Home, and Contemplation were inserted in "*Plymouth Magazine*," and an appeal was at length made to the public on behalf of this youth, which proved so successful that he was placed in board and lodge with Mr. Barnard his kind friend, he thus had leisure to continue his studies.

From this time his career was upward and onward in all respects. The vows he had made when bowed down with sorrow, when he had his griefs before God in prayer, he did not forget when prosperity dawned upon him, in joy as in grief, he lived near to God—and the Lord was with him.

In his twentieth year, the once friendless youth was received into Mr. Groves' family at Exeter, as a gratuitous pupil, and in consideration of any services he could render, was to receive £15 a year. After a time by the aid of friends, he was removed to the Missionary College at Islington, to learn printing. But the kindness of lucrary composition somewhat interfered with his pursuits as a printer—at length the career opened before him, he was sent by the Church Missionary Society sent him with Dr. Korck to Malta, and while there the habit of composition, which dose his impressions of all he saw, was fully developed, and although his deafness was a great privation, it proved to be compensated by his increased power of observation. One great advantage at this time was the recovery of the power of speech, he was enabled to sound, the subject of our narrative was in danger of forgetting the way to speak of words—indeed he dotted the effect of long his voice, but while at Malta, he overcame this dislike which threatened to make him dumb, as well as deaf, and he practised his voice, that he could be very well understood.

Some disappointments led to his giving up his situation in Malta, and returning to England in 1826, where after some delay he was appointed to one of the best friends, Mr. Groves, on a Christian mission to Persia. The journey party was to pass through Armenia, Russia and Tartary to Bagdad. He made a considerable stay in Persia, and became familiar with the Persian modes of life. In 1833 our deaf traveller returned to England, his mind full of various knowledge. He joined the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge ultimately secured his services as a writer, and he wrote that most valuable work, "*The Land Scenes*," which attracted much attention.

In September the 21st, 1833, he was married to a kind and estimable woman, who not only sympathized in his literary tastes, but made him in all respects a tender and admirable wife. With the domestic happiness that was now his portion, came the opportunity to devote himself to a great work, "THE PICTORIAL BIBLE," his knowledge of Oriental scenes and customs enabled him to be a most valuable expositor of Bible

"Commit thy works unto
THE LORD,
and
THY THOUGHTS
shall
be established."
PROVERBS XVI. 3.

(A text strikingly exemplified in the life of Dr. KITTO, whose thoughts have left an impress on the age.)

narratives, and his book has done more to elucidate the intelligent acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures. This was followed by a "History of Palestine and the Holy Land," "The Christian Traveller," "Uncle Victor's Travels in Persia," a book for the young, "The Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature," "Daily Bible Illustrations," all worth of great value. Besides these vast labours—he often wrote most useful articles in the Penny Cyclopedia. He was anxious to promote the instruction of his poorer countrymen—never in his prosperity forgetting the days of his poverty and misery.

These continuous literary labours began to affect his health, which had always been in delicate, and he was troubled with most severe nervous headache—his family increased rapidly, and with all his toils, his means were never ample. He was anxious to comfort to him, when our beloved Queen ordered him a pension of £100 a year from the Civil List, in consideration of his valuable literary services.

A diploma of D.D., was sent him from the University of Giessen, and many learned societies in England, Scotland, and Germany, and America united to praise him, not only for his great knowledge of Scripture and the way in which he made his great talents the means of diffusing a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. He was known throughout the world, and with all his toils, his means were never ample. He was anxious to promote the instruction of his poorer countrymen—never in his prosperity forgetting the days of his poverty and misery.

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have been renovated, but it pleased God to afflict the family of the deceased, the eldest daughter, and the youngest son, in quick succession. The former had been the father's joy and comfort, and the grief of his widow, though borne with Christian resignation, was more than his shattered health could endure. On October the 27th, he died, in the presence of his wife and his friend, A. H. Davis, Esq., of Adelphi Terrace. In a letter occur these words,—"Again to perceive that, by these variously afflictive dispensations, my Lord is calling me to a state of the higher order in which He sits, that I may are more of His grace and that I may more closely understand the mysteries of His kingdom." In a month from the time of writing that sentence, Dr. John Kitto entered into the joy of his Lord. In nine days more he would have attained the fiftieth year of a life, the first sixteen or seventeen years of which, had been embittered by poverty, pain and privations, such as seldom have fallen to the lot of any human being. Through all this, the "excellent spirit" that was in him bore him up, and by God's grace the youth, feeble, friendless, and deaf, was made a blessing to great work, and living a noble life—his honoured name being a household word in thousands of families in the world.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of Hosts."

PROVIDENCE.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

COWPER.

MISTAKES MADE BY FARMERS.

The grub of the Cockchafer commits great mischief, especially in the Spring, by gnawing the roots of the plant. Entire meadows are sometimes denuded by it. The rook is their destroyer by thousands, and by one act gets food for himself, and protects the wheat which is the staff of his life. They are the grubs which chiefly attract him to follow the plough; and when he plucks up a blade of grass or corn, it is almost invariably for the sake of some description of worm which is preying on the root. The plant which he eradicates will be found on examination to be dead or dying; and by devouring the cause of the mischief, he saves the rest of the field from worse.

Unobservant farmers, who never look beyond the surface, often mistake the benefactor for the thief. Luckily, their power to injure their benefactor is not equal to their will, or they would extermin nate him altogether, and leave the depredator unmolested to consume the whole of the crop. When an unhappy success has produced effects so fatal, the full evil consequences have been signal and immediate.

After the inhabitants had attempted to expatriate the little crow from Virginia at an enormous expense, they would gladly have given twice as much to buy back the tribe. Instead of diminution of the disease was offered in New England for the "purple grackle," which commits great havoc among the fruit, but protects so much more of herbage than he destroys, that the insects, when he was gone, caused the total loss of the harvest, and obliged the colonists to import great Pennsylvania, and even to import it from Great Britain.

A few years since, an Act was passed at the Cheltenham Quarter Sessions, to prohibit the destruction of birds. In a particular district of France, the harvest being swept away in its infancy, perhaps by hordes of the feathered reapers; the earth had ceased to yield its increase.

Excessive inroads like these upon the economy of nature, reveal to us its wisdom, and clearly show us that if one while it is a blessing that parsimonious animals should eat; at another it is a benefit to the world that they should be eaten. A flight of rooks render more service than all the cultivators of the soil put together, and if the poor birds are occasionally mischievous, they are richly worthy of their hire. Make the largest possible allowance for their consumption of a portion of that crop, the whole of which they preserve, they are still the cheapest labourers employed on a farm.

Pages would be required to tell the mistakes committed in the blind rage for destruction, and in the readiness to call fields of creation to believe that everything that takes what he takes it a rival and a foe.

Even wasps, which find no friends, only because they are armed with a sting, which, in a manner, they never use unless provoked, are an important aid in keeping certain tribes within bounds.

Wasps feed their two young nests in a glass case, and found that the food brought in were chiefly caterpillars and insects.

Bees, which are so much very glad to have the wasps attend their stalls for the sake of their services in driving away the moths, and in the warm climates, in some parts of the United States are so well aware of their utility in this respect, as to suspend their sentinel-wasps in a hanging basket, the occupants of which pry on the bees without molesting the family. Wasps are large consumers of fruit, but this is best protected by fastening bottles half-full of treacle and sugar, to the tree, the officers alone suffer, and the rest of the crop is saved from the avocations which nature has assigned them.

H.

BE KIND TO YOUR HORSE

As I was recently walking along one of the streets of this city, I observed a man by the side of a horse and cart. The horse was drawing a load of bricks, and was exhausted. It was in such good condition, and was so well groomed, that it would not have disgraced a gentleman's carriage. I asked the man if the horse was his own property. He answered with honest pride,

"Yes, sir, it is; and when he first came into my possession, he was exceedingly stubborn, and would not work, but I would not have it so, I gently used to him, and you see what he now is."

I was much pleased to hear such a testimony, and wishing that some whole-hog men, whom I had seen cruelly beating and distressing the mouths, and in various ways treating worse than they ought to treat dumb and defenceless animals under their care, would, but follow such a good example. Horse Tamers, if you would have your wild cheerfully perform, if kindly treated. They are amongst the most generous, willing, and obedient creatures in existence, if kindly *treated*, as experience has proved in thousands of instances.

Surely our merciful Creator wills that all His creatures may be made happy in the places where His wisdom has appointed them, and will most assuredly require a the day of judgment, a strict account, from all who inflict wanton cruelty. We wish that all who have the care of horses and other animals, would remember the Tent carter, and go and do likewise. We entreat parents to check derisive sneers indication of cruelty in their children.

York. C. S.

THE WHIP.

I HEAR the cracking of a whip,
It comes from the city town
Of tyranny and slavery,
On Britain's holy ground.

The arm that loves it, food of power,
Few soft emotions knows;
It's hand and heart are cold to tells
Of pain, revenge, and woes.

If thus, on England's happy soil,
Such bitter thoughts it rouse—
What horrors must its lash be kept
Where law the scourge avows!

There, seated on its throne of blood,
Its victim's groans and cries
As if no God of justice lived—
Or forged but whips or chains

Down with the whip! long live the arch
Of Love, and Mercy's rule!
No power but Reason's sway in this,
To render man like God.

For that has Heaven our nature wove
From sin's defiling yoke;
Thus, by a Saviour's love alone,
The captive's fetters broke.

Speak to the horse—look in his eyes,
With tender feeling fraught,
And say if such as he was formed
To be by torture taught.

And man, or gentle woman, cast
In Heaven's divinest mould—
How is it such a fate is thrust
To be to torture sold?

Would's that from an array of might
To rule and act at will—
Let lovingkindness be the whip:
Best scourge for every ill.

I hate the cracking of the whip,
It seems to me the sound
Of tyranny and slavery,
On Britain's holy ground.

R. I

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A FAITHFUL REPROVER.

LATIMER was obliged to attend the Parliament and the Convocation, but he always avoided meddling in state affairs, and never stayed in London longer than could help. Once he was in town on New Year's-day, at which season it was customary for the bishops and nobility then at court to make presents to the king: some of the former gave considerable sums of money, in proportion to their revenues, but Latimer's gift was more simple and highly characteristic of himself. It was a New Testament, with a leaf doubled down at Hebrews xiii. 4 'Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge!' Henry the Eighth, forcibly as he must have felt this rebuke of his sins, did not appear offended, but manifested decided kindness to his reprover. Bad men seldom despise those whose holy and consistent character condemns their wicked conduct.

'Faithful are the wounds of a friend.' 'Fear not, I am with thee.' 'The righteous are bold as a lion.'

THE WIDOW GREEN AND HER THREE NIECES.

CHAPTER XII.

TESTS OF CHARACTER.

On first learning what Mary had done, the Widow Green thought only of the consequences, and how they might be prevented; but no sooner had she sent off the letter to James Ryan, than she began to feel very painfully, how unkind and ungrateful Mary had been to her in this matter. In vain did Mary try to make the case appear better, by saying that she never meant to be unkind.

"No," said her aunt, "you meant nothing at all as regards me. You did not think much about me, I dare say. Oh Mary! so long as we lived together—so carefully as I nursed you in childhood—so dearly as I loved you—do think you should rush upon this great change in your life without once consulting me. Why, old as I am, Mary, and young as you are, I don't think I should have entered even upon some great business engagement without telling you."

And let no young reader pass over this lightly; but rather think what it must be to a kind and loving parent, to have a child who will enter upon a marriage engagement, without one word of confiding affection to that parent. It is perhaps, one of the bitterest trials a kind heart can bear; and besides the pain it is likely to inflict, this act is one of the most daring, and leads to one of the most ungraceful, which a young woman can commit.

If all marriage proposals were clearly and honorably disclosed, there would be much less shame and misery fall upon poor thoughtless girls than is now the case; and whoever reads this little story, may depend upon it, that a young woman has no surer means of protecting herself from unhappy consequences, than by speaking confidingly to her parents, or to those who are like parents to her, as soon as any man proposes to make her his wife.

The reader sees now, that even Mary was not perfect. Still, she was a good, prayerful girl; and alone in her own chamber, when all was still around her, and there was no one to hear her sighs, or to see her tears, she entered into a thorough examination of her own heart as in the sight of God; and then it was that she was taught to see clearly what her fault had been. Hitherto, Mary had been an orderly, amiable, and respectable girl. Now, under this bitter trial, she was brought to feel that she must be something more. Hitherto, she had loved to walk in the path of the virtuous. Now, she must give up every idol in which her soul delighted. How hard it was in the present instance for Mary to do this, we will not pretend to say; for she had naturally a strong will, as well as strong affections; and clearly did she love to have her own way. Now, she must submit to be crossed in that which seemed almost a part of herself, simply saying, like a chastened child, "Father, Thy will, not mine, be done."

Once, and only once, did Mary attempt to turn her aunt from the strong purpose she had formed. Soon after Mrs. Green had sent her letter to James Ryan, he wrote again to Mary, just once again, "perhaps for the last time," and this letter was so full of affection, and of fair promises, that Mary began to think, perhaps, he was about to become an altered man. And then, woman-like, she said to herself, perhaps she might help him—perhaps she might save him! And now at this turning point, to cast him off! It seemed really wrong to do so. Besides many others, there was especially one good promise in James Ryan's letter which seemed to be all that Mary could desire. It was made in a very solemn manner, and it was no other than that if she would consent to fulfil her half-formed engagement with him, he would sign the temperance pledge, and become a teetotaller on the very day that she should become his wife. This he said he had always intended, and now he bound himself to it by an oath which almost frightened Mary. It was so strong and deep. One thing, however, she felt sure of—he must indeed be in earnest. So she set off, the last time she was at liberty, to go and lay the case before her aunt. Not did her heart fail her by the way, for it seemed to her that James might now be raised in her aunt's esteem, and perhaps all would yet go well. So, placing the letter with considerable confidence in the hands of her aunt, Mary sat down to watch her countenance while she read.

Alas, for poor Mary! She had little expected the consequences which followed. Her aunt threw down the letter with every appearance of anger, and "Why, what is all this, indeed?" exclaimed Mrs. Green. "It is an insult to you to speak of such a thing. Signing the pledge is not enough at. No, no. If James Ryan was a man worth marrying, if he even wanted to be worthy of my Mary, he would sign the pledge now, and never speak about marrying until he had kept it for a year at least. He would then have tried himself, and proved whether he could be trusted, or not. I was afraid of him before, but I despise him now. Mary, he is a self-indulgent, selfish man, with no strong weakness, and therefore he will not take the right means of getting strength."

Mary was hurtly disposed to plead. "Aunt!" she exclaimed, "if this should be the only chance for him to be saved, and if I should refuse it to him?"

"Mary," replied her aunt, "God does not work by chances, nor does He require that a girl like you should risk her happiness in this world, and perhaps in the next, upon the bare possibility of doing good to a man who does not care enough for what is right to do it without you. Besides, what does a man do when he marries? He does not merely take a wife to accompany his home, to make himself happier than he was before. No, he places himself at once in the most responsible situation as the head of a household—the prop of a family, the companion and the protector of a woman, who from that time can have no other. And is all this to hang upon an experiment, whether, after he has signed the pledge, he can keep it or not?

"My child, you are under a strong delusion just now; and therefore it is the more necessary that I should think and act for you. There will come a time when you will see all this as clearly as I do. At present we can only trust and pray. Ah child! I wish I had you near me night and day, as in former times. But yet it is better that you should be fully occupied. No, you must go back to your duties, Mary; and when you write to this man again, as I suppose you must, but only once, bear with me when I say that I expect to see the letter."

"You shall see it, indeed, aunt," said Mary. "I never keep anything from you again. Hard as it is, I promise you faithfully that I will do only as you wish in this matter."

"And so Mary went her way, with many tears. But yet there was a secret something in her heart which told her that her aunt was right, in judging of James Ryan's character; and that if he had been really an honourable and right-minded man, he would have taken the pledge, and tried it thoroughly, before speaking of such a thing as marriage to any one.

This then was Mary's trial, we shall see whether she profited by it, or not. Harriet should be her trial, and alas too. But Mary, up to this time had never known any painful cross, nor had fallen under any very heavy condemnation. The great test of character is how we behave after we know that we have done wrong. We have seen how James Ryan behaved—that he made no material change in his conduct, but actually considered himself fit for a respectable young woman, to commit her happiness to; and while Mary has time to consider what she will do, we will give a short account of what occurred to her aunt—a visit which she had said, in a letter, would be "on very particular business."

Mrs. Green was quite as much in a fume again," and Mrs. Green as she folded up the letter. "Really these girls are more provoking than all the men put together, and then they were in their childhood."

Harriet arrived earlier than she was expected, and her appearance at once drove away the fears her aunt had entertained that she should have to listen to a light or lackadaisical mind, unusually serious, and quiet; and instead of beginning at once with what she had to say, she waited until her aunt was quite at liberty to listen, and had even asked her a few questions for the purpose of drawing out what she had to tell.

"You know, aunt," said Harriet, "that I have been a very giddy girl."

"I hope not—I know you

A HIGHLAND REBEL. BY FREDERIC TAYLER.

"I AM FOND OF DRAWING!"

It is very gratifying to us to find that some of our readers are employing their leisure moments, and at the same time improving their taste for drawing, by copying many of the engravings which have appeared in the pages of the "British Workman." To such, the above illustration, taken from Mr. Tayler's fine painting will be a rich treat. We are making arrangements for the production of several engravings from the works of celebrated artists, specially for the benefit of those of our readers who can say "I am fond of drawing." It affords us peculiar pleasure to learn that in some regiments the soldiers are taking a lively interest in drawing, instead of spending their evenings, as hitherto, at the canteen.

EARLY education, and the wise employment of leisure hours, will prevent more crime than the severity of the criminal code.

"THE PILOT'S AT THE HELM."

The first time I went down the London river, I was a very little girl, but I remember with how much interest I watched the new and strange and beautiful scenes through which we were passing. After going down into the cabin for a time, I came on deck while the boat was among the highlands; and I saw that we were in what appeared to be a lake, surrounded by high hills, before, behind, on either side, and so far as I could see, there was no way out. I ran to find my father, and cried out, "Father, father, what shall we do? there is no way for the boat to get out."

He smiled, and said, "You cannot see it, my daughter, but there is a way out. Do not be afraid, *the pilot has been here before*; he knows the way, and will steer the boat safely." Oh how many times through life have those words returned to me. When hemmed in by difficulties on every side, and there seemed to me to be "no way out," "Do not be afraid, my daughter, *the Pilot has been here before*," came in tones of love upon my ear.

Yes, the Saviour has the helm, and there is not a spot in life's pathway but He has been over it; there is not a temptation but He knows all about it. He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

And did you ever think, reader, of the *childhood of Jesus?* That He was once a *child?* That He remembers how children feel, and how children suffer? That His heart has been grieved as only a child's heart can be grieved? That He was tried by His companions, and tempted to do wrong? Yes; whatever trials you may have, *Jesus has been there before you*; He knows all about it.

Do not be afraid then to take your troubles to Him. *He knows the way out*, and He will guide you safely. For while He has the remembrance of the trials of human nature, He is all-powerful as God to deliver us from them. Then with such a powerful and such a sympathising friend, we will fear nothing. Not even death, the last enemy, will we fear; for if Christ is our friend and our supporter, we will not shrink at passing through the gate which leads to the realms of bliss for ever there.

"The Saviour has passed through the portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy light through the gloom."

REMEMBER vice at the beginning, and you will conquer it in the end.

REMEMBER that all your thoughts, as well as all your deeds, are recorded in heaven.

DRINKING TROUGHS AND FOUNTAINS.

We are delighted to find that a number of Drinking Troughs for Cattle have been placed in various parts of Belfast, through the energy of the late Captain Calder. The troughs are made of iron, and being furnished with ball-taps, secure a constant supply of water. The Belfast Commissioners liberally provide these troughs free of charge. We hope that the good example of the kind-hearted Captain and the worthy Commissioners will soon be followed in hundreds of places. Further particulars as to the cost, &c., of these valuable troughs, may be had on application to the Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Belfast.

An excellent addition has just been made to one of the Liverpool "Melly Fountains," namely, the receiving of the waste water from the drinking-fountain into an iron trough, for cattle, and a smaller trough for dogs. This has been done by a benevolent lady. The LOCAL GOVERNMENT ACT of 1858 will prove of great service to towns in respect to public fountains. By section 45, "The commissioners shall cause all existing public cisterns, pumps, wells, conduits, and other waterworks used for the gratuitous supply of water to the inhabitants within the limits of the special Act, to be continued, maintained, and supplied with water, or they shall substitute other such works equally convenient, and shall cause them to be maintained and supplied with water; and such public cisterns and other works shall be vested in the commissioners, and be under their management and control; and the commissioners may construct any number of new cisterns, pumps, conduits, and other waterworks, for the gratuitous use of any persons who choose to carry the same away, not for sale, but for their own private use, and may supply with water any public baths or wash-houses."

This Act of Parliament meets the immediate attention of the friends of the pump; be accomplished by those who have courage sufficient for the enterprise.

THE MIRAGE.

For many days has the company been looking anxiously for water, but any hopes of meeting with that precious liquid are getting more and more distant. All at once a beautiful lake appears dancing before the enraptured vision of the thirsty travellers. The waves are rising and falling, and the glittering sun's rays can easily be discerned glancing upon them. The scene is so complete, that the shadows of the trees are visibly reflected from the rippling bosom of the pellucid waters. Oxen and men eagerly make for it, but just as they near its banks, a slight breeze dispels the whole, and the disappointed beings—thirsty, disparited, and deceived—return once more to the waggons. How much like this is life! Youth and Hope pourtray a happy future of cloudless prosperity. But sickness, with its grim attendants, death, steps in and throw a cloud over the picture. The gambler, night after night, sits at the table, and with dice and cards for unwom companions, anticipates much wealth from time to come. He is sowing the seed, and looks out for harvest; but when he holds out his hand to grasp the long-wished-for joy, he finds that he is grasping—a shadow. The parsimonious man of trade toils morning, noon, and night; he eats the bread of carefulness, and spends his fleeting hours in hoarding up a few coins. By and by, he resolves to settle quietly down, and spend his latter days in ease and comfort. He has already said, "Soul, eat, drink, and be merry," and is about to consummate his dearest hopes. But, alas, "a change comes o'er the spirit of the dream." Losses accumulate thickly; riches take to themselves wings and fly away, and the mirage of life is complete.

Thus life is full of these fleeting, deceiving delusions, and we are daily compelled to admit the truth which Longfellow utters, "Things are not what they seem." Be it then ours to select something firm lasting, abiding, which ages cannot wither, and which time cannot rob of its charms."

Extract from Lecture on Dr. Livingstone.

W. S.

FEW things are too hard to

A WORD FOR SWEARERS.

If there were no future state dependant upon the present—no judgment-seat at which man will be acquitted or condemned according to his words and deeds; there is in the using of oaths and profane expressions something so repulsive to all right-minded men that they not only avoid the debasing practice themselves, but seek to persuade others to do the same.

A short time ago, several workmen were sent to a gentleman's seat to execute various alterations and repairs. At the request of the foreman, they all signed an agreement, that for every oath a fine of sixpence should be paid. Not an oath was uttered during the whole time the men were employed at the place, except by a carpenter who committed himself, and paid the fines. The gentleman of the house was exceedingly pleased with the restriction the men had imposed upon themselves, and stated that he went on so quietly that no one would know there were working men upon the premises.

A see Captain, when his crew had signed the article, called them together and said, "Now, lads, I have a favour to ask, will you allow me to be the *first* to swear on board this ship?" All consented, and there was not an oath uttered during the voyage! Fellow-workmen, give up swearing. "For because of swearing *the land mourneth.*"

—Jer. xxii. 10. S. Y. L.

HINTS FROM HELPERS.

It has cheered us not a little to receive information of the change from habits of intemperance to those of sobriety, of more than one person, instrumentally resulting (under God's blessing) from the publication of the article, "I have got the Wheat, and you have got the Chaff," in No. 37 of the *British Workman.*

We have reprinted this article, with the engraving, as the centre of a large posting-bill, which we desire to have extensively circulated. We shall be happy to forward a copy of this bill to any of our readers who will place it in a public position. Coffee-house keepers, blacksmiths, and barber-shops, would particularly oblige by putting up copies on their premises.

We have again to thank our friends for their energetic efforts. It is a fact worthy of being made known to all our readers, that a number of the "sons of toil" have gone out by "two-and-two." After their day's work has been over, from village to village. With supplies of the *British Workman* under their arms, they have gone from cottage to cottage, and have sold hundreds of copies. There are tens of thousands of homes in the agricultural districts, into which our paper can never enter unless thus carried, mouth by mouth, to the doors.

A Manchester gentleman writes as follows:—

"It affords me pleasure to inform you that one of my boys, who is not yet fourteen years of age, has been exerting himself to extend the circulation of your "British Workman." He lately obtained a situation in the counting-house of a large machine concern in this city, where upwards of one thousand men are employed, and was so there long before he made an effort, quite spontaneous on his part, to introduce the paper amongst the workmen, and was so far successful that in a few days he had on the names of thirty-six new subscribers, and yesterday had an order from one of them to furnish him with a complete set. My boy is evidently one of the "Try Company." I am glad to see him so employed, and think if other boys, in similar situations were to 'do likewise' the circulation of your paper would be greatly increased."

☞ *The Yearly Part of the "British Workman" for 1858, with One Hundred Illustrations, price Eighteenpence.*

☞ *With Five Hundred Illustrations, complete Edition of the "British Workman" for 1855, 1856, 1857, and 1858, bound in cloth, price 6s.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d. The Yearly Parts may also be had separately in illustrated paper covers, price Eighteenpence.*

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☞ *The Complete Edition of the "Band of Hope Review," for the Eight Years, will also be had, bound in cloth, 8s.; gilt edges, 10s. "The picture-book or home of a Mother's Friend."*

☞ *"Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones," compiled by Uncle Joe. Parts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, are issued, price 6d. each, with numerous Woodcuts. The Work bound in cloth, 5s., gilt, 7s. 6d.*

NEW AND CHEAP POSTAGE.

Those who cannot conveniently give their orders through a local Bookseller, can have the publications, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, the Shetland and Orkney Isles, the cheapest being POST IN ADVANCE. To order, or postage stamps, to Messrs. Partridge & Co., Paternoster Row, London, &c.

A packet of the *British Workman* sent post free for 12 months,			A packet of the *Band of Hope Review* sent post free for 12 months,		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
4 copies for	0	5 0	9 copies for	0	4 6
8 "	0	8 0	16 "	0	7 6
12 "	0	10 0	25 "	0	10 0
24 "	1	4 0	48 "	1	1 0
50 "	1	16 0	100 "	2	10
Fewer than *four* copies cannot be sent at this rate.			Fewer than eight cannot be sent at this rate.		

Example.—If four persons unite their subscriptions and remit four eight penny stamps in the Post-office, four copies of the *British Workman*, or eight copies of the *Band of Hope Review* will be sent (at intervals of one person) post free for 12 months.

THE COLONIES.—A single copy of the *British Workman* sent per post to any British Colony, for 12 months, for 3s; or, a copy of the *Band of Hope Review* for 1s. 6d., paid in advance.

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BRITISH WORKMAN

PITY THE POOR LADS!

PEOPLE who find it difficult enough, with all the appliances of a good education and training, to keep their children in the paths of honesty and rectitude,—wonder that there is so much crime. If they saw what some of us have seen, and knew what some or us have known, they would still wonder; but wonder there was no little crime. To expect from those who have been reared in the darkest ignorance, and in a very hotbed of temptations, anything else but crime, is sheer folly. A man might as well wonder that he does not see wheat or barley growing in our streets—where the plough never goes, and no seed is sown. What can a farmer expect to find in a field left fallow, abandoned to nature, to the floating thistle-down and every seed furnished with wings to fly, but evidence of his own neglect in a rank, vile crop of weeds? Look at the case of a boy whom I saw lately. He was but twelve years old, and had been seven times in jail. The term of his imprisonment was just out, and so he had doffed the prison garb and resumed his own. It was the details of winter; and having neither shoes nor stockings, his red, naked feet were upon the frozen ground. Had you seen him shivering in his scanty dress—the misery pictured on an otherwise comely face—the tears that went dropping over his cheeks as the child told his painful story—you would have forgotten that he had been a thief, and only seen before you an unhappy creature, more worthy of a kind word, a loving look, a helping hand, than the guardianship of a turnkey, and the dreary solitude of a jail. His mother was in the grave. His father had married another woman. They both were drunkards. Their den, which is in the High Street—I know the place—contained one bed—reserved for the father, his wife, and her child.

OUR next month's No. will have several articles specially intended for farm-servants and labourers. We solicit for it an extended circulation in the agricultural districts. There are hundreds of villages, and tens of thousands of farm-houses where the *British Workman* has not yet been *seen*. These, we desire to reach.

A PLEA FOR INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

I WAS returning from a meeting one night, about twelve o'clock; it was a fierce blast of wind and rain. In Prince's Street, a piteous voice and a shivering boy pressed me to buy a tract. I asked the child why he was out in such a night and at such an hour. He had not got his money; he dared not go home without it; he would rather sleep on a stair all night. I thought, as we passed a lamp, that I had seen him before. I asked him if he went to church. 'Sometimes to Mr. Guthrie's,' was his reply. On looking again, I now recognized him as one I had occasionally seen in the Cowgate Chapel. Muffled up to meet the weather, he did not recognize me. I asked him what his father was. "I have no father, Sir; he is *dead*.' His mother? 'She is very poor.' 'But why sleep you out here?' and then reluctantly the truth came out. I knew her well, and had visited her wretched dwelling. She was a tall, dark, gaunt, gipsy-looking woman, who, notwithstanding a cap of which it could be but premised that it had once been white, had still some traces of one who had seen better days; but now she was a drunkard; sin had turned her into a monster; and she would have beaten that poor child within an inch of death, if he had been short of the money, by her waste of which she starved him, and fed her own accursed vices.

How easily and successfully the child is trained to the vices of the man, we have had abundant evidence. It was only the other day that we heard a little child of some eight years of age confess that he had been lately carried home intoxicated; and when he gaily and giddy told this story of early dissipation, it only called forth the merriment of the ragged urchins around. The sucking babe is drugged with opium; and spirits are administered to allay the cravings of hunger. When examined on the state of her school, a very excellent female teacher in this town acknowledged to us, that she had often been obliged from her own small salary to supply the wants of her hungry scholars. She had not the heart to offer the letters to a poor child who had got no breakfast; and some days ago, smelling spirits from a fine little child, she drew from her this miserable confession, that her only dinner had been the half of a biscuit and a little whisky. How early this hapless class are initiated in the use of spirits came out the other day, to the astonishment of a friend of ours, who, on walking along the streets, observed some boys and girls clustered like bees on and around a barrel. She asked them if it was a sugar barrel; and on learning that it was a spirit one, she said, 'You surely don't like whisky?' 'For my part, Mem,' says out, a little girl,—thinking, perhaps, thereby to recommend herself—'deed, Mem, I prefer the strong ale.'—*Dr. Guthrie.*

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL. *From the Painting by* SIR CHARLES L. EASTLAKE, *R.A., P.R.A.*

No touch was kindly spread, for this poor child, and his brother, a mother's son—then also immured in the jail. When they were fortunate enough to be allowed to lie at home, their only bed was the hard bare floor. I say fortunate enough, because in many a winter night, their own father hounded them out. Ruffian that he was, he drove his infants weeping from the door, to break their young hearts, and bewail their cruel lot in the corner of some filthy stair, and sleep away the cold dark hours as best they could—crouching together for warmth, like two houseless dogs.

'A friend listened to me to that too true tale; and when he saw the woe, the utter woe in that child's face, the trembling of his lip, the great big tears that came rolling from his eyes, and fell on one's heart like red-hot drops of iron, no wonder that he declared, with indignation flashing in his eyes, "They have not a chance, Sir, they have not a chance."'—*The City, its Sins and Sorrows," by Dr. Guthrie.*

THE ARAB BOY.

THE mother set aside a little space,
The boy was dying of his thirst,
God's angel show'd her where there burst
Bright waters in that desert place.

To his parch'd lip, and bloodshot eye, they
A sudden gleam of life and joy; [bring
Up-rose the dark-eyed Arab boy,
Up-rose the desert's future king.

O Christian! there are Arabs in our streets,
The houseless, homeless, hungry poor,—
They wander by, they pass our door,
When cold the drifting rain-storm beats.

A fervor thirst is on their souls for ever,
Than that which dying Ishmael knew—
A thirst for all things good and true,
For drops of the eternal river.

The angel call'd to Hagar out of Heaven,
And Christians should do angels' work,
For still the living-waters lurk,
Still in the desert streams are given.

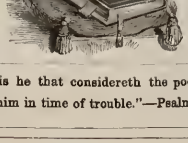
Will ye not bring them tidings of salvation?
Will ye not hold to their parch'd lip,
The cup of life, and bid them sip?
Ah me! they too, are a great nation.

Wild-eyed, and strange, they pass us by,
And thirsting with a great distress,
Roam through the people's wilderness,
Or lie down in our streets to die.

Let not the voices of their wailing sad,
Go up against us to God's throne;
Christ bids us do as He has done,
And God had *pity* on the bad. C. F. A

From "Illustrated Songs and Hymns," compiled by UNCLE JOHN.

SERIOUS THOUGHTS FOR SERIOUS MEN.



WITH its present yearly income, it will take the British and Foreign Bible Society more than *six hundred years* to supply a copy of the Scriptures to each of the seven hundred millions of poor benighted heathen. The sum which is annually spent in the United Kingdom, upon intoxicating liquors, would enable this Society to effect this gigantic object in less than *three hundred and sixty-five days!* The amount spent yearly in England in cigars and tobacco, is about *ten times as much as all* the Missionary and Bible Societies annually raise!

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the LORD will deliver him in time of trouble."—Psalm xli. i.

SALE BY AUCTION

£100,000,000

One Hundred Millions a year are lost by the self-imposed taxation of the Working Men of England!

SELF-REFORM will prove a better measure than was ever passed, or can be passed, by any British Parliament!

"GOD helps those who help themselves."

REFORM.

There is no term which of late years has been in more common use, and enjoyed a larger share of popularity than this one. We hear it in every direction,—it is spoken of with all kinds of subjects,—introduced into every department of society,—is adopted by every variety of character, and is used for every variety of purpose. Trade, science, literature, philosophy, politics, religion, have all been more or less associated with the word reform. All classes of men, —the Jew and the Gentile,—the educated and the ignorant, the wise and the foolish, men of character, and men of no character, are all proposing to benefit the world by *reform*. Our newspapers, magazines, almanacks, and railway guides, all emblazon the word upon before our eyes, month by month, and week by week, in every variety of form and colour. We might really believe that all classes of society were running a race of benevolence for the public good.

It must, however, be admitted, that there are circumstances connected with some of these reform measures which throw a shade of suspicion over the disinterestedness of the parties who advocate them. "Reform your Doctor's bills," says one set of reformers, and you are kindly advised to use all sorts of pills and ointments as the best reform, even in all kinds of disease, from medical trickery and exorbitancy. "Reform your Tailor's bills," says a second, and the advice is plausible round the kingdom, from the London end to John-o'-Groat's House, no doubt *pro bono publico*, with this drawback, however, that the parties who appear thus anxious to expose the impositions practised by the craft upon the public, are themselves fattening upon public credibility, and draining off, drop by drop, the life's blood of their oppressed workpeople. "Reform your Taxation," exclaims a third class, whose great disinterestedness appears in their voluntary offer to sell a diminished pittance,—small profit,—and without any profits at all; but, then, this is too often done as a device to bring custom to a shop where other quicks have failed. In this obliging manner are men of all kinds seeking to instruct and guide the public mind. From the time benevolent motive, no doubt, we have offers of all kinds, we have offers of reform tea,—reform coffee,—reform flour,—reform gin,—and even reform coffins.

Then, besides, we have educational reform, state reform, church reform, and social reform. Now, to the word reform, or to be thing itself, there can be no rational objection, whatever may be its application or reference, for what does the term signify?—to amend,—to pass from worse to better; this must be acknowledged to be a good thing, and whether we refer to the church, the state, or the world, we shall find, no doubt, that there is great occasion for amendment, and every man whose heart is in its right place must regard with satisfaction every change in either, or all of these, which is from worse to better.

But in proportion as any term becomes popular there is danger of its being abused for selfish and sinister purposes, and, therefore, when reform is proposed, there are some things of which we should fully assure ourselves before we become committed to the undertaking. We should be fully convinced that the parties who offer their services are really honest men, worthy of confidence, neither actuated by selfishness, passion, nor prejudice, but by motives, pure, disinterested, and benevolent;—that they fully understand what they propose to amend, and that too in all its relations and bearings;—that the change proposed is not a mere theory, an uncertain experiment, but required by necessity, and justified by reason, principle, and experience;—and, in addition to all, we should seek for decisive proof that they who are seeking to reform others are reformed themselves, have taken the beam out of their own eye, before they attempt to take the mote out of their brother's eye.

With regard to reform in church and state, our object is not to meddle in religious and political controversy, but to inquire we pass them by with a brief remark or two about the latter. Since the year 1792, bands of state workers have sprung up who have sought to enlighten us with theories of government without end. Some have proposed a change in the form of the constitution, and others an amendment in that; whilst some others have pronounced the whole to be in such a miserable condition as to be past amendment, and rendering now one indispensable, this, of course, they have offered to supply of the best materials, and at the lowest price. Our neighbours across the channel have tried to stimulate by the examples set, and, it must be allowed, that in the science of political economy they have been experimentalists on a large scale, but though they have tried as many theories as may well serve the world for the next thousand years, they seem as far from perfection as ever.

Poor John Bull, though sometimes more than half persuaded that there must be something wrong somewhere in the state, is just now tolerably well satisfied that though there may be a few loose rafters that have become little worm-eaten, yet, upon the whole, the timbers of the constitution are sound and good, and never was he more disposed to give three cheers for the Queen and Constitution than at the present time.

As to social reform its necessity is admitted by all. In every condition of life, among the high, the low, and the middle classes, the evidence presents itself with irresistible demonstration. Whilst some have contented themselves with deploring evils they know not how to remedy, others have been fruitful in experiments for their removal, and each, as might be expected, has had its friends and supporters. We have said, "Let us have *political reform*, his will restore universal order and happiness." But this at the best, can effect nothing more than an amelioration of the evils that exist; and, therefore, as a remedy must be pronounced inadequate. Good institutions are beneficial just in proportion as men are able to appreciate their value, and are disposed to support their efficacy, but this requires a previous moral regeneration. The friends of education look upon *Instruction* as the great cure for all evils; but intellectual culture by no means involves moral improvement,—the mind may be informed, yet the heart retain all its innate corruptions, and remain as fruitful as ever in every species of vice, and moral deformity, and misery. The evidence of this is abundant, both in the history of nations and individuals, witness the case of Palmer, Rothwell, and a host of others of unenviable notoriety. There is another mean of ameliorating the evils of society to which the "British Workman" is especially devoted. We say to the community at large "*Reform your drinking habits*," and the greatest portion of the burden, and crime, and misery, that oppresses the country will at once cease to exist. Who does not know that the use of intoxicating liquors is the prime cause of all these evils. The fact is too glaring,—too well-authenticated to admit of doubt. It has been admitted by the chief legislators, philosophers, and moralists of the age. It is the testimony of every-day life. It is, therefore, no hazardous exertion,—no matter of doubtful experiment, to say, that if the drinking habits of the country were reformed, and by reform we mean the entire abolition of all alcoholic drinks, that all the effects just stated would follow. Let us look at the fact. By such a reform there would be a saving,

1. In the cost of the liquors consumed..... £70,000,000
2. In productive labour, lost by sickness and disease..... 50,000,000
3. In cost of pauperism, crime, disease, accidents, &c .. 14,000,000

—a sum in vast, that if saved annually for seven years, it would blot out the national debt, and if applied to other beneficial purposes, would give such an impulse to trade, commerce, industry, arts, education, and useful progress, that the history of the world could not supply its parallel or even parallel; yet nobody would suffer, save those who live upon the sufferings and sins of others, and they only for a time.

By such a reform there would be a *diminution of crime*.

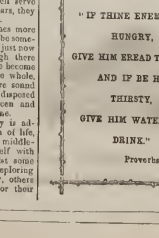
1. The low, degrading, sensualising, demoralising, soul-destroying sin of *drunkenness* would cease to exist.

2. *Profligacy*, that curse of society, with all its fearful concomitants, would be, to a great extent, abolished. It is a well-known fact, that most of those unfortunate females who pursue this wretched course, refer their first departure from virtue to the influence of liquor, and admit that without it they could not *endure the miseries of the life they lead*.

3. *Crime* of every kind would fall to a fourth of its present amount. Examine our police and prison reports, the reports of our sessions, assizes, and quarter-sessions commissions, and all will be found to bear testimony to the same fact, viz., that three-fourths of the crime which are punished have been originated by drunkenness. To these must be added the vast number that escape detection, or evade punishment, arising from the same cause.

4. Cases of *suicide* would be reduced. Statistics have fully proven that drunkenness is the most frequent of the known causes of self-destruction. In London alone, upwards of twelve cases annually, of which one-sixth is the direct result of intemperance.

5. *Poverty* and *Idiotism* would be diminished. It has been stated by Lord Shaftesbury, whose means of information rendered him a decided authority, that "full six-tenths of all the cases of insanity to be found in these realms, and in America, arise from no other cause than from habits of intemperance in which the people have indulged." Dr. Howe, in his celebrated Reports on Idiocy, states that out of 300 idiots, whose history he has found, 145,



or nearly one-half, had habitual drunkards for parents.

6. *Life would be prolonged*. Mr. Neison, the actuary, has shown that the mortality of drunkards at the age from 21 to 30 is *five* times greater, and from 31 to 40, four times greater than the rest of the community. It has been computed that the annual loss of life from intemperance in the United Kingdom amounts to 60,000 yearly.

7. A *transition* would take place in individual families, from poverty, degradation, and misery, to plenty, respectability, and comfort, and that to an extent which would cause society to present an entirely new aspect.

Let the reader ponder over the large amount of benefit which would be conferred on society, were those results secured, and then let him ask, what will it cost to bring the blessing? Little, of course, must be paid. "What is got for nothing," says the proverb, "is nothing worth." But what is it that is paid? Only the sacrifice of a liquor which nature does not require,—which gives neither strength nor health,—which is really injurious to an advanced taste, as we see in the case of all brute animals, and which directly tends to disorder the understanding, inflame the blood, corrupt the heart, sensualize the nature, generate crime, and destroy the soul. How small the sacrifice, and indeed it deserves the name, to effect so beneficial and glorious an achievement. Look over the alternative. On the side of *indulgence* stand poverty,—brutality,—domestic degradation,—crime,—ignorance,—and premature death, and hospital around us spoils; are defeated sanitary measures,—frustrated political privileges, fragments of philanthropic plans—beyond, Hades and darkness. On the side of abstinence, stand health and wealth, social order and domestic peace, and knowledge, directed by noble aims and hopeful endeavours towards the illuminated pathway of the future.

T. H. W.

DON'T ROB THE BIRDS.

"A number of schoolboys, attended by their master, were wandering about in the great park of Windsor, when one of them discovered a blackbird's nest with young ones in it, some distance beyond the top of the long walk. He immediately made a prize of it, and was conveying it homewards, when the cries of their young were heard by the old birds. Notwithstanding the presence and noise of so many boys, they flew boldly towards their nest, dropped, but, kept near them, for a distance of about twelve miles, flying from tree to tree, and uttering the most harrowing and sorrowful cries which are so peculiar to the Blackbird. This circumstance induced the boy to place the young birds in a cage, and he hung it outside of the house, which was close to the town of Windsor. Here they were fed regularly by their parents. At every time the boy said first one and then another, as he was able to procure customers for them, until they were all disposed of. The morning after the last bird was sold, the female blackbird was found dead beneath the cage in which her beloved offspring had been confined, as if she had been unable to survive their loss! So strong is the attachment of these birds to their young."—*From Jesse's Country Life.*

THE GOSPEL RAILROAD.

"Search the Scriptures."—John v. 39.

In days of old, the *line* to Heaven,
Was rough and stony and uneven,
But now, we live to see the day,
That the old line is done away.

Another line by Christ is made,
With proper rails for it to lay on laid;
From earth to Heaven the line extends,
To life eternal—where it ends.

Repentance is the *station* then,
Where *passengers* are taken in;
No fee from them is taken there,
But Jesus Christ has paid the *fare*.

In the first, second and third *class*,
Faith and repentance for sins pass;
You must this way to Glory gain,
Or you with Christ can never reign.

God's grace, the *guard* and *engineer*,
It points the way to Heaven so clear,
Thus he—I'm sure—can never err,
I will guide him far above the skies.

God's love the *fire*, His joy the *steam*,
Which drives the engine and the *train*,
And all that would to glory ride,
Must in the train with Christ abide.

Thro' *tunnels* long, and dark as night,
Twill take him to the realms of light,
And there he'll meet with all the train,
And never more to part again.

Come then, poor sinner, now's the time,
At *any station* on the line;
If you repent, and turn from sin,
Then train will stop and take you in.

Anon.

A COMMON STORY.

In the streets of a Christian city,
I saw a house lit up;
Where they sit at night, in the white gas light,
And pair the poison-cup.

Low men there throw freely down,
The coin that is children's bread,
While the women cry, and the babies die,
At home for want of food.

There the hand of the cunning workman
Is paid in his toil, with tears'd,
And the eye is blear'd, and the heart is
Till it knows no love, nor truth;

For they drink of the burning goblet,
Which robs them of man, a brute;
Till the mange wrings, or is changed by sin,
And the voice of God is mute.

O men of Christian England!
Fathers, with children, and wives,
Will ye let the Rum-fiend, in the Nineteenth-day
When Christ shall ask of your lives?

Ye bad children, and homes, and money
enough,
And made to learn and think,
The gifts God gave,—with a soul to save,—
And ye barter'd them all for drink. A.

ANECDOTE OF DOGS.

Mr. Aubreiad, one of our Derbyshire correspondents writes:—

"I live in the country, and have often occasion to be from home for weeks together. During my absence my dog (a very valuable one of the bull and terrier breed), displays an amount of sagacity, which to me is quite as interesting as it is singular. During my stay at home he quietly sleeps in the kitchen, but on the night of the day that I leave home, he makes his way upstairs to the bedroom where my wife sleeps, when he creeps under the bed, and from thence he will neither be coaxed nor driven until the morning, as much as to say, 'I know your natural protector is gone, so here I will remain and do the best I can to be your pet. This the dog does every night until my return, when he goes back to his old quarters in the kitchen, and there remains until I again take my departure.

He has not been taught to act thus, and I can only refer the conduct to that sagacious apprehension of consequences which has led many dogs aforetime to place themselves in situations where they have become the means of saving life, and defending property."

☞ *We shall be glad to receive any well-authenticated Anecdotes of Dogs.—Ed. B. W.*

A HINT TO SCHOOLMASTERS.

The Master of the National School, Coneybury writes:—

"For the purpose of extending the circulation of your excellent periodical, the *British Workman*, allow me to offer the following suggestion.—To commence the end of last month I told the school-children that if any of them would like to become subscribers for the *British Workman*, I would get it for them, and in a few days I had the pleasure of ordering twelve copies for each child during the year. Now, if my brother teachers would adopt the same, and each one get, say *only twelve* new subscribers, it would be the means of increasing your circulation many thousands above what it now is."

☞ *The Yearly Part of the "British Workman" for 1858, (with 1,000 Hundred Illustrations, price Eighteenpence.*

☞ *With Five Hundred Illustrations. A complete Edition of the "British Workman" for 1855, 1856, 1857, and 1858, bound in cloth, price 2s. 6d. Also, Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 of Yearly Parts may also be had separately, in illustrated paper covers, price Sixpence pence each.*

☞ *The Yearly Part of the "Band of Hope Review," for 1858, (with upwards of seventy engravings) price One Shilling.*

☞ *The Complete Edition of the "Band of Hope Review," for the Eight Years, may also be bound in cloth, price 5s.; gilt edges, 10s. "The best picture-book we know of."—Mother's Friend.*

☞ *"Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Children of Ragged Schools." Parts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, are issued, price 6d. each, with numerous Woodcuts. Vol. 1, bound in cloth, 1s.; gilt, 2s. 6d.*

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MORNING DEW-DROPS; or, the JUVENILE ABSTAINER. By Mrs Chas L. Balfour. Contents:—Chap. 1. Testimony of the Temperance Reformation. 2. Testimony of Scripture. 3. Testimony of Modern Hygiene. 4. Testimony of Modern History. 5. Cost of Intemperance. 6. Self-Denial. 7. Early Habits. 8. Power of example. 9. Power of Customs. 10. Contagion. 11. Heredotance. 11. Young Chemists Experiments. 12. Young Reasoner's Objections. 13. Bible Testimony. 14. Bible Testimony. 15. Biographical Warnings. 16. Biblical. 17. Intemperance the Great Hindrance to Education. 17. Testimony of Travellers. 18. Testimony of the Statesman. 19. Testimony of the Labourer. 20. A Retrospect. 21. Our Bands of Hope. Tracts to Intemperance Effects.

A. W. Bennett, 5, Bishopsgate St. Without.

MRS. FRY.

THE PRISON PHILANTHROPIST.

there glides a golden sunbeam,
Through the shutters of a room,
That is closed, and dim, and dirty,—
Full of silence, and of gloom.

Till a long ray, like an arrow,
On the dusty floor falls bright,
And the cobwebs on the ceiling,
Hang their silver in the light.

In the dungeon dark and dreary,
Such a sunbeam came to stand,
With her form of gentle beauty,
And her lithe in her hand.

To the soul within the prisoner,
That was darker and more drear,
Than his narrow-window'd dungeon,
Brought she light, and hope and cheer.

Of there never was bolt or shutter,
That kept out the light and joy,
So well, but the sun in Heaven
Found a little crevice there.

And there ne'er was place so lonthsome,
So closed, and foul with sin;
But that Christian love and pity
Found a way to enter in. A.

THE WIDOW GREEN AND HER THREE NIECES.

CHAP. XIII.

CONCLUSION.

We must now give a short account of how it fared with the Widow Green and her nieces, after Mary and Harriet had taken a twelvemonth to consider of their circumstances. With Mary the first trial was the worst. Each passing day convinced her with greater certainty, that she had been so interfered—that she herself been let alone, to pursue the course which her heart preferred, she would have cast herself into a condition of hopeless misery, under which no human help could have afforded her any substantial or lasting relief. She had been saved from this misery by what appeared to her at the time as a hard and cruel cross. But she soon learned to see that the hand of a kind Providence had been working for her good by the means of this very cross. She learned also to know her own heart better than she had ever known it before, and with that knowledge, she learned to be fearful of her own strength, lest it should had her again into difficulty and distress. She began also, about this time, to pray more earnestly to be made truly a child of Christ, so that she might be enabled to walk in all the ways and to walk evermore in the statutes of the Lord.

But the young reader may wish to know what those particular circumstances were, by which Mary was brought into this submission of her own will to the will of her Heavenly Father. That which opened her eyes most clearly to a sense of her past danger, in daring to chuse her own way without seeking assistance or advice, was the continued bad conduct of the young man to whom she would have given her keeping of her happiness. He was, as we have already said, a young man of good disposition, and great promise. He had also a very fine prospect of worldly prosperity. But with all this, he had one strong temptation to evil, which he was unwilling to take the most likely means to overcome. In all probability, he never opened his heart in prayer to his Heavenly Father, that he might be enabled in the hour of trial to stand firm. So that, kind as his heart was towards his relatives and friends, it became hardened against the claims of conscience, and duty. And we all know how rapid is the going down from bad to worse. The deliberate choice of evil, when persisted in, has always this hardening effect; so that a person who chooses to sin in one thing, soon finds himself committing other sins, from which at one time he would probably have shrunk with horror.

Many of his friends had begun to fear this would be the case with James Ryan; but there was one circumstance in particular which established Mary entirely to cast off at once all the regret she might otherwise have felt in breaking off her acquaintance with him.

The fact which settled her thoughts on this point for ever, was communicated in one of Harriet's letters, which was very sorry, but so it was. James Ryan had gone off to church one day, without saying anything to his uncle and aunt, and was observed speaking to a young thoughtless girl of low character, with whom he had very little acquaintance. The next step would have to be, that she must come to the farm to live, for James had nothing of his own; and a sad trouble Harriet feared this would be to the old people.

Mrs. Green made no remark upon this communication, but handed the letter to Mary, and then went out of the room. For a long while Mary said nothing, either; but the tears coursed as fast as she could freely discuss the subject with her aunt, for James Ryan was then no more to her than any other man, and she could wonder at herself that she had not seen at first how very little there was in his character to encourage any hope of lasting happiness with him.

Let no young girl suppose then that the case in past cases, if she has to be crossed in that which her heart is set upon. If she believes in a kind Providence at all, she must believe that the bitter as well as the sweet of every person's lot is appointed by Him who doeth all things well. The simple, and the only way then to serve Him who has done so much for us, is just to do what is manifestly right at the time, without looking too much to consequences, but rather trusting all to Him.

This lesson of life coming in being learned by some, others gather wisdom more quickly by experience. It is a great help to us all, to look back upon those times when we were kept by an unseen hand from making shipwreck of our peace. All have such periods of life to look back upon, when their own hearts would have hurried them on to destruction, had not a something come between them and what which they cried out against at the time with all their might, and even blamed as a cruel and perhaps unjust interference with those whom they were bound upon pursuing. As time rolls on, however, some see very differently; and never did any person grow more in a more grateful understanding of this mysterious guiding of Divine wisdom and goodness then the Widow Green's three nieces.

Even Harriet, who had been so thoughtless and so difficult to impress with any sense of duty, was now the most ready to acknowledge the hand of that restraining power which had kept her in the path of virtue. The twelve months she had been determined to allow herself for consideration, had not been spent in vain. Once having begun to think seriously, her heart became open to good impressions; and although she was always quick and outspoken—always perhaps a little too much of a high spirit—she learned, among other desirable things, to have a very humble opinion of herself. And this beautiful spot of a character changed for the better, was never more clearly shewn, than when, seated in that comfortable home, which she had entered on her marriage with a *good* man, she used to look up sometimes with tears of gratitude in her eyes, exclaiming—"Oh, aunt! if I had thrown my character away, what would have been my condition now? No good man would have married me then; and I should never have known the happiness of a home like this!"

With such these impressions were perhaps not quite so deep, but they were equally useful in their way. The great danger she had once been in of becoming false and deceitful, taught her to be more watchful over herself in the hour of temptation. She learned also to bear to hear the truth spoken, even when it condemned herself; and thus she left off the habit of clinging only to those persons who spoke pleasantly to her at the time, whether sincerely or not; and held firmly by a few substantial, honest-hearted friends, amongst whom her aunt was always the first, and the dearest. She was naturally of a dependent disposition; and thus, as her aunt grew old, and fell into some of the weaknesses of age, it was very pleasant to both, that Jane should go to live with her, to nurse her in sickness, and to do all in her power to return the great kindness which both her sister and herself had received in their early years.

It may perhaps, seem to the young reader, that Mary would have been the more most likely to do this for her aunt; and it may not be supposed that Mary was backward in doing her part. A circumstance, however, happened to Mary which is not unusual in the experience of attractive and agreeable young women. This circumstance was one which placed her in a home of her own, as a happy wife, and a respectable mistress of a house.

Near to Mrs. Green's residence there was a considerable extent of well-cultivated ground, filled with the useful produce of a market-gardeen. In the midst of this stood a pretty cottage, separated from the more public grounds by a hedge of roses. This was Mary's garden. At almost all times in the year, the little plot of ground thus separated, might be seen gay with all the flowers of the season; and never was Mary more happy, than when her aunt came, as she often did, to spend the afternoon with her, and to admire the pretty flowers which were the pride of their mistress's heart, as well as that of her kind and excellent husband, Henry Westwood, the market-gardener.

Such is the simple history of the Widow Green, and her three nieces. It would be useless to pursue it further. That which was at first intended has been sufficiently shewn in the success which has thus far followed the earnest and prayerful efforts of one good woman.

* *In compliance with the wishes of various friends, we purpose reprinting the charming thoughts of "Widow Green and her three Nieces," in a collective form. When ready, notice will be duly given to our readers. We hope that the little book will find its way into many kitchens and nurseries.*

A MOTHER TO HER FIRST-BORN.

"Tis sweet to watch thee in thy sleep,
When thou, my boy, art dreaming,
'Tis sweet o'er thee a watch to keep,
To mark the smile that seems to creep
O'er thine like daylight gleaming.

'Tis sweet to mark thy tranquil breast
Rise like a small wave flowing,
To see thee take thy gentle rest
With nothing save fatigue opprest,
And health on thy cheek glowing.

To mark thee now, or when awake,
Thy sweet smile, alas! steal o'er me,
For thou in time, a part must take
That may thy fortunes mar or make
In the wise world before thee.

But I, my child, have hopes of thee,
Thou wilt not be blighted!
That I years hence may live to see
Thy name, as dear to all, as me,
Thy virtues well-reputed.

I'll watch thy dawn of years and mould
Thy little mind to thy days,
I'll teach thee words, as I behold,
Thy faculties, like flowers unfold,
In intellectual beauty.

And then, perhaps, when I am dead,
And thou wilt be a man,
Thou'lt see me to my grave, and shed
A tear upon the narrow bed
Where I shall then be sleeping.

G. B.

PUBLIC DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

We have great pleasure in calling attention to the invaluable pamphlet just issued by Mr. Wakefield.* It ought to be scattered broadcast throughout the country.

* See "A Plea for Drinking Fountains," by E. T. Wakefield.—Hatchard and Co., 187, Piccadilly. Price 6d., post free.

"HE THAT IS SLOW TO WRATH, IS OF GREAT UNDERSTANDING; BUT HE THAT IS HASTY OF SPIRIT EXALTETH FOLLY.

Proverbs xiv. 29.

WHO'S GOT THE DONKEY?

JOHN JONES had a miserable life of it. He worked hard, but was always in want, and he considered it lucky if the day's expenditure did not exceed the day's income. It was a constant struggle to make the ends meet, and the outgoing end seemed to be for ever lengthening, while the incoming end was constantly contracting. He necessitous employed him to buy on credit, and sell for ready-money, so he always bought in the dear market, and sold in the cheap. His profits were small, and every day grew less; but his wants were great, and daily became greater. He was no scholar, and kept no accounts; he was no moral or political economist, and knew nothing of the theory of making money, or of the art of saving it. He had a little practical knowledge of the principle of exchange, and knew that the price of the coals bought yesterday, must be paid by the money realized by the sales of to-day; and that if he took an extra glass of whisky, in addition to his usual allowance, his wife and family would be restricted to a smaller quantity of food, or obliged to contract an additional amount of debt.

It was no use to talk of lessening the expenditure, because it was necessary to cut and drink, and to his credit, from the regularity of his payments, was always getting less, and as he had once or twice shouted the benefit of the Tipping Act when prosecuted for unpaid arrears, no publican would give him spirits on trust, so that the daily nabbleness ready-money transaction left little or nothing for household expenses.

It was in these circumstances that John first came under our notice. He might have been seen every day, harnessed to a small cart with his two ragged, ill-conditioned sons pulling and, calling as loudly as they could bawl, "*Coals! cheap coals!*" An old hat without the rim, an old coat minus a sleeve, a pair of ripped small breches without buttons, and, as Paddy would say, tow-less stockings without the legs, completed his dress. His children were covered with about equal proportions of dirt and rags, and his wife, might have sat for the picture of "Patience on a monument, smiling at Grief. Life to him hitherto, had been all downhill; and he appeared to have reached the lowest point to which he could possibly fall, when an incident gave his thoughts and feelings a different direction, and changed the whole course of his life.

In the street where he lived, was occasionally opened a small wooden theatre, where, for the small charge of a penny, the youth of the vicinity were amused with scenic representations, and instructed in all the various practices of successful crime. To the delight of young and the joy of a few, the theatre was removed, and a small Christian church erected in its place. John had never entered the theatre, because he considered a glass of whisky better worth the money than a foolish song; but his boys, when they could pick up a penny, thought it well-spent in seeing the "Life and Adventures of Jack Sheppard." Now, however, that access to the church cost nothing, and as his money was all spent, and his own house no way attractive, John thought, as he looked in at the door, that it was well-heated, and comfortably-seated, and that he could not do better than get one a-piece for his wife and two boys. The person who was in the desk, was speaking of the condition of the poor, and in a few minutes John held down his head, for he thought he was speaking to him. He listened, however, and heard his own state so well described, that he felt as if he pitied, his wants so accurately stated, and his miseries so affectionately mentioned, that he wondered, and wept. No one before had even taken any interest in him; but here a perfect stranger knew every circumstance of his life, and seemed to sympathise in all his sufferings.

The next night, John was at the church-door before it was opened; but at length his strength was beyond his appearance.

The subject of discourse was Christ's love to His people, and his theme was more intelligible than ever to John, for the first time, heard that the Son of God descended from heaven, became "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and offered himself up a sacrifice for the sins of mankind. Night after night, when the church was opened, John was to be seen, sitting in into a remote corner, quietly and attentively listening to the service, and lingering till the last of the assembly were leaving the church.

He felt almost ashamed of this new attraction; a feeling which had appeared to him to be a sort of privilege of the rich or well-dressed, and he had no idea that a church could belong exclusively to the poor. However, now light was shed into his mind; he began to see the folly of his previous life, and resolved to try if things were indeed ways of pleasantness and peace. The daily indulgence in whisky was withheld, and the pence thereby saved, were applied to the payment of old debts; these gradually diminished, and he was soon enabled to become a ready-money buyer, and could afford to sell on credit. Trade and profits increased, and he found it necessary to increase his locomotive power, and to place a donkey in his cart, instead of his sons and himself.

Things now began to look brighter; his old hat was supplanted by a new one; his old clothes were patched, and, at last, renewed; and stockings were discovered to be an agreeable covering to the feet. This, at one time, he would have thought extravagance; it now appeared needful, and the remarkable thing was, that he made money, notwithstanding. He had a friend, who, like himself, dragged his own cart, and who was indeed much at John's progress; and John, from having been a patient listener, became a useful instructor. He told his friend the communings was, that this friend bought the donkey, and John purchased a horse. A man who drives his own cart, well-fed horse, is a very different person from him who drags his own ricketty cart, and John felt it to be so.

The Christian coat, was on Sunday, exchanged for broad-cloth; his children were sent to school; his wife had her wearing-gown, and her broad-cloth; their food was wholesome and abundant, and the hearth-stone clean and comfortable. His friend is following his footsteps, and is thinking of soon exchanging the donkey for a nobler quadruped; and the question now often put in the neighbourhood is, "Who owns the donkey?"—*From "Our Moral Waifs," by Rev. J. H. Wilson, of Aberdeen.* [*A three shilling book which is worthy bring in the library of every minister in the land. Ed. B. W.*]

OUR FEMALE FRIENDS.

No. II.

SINCE we published the March No., another pleasing instance of what our female friends can do when they put their shoulders to the wheel, has come to our knowledge. A canvassing committee of ladies for obtaining subscribers to our *British Workman*, was recently organized in a town in Durham, by whose efforts upwards of nine *hundred* new subscribers have been obtained, although our circulation in that town was previously somewhat considerable. This is the first instance of a ladies' committee for promoting our circulation that has been formed, but we hope the time is not far distant when our female friends, who have not already canvassed, will follow the example of these Durham ladies. Let them thus bring their influence to bear upon our circulation, and the *British Workman* will speedily find its way to the hearths and the homes of the masses. We shall be glad to hear from any ladies who feel disposed to respond to this appeal, and to furnish them with forms, &c., and with instructions how to proceed.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of numerous communications. Several let are have had so reply owing to our being unable to read the writer's address!

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSERS.—Our best thanks are due to the friends who are thus exerting themselves to increase the circulation. We see more than ever determined, that this is the most effectual way for accomplishing its object. Any friends desirous of issuing the publication in their neighbourhood, and who are willing to devote a little of their leisure time to the above object, will be kind enough to communicate with us, when we will furnish them with a sufficient number to commence with, and with a supply of handbills, &c., to assist them in their work. We shall be glad to hear from any ladies willing to undertake the work.

TO BOOKSELLERS.—Our best thanks are due to those of whether who have kindly exerted themselves to increase circulation of the "British Workman." We would suggest, that amongst other means, they might advantageously insert in their catalogue, and be easily seen by the public. A correspondent says, "I do not remember to have ever seen it in a bookseller's shop in London, where plan is adopted, but I have seen persons inquire for it at the Number, and on inquiry, I have uniformly been told, that the sale was increased by the tender more than by any other." We shall be glad to send a supply of Posting Bills and Circulars, to any bookseller who may wish to make use of the Tender Extract, through whom the parcel can be sent.

Those who have had to do a helping hand can do so by enclosing in their letters to friends the circular, "Notice to Subscribers, Distribution of Publication of the British Workman." A supply may be had on application to the Editor, 13, Bernsbury Square, London. N.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

The liberal rates of Postage adopted by the Government, enable Publishers to forward packets of the British Workman to any part of the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, the Shetland and Orkney Isles, post free, on the undermentioned terms. To those who purchase the Tracts in the rural districts, far away from any Bookseller, the cheap postage rates have conferred a great boon.

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We hope that those of our readers who have relatives abroad, will order copies to be sent them. A single copy will go per post in any British Colony for a penny postage, if posted before 15th of the month. The wrapper must be left open at the ends, but no writing therein, except the address.

Orders to be addressed to the Publishers, Messrs. Partridge and Co., 34, Paternoster Row, London. (E.C.)

LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Bernsbury Square, London. (N.)

"SWEAR NOT AT ALL."

"KEEP THY FATHER'S COMMANDMENTS."

"FORSAKE NOT THE LAW OF THY MOTHER."

EASTWARD HO! *From the Celebrated Painting by* H. O'Neil, Esq.

About one hundred thousand of our countrymen have bid adieu to their fathers, mothers, and sisters, and have sailed from their native land for India. There, they will be exposed to many perils, but perhaps to none greater than the soldier's curse—strong drink. In India, that fire-water,—arrack, is sending more to a premature grave than the sword.

We have received many pleasing assurances that the *British Workman* is, by God's blessing, doing something to convince soldiers of the value of temperance. Whatever difference of opinion there may be on the question of war, there can be none as to the desirableness of removing the scourge of intemperance. That great advocate of peace, the late Mr. Samuel Gurney, when asked to aid in sending out a large parcel to Miss Nightingale for the troops in the Crimea, said, "I could not send them gunpowder, but I can send them *food for the mind*."

Lord Stanley, the head of the India Board, has very kindly consented to forward parcels of periodicals for the "Soldier's Friend Society" to the regiments in India, carriage free, and we shall therefore be glad to be able to make a good monthly grant of Nos. to this Society.

Contributions for this object will be thankfully received by Henry Ford Barclay, Esq., of Walthamstow, Essex, N.E., the Treasurer of the Gratuitous Circulation Fund.

*** Those who have relatives in the Army can have a copy of the "British Workman," sent per post *direct* for two shillings a year. Orders, with stamps, to be sent to the publishers.

"TO DO GOOD—FORGET NOT."

G. Wilson, Printer, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

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BRITISH WORKMAN

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THE PRESS-GANG.

All persons who resided in London, and are old enough to remember the metropolis in the years 1817 and 1818, which immediately followed the Peace, may recollect the many distressing objects who then crowded the seats on Westminster Bridge. Amongst them was a man whom hardships, more than time, had made prematurely old.

His hair and skin had been scorched and dried into a sickly tan-colour, while his emaciated tawny hands were little else than stumps, several fingers having been torn off close to the palm. He seemed to have lost the use of one leg, though it had not yet been amputated, but was still hanging, a useless and painful incumbrance to his worn and exhausted frame. This man sat on a mat at the foot of the bridge on the Surrey side, netting cabbage-nets with his mutilated hands, and by their occasional sale, picking up a precarious subsistence; and being by this means something better off than many of the rest, he often gave a helping mite to his destitute comrades.

One bitter winter's night, when the poor creatures were pierced by cold, as well as poverty, the netter,

"Take advice, youngster! and don't think the worse of it for coming from a poor Jack Tar!"

looking more than usually ill, was still industriously plying his little trade by gaslight, when a young man from the country passing by, and deceived by the imperfect light, said "What have you got for sale, a bill for the Play?"

"No, young master, I am poor enough, but not so bad as that neither. All my troubles in life came of a public-house, and a play-house, and if I could, I'd warn every body from them; they be worse than the jaws of a shark, for that makes short and sure work of its victims, but these places make a your life go on in a wearing tack, and there's no knowing the end on it."

"My poor fellow! what then do you sell?" said the countryman good-naturedly.

The sailor raised his mangled hands with the neat on them, to reply, and the young man threw him a shilling and was passing away. There was a frank unsuspecting look in his young face, that evidently interested the poor cripple, and he ventured to take hold of the skirt of his coat and say, "Take advice, youngster! and don't think the worse of it for coming from a poor Jack tar. Don't go to the play-house, now don't. The *actors* dwell in the *outside*, depend on it, I've reason to say so."

There was an earnestness in the cripple's appeal, that went direct to the heart, and the youth was not proof against it.

"I want a little conversation with you," said he, "can't you come into the corner there?" pointing to the public-house which there, as now, stood there.

"No," replied the sailor, "not *there*, but if telling you the danger of one night's frolic will do any good,—and nobody know where or asking numbers may spring a leak, and sweep the ship,—why I'll go round to the bill-cook-shop in Stangate Street, and spin you a yarn that'll may be cool tight round a good resolution, and brace it all the stronger to weather the storms of life."

In a few minutes the two were seated in a box of the little dingy eating-house, and the seaman putting off his tarpaulin hat, pressed his deformed hands for a minute upon his forehead, and then said:—

"I was once, youngster, at tight-hulk and as likely a lad as you are. My father was a farmer in Hampshire, not far from Petersdown Hill, and I was bound 'prentice to a ship-builder at Gosport, a good man, though I thought him a bit too strict; but I had no strength to weather the storms of life.

"Well, master,

HAVE I NO FATHER?

WAS once in an awful storm at sea: we were for many hours tossed about in sight of dangerous rocks: the steam-engines could work no longer: the wind raged violently, and around were heard the terrific roar of the breakers, and the dash of waves as they broke over the deck.

At this dreary and trying time, while we say, as ship-wrecked, all in the mercy of the storm, I found great comfort and support from an apparently trifling circumstance. It was, that the captain's child, a little girl of about twelve years old, was in the cabin with us. He had come two or three times in the midst of his care and toils, to see how his child went on; and it is well known how cheering is the sight of a child amid such dreadful danger. As our situation grew worse, I saw the little girl rising on her elbow and bending her eyes towards the door, as if looking for her father's reappearance. He came at last. He was large, bluff, sailor-like man; clad in an oilskin coat, great sea boots, and a oil-skin cap, with flaps hanging down his neck, streaming with water. He fell on his knees on the floor beside the berth in which his child, and stretched his arm over her, but did not speak.

After a little while he asked if she was alarmed.

"Father," the child answered, "let me be with you, and I shall not be afraid."

"With me!" he cried, "you could not stay for an instant."

"Father, let me be with you," she repeated.

"My child, you would be more frightened then," he said, kissing her, while the tears were on his rough cheeks.

"Oh, father, I will not be afraid if you take me with you. O father! let me be with you," and she threw her arms around his neck, and clung fast to him. The strong man was overcome, he lifted the child to his arms, and carried her away with him.

How much I felt her departure! As long as the captain's child was with us, it was to be a sort of pledge for the return and care of the captain. I knew that in the moment of greatest danger the father would come to the child; I was certain, if ever the vessel about to be abandoned in the midst of the wild waves, I should know of every exertion made, for the captain would not desert his child. Thus in the presence of that child I had comforted myself, and when she was passed beyond my sight I felt fearful. I arose, and managed to get on deck. The sea and sky seemed one. It was a dreadful night, shuddering, I shrinked back, and found myself again on my cowl.

Then came the thought: the child is content—she is with her father. "And have I no father? O God, I thank Thee! in that moment I could answer, Yes. An unseen Father, it is true, and faith is cold at best, and nature is not as grace; but still I know I had a Father—a Father whose love surpasses knowledge. The Father of Christ my friend. Reader, does it calm yours?

"O!" cries the trembling soul, "the storm is fearful; the sky is dark, we talk in darkness and have no light." "Be still, and know that I am God," saith the Lord, "to be happy, and trust in Me, I am thy Father. Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." "All things are subject to the dominion of Christ, and all things, yea, even terrible things, shall work together for good to them that love God." Compassionate soul! all the child clinging to her father's bosom, so cling thou to thy God; in the moment of thine extremity He will appear to be with them, or take them to be with Him.

NO. I.—THE WORKING-MAN.

A VERY mistaken notion prevails in some men's minds about work and workers. They think that the rich man plays and the poor man toils, that the rich man enjoys, and they murmur that this world's good is so unequally shared. Now, this is not fair, and by no means the inequality that some hastily suppose. There are nearly as many kinds of work as of workers. Some work with the brain, some with the hand, and some with both. It is generally believed that brain-work wears the body, and taxes the health more than any other kind of toil. Think of the judge who sits from ten in the morning until eight or ten at night, with only a short interval of rest, to be worded courtesy not only listening to endless, and often most painful and weary talking, but making a written abstract of tedious, perplexed evidence, and then closely thinking it all over—so as to give a clear summary to the jury, and doing all this, and much more, together, amid the infirmities of old age, for our judges are rarely young or even middle-aged men. Surely the brain-work judge is a worker—a very hard worker. Think of the lawyer—whether counsellor, barrister, or attorney—years of study and toil are there, to fit them for their profession; and then it they get a good practice, what nights of toil—what days of exhaustion—hard-thinking and arguing, until mind and body must both be tired to the utmost.

Think of the doctor—called up at all hours, to scenes of suffering and pestilence, however ill or tired he himself may be, go he must, or he furious his good name, and ruin his prospects. He has noteven the rest of the Sabbath, for sickness comes at all times—and this is one reason why medical men as a class are not long-lived. Those men, in the midst of peculiar peril, are rarely hard-workers. Think of the teacher of God's Word—the preacher of righteousness! if he is in earnest to win souls, how his laborious days of visitation, alternate with frequent public teaching, followed by nights of careful study; matters of season and out of season; he sows the good seed beside all waters, and is a hard-worker. Yet, men at the desk—men who go down to the sea in ships, whatever their rank—men who travel in distant lands—to say nothing of the men in every land who make the laws that govern their fellow-man, are all, if worthy of their manhood, workers!

It is perfectly absurd to say that idleness is gentility. No real true-hearted gentleman ever lived or believed that maxim. All honest men are ready all good men, according to their degree, find their work, and do it manfully.

But we all understand the special meaning of the terms, 'working-man,' "working-class." Those who are born to civilized hands to depend on for the bread that perisheth. Well, these, whose inheritance, it seems, are meant to be the benefactors of the world. God gives the coal, and iron, and stone, and clay and wood—and the Hand-worker is better gift still in the active hands that delve, and hew, and smelt, and fashion these into forms of elegance, and fulness, and usefulness. The honest, industrious, sober, pious, working-man has a right to magnify his office, for he ministers his labour. The curse of labour bore within it a blessing. It is man's noble benefaction to his fellow-man, and his grateful oblation to his God.

On working man I live up to your privileges. Be careful of your body—it is fearfully and wonderfully made—let no intemperance mar its health—no uncleanness destroy its purity. Fresh air, pure water, plain wholesome food, regular hours, these, in most cases, are within the means of the humblest working-man to procure, and then with the rest of the Sabbath, are the blessed means of preserving the health.

"But man does not live by bread alone." He has a mind! whatever has been said, truth is the reward frame, the inner man must not be neglected. What good food is to the body, good books are to the mind. We live in an age when some of the best books that were ever written are so cheap as to come within the means of most working-men. A single hard-worked, shrinked back, and sorrow myself again on my cowl.

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A FEW WORDS TO WOMEN ON COMMON THINGS.

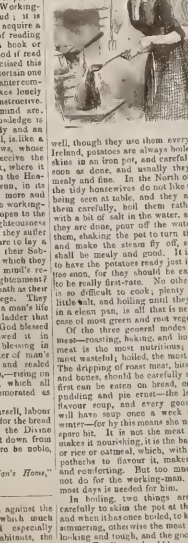
COOKING.

THE two greatest requisites in cookery that a working-man's wife has to study are cleanliness and economy. It is a very great proof of sense and skill to be able to make a good comfortable dinner out of a few cheap materials. The health of the body depends mainly on the kind and amount of nourishment taken. All men who work hard require to live well. Now, dainties and luxuries that cost a great deal of money, are not on their accounts better, nor so good as certain cheap plain food. The writer once heard a physician say, "Arrowroot costs more by the pound than oatmeal does by the pound, yet oatmeal is by far the best of the two." And so it is in many other things. Really nourishing food is fortunately not the dearest.

A good managing wife will try to make the daily dinner nice and savoury, and this is done at less expense than many suppose. A bad cook puts the meat on the table either half raw, looking disgusting, or dried to a chip, with more nutriment in it than a bit of leather. And as to vegetables, a bad cook always spoils them; the potatoes are watery, the greens are dirty and gratty, the puddings heavy—and in such a dinner there must be a great waste as well as great discomfort. The cook's conscience is every article of diet is only to be had by proper cookery. It is worth while to think over the general principles.

All pots and pans must be kept clean and dry; directly they have been used they must be put away fit for use. The cupboard in which food is kept must be clean and airy, and every bit and scrap left from a meal should be put into a dish or pan kept for that purpose, *and never used for anything else.*

The first duty of a cook should be to dress vegetables well, for they form the most part of every meal, and very great variety may be cheaply introduced into the daily dinner by a cook who understands the preparing and dressing of vegetables, particularly potatoes. There is a great many women who never know how to cook a potato



well, though they use them every day. In Ireland, potatoes are always boiled in their skins in an iron pot, and carefully dried as soon as done, and usually they are very mealy and fine. In the North of England, the Irish method is not like the parings being seen at table, and they always peel them carefully, boil them rather quickly in a bit of salt in the water, and directly they are done, pour off the water and dry them, shaking the pot to turn the potatoes round, make sure they are dry, so that they shall be mealy and good. It is necessary to have the potatoes ready just in time, not too soon, for they should be eaten directly to be really first-rate. No other vegetable is so difficult to cook; plenty of water, a little salt, and boiling until they are tender in a clean pan, is all that is needful in the case of most green and root vegetables.

Of the three commonest modes of cooking meat—roasting, baking, and boiling—roast meat is the most nutritious, baked, the most wasteful, boiled, the most economical. The dripping of roast meat, bits of the skin, and bones, should be carefully saved. The first can be eaten on bread, or made into pudding and pie crust—the last serves to flavour soup, and every good housewife will make a soup of them, or twice in winter—for by this means she uses up every spare bit. It is not the meat in soup that makes it nourishing—it is the barley or peas, or rice or oatmeal, which, with onions and potherbs to flavour it, makes it so good and comforting. Bones will also make soup, and do for the working-man. Solid food most days is needed for him.

In baking, two things are necessary: carefully to skim the pot at the right time, and when it has once boiled, to keep it merely simmering, otherwise the meat will be dried, hard-and tough, and the goodness mostly gone. The liquor should be saved for soup.

All through December they eat fried potatoes for a breakfast relish. It is a good plan, for it uses up any potatoes left at the dinner, and as frying is merely heating in fat in an open pan, it makes, with a little pepper and salt, a savoury mess that the south countryman eats with as much relish as the northern does his wholesome oatmeal porridge.

A good housewife will lay her dinner-cloth and serve up her dinner neatly. You may say that does not add to the nourishment of the dinner—it adds wonderfully to its *relish.* A potato nicely dressed and served is a fit dish for a prince—a fat goose undeftone and greasy, is not fit for a pig.

French women of the working-classes excel in cookery. The French operative is mostly very poor, yet his thrifty wife will make a dinner out of a few vegetables that looks quite tempting. The potage (soup) is nicely seasoned, the coffee well-made and fragrant, the bread good. You might look in vain for the butcher's meat, but there's a good dinner nicely served.

Our purpose, dear friends, in these hints, is not to tell you of particular dishes*, but of general principles, which may be summed up in brief—no waste and no dirt.

* Every housewife should have a little book of cheap recipes, such as the "Cottage Cookery," by Mrs. Copley—or others, published by the Tract Society.

A VOICE FROM THE GALLOWS. TO FARMERS' BOYS.

FREDERICK PRENTICE, the murderer of Emma Coppins, recently ended his days on the scaffold at Maidstone. On the morning of the execution he was asked by the worthy chaplain:—"Have you anything to say to your old friends at Queenborough?" He replied:—

"The sin that now disturbs me most, is taking God's name in vain; *but drink was the first cause bringing me to the gallows.* I have been often warned against the consequences of my bad habits, and have been warned against bird-nesting, rabbit-hunting and swearing, would lead to robbing hen-roosts and house-breaking; my warning was but little heeded, although I had left off poaching *but not given up drink and profaneny.* It is of no use to leave off bad habits unless you do by others. Tell my companions, tell them that I hope my end will be a WARNING TO THEM, although I did not intend to be hanged. I am very sorry for my communings in sin, and I hope my fate *will lead them to break off Drink.* The 15th of Isaiah and the 12th verse describes their language. Many will lose a day's work to come and see me hanged, who would not lose a day's work to go and hear something for the good of their souls. There will be many of them who never enter church from year to year, but I hope they will turn to it shortly, and I hope this will not be a lost day to them. I hope they will consider this execution as from a wise just on the point of death, for if not, how will they hear the warnings of the living? It is no good for them to hear this if they do not follow the advice, but if they do, they will find great benefit from to doing."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"MY son, the plan is wrong—altogether wrong; we brought you up William, to keep God's day holy, and these excursion-trains on the Sabbath, are a sin and a snare."

"I'm very hard to be thwarted when I have promised," was the reply, "and I thought father and you wouldn't grudge me a little pleasure."

The conversation passed between an anxious mother, and her son, a young man of seventeen years—who being near the end of his term of apprenticeship, was feeling that the last bit of the journey seemed the hardest to run, as many do, restless and discontented, and therefore ready to fall into temptation. Still, on the whole, William was a good lad, and as he turned from his mother with a sigh, he said, "It's hard to give up going, but I don't want to be a grief to mother and you."

"I wish my dear, you thought of your Heavenly Father! it is His commandment, remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

"I know you could feel that the Sabbath is a delight, and then it would not seem hard to you to keep it holy, as the Bible commands."

But a cloud was on William's face, as he went glooming away, and very hard it was to him to have to carry out his fellow-apprentice, when he said, "I shall not go to-morrow."

"I suppose the saints at home object," was the ready taunt of the scoffer. The next day was a bright, calm, lovely Sabbath; and William felt as he sat with his father and mother in their place of worship, that he was not happy. Something in his heart reproached him, and the minister preacher spoke of "those who passeth understanding." The young man knew he had it not. Heavily passed the day with him, while a sense of sin seemed to soothe his parents. True, they had anxieties—trials of health, and trials of business, and trials also more than their son could imagine in their fears for him, for they saw he conformed to them ways merely as a habit, and not as a pleasure, or a principle. But the evening brought out of the group a scene of repose. William read aloud a good and interesting book, and was beginning to feel that this employment had its pleasures greater than coming home tired, with a noisy, and perhaps quarrelsome, party in a crowded railway carriage. The evening worship followed, when just as they rose from their knees, a loud knock was heard at the door, and on opening it, a messenger from an hospital stood there, and inquired for William R——, saying he was wanted at St. Thomas's Hospital! With a dread of the worst, William accompanied the man, and soon stood at the bedside of James his fellow-apprentice who was groaning heavily with pain. The ward was filled with scenes of horror! There had been an accident on the rail, many were instantaneously killed, more were fearfully injured. Yet, as William was at some remarked, it might have happened any day, it did not happen because it was Sunday. True, but William felt, and the poor injured James seemed also to feel, it was very awful to be cut off while in the direct violation of God's law. A mutineer who has died laid down the weapons of rebellion, but is taken with them in his hands.

Slowly the hours of that fearful night passed. The young youth having enough to do, to bear his pain,—the watcher feeling as he sought, by his side, to see that he had not merited the narrow escape,—for he knew well how been James's companion, and every one in that carriage had received a mortal injury. When the sun rose the next day, it shone on the unsinned body of poor James, removed to the dead-house, and William had with many tears to tell his master of the fate of his fellow-apprentice.

"Poor lad, he disobeyed me," said the master—but what was disobeying a human master to disobeying God.

From that time, William in the strength of prayer resolved that he would keep God's holy day, and that death, whether it came to him suddenly, or slowly, should not find grace he was able to persevere.

HAYMAKING.

HINTS FOR FARMERS AND THEIR MEN.

ABOUT six miles from Bideford, there is an interesting village, chiefly owned by a gentleman who earnestly desires to promote the happiness of all the working-classes. He has built a school, and neat cottages, for his tenants. This gentleman says:—

"I have for the last three years made forty-five to sixty acres of grass and clover into hay, and have usually employed four men as haymakers, and from two to three women and boys hayma aking. We have given the *mowers* daily two quarts of cullee or tea each, at eleven and three in the afternoon, because an acre extra instead of beer. To the *haymakers* we give a *pint of tea or coffee each* at eleven and three in the afternoon, and are required to work late in the evening, we give the same quantity again at five or six o'clock, with a bun, also of bread and butter. To the men we pay fourpence, and to the boys twopence-a-day extra instead of beer.

This has been most satisfactory, both to myself and the persons employed."

A large body of the British Common Sailors, and their wives, mates and women who are *noted* for their ability to perform an unusual amount of labour, have for several years been supplied with temperance supplies. Last year we had the pleasure of meeting a goodly number of these earnest-hearted sons and daughters of God to a friendly cup of tea at Mr. Henwood's, at the close of their barrel tour. We heard from their own lips the cheerful testimony that coffee, milk, oatmeal, or tea, and good food, they could do *more work,* with greater ease, than when they drank beer and spirits.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LOAN TRACTS.—By being folded up like a map, copies of the Loan Tracts may be easily carried or gummed into an ordinary street cover, so as to be concealed from observation. A specimen copy in a tract cover may be had by any person interested in the circulation of Loan Tracts, on forwarding two postage stamps to the Editor.

A GOOD HINT.—A gentleman in Carnarvonshire writes:—"I have lately had a household Bible and the *British Workman,* which I am about to circulate among my neighbours. A specimen copy in a tract cover may be had by any person interested in the circulation of Loan Tracts, on forwarding two postage stamps to the Editor.

CANVASSING COMMITTEES.—Our best thanks are due to the various committees who are now exerting themselves to increase the circulation. Tract distributors who have an opportunity of canvassing their districts on the weekdays, have in their power to render most valuable aid.

TO BOOKSELLERS.—We shall be glad to send a supply of Posting Bills and Circulars, to any bookseller who will undertake to distribute the Loan Tracts, through whom the parcel can be sent.

SOLDIERS.—The following anonymous contributions towards sending copies of the *British Workman* to soldiers in India, etc., are acknowledged:—The Treasurer, with.—A Brilliant Idea. A Mute after Friend 3s. E. V. Bugby, 1s. 6d. A Sabbath Convert, 5s. A reply to the Inquiry, "Who will help?" 5s. A friend, 1s. A London Friend, 2s. anonymous, 2s. 6d. A poor man's contribution, 4s. *A Workman,* Kimberley, 2s. 6d.

THOSE who desire to lend us a helping hand can do so, by enclosing in their letters to Friends the circular, *"Twenty Eight Heads for increasing the circulation of the British Workman."* A supply may be had on application to the Editor, 13, Bartholomy Square, London. N.

FREE-WILL OFFERING OF TIME AND LABOUR AT TRANMERE.

VOLUNTEERS IN A GOOD CAUSE.

THERE is in the neighbourhood of Birkenhead, in Cheshire, a township called Tranmere, the south portion of which forms a district, attached to St. Paul's Church, where the Rev. Richard Holgate Brown is Assistant Curate. This gentleman was anxious to supply the Working Classes with a reading-room and library, and, having confidence in their own good feeling and wish to improve themselves, he invited their co-operation. He determined to offer them the opportunity of engaging a room and fitting it up by *their own labour*, an offer to which they most heartily responded. The idea was most warmly taken up by many of the residents in the neighbourhood, and the materials being provided, the workingmen themselves have painted and coloured the rooms, made the book-cases for the library, &c., in their own time, and without any wages! Many gentlemen have contributed liberal supplies of books.

The members pay 6d. entrance fee, and 2d. a-week subscription, and the plan promises a most successful issue. We heartily congratulate Mr. Brown.

THE LORD'S DAY

Honour the Sabbath, if thou lov'st thyself,
Or earest for thy country or thy kind;
For few have prospered who have dared despise
Its solemn obligations. Toil not thou
On Sabbath hours, nor suffer other men
To work for thee on that day heedlessly.

* * * *

He that hath never prized the boon aright
Let him sit down and picture to himself
A land without a Sabbath. Stalwart men
Would be no more, all would deteriorate,
The race would dwindle: the robust and strong
Would sicken, and the mad be multiplied.
Worse men would fill the senate and th' exchange,
Worse women fill the parlour, nursery,
Worse children fill the playground and the school.
Books would be little read, and men would grow
Base and embruted. Commerce would decline,
The wheels of business would soon jar and grate;
Few public worshippers would then be found,
And fewer private ones. Men would lose faith
In God, in one another, in themselves.
Morals would loosen, public conscience droop,
The hands that bind society would slack;
All would grow vicious, lawless, wicked. Men
Would rather live to get than get to live,
And who would reach his threescore years and ten?
Alas for women's virtue then; alas
For man's high honour. Influence would be
Demoralised, and intellect beholed.
The labourer would be chained remediless
To sad incessant toil. The artisan
Would be defrauded of one-seventh his time,
For in seven days the son would earn no more
Than did his sire in six.

The Sabbath sun
Rises upon the city gloriously,
And, rushing up the undimmed smokeless sky,
Silvers its many steeples, towers and domes.
Th' apprentice wakes, but not to-day for toil;
His master, too, but not for business:
No bills are due to-day, no letters come,
Demanding answer by the post's return.
The church bell chimes the hour, but summons none
To labour; ev'n the factory bell is still,
Its tall slim chimney smokeless is to-day.
And rumbling waggons wake awhile no more
The echoes of the street.

*

Still is the smithy, and the fail no more
Is sounding from the barn. The timid hare
Securely leaves her form, the pheasant whirrs
Unharmed above the fern. The ass, unyoked,
Wanders across the common at his will;
The horse is dozing over his sweet hay,
Snug in the stable; all unyoked the ox;
And in a corner of the fallow field
Lies th' unseeded plough. The ploughman's self,
Clad in his snowy smock, adorn the lane
Arched overhead by tall embracing elms,
Is trudging churchward. His all-thrifty wife,
Leads by the hand her pet and chubby boy.
The squire around him nods familiarly.
None may be proud to-day.

Ah happy land,
Where thus the hallowed Sabbath leads the week,
And brings its comfortable peace and rest
To the most tried and jaded. May it ne'er,
Too busy, seek t' unloose the golden hand
That Heaven has sweetly bound around its sons;
The rosy chaplet of the proxy week,
The blossom of the earth, the bud of heaven.

Few things have turned so many feet aside
From duty and religion in their youth,
As Sabbath disrespect. When once, alas,
The Sabbath lever raises not the week,
What shall ennoble life?

Beware of him
Who dares habitually to speak or act
Without due reverence for this holy day,
Nor e'er allow thyself in anything
That tends to vulgarize its hallowed hours,
Still use it for its noblest purposes,
A strengthening, elevating, lever day,
Giving a tone and colour to the rest.

[Abridged from "*Upward and Onward*," by S. W. PARTRIDGE. A volume that deserves a place in every library. Ed. B. W.]

"Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love."

WE ask those who complain of Sabbath restraints, what advantage they expect to arise from its being superseded? They would appropriate it to relaxation. But where has it ever been preserved to the people as a day of rest and enjoyment, when the Divine sanctions, which equally forbid labour and recreation on that day, have been once removed? The nations of the Continent have been little embarrassed with the Sabbath for centuries. What have they gained by that exemption? —*Dr. Estes.*

"Keep it holy."

"I'VE NEVER PROSPERED."

THERE were the words of an old man in S—— Union. He had once been a farmer in one of the finest parts of Kent. The beginning of his downfal dated back to an instance of Sabbath breaking. It was hay-time, and the weather had been very changeable. One bright, breezy Sunday, farmer H—— stood discontented in his fields, and said, "I'll be shot if it aint enough to drive a body mad, if ever there's a fine day in this-yer rascally season, Sunday comes and licks it up? I'll go to work and cart the hay." So he called men and boys, and compelled them to work, and toiled away himself passionately, never heeding the men's words, that the hay was not dry enough to stack. Next day, when it rained hard, he boasted all over the parish on his wisdom; but six weeks after he did not boast, when the hay heated, and burst out into flames in the dead of night, consuming his stack-yard and buildings, and reducing him to ruin.

He had been brought up well, and his conscience reproved him, but he tried to drown its voice in strong drink, and so not merely step by step—but leap by leap—he went down to poverty: and now, in the workhouse, he is always muttering, "*I've never prospered.*" R.

STEPHEN DUCK, the poet, who died in 1756, was originally *an agricultural labourer* near Marlborough, Wilts. By his poetical talents he attracted the attention of some gentlemen at Oxford, and, having been recommended to Queen Caroline, he, under her patronage, took orders, and was preferred to the living of Byfleet, in Surrey.

CINCINNATUS, was a Roman dictator, who was taken from *the plough* to be advanced to the dignity of consul, in which office he restored public tranquillity, and then returned to his rural employments.

A second time he became dictator, conquered the enemies of Rome, and refusing all rewards, retired again to his farm. Called a third time when eighty years of age, he exclaimed, "Alas! alas! my field will not be ploughed this year!"

MAYORALTYSHIP MEMORIALS.

WILLIAM BROWNFIELD, Esq., the Mayor of Hanley, has announced his intention to celebrate his mayoralty by contributing £500 for the erection of a handsome drinking fountain in the town, and of a suitable building for a working-men's reading-room and library! We hope that the good example of the Staffordshire Mayor will be followed by many other occupants of the civic chair throughout the country.

☞ *With Five Hundred Illustrations. A complete Edition of the "British Workman," for* 1855, 1856, 1857, & 1858, *bound in cloth, price* 6s.; *gilt edges,* 7s. 6d. *The Four Yearly Parts may also be had separately, in illustrated paper covers, price Eighteenpence each.*

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"Of all the efforts I have been called to make, there is none that so strongly commends itself to my feelings and my judgment, as the 'Free Drinking Fountains' Movement.'"—*Earl of Shaftesbury.*—"Erect Drinking Fountains, and habits of intemperance will soon show a diminution, and with a diminution of intemperance will be stopped the most prolific of all sources of crime."—*Earl of Carlisle.*

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

We rejoice in the progress now being made in London in this good movement, commenced by the liberality and perseverance of Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P. A noble meeting was held in Willis's-rooms, on the 12th April, at which the Earl of Carlisle presided, and pleaded with irresistible eloquence in favour of the erection of at least 400 drinking fountains, in the metropolis. Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Radstock, Lord Albemarle, Lord John Russell, the Hon. Mr. Cowper, Rev. Mr. Rogers, Rev. Mr. Thorold, C. P. Melly, Esq., (the originator of these public boons), E. T. Wakefield, Esq., &c., powerfully advocated the good cause.

The meeting resulted in the formation of the "METROPOLITAN FREE DRINKING FOUNTAINS' ASSOCIATION," and subscriptions to the amount of about £150 were announced!

We recommend all who desire to promote the erection of Drinking Fountains, to peruse Mr. Wakefield's excellent pamphlet, just issued, "A PLEA FOR DRINKING FOUNTAINS." Published by Hatchard and Co., 187, Piccadilly, price Sixpence, *post free.*

In our next Number, we hope to give an account of the interesting ceremony of opening the first Drinking Fountain erected in London by Mr. Gurney.

G. WASON, Printer, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

No. 55, July, 1859. Registered for transmission abroad.

BRITISH WORKMAN

THE LATE MR. JOSEPH STURGE.

FRIDAY, the 20th May last, was a day long to be remembered in the town of Birmingham. The closed shops; the crowds of persons who lined the streets and filled the windows; the silence, and saddened looks of young and old as the hearse and the apparently never-ending line of mourning carriages, with the long procession headed by the mayor, clergy, ministers of various denominations, merchants, and manufacturers, shewed that the remains of no ordinary character were being borne to the grave. Had the question been put by a stranger to any of the sons or daughters of toil who on that day filled the portico of the great Town-Hall, "To whose memory is it that men from all parts of the nation have assembled to do honour?" the reply would have been,—"GOOD JOSEPH STURGE, THE WORKING-MAN'S FRIEND."

We might write a lengthened narrative of this great and good man, whose death has been truly described as "a national loss;" but we prefer quoting the language of *Aris's Birmingham Gazette*. The Editor says:—

"In his public relations, Mr. Sturge occupied a position rarely attained by a man engaged in conducting a great and hazardous commercial enterprise. But his leading principle was that every person capable of doing service to his fellow-men ought to sacrifice his own ease, means, and time to the welfare of those unable to help themselves, and on this principle he consistently acted throughout his whole life. His sympathies were constantly with the oppressed and the poor; but he was chiefly distinguished by his great exertions against slavery, on behalf of peace, in opposition to the Corn Laws, in the promotion of the principles of total-abstinence, and in the establishment of Reformatory Schools. His first appearance in public life was caused by the deep indignation he, in common with so many good men of that day, felt against the system of African slavery. From the year 1823 until the final abolition of slavery in the British dominions, he worked unceasingly to uproot that horrible system. With Brougham, Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Buxton, he fought the battle of freedom by his personal exertions, both in writing and speaking, and by the help of his purse, for he never adopted any cause to which he did not contribute to the fullest extent of his means. Dissatisfied with the concession, and doubtful of the working of the Act which substituted the apprenticeship system for the importation of absolute slaves, Mr. Sturge, in 1836, made, at his own cost, a journey to the West India Islands, to examine for himself the state of the Negro population. He collected a vast body of information, which was laid before the Parliamentary Committee, and by its crushing force, supported by a long and vigorous public agitation, this evidence was mainly instrumental in procuring the Act of Parliament by which slavery in every form was declared to be abolished in the British dominions. In conjunction with Mr. Harvey, a gentleman who accompanied him, Mr. Sturge afterwards published a narrative of his voyage, which is still a standard authority on the subject of which it treats.

Mr. Sturge next directed his attention to American slavery, and in 1841 visited the United States to collect information as to the condition of the slaves, and the prospect of its amelioration. The results of this inquiry were published in the succeeding year, in a volume which may be usefully referred to by persons who wish to acquire a vivid and truthful conception of the state of the slave population in America. In connection with this branch of his labours we should not omit to mention that Mr. Sturge was instrumental in procuring the final abolition of

BOY AND SETTERS, BY FREDERIC TAYLER. (*See next page*).

slavery in the colonies of France. When the Provisional Government was established in 1848, he visited Paris as the guest of Arago, then Minister of the Colonies, and so forcibly did he plead the cause of the slaves, that the Minister successfully exerted his influence to obtain a decree putting an end to the system.

Next to his labours in the Anti-Slavery cause, Mr. Sturge is best known for his prolonged and earnest endeavours to promote international peace. He was one of the first, if not the first in England, to promote the diffusion of those principles of non-intervention on which much inconsiderate ridicule has been expended, but which the great body of our countrymen are now silently adopting. He attended and took a prominent share in the Peace Congress at Brussels in 1848, at Paris in 1849, at Frankfort in 1850, London in 1851, and elsewhere in subsequent years, and to the last days of his life he interest in the great cause he had undertaken was predominant in his mind. But Joseph Sturge was not the man to shrink from bringing his principles to practical test, at whatever cost of time, labour, or money. Accordingly, in conjunction with a few other persons as earnest as himself, he more than once ventured into a battle-field, on a mission of reconciliation and peace. During the war between Denmark and the Duchies in 1848 he went first to the head-quarters of the Schleswig-Holsteiner, and then to the capital of Denmark, to endeavour to persuade the belligerents to refer their disputes to arbitration, in accordance with the spirit of Christianity, and with the provisions of the constitution to which they both had promised allegiance. His visit to Russia in 1854, with Mr Pease, the Member for South Durham, and Mr R Charleton, is fresh in the public mind. That journey was prompted by Mr. Sturge, and he bore throughout all the spokesman of the party. Those who have read the simple narrative which he published on his return will readily believe that although the Emperor Nicholas was not induced to forego his ambitious projects, yet that a deep impression was made upon his mind, and that good has resulted, and will still more greatly result from the self-imposed mission of those three earnest-minded and conscientious men, who thus publicly in the name of our common faith offered a solemn protest against the prosecuting of mankind to war. In 1856, Mr Sturge went to Paris as one of a deputation commissioned to press on the Peace Congress the importance of recognising the principle of arbitration instead of war; and in the same year he undertook a journey to Finland, and laboriously investigated the miseries inflicted on the wretched inhabitants of the coast by the war which was then just brought to a close. Equally well-known are his exertions in behalf of what is called 'the Temperance cause.' Here again he brought into play the powerful influence of personal example, and though possessed of ample means, he for many years rigidly abstained from the use of fermented liquors in order that he might with the purer force urge those persons who needed such restraint to deny themselves the gratification he had, for their sakes, voluntarily forgone. In the establishment of Reformatory Schools he took an active share. It was by his exertions that the Birmingham School—the first in the province—was commenced.

Although Mr. Sturge held strongly pronounced opinions at variance with those of the majority of his countrymen, it would be difficult to say whether it was more respected by his opponents or his friends. The perfect simplicity of his character, his high honour, his exacting honesty in every relation of public and private life, and his readiness to concede to others the same freedom of action and the same purity of motive that he claimed for himself, all contributed to ensure him the respect and regard of every person who knew him. The sentiment of regard his generous beneficence deepened into attachment. His ear was never deaf nor his hand closed against any tale of distress, but not a tithe of his benefactions is known to the world, for, like all good men, he was much given in his charities to observe the Scriptural precept, 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.'"

A second journalist writes—

"In every land that love could penetrate, and sympathy find an object to succour or befriend, Joseph Sturge had a constituency who knew his name, and will deplore his loss. Down the sable cheeks of many an aged Negro, once furrowed by slavery, will flow the tears of loving and reverential sorrow. In many a home of toiling industry there will be the choking utterance and the stifled sob, as the bereaved poor talk together of the friend who is lost to them. In the palace where imperial splendour reigns, and in the distant Hulander's cheerless hut, his name will be remembered, and his memory blest.

Of many public characters we hear men speak as 'the great,' 'the illustrious,' 'the learned,' 'the gallant;' but with Joseph Sturge's name will ever stand connected the appellative by which his friends loved best to designate him, and which was at once the most expressive of his character, and most honourable to his name,—'Good Joseph Sturge' was his familiar title, and the only one which distinctively marked him as a public man.

May the mantle which Joseph Sturge has dropped in his heavenward flight not fall unclaimed to the ground! May many arise to take a share in that field of labour vacated by him who has passed from works to rewards. Her invitation still lingers in the ears of many. Let his earnest desires find a response in every willing heart; so may he, by the persuasive pathos of his death, no less than by the benignant beauty of his life, serve alike his country and his God."

JOSEPH STURGE.

A LOWLY-MINDED worker, he has passed
Forth from this sphere of labour; truly none
Have wrought more nobly, and but few have done
The work by duty in their pathway cast
With such unselfish love for human kind.
His heart was full of love—he was the friend
Of all who needed one, would ever bend
A listening ear to sorrow; all might find
In him for good a helper. Love and peace
He sought to herald forth with accents mild;
The message of the cross would never cease
To spread on earth; the meekness of a child
Controlled the stern will of a man, begotind
Nor by the fear of scorn, nor love of case. H.

THE RAILROAD STATION.

I HAVE but just returned from the railroad station, where every one I saw seemed to have ardour in his heart, and hurry in his eye.

If we were half as much in earnest in preparing for heaven, as we are for our jaunts of pleasure, and our journeys of business, it would be something! What a bustle pervaded the whole station! loading and unloading, running backwards and forwards, some going into the cars and others coming out, while the rattling vehicles set off and arrived by turns.

In the midst of all this bustle, I noticed a man walking coolly along with his arms in his pockets, pressing the wheels of the carriages. He took no notice of the fine folk on the platform, whom he never ever the people might be, did not appear at all to trouble his head, whither they came or went, was no business of his; on he went with his employment; it was his duty to grease the wheels, and grease the wheels he did.

Thinks I to myself, "Here's a lesson for me. This man is but a picture of what I should be." Oh, that I had humility and godly integrity enough in my heart to go straight on with my work! "Greasing the

wheels," if needs be! patiently and cheerfully occupying the lowest station assigned me by duty, until it should be said unto me, "Friend, go up higher." LUKE xiv. 10.—*Old Humphrey's Thoughts.*

THE SCEPTIC REFUTING HIMSELF.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which as you travel on the western banks of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old as itself. About forty years ago, there lived at that castle a noble gentleman whom we shall call Baron ——. The Baron had only one son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's farm.

It happened on a certain occasion that this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the Baron. At soon as the gentleman came into the castle he began to talk of his Heavenly Father, in terms that chilled the old man's blood; on which the old man reproved him saying, "Are you the chief of offending God who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?" The gentleman said he knew nothing about God, for he never saw Him. The Baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took him about the castle and grounds, and took occasion first to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall. The gentleman admired the picture very much: and said, "Whoever drew this picture, knew how to use his pencil."

"My son drew this picture," said the Baron.

"Then your son is a very clever man," he replied.

The Baron then showed him some other pictures, and showed him many beautiful flowers and trees.

"Who has the ordering of this garden?" asked the gentleman.

"My son," replied the Baron; he knows every plant from the cedar of Lebanon to the hissop on the wall."

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The Baron then took him into the village and showed him a neat little cottage, which his son had established a school, and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense. The children in the house looked so innocent and happy that the gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle, he said to the Baron, "what a happy man you are to have so good a son?"

"How do you know I have so good a son?"

"Because I have seen his works; he must be good and clever if he has done all you have shown me."

"But you have never seen him."

"No, but I know him very well, because I judge him by *his works.*"

"True," replied the Baron, "and in this way *I judge* of the character of our Heavenly Father. I know from his works that *He* is a being of infinite wisdom, and power and goodness."

The Frenchman felt the force of the reproof, and was careful not to offend the good Baron any more by his sceptical remarks.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

WE introduce the engraving from Mr. Tayler's beautiful painting, for the purpose of intimating to our readers that we are making a collection of anecdotes of dogs. If any of our friends can furnish us with authentic ones of *special interest*, we shall be glad. In all cases the names and addresses of the owners should be given not necessarily for publication, but to ensure authenticity.

A PLEA FOR NON-INTERVENTION.

In addition to the sacrifice of life, war is a costly thing. By a parliamentary return, it has been proved that the Russian war cost England alone, from first to last, no less a sum than £100,000,000. These figures are easily written and pronounced, but how many of us have any adequate conception of what they represent? In order to aid us in forming some idea of this prodigious sum, let us look for a moment at what these figures represent. A hundred millions of sovereigns is but the contents of *eight hundred thousand weeks of solid gold!*

If instead of £5 Bank of England notes, piled in layers, and pressed closely together, it would make thirty columns, each the height of the monument of London!

What could we, as a nation, have done with the money?

We might have provided—

		£	£
1000	National Schoolrooms at	1,000 each	1,000,000
1000	British ditto at	1,000 -	1,000,000
1000	Infant ditto at	1,000 -	1,000,000
10	Episcopal Churches at	10,000 -	4,000,000
200	Free-Scotch Churches at	5,000	1,000,000
200	Wesleyan Chapels, at	5,000	1,000,000
200	Baptists' ditto at	5,000	1,000,000
200	Wesleyans' ditto at	5,000	1,000,000
200	Roman Churches at	5,000	1,000,000
200	Mechanics Institutes at	5,000	1,000,000
100	Public Libraries at	100,000	1,000,000
20	Public Baths at	50,000	10,000,000
100	Gymnasiums - at	10,000	1,000,000
A National Gallery for the Fine Arts			1,000,000
100	Schools of Design at	10,000	1,000,000
1000	Temperance Halls at	1,000	1,000,000
100	Baths & Washhouses at	10,000	1,000,000
100	Hospitals for Consumptives	10,000	1,000,000
20	Reformatory Schools at	50,000	1,000,000
10	Public Hospitals at	200,000	2,000,000
10	Convalescent Hospitals,	50,000	500,000
100	Hospitals for Sailors at	10,000	1,000,000
20	Fever Hospitals at	50,000	1,000,000
20	Opthalmic Hospitals at	50,000	1,000,000
100	Hospitals for Drunkards	10,000	1,000,000
100	Lying-in Hospitals at	10,000	1,000,000
10	Sea-Bathing Hospitals at	100,000	1,000,000
20	Asylums for the Blind	50,000	1,000,000
20	Dilt, Deaf and Dumb at	50,000	1,000,000
20	Orphan Asylums at	50,000	1,000,000
20	Penitentiaries - at	50,000	1,000,000
100	Refuges for Prisoners at	10,000	1,000,000
10,000	Beds for Paupers at	100	1,000,000
100	Sets of Almshouses at	10,000	1,000,000
2000	Life-tents at	500	1,000,000
1000	Life-Pensions at	30,000	1,000,000
All the above, costing just HALF the sum, viz.			£50,000,000

Let us therefore proceed, and, remembering the dirty, dark, dismal, dreary tenements in which so vast a proportion of the people of England are compelled to find homes, we might further have provided—

20 entire Towns, each containing 1000 Houses, of average value each £1000	-	20,000,000
1,000 Ministers' Incomes of £300 a-year (each, for 10 years	- -	3,000,000
3,200 Schoolmasters' Salaries, at £250 for 10 years	- -	8,000,000
Drainage	- -	6,000,000
Bible Society	- -	1,000,000
Religious Tract Society	- -	1,000,000
Sunday School Union	- -	1,000,000
British and Foreign School	- -	1,000,000
Church Missionary	- -	1,000,000
London Missionary	- -	1,500,000
Temperance Society	- -	1,000,000
Drinking Fountains	- -	1,000,000
Total		£100,000,000

This is what England has lost, and lost for ever, by a single war. Nor should it be forgotten, that in consequence of the presence of provisions, stored for the Russian war, the people of England were compelled to pay seventy-five millions more for food than would have been the case had peace been preserved. E. F.

"EASTWARD HO!"

The large woodcut which was inserted in our May No. was copied from the celebrated oil painting by Mr. O'Neil. Copies of this are now being exhibited throughout the provinces, preparatory to the magnificent steel plate being issued by Messrs. Lloyd Brothers, of Cornhill, London, who are the owners of the copyright. Gentlemen who desire to secure early impressions, should communicate with Messrs. Lloyd. In many a picture gallery, both at home and abroad, not only "Eastward Ho!" but its companion, "Homeward," will be sure to find a place.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Struggles of a Village Lad. Price 1s. 6d., post free. WM. HUMPHRIES, 33d, Strand.

This very interesting narrative of a poor boy who, by his perseverance and industry, was, by God's blessing, mainly instrumental as the VILLAGE RECTOR, deserves, and we feel assured will attain, a *very wide circulation.*

Our Moral Wastes, and How to Cultivate them. By the Rev. J. H. WILSON, of Aberdeen. PARTRIDGE & CO., 34, post free.

We have been well repaid for the careful perusal of this valuable little work. We recommend it to the special attention of Clergymen, Ministers, City Missionaries, and Scripture Readers. It ought to have a place in every Sunday School Library.

ILLUSTRATED HAND-BILLS.

(By the Editor of the "British Workman.")

These Hand-bills (printed on paper made from straw) are suitable for general distribution. They embrace Religion, Sabbath Observance, the Sacred Scriptures, Temperance, Peace, Kindness to Animals, Truthfulness, Swearing, War, &c. Nos. 1 to 50 may be had, Sold in Sixpenny Packets. Each packet contains fifty hand-bills in assorted packet, may be had through any bookseller, or post free by remitting six stamps to the publishers.

CANVASSING COMMITTEES.

We have again to express our obligation to our case readers, not only in the manufacturing agricultural districts, for their zealous efforts in the circulation. We have heard of more Committee of Working Men that had formed rival the celebrated one at Burslem. To hearty helpers we tender our warmest thanks. Boast-to-Town Canvassing Committees are not merely hundreds, but thousands, of new bers to the *British Workman.*

Three Evenings' Canvass, by a Wo Man.

We are much gratified by the receipt of a le a friend in the provinces, who describes h "a poor working man, having no authority, a very limited influence," to whom she had left the unstamped bills at twenty other h on calling the following evening, I obtained fi names, making in all eighty-nine new s I have given orders to our bookseller for 100 the current number of the "British Workma 7s. 6d. vol. If you will send me another h two of bills, I will try what I can do with th

Such VOLUNTEER HELPERS cheer us in not a little. Similar sophisticated Cheap from our working friends, addressed to the Barnsbury Square, London, will be responded to.

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The Publishers will forward packets of the *British Wo* part of the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, the Orkney Isles, *post free*, on the undermentioned terms parties who reside in the rural districts, far away fr ealer, the cities postage rates have confirmed a great

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All ORDERS *to be addressed to* MR. S. W. *34, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.*

UNCLE DAVID'S ADVICE

TO YOUNG MEN ON THE SUBJECT OF MARRIAGE.

☞ *It is intended to issue this article in the Tract form for the purpose of more extended circulation.*

This address is intended for young men who are weary of single-blessedness, and willing to exchange it for the untried and uncertain joys of matrimony. This is a step which usually comes a great deal of fun and merriment, but it is in fact a very serious matter, and pregnant with consequences that contribute largely to your weal or woe. Marriage is the institution of heaven, and designed for man's happiness, but it is a subject which is much more than any other, calculated for the exercise of prudence and forethought.

If the reader be not already engaged, it may be to his advantage to attend to the counsels of one who has seen much of married life among all classes, who has witnessed a large amount of happiness, but a still larger amount of misery in the married state. I am a decided advocate for matrimony, and therefore, I have no intention to dissuade you from it. "It is not good for man to be alone," is the declaration of God himself. "Whoso findeth a wife," that is one who *deserves* the name, "findeth a good thing." The bliss of paradise was not complete until woman was given to be "an help-meet" for man. It is surely a good thing for a man to have a comfortable independent home of his own, where ease and rest can be enjoyed after the toils of the day, and where sorrow and care can be chased away by the smiles and soothing caresses of a loving and devoted wife. It is surely a good thing to have a partner who will carefully manage his earnings, and provide in the best possible way for his wants and comfort;—who will cordially prepare each day for his return from the scene of his toils; who will meet him at the door with the smile and greeting of affection, and whose delight it will be to have ready the comfortably prepared meal, —the clean swept hearth,—the cheerful fire,—the easy-chair, and who will strive, by cheerful and engaging converse, to render the evening a rich recompense for the trials and labours of the day. It is a good thing for a man to have a companion in solitude, an assistant in labour, a partner in joy; but human life contains various painful as well as pleasant. Sorrow, pain, anxiety and disappointment, enter into the history of every man, and he is but half prepared for the journey of life who has found an associate for his happier days only. Doubly happy then is the man who obtained a partner who proves herself "an help-meet" in all the changes to which he is subject, who will sympathize with him in her trials, educe him in affliction, advise him in perplexity, minister to him in sickness, and will be ever ready to contribute to his welfare and comfort. But, then, these good things do not *necessarily* follow when you get married.

Many marry it is true as if they thought that happiness must be the *certain* result, and when too late they discover their error, take; but it should be remembered that good things are not usually obtained without care and forethought; it is especially so in matrimony. Excuse me, if I address you lines, the substance of the advice I wish to offer.

"Nor choose alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry."

Most men, if not all, entertain the idea that by marriage they shall enlarge the circle of their happiness, and this doubtless would be the general result, if they were but to exercise the same common-sense kind of scrutiny and caution they do in most other of the affairs of life; but this, the most important step that man can take, is too often marked by a strange hurry and thoughtlessness, as if it were an affair too trivial to merit serious consideration; no wonder, therefore, that disappointment and misery are the result. There is an old adage which says, "Look before you leap." Many young men reverse this rule; they leap first, and look afterwards. But the misfortune is, they cannot undo what they have done.

In an old treatise on cookery, the directions for dressing a hare are preceded by this sage advice, "first catch it." But the hare when caught may not, after all, be worth the cooking. Hares, however, do not differ so much in quality as do the female candidates for matrimony. If every hare is not worth the cooking, so neither is every woman worth the courting, and the marriage to which you may have smiling features, a pretty face, a nasty bonnet, or a dashing dress. Something beyond these is necessary to make home happy. A pretty face may be connected with a weak and volatile mind, a selfish, obstinate, imperious and ill-tempered spirit with habits of thoughtlessness, improvidence, and disorder. The outward appearance, which looks so attractive, may be utterly at variance with what dwells within, so that could you see the one as clearly as you see the other, the imaginary vision would soon assume a character almost the reverse. You should, therefore, try to look beyond outside appearances; to ascertain the character of the mind,—the temper,—the principles, and this with special reference to the duties of a *wife* and a *mother*.

But you will ask, how is this to be done? I cannot look within. Certainly not. You cannot dive into the Hidden Chamber of the heart, by which you may arrive at the knowledge of character. You can accompany the individual home. You can see what *sort* of a home it is,—in what kind of *habits* she has been trained. You can see how she acts *there*; how she behaves to her parents, and brothers, and sisters. If she be wanting in affectionate regard and duty to them, you may well pause and ponder. If she be cold, cold, and heartless, you cannot be too careful and cautious, and ask, whether her habits are careful and orderly, or thoughtless and improvident; whether she is actuated by a noble principle or treats it with levity; whether she reverences religion, or regards it with indifference; a little careful observation of this kind will soon make you acquainted with her real character, and enable you to form a tolerably correct judgment as to her capabilities to make home happy.

Nothing is more common than for young men to form a hasty inconsiderate connexion with females they casually meet with, and nothing can be more innocentable than the consequences that usually follow.—Poor John Hemmings is an example. He sat next to Mary H——— at a public tea, party in the town. She was lively, fair, and clever. She looked on John with a favourable eye, as a desirable prize, which she determined to win. He, too, was a fascinating, and very feminine art to make herself agreeable. Her attentions, and smiles, and flatteries, so far overcame John's prudence, that he visited her, then without further thought, or inquiry, he at once offered her marriage. The proposal was too agreeable to allow of hesitation or delay in its acceptance, and in three weeks after wards, the marriage was consummated. John, poor, thought that all women were like his mother, or he supposed that because the outside was so fair and attractive every thing else must correspond. If he did, he soon found out his mistake. His wife proved a gossip, a slattern, and a spendthrift. Often when he came home at night, hungry and weary, he would find the door locked, the fire out, his wife absent, he knew not where, the house all in disorder, every thing dirty and comfortless. As may be supposed, he became dissatisfied and angry, and began to complain and grumble. As soon as he did so, he discovered, that besides her other faults, his wife had a violent and bitter temper, the result of which was, they quarrelled, and they had a terrible time of it. After living two or three years together like cat and dog, John at last disappeared, he set off by the city to America, and was heard of no more by his family.

Abraham D——— supplies another example of the same kind. He met with his wife in a Sunday excursion train. She worked in a factory, and like many other factory girls, her leisure hours were entirely devoted to dress and pleasure-taking,—no one knew better than her how to braid her hair, or adorn her person, according to the most approved fashion, but then she knew nothing else. She possessed good features, was thoughtless, full of fun and frolic, and not being troubled with any more sense of delicacy or modesty, she felt no scruple in making advances which opened the way for future and more intimate intercourse. They always met in public,—he never saw her at her own home, she was too politic for that; he might have made unpleasant discoveries. A marriage was soon concluded, but alas! Margaret knew nothing of house matters. She had been accustomed to have everything done for her. It had never once entered her thoughts how she was to manage a house of her own. She could neither wash, nor bake, nor clean, nor make a pudding, nor mend a stocking,—a more helpless person in domestic matters there could scarcely be. Abraham had fitted up his little dwelling very fairly for a beginning of married life, but it was of little avail; it was a constant scene of dirt, disorder, and discomfort. The first year passed on miserably enough, but when a family came on things become tenfold worse, Abraham lost his last respect for his wife,—home he hated, for there was no comfort there, the public-house became his almighty resort;—this induced a love of liquor;—in time he became a confirmed drunkard, and at last he received a blow in a night brawl which hastened his death, and his wife and children had to go to the workhouse. So much for keeping home in view in marriage, so intercourse upon, can scarcely be attended with happiness, and the misery that follows it is a proper retribution on the foolish and improvident manner in which it had been formed.

The only sure basis of all true happiness in married life is Love. If there be no love before marriage it cannot be expected there should be any afterwards. Without love to love is hopeless folly. But what is love? It is what most young people are perpetually talking about, but which very few understand. Love is not the dream of passion, the product of fancy, such as is usually depicted in modern romances and poetry, it is something far purer and more elevated character. It is passion is but a secondary matter; it respects the mind as the body. It is a strong attachment arising merely from external attractions cannot be considered a rational affection, it but regards the body and not the mind. It is confined to a quality which is only shallow, which is proverbial for its fruitlessness, and which usually fades in the bloom of its beauty, and which is often found to resemble fruit whose surface displays a beautiful bloom and tempting hue, but which is brown away in disgust as soon as it is opened. Love on which marriage should be based is something far more precious than the mind, and heart, and manners, as well as to the countenance and form;—love tempered with wisdom,—for this is the only quality most likely to survive the charm of novelty, the spoliation of disease, and the ravages of time, or which will ever render marriage what it was designed to be, a source of mutual help and comfort.

If then, young men, you are thinking of getting married, think seriously. Do not take a leap in the dark. Do not allow yourselves to be captivated by a pretty face; it solves to be captivated by a pretty face; it will be well if it be better than a gaudy, soulless flower. Inquire into the character of the mind, ask—is the object of your affections possessed of the qualities of understanding, temper, training and habit, which are necessary to enable her to meet, and to overcome, and to bear, and amidst the cares, trials, and sorrows, which are incident to us. If you neglect this, you may anticipate a course of folly and self-inflicted penalty you may suffer, it is but your just desert.

But you are to choose not only "a proper mate," but "a proper time" to marry. This is another branch of practical wisdom of vast importance. Young men should not marry young girls, who neither in body nor mind have attained anything like maturity. Such unions are usually attended with embarrassment, with inexperience and folly, bitter regrets, poverty and misery.

A haste to be married causes many evils, and prevents any domestic preparation or provision. The *bird* is caught but there is no *cage* for its reception, the consequence is, the married pair must either go into lodgings, or they must become inmates with the parents of the husband or the wife, and they adopt the former plan, not only are they subject to many inconveniences, but they have to pay for such accommodation at a rate which leaves them but little ability to furnish a home of their own, and that little diminishes as the lodgings and expenses of the concern become hopeless, and the straitened couple are compelled to spend their lives in lodgings, which are usually uncomfortable and inconvenient, and decline in means. Whereas, had they waited until they were enabled to furnish a dwelling, and to enter it free from debt, they would have enjoyed a much larger degree of comfort, and have maintained a state of greater independence and respectability. If on the other hand they seek a shelter under the parental roof, it is usually at the expense of the peace and comfort of those who receive them; not unfrequently they ultimately become lodgers in their own dwelling. How often have I witnessed with pain the privations and annoyances which parents have experienced who have thus imprudently aided an untimely marriage. This was the case with Robert and Ellen M———. Their daughter married before she had seen eighteen summers. Her parents reluctantly consented to the match to avoid the disgrace which must otherwise have ensued, but her husband was both idle and improvident; he had made no provision for marriage, he and his wife were received as inmates by their parents, but it was to the destruction of their own peace and happiness. Unprincipled and intemperate, he was perpetually robbing their parents of comforts to support his own vices, and rendering their cottage by his drunkenness a scene of riot and misery. I visited the couple once after one of these unhappy broils. I found the mother in sad distress. With streaming eyes she said, "O, it was a sad day when I gave consent for our daughter and her husband to live with us. Since that time we have scarcely been able to call our house our own, we have had no peace day nor night. Now, when we want to be quiet and to think about another world, we have the most annoyance of a second family, and we have besides to endure the constant broils between our daughter and her profligate husband, and his brutal behaviour withal. Never should parents sacrifice their own home and independence even for the sake of their children."

Young men, if you resolve upon marrying, let *judgment* not passion guide you as to the proper time. If you value your future welfare, avoid early embarrassments. Resolve to make proper provision for a home before you marry. Disdain the thought of taking a worthy woman into a house in which she is treated as a *lodger*. Abhor the idea of encroaching upon a parent's comfort in order to gratify the impatience of a blind passion. When you make your starts in life, it is best to do it in a way likely to secure respectability, comfort and prosperity. A good wife, such as I hope you will choose, will be happy in best accommodations you can supply, and if she sees you anxious to promote her comfort, it will be to her an additional stimulus to advance yours. But you say, "To carry out this advice will require considerable time!" Be it so, you will be all the better getting wisdom and experience. You will have the better opportunity of looking about you, and of making your selection. Evenings may present themselves for your advancement which, if married, you might not be able to embrace, and you will not be in a hurry to marry, and make more advantageous circumstances. But whether this should be the entry or not, you will secure to yourself the comforts of a dwelling you can call your own, and enjoy in this respect a happy state of independence. Some time of my advice to young men is—marry.—But do so with the caution, circumspection, and prudence, which it will be all of vast importance demands. If it be true of domestic love, that

Among the sweets of life, a state
More wrinkled and deforming than the thief
Of strife and hate demands.

"Nor has that earth
Amid her treasures, aught, alas like this—
So pure, so exquisite."

The reverse is not less so.

"Nor has that earth
Amid her terrors of life, a state
More wrinkled and deforming than the thief
Of strife and hate demands."

If, therefore, you would shun the latter and secure the former, be sure to choose "a proper mate, and proper time to marry."

UNCLE DAVID.

THE WORKING-MAN'S HOME

No. II.

"LIGHT come, light go," is not only a common but a true saying. No real good was ever attained by a hasty, rash, and thoughtless course. Next to health, the best earthly blessing is a good home. A rich house is a very different thing. While wealth can purchase luxuries, there are some things it cannot buy,—health, affection, peace of mind—these three, each or all, defy the wealth of earth to purchase. There's a nobleman in this kingdom whose country-house has one of the finest land and sea views in the kingdom, unrivalled; but lovely as the place is, its affected master cannot live there, he has had a small villa built on a rock, in the ocean, near the sea, and, as supported on cushions, he was rowed in an eight-oared cutter to take possession of his new abode. I had to an attendant who was bathing his head, "I carry these hundreds of pounds with me, I would change, who, from fierce passions, and selfish cares, and sorrows, cannot be happy. All the wealth of India could not calm their restless minds, or comfort their weary hearts. They feel that everything is false and hollow around them, and life becomes a burden. However fine the dwelling, unless the owner has peace of mind, he has not a home. But the healthy, industrious working-man, if he chooses to try for it, may have not merely a dwelling, but a home. *Home!* how we love the dear expressive word, what pleasant pictures rise to view as we think of its meaning. The outer world of care and turmoil shut out, and the sweet loving world of freedom, and joy, and peace, shut in. The clean fireside—the comfortable room—the row of books upon the shelf—and the pleasant evening time to read them. The decent table, with its wholesome fare, and the sweet-sauce that labour and hunger bring to the pleasant meal; the pleasant and free, outspoken words; the cheerful talk—and best of all, the domestic altar, where the pious head of the humblest house is a great God both priest and king, leading the worship of his family in this free land, "none daring to make him afraid."

But there are some common matters that must be attended to, if the working-man is to realise such a home—for however high a tree waves its branches in the air, its roots must be firm in the lowly earth, or it will not long flourish. Much of the good of the comfort of a house depends on lowly and common things.

A diligent working-man must not think only of getting a cheaply-rented place. It is money saved to pay a little more for a healthy locality, and airy cottage, and rooms. If a man is making a home in the country, a *dry* house, with doors and windows that are not rotting—and chimneys that do not smoke, with not less than three rooms, and if possible, a south or western aspect—is the best. Health, the working-man's best earthly blessing—his capital and stock-in-trade, as it were, cannot be preserved in a *damp, drafty, smoky* place, or in the neighbourhood of bad smells.

If the working-man has to make his home in a town, he should prefer rooms in a decent house in a well-drained street, with windows that let in air and sunshine. Most streets have some sun, and a little air, but though in summer the sun may be rather a trouble, yet, in our climate, there are full eight months of sunshine, which is a great boon for health and spirits to get all the sunshine that a town-dwelling can command. Live in no house or room that is not good in every sort of water, and see that it is freely used. Do not be afraid of opening the windows, for a well-ventilated room is to live in perpetual fear of fresh air, forgetting, or not knowing, that it is a close room that gives cold, by rendering the body more not an air room. Some of my readers may say, "Ah, it's all very fine—but how is the working-man to get all this? Rent! He must live where he can." Not if he is prudent, and resolves to get a reasonable share of the real comforts of life. Rent is a big chance out, and many a man more than would pay for a cheerful, decent home.

As soon as he prudently can, the working-man should try to become a householder. Houses in every town or city are proportionably cheaper than lodgings; and the house is a little, is a working neighbourhood, generally the more likelihood there is of getting a profitable tenant. But a workman should not undertake a house until he has saved one quarter's rent of such house beforehand—which he can afford to pay for decent lodgers, and if the house is kept nicely—the entrance, stairs, and windows clean—the landlord, and his family, and besides the saving that may thus be effected in the house-holder's own rent, as a family occupying the house will be sought, if children are to be brought up modestly and decently, and by struggling to get from the collisions of lodgers to the quiet of a home, the working-man has a better chance of bringing up his girls and boys in good habits, so that they may be under God's blessing, the joy of his manhood—the staff of his old age.

Now, dear reader, do not think these words about the working-man's home a mere dream! Save from your useless expenses—your luxuries—and spend a part in pence—your luxuries—and spend a part in pence—your luxuries—and spend Perhaps you say, "I have no luxuries," "What! no tobacco? no beer? no idle time? no foolish wastes? Have you never indulged the habit of having an expensive dinner once a week, that has made all your other dinners poor? Have you never lived in a district of England in the midland counties, where many of the operatives each week have a joint, and the finest vegetables, the first and finest poultry, and not one in a score of them has a home that a decent dog should care for?

There are hundreds of professional men and gentry in England who unlawfully lovely houses, and have nearly all the comforts and elegancies of life around them, whose means are not more than those of the men who live in dirt and disorder, and die in misery; and all because their habits forbid their having a decent *Working-Man's Home.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PREPARED PAPERS.—Many of the papers sent in are in some very interesting letters from London Working Men, relative to the formation of a "Working-Men's Benefit Fund." The Committee of the "Drinking Fountain Association" (a working society) they say the hearty co-operation of the working-men of London, and we hold out to them this many workshops and factories, "free-will offerings" to this good enterprise will be forthcoming. In proof of its use we may name that at the recent meeting in St. Martin's Hall, a working-man came forward and noble subscribed to erect a Fountain, with resting-place for pedestrians, in Barbican Street.

Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., "Drinking Fountains Association, 11, Waterloo Place, S.W.

Any suggestions for extending the operation of the *British Workman* will be thankfully received, if addressed to the Editor, 13, Bartlebury Square, London. N.

PUBLIC DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

On Thursday the 21st April, the first Drinking Fountain, presented to the people of London, by the liberality of Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., was formally opened, by Mrs. Wilson, daughter of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The occasion was a deeply interesting one, and drew together an immense concourse of people. Suitable addresses were delivered by the Vicar, the Rev. Jas. Jackson, M.A.; Lord Radstock; E. T. Wakefield, Esq.; Mr. Howlett, &c. Amongst other excellent remarks made by the Vicar, he said, "I doubts not that under the auspices of the Drinking Fountains' Association, with the blessing of God, there will be, in due time, no considerable interval in a walk through the streets of London where the weary and thirsty passenger may not be refreshed by a draught from some such fountain as this of pure and wholesome water. And while the material comfort of the poor and hard-working portion of the people will be promoted by these means, it will be foreseen by those who know from what beginnings intemperance, with its attendant miseries, so often arise, that a great help to them in a moral point of view is thus provided for them. In this hope the present fountain has been erected; in this hope it is now given to them, in the farther confidence that they will consider it as committed to their keeping, and preserve it inviolate, that it may be a *blessing to them and those who may come after them.*" Since the opening of this fountain on Snow Hill, the best possible proof has been afforded of its value, and the great necessity for the erection of many more. As many as *seven thousand persons* have drank of the refreshing beverage at this fountain in a single day. The Newgate Market Butchers have presented a pleasing address to Mr. Gurney, expressive of *their* hearty thanks for this fountain. When Mr. Cruikshank was taking his sketch one of the butchers was giving a little sound advice to the youngsters to "keep to water and it would keep them out of many a scrape through life!" We are glad to learn that several new fountains for London are in progress. Sir James Duke has offered to erect one in his ward. Robert Hanbury, Jun. Esq., M.P., has placed £200 at the disposal of the Fountain Committee for the erection of a very handsome one, with appropriate texts of Scripture inscribed thereon. The Vestry of St. Martins-in-the-fields have resolved to erect one at Charing Cross. A handsome fountain with clock-tower is to be erected on Islington green. Mr. Alderman Hale has offered to erect a fountain in Southwark. We are also much gratified to learn that the Southwark Water Company has liberally agreed to supply the water *gratuitously*, this is setting a good example to all the London Companies. A fountain has been erected at the corner of Heath-street and Hollybush Hill, Hampstead, and subscriptions are being collected for the erection of five others. (We should rejoice to hear, not only of drinking fountains, but also of several good water-troughs for the the numerous poor over-taxed donkeys and horses on Hampstead Heath.) In the centre of that celebrated locality, Golden Lane, a fountain is to be erected. That untiring friend of the industrial classes, the Rev. W. Rogers, for St. Thomas, Charterhouse, called a meeting of the residents in the locality, and their free-will offerings quickly raised the needful amount. The *coppers* of the poor really almost be said to have provided the *Golden Lane* fountain! In the provinces, we learn from the *Builder* that the fountain movement is making most gratifying progress. COVENTRY.—The Board of Health have agreed to the proposal of the United Temperance Society there, to erect a fountain, fountains. The Local Central Fountain Committee has also obtained leave to erect *two pillar* fountains, and Mr. W. R. King is also to be allowed to erect one on the Marine Parade. The Rev. S. R. Drummond will also erect a fountain near St. Peter's Church. Mr. G. Cheesman, Jun. has also undertaken to erect one of polished granite; and Mr. W. Bisher has kindly agreed to erect another against the Riding School, in

PUBLIC DRINKING FOUNTAIN, ERECTED ON SNOW HILL, LONDON; BY SAMUEL GURNEY, ESQ., M.P.

and contribute £5 a-year for the water. SCARBORO'—The Local Commissioners of Improvements have selected ten sites for fountains, and several private individuals also propose to erect fountains at their own cost. SUTHERLAND.—The Corporation is acting a good example in this good cause; fountains have been erected at the entrance to Bishopswermouth Church; adjoining to Alderman Hartley's works, Hylton Road, and at the Ferry-boat landing. OLDHAM.—A polished Aberdeen granite fountain has been erected in the Market-place, at the cost of the King-street and Wrenth Co-operative Society. BRIGHTON.—The Water Company has offered to supply a limited number of fountains *gratuitously* (all honour to the liberal-hearted Directors of this Water Company.) The Mayor has obtained liberty for a lady to erect two Church Street. It is expected that not fewer than twenty fountains will be erected in Brighton—a priceless boon to the tens of thousands of visitors to this beautiful place. CAMBRIDGE.—Mrs. Hurrell has agreed to erect three fountains; and the Council will supply the water. SALFORD.—Six fountains have been erected from designs by Mr. Dennys, the resident engineer of the Corporation; they are of cast-iron, and resemble an ornamental pillar-box, with small dog-troughs at the foot of the column. BROMPTON, KENT.—A fountain, named the "VICTORIA," has been opened by Lady Smith. The water is supplied *free* by the Brompton and Gillingham Water-works Company. WARWICK.—This borough has been presented with two fountains by Mr. E. GREAVES, M.P., and Mr. H. GREAVES. SHEFFIELD.—The Town Council has passed a vote of thanks to the following individuals, who have generously offered to erect fountains at their own cost: Messrs. E. Smith, Thomas Youdan, Joe Barton, J. H. Sales, and the Teachers and Scholars of the Red Hill School. (We hope the matter will be taken up by the Guardians of the young elsewhere.) WOLVERHAMPTON.—The Rechabite Society is erecting a fountain in this town. MANCHESTER.—A fountain, with drinking trough, has been erected in Oxford Street, near the Railway-station. BLACKHEATH.—Lord Hatherley has erected a fountain near Charlotte-field's walk, Blackheath. EXETER.—A fountain has been opened to the public, the gift of Mr. Jones, Dunham, Merchant, and we are glad to learn he is to add three. EXETER WATER COMPANY has agreed to supply the water *gratuitously*. Dunham has taken care to provide for the poor thirsty dogs. NOTTINGHAM.—A handsome drinking fountain, forming the base of the clock tower in connection with the police lock-up, is now being erected from designs by Mr. C. H. Edwards. BARNSTAPLE.—Mr. W. Fraser, M.P., has contributed £50 towards the erection of a white marble fountain. WORCESTER.—Alderman Pedley has erected a magnificent fountain in the Market-place. PLYMOUTH.—Mr. Bryant has generously given a fountain. WAKEFIELD.—Mr. W. H. Leatham, of Hemsworth Hall, has offered to erect a handsome fountain, and we hope to learn that the Town Council will add one. CROMER.—Sir Burton has offered to erect a memorial fountain in remembrance of Sir T. Buxton, Bart., who resided the cement the Lord of the Manor can be learned. NORWICH.—John Henry Gurney, Esq., M.P., has offered to erect a fountain in this city. BRADFORD.—Mr. SMITH, has offered to erect two fountains, and it is expected that several gentlemen will follow his good example. YORK.—A standard fountain has been erected in the pavement. We be glad to hear an ornamental one has opened near the railway station in the ancient city. DERBYFIELD.—Two fountains are in course of erection. BATH.—The Mayor, Dr. Falconer, Brymer, Esq., Dr. Thomas Bell have undertaken to erect fountains, the Bench of Magistrates have offered into a subscription. In conclusion movement may be said to have already extended to the antipodes, as fountains were erected in the public streets of Sydney, South Wales, when the last mail left.

☞ Since the above was in type we have been delighted to learn that the "Drinking Fountain Association" is actually pledged to the erection of forty fountains, in various parts of London! The Association deserves the liberal support of all classes. The bank-notes of the peer, and the pence of the peasant, are needed. We shall be glad to receive contributions to hand over to the Committee.

"A PLEA FOR DRINKING FOUNTAINS." By E. T. Wakefield. Published by Messrs. Hatchard & Co., 187, Piccadilly. Price 6d. Sixpence. This valuable Pamphlet may be had, post free, on sending six stamps to the Secretary of the Drinking Fountain Association, 11, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London, S. W.

G. Watson, Printer, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London. E.C.

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BRITISH WORKMAN

JOHN STEPPING FORTH;

OR,

A WORKING MAN'S STRUGGLES.

None but those who have been working-men can tell the strength of the temptations to evil which beset a man's path in some of our workshops. None but those who have experienced them can tell of the fearful struggles of the workman who having once given way to habits of intemperance, seeks to renounce them. Our attention has just been called to a valuable book,* which gives life-like pictures of some of these temptations and struggles. In describing the career of John Downing, who had been prevailed upon by a pious fellow-workman to abandon his habits of dissipation, the author states, that on its becoming known that John had been on the Sunday to God's House, instead of the public-house, a scheme was devised by some of his old comrades and shopmates for "Driving his religion out of him." On the Monday morning when John took his place at his bench, the others pretended not to see him, and began talking to each other about John having "lost his senses, and turned a saint." Mr. Walker states—

"John quailed for a short time under the coarse raillery and boisterous laugh of his shopmates, as they gathered around him; but he presently reflected, "I must either now break the spell, or I shall be in danger of being again ensnared into my former practices. This is the time when I must show my colours, and declare my principles." Lifting up his heart to God for grace to witness a good confession, he resolved to encounter the storm by an explicit declaration of his purposes for the future. Stepping forward, therefore, with a firmness truly heroic, he thus addressed them:—

"I'm not ashamed to own that I've changed my mode of life; and, by God's help, I hope you will see me from henceforth a different man from what I have been. You all know what kind of a life I have led for a long time, generally the foremost in every revel, seldom a night sober, mixed up with every spree, pursuing a course of folly and dissipation bordering on madness; yet I was anything but happy; my earnings were wasted, my family neglected, reduced to poverty and rags; my home a scene of perfect misery, and myself so truly wretched that, if I had gone on many days longer, I am certain something fearful would have happened. But events have taken place which have brought me to my right mind. My wife and I are both resolved to reform. I have bid good-bye to the public-house and to all my former bad practices. I hope, however, you will find me the better man, not less sociable, or less disposed to do a kind turn, when in my power, to any of my shopmates."

"Whew!" cried Will, the first speaker, and who was the most dissipated fellow in the shop; "what a *sermon!* Why, thou 'lt become a preacher next. I shouldn't wonder if thou 'rt not holding forth next Sunday, somewhere or other. Do tell us, man, in time, where it 's to be, that we may all go and hear thee. But t' fit will be over, maybe, before the ... At any rate, I'll bet

* Which is Best? or, Cottage Sketches from Real Life. By T. H. Walker. 2nd Edition. John Mason, 60, Paternoster Row. Price 2s. 6d., *post free.*

JOHN 'STEPPING FORTH' AND ADDRESSING HIS FELLOW-WORKMEN.

thee what I'likes, that we shall ha' thee among us again at 'Queen's Head' before thee has moith."

"I dare neither bet nor boast," replied John. "I trust, however, that my past life will prove a warning sufficient to preserve me from falling into the same course again. As old friends and associates, I hope you will give me a fair trial. It will be some time before I can work things round in the way I intend, but I have so much confidence in the course I am proposing, that I drink to the health of Mr. Giddwell, and will now venture, God giving me life and health, to *work you all to come and sup with me this day six months*; and, if I then call to convince any one of you that there is any sin in the drink, I will also be content to be scouted as the sneaking you've called me this morning."

"Capital," cried Dick, "a fair challenge; thee shall have a fair trial."

"Well," said Will, "but if we agree to let thee ha' thy way for a time, thee mun's begin a preaching to us. We'll ha' no Methodist-meetings here. Thoumun remember, we'll make thee stick to th' bargain, and we'll have a good supper, too."

"Depend upon it," replied John, "you shall have no reason to complain on that ground."

"Agreed! agreed! a bargain!" all exclaimed. But, as they passed away to their employ, one or two felt a secret wish that they had the courage to follow John's example. Tousfavourably terminated John's first trial. Another, however, was close at hand.

The news of John's change of mind and habits caused much talk and excitement at the village beer-shop. Mr. Jones, the landlord, laughed at the idea of such a jolly fellow as Downing turning a "teetotaller," he understood to attempt to bring his back to his old companions. The author says—

"Jonescontrived tomeet John behindhis home to beforehand. Assuming his blandest tone and look, he said, "Good morning, John! I'm glad to see you back so early. We've seen a little of you lately, we thought you were ill. Our evening parties have been quite dull without you. Come, man, mur' have a sup of tea with us this morning, and a glass of something comfortable. Our breakfast is just ready."

"Thank you," replies John; but my wife expects me to breakfast, and I must return home."

"Your wife expects you! Whew! That's all sham now. I know too well what your wife is to believe that story."

"It is! I tell you. I'm happy to say, my wife is become quite another woman; and I hope for the future we shall live in different lights from what we have done."

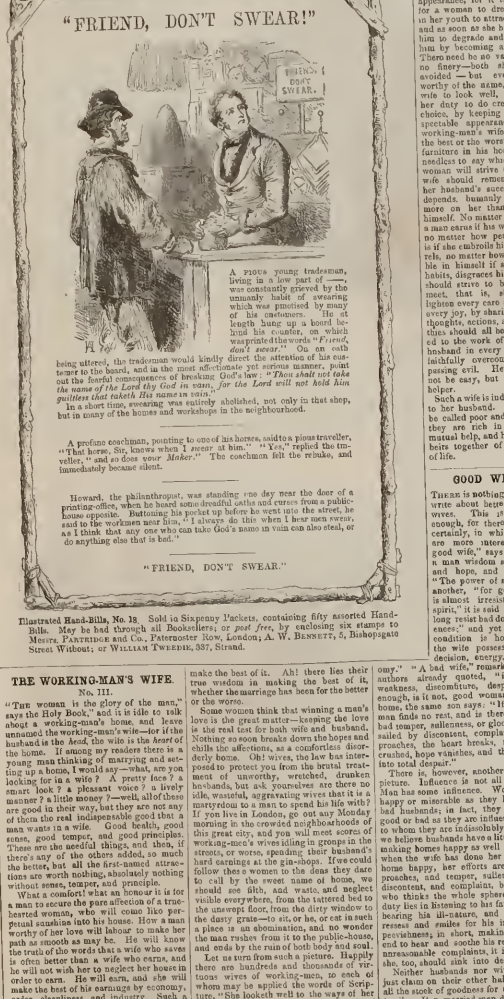
"I'm glad to hear it, John; nothing like husband and wife living comfortably together. Come then, we'll have a glass together in the prospect of happier days."

"I really cannot. I say as well tell you at once, I'm done glassing."

"But I can't, I won't believe it. Thou'rt too jolly a fellow for that. Come, just take your breakfast with me, and a drop of rum with it."

Thus pressed, John felt obliged to declare himself more fully: "You must excuse me," he said; "for I have promised never to enter a public-house again, and I mean to keep my promise."

Jones's cheek deepened with rage; and throwing off his previous blandness, he exclaimed, "Pshaw! shaw, have you? promised the Parson, I dare say! or perhaps your slut of a wife. Shoulder's weaker in a bad a wife. Shoulder's weaker in a bad a wife. Shoulder's weaker in a bad



A PIOUS young tradesman, living in a by part of town, was constantly grieved by the unmanly habit of swearing which was practised by many of his customers. He at length hung up a board behind his counter, on which was printed the words "*Friend, don't swear.*" On an oath being uttered, the tradesman would kindly direct the attention of his customer to the board, and in the most affectionate yet serious manner, point out the fearful consequences of breaking God's law: "*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.*"

In a short time, swearing was entirely abolished, not only in that shop, but in many of the homes and workshops in the neighbourhood.

A profane coachman, pointing to one of his horses, said to a pious traveller, "That horse, Sir, knows when I swear at him." "Yes," replied the traveller, "and so does *your Maker*." The coachman felt the rebuke, and immediately became silent.

Howard, the philanthropist, was standing one day near the door of a printing-office, when he heard some dreadful oaths and curses from a publicseller. May be had through all Booksellers; or *post free*, by enclosing six stamps to Messrs. Partridge and Co., Paternoster Row, London; A. W. Bennett, 5, Bishopsgate Street Without; or William Tweedie, 337, Strand.

Illustrated Hand-Bills, No. 18. Sold in Sixpenny Packets, containing fifty assorted Hand-Bills. May be had through all Booksellers; or *post free*, by enclosing six stamps to Messrs. Partridge and Co., Paternoster Row, London; A. W. Bennett, 5, Bishopsgate Street Without; or William Tweedie, 337, Strand.

THE WORKING-MAN'S WIFE.

No. III.

"THE woman is the glory of the man," says the Holy Book, and it is idle to talk about a working-man's home, and leave unnamed the working-man's wife—for if the husband is the *head*, the wife is the *heart* of the home. If among my readers there is a young man thinking of marrying and setting up a home, I would say—what, are you looking for a wife? A pretty face? a smart look? a pleasant voice? a lively manner? a little money?—well, all of these are good in their way, but they are not any of them the real indispensable good that a man wants in a wife. Good health, good sense, good temper, and good principles. These are the needful things, and then, if there's any of the others added, so much the better, but all the first-named attractions are worth nothing, absolutely nothing without sense, temper, and principle.

What a comfort! what an honour it is for a man to secure the pure affection of a true-hearted woman, who will come like perpetual sunshine into his house. How a man worthy of her love will labour to make her path as smooth as may be. He will know the truth of the words that a wife who saves is often better than a wife who earns, and he will not wish her to neglect her house in order to earn. He will earn, and she will make the best of his earnings by economy, order, cleanliness, and industry. Such a young couple, in choosing their home, will have an eye to the decencies of life. They will not, for the sake of saving a few shillings, go into some den unfit for human habitation; and in choosing their furniture they will think of neatness and durability and not of finery, to have things plain and good and that suit each other—not one smart thing and the rest shabby—a best of little tawdry pieces on the walls, and not a comfortable chair or a sound good table—a row of foolish useless wine glasses on the mantlepiece and not a decent tender at the fireplace—a smart looking-glass and a dingy bed. No! sensible people will avoid these follies.

But my readers may mostly be already married. They have chosen for better or worse, and must abide by their choice and make the best of it. Ah! there lies their true wisdom in making the best of it, whether the marriage has been for the better or the worse.

Some women think that winning a man's love is the great matter—keeping the love is the real test for both wife and husband. Nothing so soon breaks down the hopes and chills the affections, as a comfortless disorderly home. Oh! wives, the law has interposed to protect you from the brutal treatment of unworthy, wretched, drunken husbands, but ask yourselves are there no side, wasteful, aggravating wives that it is a martyrdom to a man to spend his life with? If you live in London, go out any Monday morning in the crowded neighbourhoods of this great city, and you will meet scores of working-men's wives idling in groups in the streets, or worse, spending their husband's hard earnings at the gin-shops. If we could follow these women to the dens they dare to call by the sweet name of home, we should see filth, and waste, and neglect visible everywhere, from the tattered bed to the unswept floor, from the dirty window to the dusty grate—to sit, or lie, or eat in such a place is an abomination, and no wonder the man rushes from it to the public-house, and ends by the ruin of both body and soul.

Let us turn from such a picture. Happily there are hundreds and thousands of virtuous wives of working-men, to each of whom may be applied the words of Scripture, "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

If her husband toils at his daily labour, she takes her share of work at home. Every article of furniture in her place is kept in order by constant cleanliness; for many an article well used is better preserved than if it was put away. She does her household work at such times that her husband is not troubled with the sight of washing or cleaning when he comes home. "A time for everything, and everything in its time—a place for everything, and everything in its place," are her mottoes. Many little things arise to fret her temper, but she tries to have a kind, if not a smiling face, when her husband comes home. She is no gossip, no tattler, if she cannot speak well of her neighbours—she is silent about them, and never embroils her husband with her wrangling. She takes care of her person, and tries so to dress that her husband may have a pleasure in her appearance, for it is a chief for a woman to dress smart in her youth to attract a man, and as soon as she belongs to him to degrade and disgrace him by becoming a slattern. Thus need be no vanity, and no finery—both should be avoided—but every man worthy of the name, likes his wife to look well, and it is her duty to do credit to his choice, by keeping up a respectable appearance. The working-man's wife is either the best or the worst piece of furniture in his home. It is needless to say which a wise woman will strive to be. A wife should remember that her husband's success in life depends, humanly speaking, more on her than even on himself. No matter how much a man cries it has wife wrecked, no matter how peaceable he is if she embroils him in quarrels, no matter how respectable in himself if she, by her habits, disgraces him. A wife should strive to be a helpmeet, that is, she should lighten every care and double every joy, by sharing it. Her thoughts, actions, and sympathies should all be consecrated to the work of aiding her husband in every good, and faithfully overcoming every passing evil. Her task may not be easy, but God is her helper.

Such a wife is indeed a crown to her husband. They may be called poor and lowly, but they are rich in love, and mutual help, and holy faith—heirs together of the grace of life.

GOOD WIVES.

THERE is nothing men like to write about better than good wives. This is reasonable enough, for there is nothing, certainly, in which mankind are more interested. "A good wife," says one, "is to a man wisdom and courage, and hope, and endurance." "The power of a wife," says another, "for good or evil, is almost irresistible." "No spirit," it is said again, "can long resist bad domestic influences"—and yet again, "No condition is hopeless when the wife possesses firmness, decision, energy, and economy." "A bad wife," remarks one of the authors already quoted, "is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, despair,"—bad enough, is it not, good woman? Then of home, the same son says: "If at home, a man finds no rest, and is there met with a bad temper, sullenness, or gloom, or is assailed by discontent, complaint, and reproaches, the heart sinks, the spirit is crushed, hope vanishes, and the man sinks into total despair."

There is, however, another side of this picture. Happiness is not all on one side. Man has some influence. Women may be happy or miserable as they have good or bad husbands; in fact, they may become good or bad as they are influenced by those to whom they are indissolubly bound. And we believe husbands have as little to do with making homes happy as well as wives. If when the wife has done her best to make home happy, her efforts are met by reproaches, and temper, sullenness, gloom, discontent, and complaint, by a husband who thinks the whole sphere of a wife's duty lies in listening to his fault-finding,—bearing his ill-nature, and returning caresses and smiles for his irritations and peevishness; in short, making it her chief end to hear and soothe his reasonable and unreasonable complaints, it is no great shame she, too, should sink into despair.

Neither husbands nor wives have any just claim on their other halves to supply all the stock of goodness for the ease of the family. If a married man desires a better wife, he has much need to be good. Let him practise the art of goodness himself, and exercise towards her all of those amiable qualities he would delight in being the object of. Almost invariably it would be happiness lent, to return eventually with a liberal interest.

HEALTH AND WEALTH.—There is a difference between these two temporal blessings—health and money. Money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is frequently enjoyed, but the least envied; and the superiority of the latter is more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all his money for health.

ADVICE TO NURSERY MAIDS.

NEVER say or do a thing you would not like the child to imitate, or to tell its parents of.

Never suffer a child in the absence of its parents, to be guilty of an act of disobedience to their kin we commands.

Grant no indulgence that the parents have forbidden. Have no favorites, but treat all with justice and equality. Never induce a child to do anything by promises which you cannot or do not intend to perform. Never deceive a child by telling it that medicine is pleasant, that it is not painful to have a tooth drawn, &c., but say, that if patiently borne the inconvenience will soon be over, and the advantage lasting.

Never terrify them to obedience by talking of ghosts, dark holes, old men, &c. Nothing can be more wicked or injurious.

Enforce justice, and encourage kindness between brothers and sisters. Let each child have its own right undisturbed, yet be taught and encouraged, but not compelled to share it with others.

Never praise children for their beauty or fine clothes, or make either eatables or finery a reward for good conduct.

Encourage sincerity, and be ready to forgive a fault that is honestly confessed; but let no instance of injustice or falsehood pass without informing the parents.

When a fault has been committed, confessed and forgiven, never let the child be reproached for it afterwards, either by your self or by the other children.

Endeavour to impress on the minds of children a sense of religion. Let this always be done in a cheerful and pleasant, yet serious manner, as that which ought to be loved but not trifled with. That you may be able to do this, and in all things to act conscientiously and worthily, read the Bible for prayer, pray constantly for grace to follow its dictates, and pray also that your endeavours may be blessed to your young and important charge.

CURE FOR SCANDAL.

The following cure for a terrible disorder of the mouth, commonly called "scandal, occurs in a Colonial paper:—"Take of 'good nature' one ounce, of an herb called by the Indians 'mind your business' one ounce; mix these with a little 'charity for others' and two or three sprigs of 'keep your tongue between your teeth.' Application.—The symptoms are a violent itching in the root of the mouth, which invariably takes place when you are in company with a species of animals called gossips; when you feel a fit of it coming on take a spoonful of the mixture, hold it in your mouth which you will keep closely shut till you get home when you will find a complete cure. Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a small bottleful about you, and on the slightest symptoms repeat the dose."

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

In the daisy, meekly peeping
In the lark, in the sky,
In the chorus birds are singing,
And sending up to God.

In wild flowers sweetly growing
With lovely tints and hues;
Refresh'd by breezes blowing,—
By showers and pearly dews.

In the butterfly that's dancing
Away in the happy hour.
In the busy bee that's winging
Its flight from flower to flower.

In the sun's bright beams of glory,
And cheering golden rays.
In the frost and snow so hoary,
Of chilling winter days.

In the tow'ring lofty mountain,
And in the lowly vale:
In the pretty crystal fountain,
In wind, and storm, and hail.

In the thunder loudly crashing,
And in the startling gleam
Of the light'ning's vivid flashing,
And in the flowing stream.

In brooks and lowly willows,
In giant cedars tall,
In the ocean's tossing billows,
Or rearing waterfall.

In all around I see Him,
And in the heavens above;
His works aloud proclaim Him
A God of truth and love.

JOHN MOON.

"All Thy works shall praise Thee, O LORD; and Thy saints shall bless Thee."—Ps. cxlv. 10.

MY WIFE.

WRITTEN BY AN INVALID.

I HEARD her; oh, how cautiously,
Open my bedroom door;
I heard her step so noiselessly
To my couch across the floor;
I felt her hand my temples press,
Her lips just touching mine;
And, in my anguish and distress,
"I were sinful to repine.
Our pilgrimage is nearly through—
We've passed life's mountain brow,
I thought I lov'd her years ago—
I know I love her now.

Her face was hovering over mine,
Her warm tears on my cheek;
Her whisper'd prayer of thought divine,
Bore fervently but meek.
Her bosom rested on my arm,
I felt its tremulous throb;
I knew the cause of its alarm,
And felt its source of woe.
And then the blood my system through
Came pressing on my brow—
I thought I lov'd her years ago—
I know I love her now.

Thus watch'd that tried and patient one,
By night as well as day;
In sadness and almost alone,
Till weeks had passed away.
Beett of sleep—enjoyed of rest—
Oppress'd—borne down by care,
Till, oh, her labours have been blest,
For God has heard her prayer.
Her cheek resumes its wonted glow,
And placed is her brow;
I thought I lov'd her years ago—
I know I love her now. ANON.

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DRINKING FOUNTAIN, WATER TROUGH, AND WASH-HAND BASINS, ERECTED IN ABERDEEN, BY MR. FIDLER.

THE ONE CHERISHED SIN.

OFTEN from my window on the sea-shore, I have observed a little boat at anchor. Day after day, month after month, it is seen at the same spot. The tides ebb and flow, yet it scarcely moves. While many a gallant vessel spreads its sails, and catching the favouring breeze, has reached the haven, this little bark moves not from its accustomed spot. True it is, that when the tide rises, it rises; and when it ebbs again, it sinks; but advances not. Why? this? Approach nearer, and you will see. It is fastened to the earth by a rope. A cord, scarcely visible, anchains it, and will not let it go. Now, stationary Christians, see here your state—the state of thousands. Sabbaths come and go, but leave them as before. Ordinances come and go; means, privileges, sermons, move them not—yes, they move them; a slight elevation by a Sabbath tide, and again they sink; but no onward, heavenward movement. They are as remote as ever from the haven of rest—this Sabbath as the last, this year as the past. Some one sin enslaves, enchains the soul, and will not let it go. Some secret indulgence drags down the soul, and keeps it fast to earth. Oh, snap it asunder; make one desperate effort, in the strength of God. Take the Bible as your chart, and Christ as your pilot, to steer you safely amid the dangerous rocks, and pray for the Spirit of grace to fill out every sail, and waft you onward over the ocean of life to the haven of everlasting rest. ANON.

THE KINGSLEY VOLUNTEERS.

ONE of the best signs of the times is seen when workmen put their own shoulders to the wheel for their own improvement. A most cheering instance of this is presented to our readers in the hasty scene depicted below. At the village of Kingsley, in Staffordshire, when all had been arranged for the building of the Temperance Hall, it was found that about six hundred tons of earth and stone had to be removed ere the foundation could be laid. Speedily, about thirty men, all Abstainers, volunteered for this part of the work; and after their daily tasks of ordinary labour were over, they set-to in the evening, and are long cleared all away, and made ready for the builders. Their efforts proved a mighty lecture on the progress of temperance to the public around. Large numbers gathered near to look at them, while their labour of love was the subject of conversation in the whole neighbourhood. The truly handsome erection, now free from debt, and furnishing ample and excellent accommodation for the highest purposes of social improvement, has few things associated with it more gratifying to the hearts of its promoters, than the recollection of the noble exertions of the volunteers. Night not their example be followed by thousands of British workmen, so that by similar labour many things for their elevation and true advancement might be provided? We little know what is possible to us till we try.

THE KINGSLEY VOLUNTEERS.

PRACTICAL BENEVOLENCE;

OR, "WATER FOR MAN AND BEAST."

MR. ALEXANDER FIDLER, of Aberdeen, has set a noble example by erecting, on the Quay, a drinking fountain, with not only a trough for horses and dogs, but also wash-hand basins for the carters. The water is constantly flowing through the wash-hand basins, so that they are *self-cleansing*. So highly is this monument of "practical benevolence" valued by the Aberdeen carters, that they have purchased a valuable gold

[A common scene around London.]

watch, and begged Mr. Fidler to accept it as a token of the *gratitude* they feel for the blessings he has conferred upon "man and beast."

Is there a Mr. Fidler in London? A few similar practical philanthropists are much wanted. It is most pitiable to see the poor cattle who are driven to the Metropolitan market panting for water, and panting in vain. Even the pumps for supplying the water-carts are "locked!" Our friend, Mr. Buttress, of the Seven Sisters' Road, states, that it is most distressing to see drover after drover go up to the pump opposite his house and find the handle fastened by chain and padlock.

Whilst rejoicing at the progress of the drinking fountain movement, we feel anxious that the poor cattle and dogs, should not be forgotten.

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

THE following letter which we have recently received from a London Working-man, speaks for itself:—

DEAR SIR,—Knowing that you are a true friend of the working-man, by having experienced it myself through the medium of your valuable paper the "British Workman," I take the liberty of tendering a suggestion relative to the erection of Drinking Fountains in the Metropolis I would suggest, that each subscriber to the "British Workman" who is in a position to do so, forward to you in postage-stamps, or otherwise, sums varying from one penny to one shilling, for the purpose of erecting a Drinking Fountain in some conspicuous position as a token of our gratitude for the efforts of those who have sought to improve the condition of the working classes—to be called "THE BRITISH WORKMAN'S FOUNTAIN." Feeling assured the suggestion will be warmly responded to, and promising to do what lies in my power to forward the scheme, I remain, yours very respectfully,

J. T. BATES.

No. Paradise Street, Lambeth.

We shall be glad to see a first-rate fountain erected by working-men.—ED. E. W.

GOING ABOUT DOING GOOD.

We are much pleased to find that several ladies adopt the excellent plan of distributing tracts, and copies of the "British Workman," or the "Band of Hope Review" in their daily drives. Much good will, we believe, result from this practice. We know one of our young readers who rarely goes out without a good supply of literary seed, which she scatters broadcast amongst the workman who are met on the road. Many a grateful "Thank you, Miss," has she received. We trust that not only will she be encouraged to persevere in her good cause but that many will follow her good example. There are but few men to be found who will refuse a tract or paper when offered by a lady. Some years ago, a tract was given by a lady to a working-man in Surrey. It was gratefully received, and was not without its good effects. Not long ago he informed us that he had GOT ONE HUNDRED POUNDS in the Bank, and what is better still, we believe that he is laying up treasure in Heaven, where neither moth corrupteth, nor thieves can break through and steal."

We know another case of a celebrated prize-fighter, a notorious character, to whom a religious hand-bill was given. He sat down on the road-side, and read it through. By God's mercy he was arrested in his evil course by the little paper messenger, and is now a preacher of the blessed Gospel which he once despised.

A GOOD SIGN.

PASSING down Cross Street, Hoxton, a few evenings ago, I was gratified to see a happy-looking coalheaver purchasing a couple of plants, which he pleasantly stated he wanted "to take home to his good woman." That's *a good sign*, my friend, thought I, not only for yourself, but of your *wife* and your *home*. Your clothes well blackened with coal-dust, but you have a kind, thoughtful heart underneath them. Oh, that all working men's wives had husbands like this honest-hearted coalheaver, who instead of "reeling" home, sticking in drink and smoke, bring home on the pay-nights, a flower or plant to beautify and give fragrance to their homes. I have always hope of a working-man who is fond of flowers! J. S.

A LIBERAL OFFER

THE principal of the Dublin Tract Repository has very kindly authorized us to state, that he will forward, *post free*, to any of our subscribers, a TWO SHILLING PACKET of little books and tracts, on receipt of twelve postage stamps. Having heard clergymen and ministers of various denominations give the "Dublin Tracts" their unqualified approval, for their sterling and unsectarian character, and knowing that the object of the liberal-hearted friend who has made the above offer is to spread the blessings of the Gospel, we have pleasure in giving it publicity. To prevent mistakes, those who apply for packets, should write their name and address *very plainly*, and send twelve postage stamps to "The Secretary, Tract Repository, 10, D'Olier Street, Dublin.

N.B.—The above offer is limited to the present month (August).

CHEAP LIBRARIES.

THOSE who desire to establish Libraries for the Working Classes, will do well to correspond with Mr. Turner, Secretary of the Pure Literature Society, 11, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, London. Through the liberality of a wealthy member of the Committee, this Society is supplying valuable libraries for the Working Classes, *at half the cost price.*

SCHOOL CANVASSING COMMITTEES.

A CLERGYMAN in Cheshire who has recently organized an effective Committee for canvassing for subscribers, amongst the boys in the National School, writes:—

"A few months ago, we selected from the boys in our National School, those who were most likely to take an interest in the circulation of the "Band of Hope Review" in their neighbourhood.

"The boys thus selected, were formed into a Committee, and small districts were so arranged, that each boy should have a certain number of houses to call at, and canvass for subscribers. The plan worked admirably, and some inquiries were made for the "British Workman" in addition to the "Band of Hope Review, and many became monthly subscribers to both papers. In a short time, this mode of canvassing became so popular, that the original small district for each Committee-boy was enlarged, and thus the individual labour has greatly increased. We have, therefore, increased the number on the Committee, and by these means have canvassed many additional streets.

"Calls have also been made at most of the houses of the gentry of the neighbourhood, with the *greatest success*, and many areas passed with the work in which the Committee-boys are engaged, that they not only subscribe for the papers themselves, but also make known to their friends and neighbours the plan adopted for furnishing the streets of such useful publications. A large parcel of the "Band of Hope Review" and "British Workman" is taken into the schools the first week in each month, and many of the scholars are prepared with their pence to become subscribers for themselves. The number of copies thus sold is very large.

"We shall feel obliged if you will kindly send us a packet of 'canvassing bills'—they will prove most useful for inviting attention to the 'British Workman.'

"Yours very sincerely,

"*Tranmere.* H. H. BROWN."

We shall be glad to send packets of the "canvassing bills" to any clergyman, minister, or schoolmaster who may be willing to follow the example of our esteemed correspondent at Tranmere. Communications to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Barnsbury Square, London.

☞ We shall be glad to forward a supply of the "Twenty-eight Suggestions for increasing the Circulation of the "British Workman," to those who will kindly enclose them in their letters.

☞ In our last we incorrectly stated that Mrs. W. P. Leathem had offered to erect a fountain at Wakefield. It should have been Mrs. Leathem of Heath Hall.

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BRITISH WORKMAN

JOHN DOWNING'S SUPPER.

HN STEPPING FORTH;

OR,

A WORKING MAN'S STRUGGLES.

THE SUPPER.

'he time now arrived when John had pro-
ed to invite his fellow-workmen to sup-
, that they might decide which was better,
is former, or his present life. He was aware that it would occasion him an inconvenient expense, but that consideration was more than out-balanced by the probable good that might ensue.

His shop-associates had for some time changed their conduct towards him. His altered character; his fray with Jones, the landlord of the 'Queen's Head,' which by some means had become known; his uniform kindness to each one, and the reports which had reached them of his domestic happiness, had evidently impressed their minds. He therefore felt solicitous that the promised entertainment should be the means of producing a still stronger conviction on their minds. He communicated his views to his true friend, Mr. Brown, who, as usual, guided him by his suggestions.

His shopmates were all eagerly expecting his invitation; and when, on the Saturday night, he expressed his wish to see them on the following Wednesday evening, to sup with himself and Jane according to agreement, they all, with many expressions of good-will, agreed to do so. Jane was obliged to be indebted to Mrs. Brown's kindness for sundry articles for the equipment of her table, as well as for directions relative to the entertainment itself. It was, however, delightful to see how nicely everything was prepared against the time.

For the promotion of his design, John had invited two of his new friends, who had been recovered from habits of drunkenness and dissipation, and whose reformation and conversion greatly resembled his own, to

JOHN DOWNING'S RENOVATED HOME.

The October number will contain an interesting narrative of "How a Farmer's Boy became Lord Mayor of London!" Will our readers kindly promote the circulation of it among farm servants?

be of the party. Mr. Brown (the pious villager by whom John, and his wife had instrumentally been rescued from their previous life of wretchedness) had promised to join them after supper. John's shopmate had agreed to go in company. On their arrival, they were admitted into the parlour by Jane; who gave to each a cheerful and hearty welcome. We fancy she had bestowed peculiar care in dressing for the occasion; never before, perhaps, had she looked so interesting: yet, she had used no adornings; she had evidently adopted a style of dress the reverse of that in which she once indulged; simplicity and neatness were its characteristics, and not much lovely did she appear than when decorated with all the finery of her early days. John's guests looked round, and then at each other, in silent astonishment. They had known the dwelling in former days, and some of them had known Jane also, and, as they glanced from one to the other, they seemed as if they doubted the testimony of their own eyes, so complete was the transformation. Availing themselves of a brief interval when they were left to themselves, they gave utterance to the thoughts which had been excited.

Will, who was considered the most dissipated fellow in the shop, and who had commenced the attack upon John already narrated, was the first to speak. "Well, a girl" he exclaimed, in a subdued voice. "I was telling yesterday I should be modelled, as we say in Yorkshire, by Jane; I should see: but I didn't expect anything like this."

"Ah!" said Dick, "did you ever see such an altered woman as Jane? I could scarcely believe my own eyes. She was always pretty; but she was another sort, such a silly vixen besides. What a cat-and-dog's life she and her husband led together! but, bless me, she's quite a good girl. I wish my wife was half as natty and sprightly. Then, how cheerful and happy she looks!"

"Here's a table laid out," said a third; "as if we were all first-class gentlemen. We must stand our p's and q's to-night."

"I see," said Will, thoughtfully, "we're all in for it to-night: we shall all have to come to the confessional, and acknowledge that we are fools, and that John is the only wise man."

The entrance of John, introducing his other two guests, put an end to this aside conversation. Jane had managed her arrangements so well, that supper was placed on the table without any hurry or bustle; her two eldest children assisting her in waiting. John and his wife seemed to busy themselves very successfully in trying to interest the other members of the party,—in which they were greatly aided by John's pleasing attentions to each; and such is the influence which consistent piety usually exerts, that, although the characters of these men was generally rough and boisterous, they now conducted themselves with decency and decorum, and appeared, notwithstanding, to enjoy themselves exceedingly. certainly, they did justice to Jane's excellent provision. When supper was over, and they had chatted a little, John, mindful of his purpose, and anxious to carry it into effect, thus addressed his guests:—

"I am happy in having an opportunity of entertaining you this evening. It is what I would not have done six months ago: things were different then. Those of you who have been here in former days, have marked the change which has taken place."

"We have, indeed!" cried three or four voices at once.

"If you have no objection," said John, "I shall feel a pleasure in stating to you how this change has been brought about."

"Of, no!" replied Will, "nobody will shall be glad to hear all about it." So said they all.

John then related, in brief terms, the leading circumstances of his own conversion and Jane's; their former unhappy life, and present enjoyment; how, with one exception, he had paid off all his debts, and should be enabled, ere long, to say, "I owe no man anything but love." He concluded, by stating his wish so much simplicity and depth of feeling, and was so fully corroborated by what they saw, that the whole of the party present were evidently affected; and from the eyes of Will tears were gushing out, in spite of his efforts to repress them; but when, in concluding his address, John said,—

"We've all been hard workers, but, unfortunately, we have worked for the public, more than for ourselves and our families. Half of my earnings, at least, were spent in ale and spirits; but I found no real enjoyment. I began to drink, first, to drown mortification and disappointment; at length it became a habit, and drove me to the public, in moments of sobriety and vexation, I often groaned and writhed under my bondage but I couldn't shake off the fetters. I found my strength weakened by intemperance, and yet felt as if liquor was necessary to enable me to work. Besides, I despaired of any improvement at home; and as the state of things there first drove me to the public-house, so despair of any amendment made me desperate, and I gave myself up to what I thought the wretchedness of my lot. Never did poor slave, freed from bondage, feel greater joy than I do in my deliverance from my former drinking-habits.

"It is more than six months since I tossed intoxicating liquors. During that time I have worked as hard, if not harder, than any man in the shop; yet, in far from feeling my strength exhausted, I am, in all respects the better,—better in body, mind, and pocket. My work is better, my health is improved, my family have the full benefit of my earnings; and, if you look around, you will see that I am happier. The victory, however, which Jane and myself have obtained over our former bad habits, was one entirely to religion. We were broken our chains; this is the source of our present happiness; and this forms the foundation of our hopes of still better days. And then, there is another world, and now we have the blessed hope that heaven will be our portion as the result. As an old friend of mine, who has been mixed up with most of your scenes of folly and dissipation, I can appeal to you how little real enjoyment stems from our former drinking and uproarious practices; how much our families suffer from the profligacy, expenditure and revelry, and how much home comfort we sacrifice for the sake of foolish and degrading vices. I now submit the question to your sober and candid judgment, for decision: Which is best, my former or my present life? Am I right or wrong in the course I am now pursuing?"

"Thou'rt right! thou'rt right!" answered Will, with strong emotion. "I wish I could do as thou hast done. I've often felt that I was living a fool's life; but I couldn't bear to think of it; and I drank more, and became the more reckless, that I might drive away all thought."

Do not listened with astonishment; for Will was considered the most hardened fellow in the shop; and his acknowledgment gave courage to some to express their feelings, who would otherwise have been deterred by a dread of his raillery or reproaches.

"I've been thinking," said Richard, "that the best thing we could do, would be to eat with Jane in John here did, and try and reform after his example."

"I should have done so before now," said a third, "if my wife would have joined me, as Jane united with her husband. She drove me to the public-house by her bad temper and bad management. She's paid dearly for it; but, instead of trying to draw me back to my former evil habits, she gets worse and worse. As things are, it's no use to think of altering my ways."

Here Jane ventured to speak. "Perhaps," said she, "you have not reasoned kindly and calmly with her on the subject. If the truth were known, I am inclined to think, from my own experience, she would be found as wishful for a better state of things as you are. John had the same hopeless view of myself that you have of your wife; and yet at the very time I felt so wishful for a change as he did, if you are really willing to reform, I will, if you please, visit your wife. I may be of some use to her, as dear Mrs. Brown was to me."

"I shall be so glad if you will," was the reply.

"I wish you would visit my wife too," said a fourth. "I am sure it would be doing a great kindness to us both."

"Most willingly," answered Jane, "if you will promise to go to church,—that you give up the 'Queen's Head.'"

"A challenge! a challenge!" cried three or four voices at once.

"Well, I'll accept it," said the previous speaker: "if my wife will but try to imitate you, I'll engage never to darken the 'Queen's Head' again, nor any house of the kind."

John's two friends now related their experience, and were listened to with the best attention. Much of what they had heard found a confirmation in their own experience, it was obvious; and they were strongly impressed. Mr. Brown, who had joined the party after supper, observing the altered demeanour of John's friends, was now resolved, if possible, to strengthen the impression that had been made.

"I understand, friends," said he, "that this supper-party was agreed upon six months ago, that you might determine what I regarded as a most important question, and one, too, in which you are all personally interested. I consider you have a fair opportunity of determining the question on the case, and of giving an honest verdict. Our friend Downing has long been known to you. He was then before he was religious, and you have had full opportunity of knowing him since. Some of you have also known his wife formerly, as well as now. Will you then be kind enough to give me candid answers to a few questions? First, then, since John reformed, has he been less attentive to his work?"

"No, no!" said several. "he's been the hardest working man in the shop."

"Then it seems religion makes a man more industrious. Have you liked him the less as an associate in the shop?"

"No," replied Will: "he's been always ready to do a good turn to any of us." To this the rest assented.

"Has he appeared less happy or cheerful?"

"I wish we'd all been as happy as he seemed to be," was the reply.

"Does he look the worse for his abstinence and hard work?"

A general smile followed this inquiry; while one or two said, "they'd never seen him look so jolly and hearty before."

"Now, then, we'll turn to his circumstances. Look at his house: it is not what it will be in a few months; but take it as it is, is it improved, think you?"

"Eh!" cried Richard, "we could scarcely believe our eyes when we came in: is it like a palace, to what it used to be?"

"You'll all admit that it's good to be free from debt, and to be out of the grips of such men as Jones. Now, as near as may be, John is a free man."

"Brave, brave!" exclaimed many voices.

"Then look at Jane." Seeing her blush, Mr. Brown said to her, "You must excuse me for thus referring to you so pointedly. Mrs. Downing, but just now it is necessary. I ask you all, is she not now a wife to whom any man might well be proud? Mark, I say now. You have proof of her improvement in all you see: and John has had it in the good cheer which, in so worthy a manner, she has placed before you to-night. What have, so we have," was the unanimous reply.

"Then my last question is this: Which is the better,—what John was, or what he now is?"

"We're done, we're done!" said Will. "I know it would be so before we came. John has the advantage of us all; and I wish heartily we were all as he is!"

"And such," said Mr. Brown, "you may all become; but in too many cases we take the right, and yet the wrong pursuit. Let, then, us allow our passions to gain the ascendency over our judgment. Your judgment and conscience now give you the verdict; but, if you will be come under the influence of vicious associates and intoxicating drinks, the former would soon be overpowered by the force of passion, and you would fall again into all your former errors, regardless of consequences, however serious. Your only method of escape is to break away at once from the scenes of temptation and the public-house, and the drunkard's cup. To effect this, you will find a need to call in a higher power than your own—the power of Divine grace. Can we then do better than now to call upon God for this purpose? Brethren, we will not cease to use fervent prayer, and joining in prayer, before we separate." To this they all seemed readily to assent.

Long, long since some of John's guests had bowed the knee in devotion, they they would have found it difficult to recall the time to mind; and now it was done under the influence of impressions which they had never felt before, and which deepened in effect as they listened to the earnest supplications offered to God in their behalf by Mr. Brown, and then by John's two friends. But when, in the warmth and fulness of her heart, Jane joined in the exercise, and with words full of tenderness and pathos, such as one proceeded only from woman's lips, pleaded with the Almighty in behalf of her guests, their wives, and children,—that, perhaps, most effectually to that God had done for herself, and husband, and family,—eyes that had seldom known a tear were profusely moistened, and those were heard from several of the guests.

When the party broke up, John had reason to believe that his honoured design would be fully realized, at least in some of his associates; for, on parting, after expressing their acknowledgments of his hospitality, they feelingly added, "We hope time will be the commencement of a new life with us." And, if it was, for, in the course of a few weeks, Will and two others were anxiously seeking peace with God; and eventually they became devoted members of the church of Christ."

☞ *Illustrated Hand-bills. By the Editor of the "British Workman." These Hand-bills printed on paper made from flowers are suitable for general distribution. They embrace Religion, Sabbath Observance, the Sacred Scriptures, Temperance, Peace, Kindness to Animals, Truthfulness, Swearing, War, &c. Nos 1 to 50 may be had, Sold in Sixpenny Packets. Each packet contains fifty hand-bills. An assorted packet may be had through any bookseller, or, post free, by remitting six stamps to Mr. S. W. Partridge, 34, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

THE NOBLE EARL AND THE HONEST FARMER.

A FARMER once called on Earl Fitzwilliam to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where the lordship's hounds had during the winter frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed that in some parts he could not hope for any produce.

"Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware that we have done considerable injury; but if you can produce an estimate of the loss you have sustained, I will repay you."

The farmer replied that anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought as the crop seemed quite destroyed, £50 would not more than repay him. The earl immediately gave him the money.

As the harvest however approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field which were most trampled the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and being ushered in, said,

"I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood." The nobleman immediately recollected the circumstance. "Well, my friend, did not I allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?"

"Yes, my lord, I find that I have sustained no loss at all, for where the horses trampled it down, the land is in the most promising, and I have, therefore, brought the £50 back again."

"Ah," exclaimed the venerable earl, "this is what I like; this is as it should be between man and man." He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family—how many children he had, &c. His lordship then went into another room and returning, presented the farmer with a cheque for £100, saying, "Take care of this and when your eldest son of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it."

We know not which to admire the more, the benevolence or the wisdom displayed by this illustrious man; for, while doing a noble act of generosity, he was banishing down a lesson of integrity to another generation.

STREET REFORM!

TO WORKING-LADS AND WORKING-MEN.

☞ *Originally addressed, about twenty years ago, in the Cottage and Artisan, by Lancashire, but thought worthy of being reprinted in the year 1859, so as to be read and acted upon by others.*

1. Wash yourselves, and always appear in the streets as *clean, decent, and tidy* as the nature of your employment will permit. The title of "unwashed" is rather a *disgrace* than an *honour* to any class of workmen. Health, comfort, and respectability, are all promoted by *cleanliness*.

2. Let your street conversation be free from any obscenity—from rudeness and violence. Never swear; and let no oath, or any language approaching thereto, mix with your common discourse.

3. Pay all possible attention in giving every person you meet a free passage. For this purpose, it is a good rule in walking to keep to your *right hand*. Do not stand in groups in the *middle* of the foot-road, but always leave a clear way for passengers.

4. Be careful not to injure, by your conduct, either by words or otherwise. Let females feel confident that they can go along the street without molestation.

5. Beware of throwing orange peels, pieces of apples, or anything on the pavement, lest some one upon which, persons are liable to sustain injury.

6. Do refrain from the unhealthy, expensive, and disgusting practice of smoking in the public streets. If the *dandy*, like the dog at his bone, will seize his *cigar* with his teeth, and minister him of all those short, wistecut-pocket pipes away.—To do this will require some self-denial, but it will be a great saving both to your health and your pocket.

7. Do not be seen at the public-house; or *loitering* and *staggering* in the street, through your drinking habits. If you wish to avoid the drunkard's drink, you may soon exchange your rags for good clothing; and instead of being seen in the streets on Sundays, with your dirty working clothes on, you may get a good Sunday suit, and attend your place of worship.

This is the advice of one, who wishes every working-lad and working man to conduct himself decently, and be respectable.

A WORKING-MAN.

It is said of Linnæus, the great Swedish botanist, that when first seeking a splendid European plant, he fell on his knees and thanked God for thus beautifying the earth. How much beauty do we see around us every day, and yet how seldom are our hearts lifted in gratitude to Him who has created it all for our enjoyment.

THE HEROES OF INDUSTRY.

LET others write of those who fought
On many a bloody field—
Of those, whose daring deeds were wrought
With sword, and spear, and shield;
But I will write of heroes brave,
The bravest of the brave,
Who fought for neither fame nor gold—
Who fill an unmarked grave!

HEROES who conquered many a field
Of hard and sterile soil—
Who made the sturdy forest yield
To unremitting toil.
Heroes who dig the hard, silly stand,
Just dealt such fearful blows
That acres broad, of worthless land,
Now blossom like the rose

The HEROES of the plow and loom,
The anvil and the forge;
The delvers down amid the gloom
Of peaty moss, or bog.
HEROES who built yon lofty tower,
And forged its heavy bell,
Which faithfully, for ten times the hour,
And marks its flight so well.

HEROES who brought from every clime
Rich spoils to our land,
Heroes of thoughts and deeds sublime,
Who spurned what came by stealth,
Who in a purer path, and high path,
And left no bloody stain—
No hearth profaned—no deadly blight—
Upon God's wide domain.

There world-wide common-workers crave
No laurel-wreath of fame—
No monument of marble, or brass
They toil but for A NAME;
Among the lowly ones who plod
Their weary way, unknown,
With faith and confidence, that God
Correcteth every wrong!

G. P. R.

"JUST AS I AM."

A FEW weeks ago, a poor little boy came to my door with something in his hand, dirty and worn-out bit of printed paper, said, "Please sir, father sent me to get a Gospel for him that." Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it, and found that it was a page containing that precious hymn of spirit-stirring Gospel, of which the first stanza is as follows:—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
Save that Thy blood was shed for me
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God—I come."

The missionary looked down with interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it, and if he could read or clean.

"We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket, after she died, and she used to sing it, when she was sick, and she loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one, and put it in a frame to hang up, and he told you please to give us a clean one, sir?"

This little page, with a single hymn on it, had been found in the pocket of a fallen leaf, by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good. In some little Sabbath-school probably, this poor girl had thoughtlessly received it, afterwards to find in it, we may hope, the Gospel of her salvation.

The incident was so impressive that it was related in a Sabbath-school, subsequently, and reproduced in a form which was freely given to all who would promote to learn it. Groups of children from such schools have since been repeating or singing it. Would God that all what these simple lines have done, or are destined to do for the salvation of the lost.

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Just as I am, though tost'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and fors without—
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yes, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Will welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down—
Now to be Thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.—*See* Eleventh chapter of Ecclesiastes and Sixth verse.

BOOK-HAWKING.

AMONGST the many advantages which have been secured for the children of the industrial classes, within the last twenty years, perhaps none have produced more important results than the good books and periodicals which have been issued from the press. How many a kind mother, on purchasing a book for her little ones, may be heard to say, "Oh, that there had been such good books when *I was a child!* you have many advantages, my dear children, which *your mother never possessed!*"

In the rural districts of many counties, however, where booksellers' shops are "few and far between," much remains to be done, and we therefore rejoice at the success of the "Church of England Book-Hawking Union, which is promoting the organisation of Book-Hawking Associations throughout the country.

Sixty-six provincial Associations have been already formed, and it is a pleasing fact that upwards of £400 worth of books and periodicals were sold by one of these Societies during the past year. Book-Hawkers are wanted for Berks, Kent, Radnorshire, Staffordshire, and Yorkshire. Also, a Hawker wanted for *two days per week* at Woolwich. Those who may know of any time of Men *suitable* for the work of Book-Hawking, are requested to communicate with one of the Secretaries, the Rev. P. Lilly, Kegworth, Derby; Rev. N. J. Ridley, Hollington House, Newbury; or with Messrs. Asbott & Sons, at the Central Depôt of the Union, 8, Paternoster Row, London. Men of good character, anxious for such employment, could have facilities for learning its nature, or being trained to the work under some of the older and experienced Hawkers. The Rev. P. Lilly would be glad to have information as to the best Packs for Hawkers, and their prices, either in London or in the country, and any other information required by friends who desire to organize a Book-Hawking Society.

"GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY."

HOSPITALITY is still an eminent virtue among the Russians. In proportion as civilization increases indeed, taverns and hotels become more general, and the entertainment of strangers in private families less common, but in the interior, the stranger is welcomed at almost every hut, and kindly offered a part of the frugal fare possessed by his inmates. Brown bread, eggs, milk, salted cucumbers, radishes, &c., &c., are readily produced by the muzik and his wife, in their humble cabin; and it is seldom that they will consent to accept any compensation. In fact, they have a bye-word which strictly forbids this; for they say, "to take payment for the bread and salt which a passing stranger consumes in thy dwelling is a great sin."—*Robert Pinkerton, D.D.*

THE WORKING-MAN'S CHILD.

No. IV.

A VERY charming writer has said:—

"In the brown hall of pride,
By the poor man's fired fireside;
Mid the mighty, mid too much,
Little children may be seen,
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless everywhere.

Certainly these dear little claimants on our affections generally gather in goodly numbers in the working-man's home. They increase both the toil and the joy of the dwelling, they add to the cares and the comforts of the home.

It is when his children begin to cluster in his abode, that the working-man finds the benefit of having attended to the laws of health in the choice of his lodgings or his house, and if he has denied himself any luxury in order to promote the comfort of his home and his little ones, his heart swells with true delight as he sees them benefited by the fruits of his labour and frugality. He knows, that if he and his wife and children had to crowd into one close room, there would be frequent bodily sickness—or else the children must be let to run the streets, where the mind and soul are made sickly with evil words and deeds, leading often to utter ruin. But in an airy home and managed by a good mother, the children are properly trained, and have exercise under her eye; for why should not the working-man's child be as well washed, as cleanly (of course) clothed, as duly exercised in the fresh air, as regularly fed—as carefully taught to behave at table, to speak properly, to repeat its little hymns and passages of Scripture as any nobleman's child in the land? The higher you go into society, often the plainer is the food, and unless on special occasions, the dress of the children. Sensible people know that children want many comforts, but no dainties; and just as many of the rich by their economy could teach the poor how to live—the plainness, and order of many a nursery would shame the wasteful both in eating and clothing, in some poor dwellings. A good mother knows that a child learns a great deal before it goes to school. In the first five years of life, the brain is so active that it is not necessary, unless a child takes to books of itself, to trouble it about learning to read, for in those five years it has learned to speak a language. It has learned the use of all that surrounds it, and if properly trained, it has learned to obey its parents, to speak the truth, and to try to govern its temper, that is, it knows right and wrong in these matters.

But as the working-man's child must soon begin to work for its living, it is necessary, that it should go to school early. The Infant School has proved a great benefit to mothers in humble life. And as a rule, the system of teaching is so good, that the working-man's child has some advantages over the children of the class just above them who are often put to small schools, where the schoolroom is close, and the instruction is not nearly so good. The home should always be the ally of the school. The children are often punished more for their parents' faults, than their own. The mother as an act both of kindness and justice, should attend to three things—to send the children to school clean, in good time, and regularly. In winter-time and in wet weather, the children, where it is permitted, should have their dinner at school. It preserves them from cold, and they get recreation in a large room or playground. The parents should take an interest in their children's lessons, and ask them questions about what they learn, and this would be so pleasant to the children and keep up such an interest that it would prove the very best stimulant to diligence; and it would prevent complaints and idle tales which should not be encouraged, and unless in special cases, should not be listened to. A child's teacher should be thought of as the parent's friend, and not a word should ever be said before a child to weaken the teacher's authority. If any cause of complaint really exists, make it respectfully yourself, *without the children's knowledge*; and if you continue dissatisfied, remove your children; but do not think of undermining the teacher's influence, by grumbling, and still continuing your child at the school, for no good can come of such a practice. Nice, clean, punctual scholars, even if they are neither quick nor clever, have great advantages and are sure to have a certain attention from the teacher; while poor children seem dirty, and late, and irregularly, however bright they may be, have to suffer, both among their schoolfellows and from their teachers, for their cruel parents' shameful neglect. The miserable creatures who kill their infant children, do not perpetrate a greater sin than the neglectful women who do their best to make their children's lives miserable and to kill their souls. Neither deserve the name of mothers—they are monsters rather.

The working-man should keep his child as long at school as ever he can. What a child learns from books before he or she is ten years old is soon forgotten—it is the later years of schooling that are the most valuable, and after ten years of age a child should be made—with as much kindness as possible—but certainly *made* to work diligently at his books. The working-man's child has to learn to read well, to write correctly, and to cast accounts in the first four rules of arithmetic—now, however hard he or she works at this, how little it is compared to what children have to learn in the upper classes. There are families, the very highest in the realm, where the children from six or seven years old have lessons to three or four languages, to say nothing of music, drawing, and applied science. The children of the rich and noble, as a rule, work twice as hard as the working-man's child.

But while it is the duty of the working-man to give his children all the schooling he can, it is his wife's duty to make them useful at home. In the intervals of school duties they get exercise and play, and they have walking exercise in going to and fro; they should help with the housework when at home, and be taught always to be occupied, whether boys or girls. The happiest children are those who are actively and usefully employed. To make something, or to be trusted in some duty, or to have some care over another child is gratifying to children, and good for them, it breaks them in gently for the harness of labour.

Above all, old parents, shew them by your example that you are travelling towards a Heavenly home along the steep and narrow way, and, by your loving truthful spirit try to win them to walk in the same path, that you may, as a household, have the purest joy here, and when the Great Day comes,

"Moore no wanderer lost,—
A family in Heaven."

HAYMAKING WITHOUT BEER.

A gentleman whose labours on behalf of the social and religious welfare of the labouring classes are known to thousands, writes:—

"During the late harvest, an experienced agriculturist in one of our western counties, resolved to get in his hay without beer or cider. The men, who were yearly servants, were unwilling; but at last consented, and they are now well pleased with the experiment. They were not only able to work through the usual hours pleasantly and well, but had strength for extra time for which they were liberally paid, and at the conclusion of the job, they were in a better state than they ever were before under similar circumstances. In a word, these were the results of the trial:—

1. The master got his work sooner done than under the old system; a most important matter in a changeable climate.

2. He saved money.

3. The men earned extra wages; they got a bonus of more than £10.

4. The men lost less flesh and condition than is usually the case in such work.

I give you the facts below.

Yours sincerely,
WM. CLAYTON CLAYTON

Lincoln's Inn.

FACTS.

Commencement of harvest, 19th June; ended 13th July. Extent of Meadow, 210 acres.

	£	s.	d.
Coffee used, 56lbs. at 1s. 4d.	3	14	8
Tea ,, 16lbs. ,, 3s. 8d.	2	18	8
Sugar ,, 90lbs ,, 6s. 3d	6	1	4
Wages for preparing Coffee and Tea	1	10	0
	£14	4	8
The above produced:—			
841 Gallons of Coffee, at 4½d.	9	11	7½
258 ,, Tea ,, 8d.	8	7	0
109 Gallons.	£18	19	4
Cost of Coffee and Tea	14	4	8
Wages paid to workpeople for extra time	10	2	0
Total Outlay	£24	11	8
Cost of Beer:—			
709 Gallons, at 1s.	£36	9	0

☞ *With Five Hundred Illustrations. A complete Edition of the "British Workman" for 1855, 1856, 1857 & 1858, bound in cloth, price 6s.; gilt edges, 7s. 6d. The Four Yearly Parts may also be had separately, in illustrated paper covers, price Eighteenpence each*

☞ *The Yearly Part of the "Band of Hope Review" for 1858 (with upwards of seventy engravings), price One Shilling.*

☞ *The complete Edition of the "Band of Hope Review" for the Eight Years, may also be had, bound in cloth, price 5s. gilt edges, 10s.* "*The best picture-book we know of.*"—*Mother's Friend.*

☞ *Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones," compiled by Uncle John. Parts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 & 8, are issued, price 6d. each, with numerous woodcuts Vol. I., bound in cloth, 5s., gilt edges, 7s. 6d.*

☞ *A Voice from the Vintage. By Mrs. Ellis, Authoress of "Women of England." 3e Third Edition. Price 1s. 6d. This valuable work by Mrs. Ellis, deserves a world-wide circulation. It should be read by every parent.*

CHEAP POSTAGE.

THE Publishers will forward packets of the *British Workman* to any part of the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, the Shetland and Orkney Isles, *post free*, on the undermentioned terms. To those parties who reside in the rural districts, far away from any bookseller, the cheap postage rates have conferred a great boon.

4 copies for 4d., or for one year, 4s.
12 ,, 6d., ,, 8s.
18 ,, 1s., ,, 12s.
26 ,, 1s. 6d., ,, 16s.
34 ,, 2s. 6d., ,, 24s.
50 ,, 4s. 3d., ,, 30s.

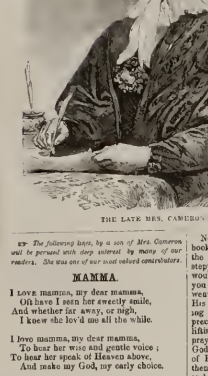
Must be Paid in Advance.

* Fewer than four copies cannot be sent at this rate.

☞ *A single copy sent to any British Colony for twelve months for ten shillings, paid in advance. We hope that those of our readers who have relatives abroad, will order copies to be sent them.*

All ORDERS *to be addressed to* MR. S. W. PARTRIDGE, 34, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

WIVES, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord. HUSBANDS, love your wives, and be not bitter against them. CHILDREN, obey your parents in all things; for this is well pleasing unto the Lord. FATHERS, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged. SERVANTS, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eyeservice, as men-pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God.—*See* Third Chap. of St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians 18-22. ver.



THE LATE MRS. CAMERON.

☞ *The following lines, by a son of Mrs. Cameron will be perused with deep interest by many of our readers. She was one of our most valued contributors.*

MAMMA.

I LOVE mamma, my dear mamma,
Oft have I seen her sweetly smile,
And whether far away, or nigh,
I know she lov'd me all the while.

I love mamma, my dear mamma,
To hear her wise and gentle voice;
To hear her speak of Heaven above,
And make my God, my early choice.

I love mamma, my dear mamma,
To hear her read that Holy Book,
Which tells me of my Saviour's love,
And always to the Spirit look.

I love mamma, my dear mamma;
When I do wrong how sad her eye,
She weeps, and prays to God for me,
But smiles, to know there's pardon nigh.

I love mamma, my dear mamma,
I see her smiling face grow thin,
Her hair look very white with age;
But oh, the peace she has within!

I love mamma, my dear mamma,—
They gently lay her in her grave;
And now, I think upon her words,—
"My Saviour loves, and lives, to save."

C. C.

From No. 9, of "Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones," compiled by UNCLE JOHN. *Price 1d.*

THE first bit of silver he could call his own, says the late J. S. Buckingham, Esq., in his very interesting "Personal Memoirs," was a sixpence, the proceeds of the sale of a bunch of bristles to a brush-maker. He kept it as a pocket-piece for years, and then parted with it to pay the postage of a letter to his mother! How much is revealed of the human heart in such a trifling anecdote. Let us thank Rowland Hill for the penny post!

Blind Boy and Bible.

A LITTLE blind boy, about twelve years of age, wished to learn to read the Bible with RAISED LETTERS, prepared for the use of the blind. In a very short space of time he learned to run his fingers along the page and read it with ease. The highest object of his walled now was to possess a complete copy of the Bible for the blind, which consists of several large volumes. His parents were unable to buy one, but his minister obtained a copy from a benevolent society. It was in several volumes. Not long after the little boy received the books, his pious mother saw him retire to the room where they were kept, and she stepped softly to the door to see what he would do. And why do you think the little boy went alone to his room? His mother saw him kneeling by the side of these precious volumes, and lifting up his hands in prayer to return thanks to God for this blessed gift of His Holy Word. He then rose from his knees, and taking up one of the volumes in his arms, hugged and kissed it, and then laid it on one side and proceeded to the next, and so on, till he had, in this simple, but pleasing manner, signified his love for each of those blessed volumes, which, through the medium of touch, had spread before his mind the wonders and the glories of God's love to man.

"The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."

"Thy testimonies are wonderful, therefore doth my soul keep them."

"The entrance of Thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple."

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

"O how love I Thy law! it is my meditation all the day."—*See* verses 129, 130, 105, & 97 of Hundred & Nineteenth Psalm.

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. and Mrs. Enfield are erecting a fountain in the Arboretum. STOKE.—Mr. C. M. Campbell has offered to present three fountains for the three principal entrances to the town. BIRMINGHAM.—An engraving of the magnificent fountain cast by the Coalbrookdale Company, and to be erected by the inhabitants of Ann Street, in commemoration of the Queen's visit, will appear in our pages in due course. Mrs. Ryland is very liberally erecting several fountains, with troughs for dogs, on her estates in Birmingham, thereby setting an excellent example to other landed proprietors. BOLTON.—The sites for eighteen fountains have been approved by the authorities, and also a design for fountain and cattle trough in Market Square. KILMARNOCK.—Six fountains are in progress for this town. INVERNESS.—Miss Campbell, of Kilravock Castle, has arranged for the erection of a fountain and cattle trough in the potatoe market. (We are glad to find that the ladies generally think of the poor cattle and dogs.) BELFAST.—A handsome fountain and cattle trough, in memory of Captain Calder—that great friend of the dumb creation—is in progress. CARDIFF.—Mr. Richard Cory, Sen., has erected a fountain at the corner of Bute Crescent. EDINBURGH.—The Lord Provost announces that the Water Company has liberally agreed to supply the fountains in the City, *free of expense*—an act that does honour to the Water Company of the beautiful modern Athens. LONDON.—A Working Men's Committee has been formed, of which Mr. G. Clatterbuck is the Secretary. Those who desire to promote the erection of Drinking Fountains in London, or the provinces, should correspond with E. T. Wakefield, Esq., Hon. Sec. of the "Drinking Fountains' Association," 11, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London. S.W.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

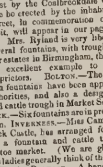
His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.



Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

LONGFELLOW.

LAYING OF PRAYERS.

A MAN who was hopefully converted when about forty years of age gave the following account of himself: "I lost both of my parents when I was very young. Of my mother I have only the faintest recollection, but suppose she was very pious. While I was still a little boy, perhaps six or seven years old, an aged minister, Mr. W., spoke pleasantly to me, and among other remarks, said, laying his hand gently on my head, 'Well E., my poor boy, your mother has laid up many prayers in heaven for you.' This remark struck me at the time, and I have thought of it often since. I was at first puzzled to know what it meant. There seemed something serious and solemn about it. And whenever I have recollected it which I have frequently done for thirty years, it has produced serious and solemn thoughts. And this recollection following me through life, has powerfully restrained me in times of temptation; and kept alive, in my mind, a sense of the importance of religion. And now, after so many years, I hope the prayers of my mother have been answered to the salvation of my soul."

Let parents lay up a great many prayers in heaven for their children. They will constitute the best legacies, safely deposited. And let them set about laying up this treasure betimes; for they know not how soon, or in what circumstances they may be taken from their children.

Parents! Let your children know that you pray for them. Let them feel that they are followed by your prayers. In the busy world, on the boisterous sea, in the distant land, wherever the lot of your children may be cast, let your prayers *follow them*. Verily there is a God in Heaven who heareth prayer.

Give me the man who can devise how to save troops of men from *taking*; his name shall have room in my calendar. There is more true honour in a civic garland for the preserving of *one subject* than in a laurel for the victory over many enemies.—*Bishop Hall.*

Wan lay our manners and manners as waste as our gardens and habitations; and we can as easily preserve the beauty of the one, as the integrity of the other, under the violent collection of drums and trumpets.

Lord Clarendon.

DISTRICT VISITORS, &c.

We are in receipt of several gratifying communications from parties engaged in this important department of Christian labour, who have successfully canvassed their districts for subscribers to the "British Workman." In one instance, thirty tract distributors formed themselves into a Committee, and within three weeks secured 300 subscribers. We shall be glad to supply any district visitors or tract distributors, who feel disposed to embrace those peculiar advantages they possess, for thus extending our circulation, with house-to-house canvassing bills, &c. Applications to be made to the Editor, 13, Hanbury Square, London.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MANY communications are rejected on account of their being too compromising. Many interesting facts which would have been inserted, had we known from whom they came, have been consigned to the waste-paper basket. We require names and addresses not for publication, but to ensure authenticity.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly lighten our labour, and prevent many mistakes, by writing their name and address very plainly, prefixing the title—Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, &c., and, where necessary, the county and nearest post town; giving their address in full length.

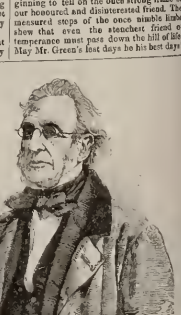
THE YEAR 1860.

THE "British Workman's Almanac" for next year is ready. We have a strong desire that a copy of the Almanac should be placed on the wallof every barber's shop, and similar place of public resort in the country. Will our readers kindly further this desire in their various localities? We believe that they will thereby be materially aiding to extend the circulation of the "British Workman."

FRIENDS OF WORKING-MEN. No. 1.

In the great day of accounts, it will, we believe, be found that many whose names during lifetime were not chronicled to the world, have been amongst the most laborious workers for the weal of their fellow-men. Amongst these may we not number that philanthropic friend of the working-classes, Mr. J. W. Green, of Hackney, who for so long and successfully laboured for the moral and religious elevation of our country?

How many broken hearts have been healed; how many wretched homes have been made happy; and how many rapid children have been clothed and educated, by God's blessing on the labours of Mr. Green, eternity alone can unfold. He has helped to make many rich, but has left himself poor. The rapid effects of age are now beginning to tell on the once strong frame of our honoured and disinterested friend. The measured steps of the once nimble limbs show that even the stanchest friend of temperance must pace down the hill of life. May Mr. Green's last days be his best days!



MR. J. W. GREEN.

VISITS TO PUMPS. No. I.

WILL the Governors of the Goldsmiths' Company allow us (on behalf of the thousands who daily pass by their noble Hall, to the General Post-Office), to respectfully solicit them to place on their good-looking pump, two galvanized ladles? At present it is a *puzzle* how even an ingenious lad can get a drop of nature's refreshing beverage, except by lying on his back and accepting the services of a friend as shown in our sketch!

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BRITISH WORKMAN

THE

FARMER'S BOY WHO BECAME LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Among the memorable sayings of the ancient heathen philosophers is this:—"A good man struggling with adversity, is a sight the gods may contemplate with advantage." How hard it seems that industry, economy, and painstaking, should sometimes all fail to obtain success, and yet it cannot be denied that though many fall in life through misconduct, some fail through misfortune. We are Divinely told, "that the race is not (always?) to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor favour to men of wisdom, nor riches to men of understanding, but time and chance (change?) happeneth to them all." There is a great mystery in this, far deeper than unaided human reason can fathom, but a great good comes out of this uncertainty. Our trust in God is deepened and strengthened by our knowing that all results, whether of joy or sorrow, are in His hands, and that we must work in

faith, and humbly wait His will. And our love and pity to our fellow-man increased by our knowing and seeing, in our experience and observation of life, "what it is to be a man that walks, to direct his steps."

John and Ann Kelly were a very prudent and industrious couple, who began their married life with good resolutions and fair prospects. John had been a shepherd, but he was a good judge of cattle, and added to his own wages, by buying stock for the neighbouring farmers. By dint of great economy, John managed to save two hundred pounds, and then married a young woman, who was rather superior to himself in station, being a farmer's daughter. It was agreed that Ann should not leave her father's house, but John was to be received into the family. After the birth of their first child, the young couple wished for a home of their own, and hoping to improve their condition took the little village inn, at Cheevening in Kent—a very dangerous step—and knowing little or nothing of the business, and being too conscientious to encourage drunkenness, they lost time and money in this attempt, and had to receive their wife's family, where they remained three or four years, earning a livelihood, but laying nothing by. Being desirous of making another effort to get a home of their own, they took a small farm at Chobham in Surrey. This proved a wretched speculation, the farm consisted of thirty acres of cold, wet, poor land, and a cheaper and better than the poorest labourer's hut. Here John laboured early and late, obtained forty more acres of land, hired some hands from them—but all his toil proved fruitless. He was what a model of industry, she toiled unceasingly at the dairy, and her poultry-yard, did the work of the house, and at night, her needle or spinning-wheel were never idle. The small profits she gained from these labours were expended in necessaries of provision and clothing for the young family. She was a good mother, and though her outward circumstances did not prosper, there was peace and love in her lovely home. Her husband on Thomas was a thoughtful, affectionate child, honoured how hard his parents worked, and before he could define our feelings, he was deeply impressed by his poor anxious mother's sorrow. Of course, little Tom had to take charge of his younger brothers and sisters, and do such small jobs about the house and farm as his strength was equal to. There was a great deal in the district—how different to the times in which we live!—but an old dame named Humphreys was induced by the Kelly family to come the teacher of the little ones. From her care, as soon as he could read a little, Thomas was removed to a boarding-school, who lived at a distance and whose notion of instruction was not teaching but beating. He said to think of past years, he felt for little, weary, stupified, beaten children of those days. Young Kelly was, however, such a gentle boy, that he did not suffer so much from the harshness of his master as others. Before he was quite twelve years old, and when he was half-starved, he was sent to prentice, by the purchased parents were obliged to take him from school, and he went to work on the farm, with his father, labouring beyond his strength on the stubborn soil, or among the cattle. Once his father took him to Weybridge to buy sheep and lambs for the farmers and gentry, they walked the whole way there and back, a distance of 120 miles. The poor lad was so wearied in this journey that he never forgot it, and yet then was the time when a ray of Divine light, enriched his mind, this was never in after years cast aside. His early toils and troubles, he said, were, and the example of his honest parents, made his heart long years after. He said "He then received his first impressions of duty to parents in full and heavy measure, long pressions which had never been offered; but had been, as he trusted, happily applied to the benefit of a heart, and to his own ultimate comfort."

It was a great privilege to this poor boy, that in his home, the Sabbath was always devoutly kept. Not only was Public Worship regularly attended, but all farm operations were suspended in a way very unusual in those rural districts. This family were poor in the world's goods, but "they were rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom."

Thomas never liked being a farmer's boy, he had not strength for it, and none promise had been made by his parents that he should get him employment in London. But after hoping and waiting for some time the promise was fulfilled, and he was sent off in one moonlight morning, with a letter from his father to a Mr. Hogg, the owner of a large brewery in the City, to be placed in the office of Mr. Alexander Hogg, bookseller, of Paternoster Row. He was then, when he applied for the situation, that he should go one day on trial, and when he left in the morning he felt his anxious master said to his bookkeeper, "Depend on it, you'll see no more of him, he's had enough of it already," a speech which indicated two things—ignorance of young Kelly's earnest, steadfast character, and knowledge of the work being hard and uninviting. The wages here were board and lodging, and ten pounds a year. The family consisted of the master, an elderly housekeeper,—Mrs. Best—managed the domestic concerns, and a senior assistant lived in the house. The young lad was only served in the shop during the day, but slept under the counter at night, and was expected to be at work early on the premises. He found a kind, motherly friend in Mrs. Best, who spared him all she could of unnecessary toil, and was a comfort in the way he employed his brief leisure time after the shop was closed. He, in the dawn of his early intellectual education, and being now among books, he began to improve himself in grammar, and general knowledge, and used to sit up late and rise early to the kind housekeeper—and always selected good and useful books for reading—on this day, he made rapid improvement. But the man in the shop was his enemy, and tried to do him harm with the master, by saying that young Kelly was idle and lazy, which the shopman feared, for not long after, Thomas discovered that this man was robbing his employer, and remonstrating with gentle nature, it was hard for him to denounce the thief, yet he knew how solemn a duty was in such matters, the matter was informed, and the dishonest servant was discharged in well-merited disgrace.

In this situation, Thomas Kelly remained for twenty years. During the first fifteen of which, he never had a day's holyday.

Two things were clearly manifested during the long period of servitude. When the youth's wages were only ten pounds a year, he gave nearly half-a-dollar to the poor, and as his salary shortly increased, he increased his aid in proportion. He wanted to help his father to stock his farm better, and to pay his tithes in kind, and he especially wanted to lighten his poor mother's toils. There were some young girls he could not marry, unless a situation offered to his parents' dwelling, two of his younger brothers and sisters died, the expense of their funerals, was partly of their own, and partly defrayed by Thomas. The other peculiarity in this young man's character was of a kindred nature. He was by nature, and from worldly parents—improvement honoured his Heavenly Father, and as an evidence, he *carefully observed the Sabbath-day, and kept it holy.*

Many young men in all London at that time might have gone to the theatre and excursion, it was Thomas Kelly. Pent up for long hours of every day in a close shop, sleeping in the same place, and for long holidays—he was made of a life of monotonous toil, cheered solely by a sense of duty. Yet he resolutely declined all invitations from young men of his acquaintance to meet them of an evening for an hour or so at the tavern or to join them in excursions on Sundays to Gravesend and other places of resort. He spent his Sabbaths in the House of Prayer, in the morning and in the house of God, Faith, in the afternoon he allowed himself the liberty of selecting a Place of Worship, and hearing any preacher he thought likely to be profitable to him, and in the evening, he always attended the French Protestant Church in Threadneedle Street. Having taught himself French, he was able to follow both the prayers and preaching, and sometimes he used to visit his parents (an act of piety), on the Sabbath-day, walking the whole distance, thirty miles there and back, and conversing to attend Divine Service.

When he had been fifteen years with Mr. Hogg, finding that his master did not increase his salary, as the young man thought in justice he ought, Kelly took a situation as head shopman at a bookseller in the country—house of Sir Francis Baring, in the country—house of Sir Francis Baring, and he was not aware of the importance of his shopman's services, that the incident him still to continue at work in Paternoster Row in his over-hours. But this exertion grew it beyond his strength, and one day Mr. Hogg said, "Kelly—I'll, my lad, become a merchant, but you may be a bookseller." This remark, and the offer of an increase of his salary of eighty pounds a year, induced the young man to give up his engagement with Sir Francis Baring's house, and remain fully to his old employment. In five years from that time, Mr. Hogg fell into ill-health, and made a proposal to young Kelly that if any of his very standing should enter into partnership with his (the master's) son. At first this seemed to be a good opening, but on reflection Kelly declined it. The young master was not steady, and the result showed the wisdom of Kelly's decision, for after Mr. Hogg's death, the son went to live with his widowed mother, and ruined both her and himself to ruin. And in the distress that fell upon the family of his master, no one rendered more liberal and to the widow and fatherless, then the faithful servant whose life we are recording.

When Thomas Kelly was thirty-nine years of age, he began business for himself. He had only a very small capital and no connexion to induce a new and important branch of business, that of undertaking the printing and publishing of some important standard books, and advertising them in a thoroughly expensive, and shilling numbers, employing agents and travellers to sell them. This system was then comparatively, and to many poorer classes to obtain some good books, not at a cheaper rate, but by instalments, to enable a poor man to buy them in parts. "Kelly's Family Bible," in this way, had an immense success. Fox's Book of Martyrs." "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," "The History of England," &c., followed. It was most fortunate for Thomas Kelly that he had made the acquaintance and received the friendship of Mr. Clowes, the eminent printer (father-in-law to that well-known friend of education, Mr. Charles Knight), this friendship was a mutual help in the complicated undertakings of Kelly's business. "The trustful Clowes," said Kelly in his old age, "and most likely his excellent sons will print my last." It was a lifelong friendship, honorable to both parties.

Of course, as his business increased, the little room in Paternoster Row was large enough—but he did not think of leaving "the Row" he gradually added to the premises, adjoining, to the left and right, as they fell vacant. But at length he obtained the next door to his old master's, and ultimately purchased of Mr. Hogg, the lease of the premises where he had been a servant upwards of one and twenty years. With what emotions he must have taken possession of that place of toil, destined henceforth to be the habitation of prosperity.

But we must not suppose he had no trial, with his many mercies. Bad debts, fires, and other calamities fell to his share, but above and beyond all this, his commercial course was marked by almost undeviating, and course and brilliant success.

He must have felt it to be a sorrow, that his good father did not live to see his son a prosperous man. In 1810, the year after Kelly began business, and while he was struggling with early difficulties, the worthy father closed his life of toil and sorrow, and entered into rest. On winding-up his affairs there was found a legacy from Thomas, besides a bill of a hundred for medical advice! Those and the expenses of the funeral, with other claims, made up a considerable sum, all honourably paid by the good son, who would not let a shadow rest upon his parents' memory, and his father's sojourn but unsuccessful career.

In the same year that his father died, his mother removed to Wimbledon, attended by her eldest daughter, and supported by her son. She lived four years, and was permitted to see her son lay the foundation of his prosperity. She visited him, for six weeks, in London, shortly before her death, and used very decidedly to express her conviction of his future success. She always called him, "Her good son, Thomas." On the 4th of June, 1814, she gave him her last blessing, and her remains were removed to the grave of her husband, the sun was shining on their humble home." They both died so the joyful hope of a glorious resurrection through the merits of their blessed Redeemer."

There was a wonderful completeness in the Christian character of the subject of our memoir. His master's son had injured him when trouble came to him. Kell, forgave the injury, and actually lent the ill-advised young man a hundred pounds, the part of which (except a trifling dividend out of his effects) was ever repaid. To his master's widow, the young assistant was ever tender upon him, he allowed an annuity for life—and procured for the son's widow a situation of comfort and respectability. At a time when one commented on those instances of a forgiving generous nature, Kelly replied, "I remember I was a sinner in the world by my mote the glory of God, and the happiness of my fellow-creatures, if I do less than that, I cannot answer the end and objects of my existence."

His career as a citizen of London is easily traced. For his residence, he became a freeman of the Plasterers' Company, was elected Common Council of the Ward of Farringdon-without in 1818. Served the office of sheriff in 1825, was removed to the Court of Aldermen in 1830, and was chosen Lord Mayor, in November, 1836. The year of his mayoralty, was rendered very memorable by the accession of our beloved Queen Victoria, June 20th, 1837. He devoted on the man who had served for twenty years as a humble shopman in Paternoster row, to receive the first civic address to the youthful Queen, from the citizens of London. How fully in this case, were the words of Scripture realized. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before Kings."

A requisition, numerously signed, was presented to him, proposing his re-election as Lord Mayor, but the fatigues had been so great in his year of office, and Alderman Kelly's health so impaired, that he respectfully declined the honour. His public career had been brilliant, but he enjoyed the privacy of domestic life, far more than the splendour and state that surrounded him as chief magistrate.

A very beautiful idea of the life of this truly good man would be formed, if all mention of his benevolent efforts for the unfortunate had they were omitted. In 1824, he was present at the trial of the celebrated Dunkey Fauntleroy for forgery. And he not could but be moved, when the judge, in a pronounced, a benevolent-looking man, went up and spoke some words of comfort to the condemned man. On a subsequent occasion, Mr. Kelly met this same man in the city prison. His name was Benjamin Baker, a map engraver, in the ordinary department of Bow Tower, was to be hanged, convicted all his leisure-time to the instruction, and reclamation of criminals. A close intimacy sprang up between the devoted man, and the subject of our sketch; in 1827, the two friends made a journey of philanthropy together. Mr. Kelly then, at his own expense, visited Ireland, North Wales, some districts of England, and examined the condition of the people—and also the prisons and charitable institutions of various places, with a view to the relief of human suffering and ignorance. The friendship thus formed, outlasted, until the valuable life of Mr. Baker, closed at Islington, June the 29th, 1841.

The change of heart on mercy was deeply felt by Alderman Kelly. He was the patron of numerous day, Sabbath, and infant schools. He presided at the opening of the City of London School, and aided in the foundation of the City of London's Mission Association. Singularly free in his own unpretentious way from the many temptations of a great city, and any wise plan for the employment of leisure-time, and the improvement of the mind, was sure to find him a munificent supporter.

It was often a subject of regret to his friends, that one so endued with every amiable feeling, should not have had the closer tie of domestic life,—that the love of wife and children, should have crowned his valuable life. His reserved friend and biographer remarks, that during the whole of Alderman Kelly's early manhood, he was not unconscious to form a matrimonial partnership. The assistance he rendered to his parents absorbed nearly all his savings, and for the first years of his entering into business on his own account, his mind was engrossed by so many anxieties that they pressed on, and his feelings and sympathies were into other channels. His affections were called on in various forms of benevolence that included young and old, and if any one was forgotten, it was himself.

Half of days and hours, of all his prosperity, brightening to the last, he closed his valuable life at Margate, in August 1855, at the advanced age of eighty-four.

One affecting incident will fitly close our record of this truly good man. He made a pilgrimage to the place of his parents, generally accompanied by his beloved and only sister. This visit led to his friendship with the poor of that parish, who became his biographer, and whose first elaboration for the character of Alderman Kelly was called forth by the third of the parish annual memorial-visit displayed. The last time he paid that tribute of affection to his parents, was in the year 1854, when he was then in very feeble health, and he felt he would be his last pilgrimage to the hallowed spot. He felt that the end close of his honoured life, it may be said:—

"So fades the summer-cloud away,
So winds breathe soft, when storms are o'er,
So gently plants the tired bird
So breaks a wave upon the shore."

[We are indebted for the materials of this sketch to the admirable "Life of Alderman Kelly," by Mr. A. C. Tyler, a very interesting book which deserves a place in every village library.]

"THE PLANK BEARS."

A SHIP was wrecked some time in the last century on the coast of Cornwall. All hands were drowned, and the waves came in, and washed on shore, and who lay, drowned and ready to perish, for weeks on a sick bed. He was visited by a young man, who came to lead the sinking sailor—led to the cross of Christ as the Anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast, and entered into the sanctuary. The ship was your vessel was in pieces round about you off the coast, and you felt yourself sinking, and sinking towards hell, when a plank that had caught hold of a plank as it floated by you, and felt that, as you clutched it, it bore you up, and you thought it was sent to you come, you would thank God for that plank would you not?"

"Yes," the gasped the boy; and he was made to understand that the plank was like Christ, bearing up the spirit of the sinner in the temptest of wrath.

Many years rolled away, and the Christian missionary toiled on, miles and miles from the southern coast, in the midst of some African tribes, and he was sent for to a sick room.—Everything showed that it was also a room ready for a death. They moved in silence, and kept reverently, and at last when they expect the coming of the king of terrors. The sufferer was nearly, nearly gone. The missionary knelt by the cheap bent down to whisper to the dying man words about the great salvation, and the old man raised his head, and he said with trust? said the old missionary. And there was a sudden glance of the eye that had begun to fail, and he turned round, and a last flush covered the white face, and then a smile—such a smile—"God bless you, sir! The plank bears! The plank bears!" And so it did. It had borne him over storm, and clinging to it, he got safe to land!

A SAILOR'S EXPLANATION OF FAITH.

A PIOUS sailor was once heard explaining the nature of faith to a shipmate of his. Among other things he said—"Mark you, Jack, there's a poor old seaman and his place, it isn't reading the Bible, nor praying, nor being good—it is none of these, it's just a poor old seaman and he says he is come, there is still the *old score*, and how are you to get over that? It is not anything he can do, it is what he can do, it is the work of what Jesus did *for* you, and expecting the pardon and salvation of your soul because Christ, and also the promise and claim of your Him on Calvary. This is believing, and believing is nothing else."

Reader, do you believe? "He that believeth on Him is saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"WHY MAKE YE THIS ADO, AND WEEP?"

(May be sung to the tune called Belmont.)

Why should we mourn so for our dead,
If in the Lord they die?
Why do we weep and wail for them
With such a bitter cry?
They sleep in Jesus—is it not
Happy to be so blest?
And when the world's hard work is done,
To find so sweet a rest.

EBNEZER LEE.

The hand of the diligent shall bear rule: but the slothful shall be under tribute.—Prov. xii. 24.

By the blessing of the upright the city is exalted; but it is overthrown by the mouth of the wicked.
Prov. xi. 11.

"The moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained."

MAN NOT MADE TO MOURN.

Dim God set His fountains of light in the skies, that Man should look up with the tears in his eyes? Dim God made this earth so abundant and fair, that Man should look down with a groan of despair? Dim God fill the world with harmonious life, that Man should go forth with destruction and strife? Dim God scatter freedom o'er mountain and wave, that Man should exist as a tyrant and slave? Dim God say to hopeless—to hopless a creed, that the soul that believes it is darkened indeed.

J. C. PRINCE.

WELL DONE, CANADA!

We extract the following from the *Canada Post-Office Gazette* for 1858:—

"PERIODICALS printed in this province other than newspapers, when specially devoted to religious and moral *Education*, to *Literature*, to *Temperance*, or to any *branch of Science*, and addressed directly from the office of publication, are transmitted from the Post-Office where mailed, to any other Post-Office in this province, FREE OF POSTAGE."

The Canadian legislators have taken a step which is, we believe, in advance of every other government in the world. They have wisely resolved, that *every possible help* shall be afforded for the promotion of

EDUCATION—the culture of the mind.
TEMPERANCE—the culture of the body.
AGRICULTURE—the culture of the soil.

We trust that some zealous friends of education in the British Parliament will try to secure a similar boon to the "Mother Country," and the rest of her colonies. It is a noble project worthy of noble minds.

UNCLE DAVID'S ADVICE TO WORKING MEN ABOUT THEIR HOUSES.

WOULD fain see every working-man comfortable and happy; and as much of a man's enjoyment depends upon the kind of dwelling he occupies, I feel anxious that every son of toil should have one in which he can enjoy the full light of Heaven, breathe a pure atmosphere, have the benefit of free ventilation, and possess those conveniences and appendages which contribute so much to domestic order, cleanliness, and comfort. In my various rambles, whether in town or country, scarcely any object has proved more attractive to me, than a neat, cleanly, neat-looking cottage. When I have met with such an one, with its little garden in front decorated with variegated flowers, its doorway garlanded with roses and honeysuckles, its windows shining clear and bright, and festooned with snow-white curtains, and its general aspect that of comfortable and comfort, it has proved a greater attraction than even the splendid mansion or the gorgeous palace. Often in such case have I been constrained to pause by a mingled combination of feelings. I felt thankful to God to find poverty and toil alleviated by so much apparent enjoyment;—I felt respect for the inmates who were evidently superior to the generality of their class, and I felt curious, too, to know how it was that this cottage should possess an aspect so different from many others night as hard.

On such occasions I have repeatedly found some excuse or plea in order to introduce myself to the family within. Many histories could I relate with which in this way, I have learned, instead of lamenting the same moral, and showing how large a share of domestic comfort is within the reach of the working-man, when he and his wife are willing to labour to secure it.

It was while walking lately through a village in one of our midland counties, that my attention was arrested by a cottage of this interesting aspect; every thing about it betokened not only industry, but skill and good taste, on the part of the occupier and his wife. Both at the time were working in the garden, enjoying the cool breeze of the evening after the toils of the day. They were obviously a happy couple, pleased with each other, and delighted with the comforts by which they were surrounded. I could not resist the inclination to enter into converse with them. On addressing myself to the man, I found him both intelligent and courteous. The following is the substance of our conversation.

"This is a pretty cottage of yours, I am glad to see a working-man enjoying so delightful a dwelling?"

"Yes, sir, I'm very thankful to have such an one, and still more so that I can call it my own."

"Left you, I suppose by your father?"

"No, it's the fruit of my own earnings and savings."

"Yet I see you have a family, I presume you obtain good wages?"

"My wages are not equal to what some men obtain, but I've long seen that high wages are not always an advantage, they often cause men to be idle and dissomured then, but it has proved an advantage since; nothing better for young folk than to teach them to work, and deep gratitude I early felt that my indulged children, that are suffered to grow up in idleness, seldom turn out well. My hard toil when a lad has served to render me more content with my lot, and more willing to deny myself all useless indulgences. What many men waste in this way by the use of tobacco, and ale, and spirits, and fashions of that sort, I have saved, and with these savings I've built my house, and I'm able to say, it's paid for, every farthing. I must tell you, I've been greatly helped in all this, by my wife there, bless her! If a man is such, he must ask his wife whether he's to prosper in the world or not, and it's true. It matters not what a man earns, if his wife doesn't know how to manage it aright, his money will be sure to go faster than he can earn it, and that makes the matter worse, there will be no comfort either. A good wife has, I have been to me. Next to God she's been my best friend, and guide, and comforter. She's helped to build a house as much as I did myself, and yet she's managed so well that we've always had thrifty ease and comfortable. If you'll step into my little dwelling you'll see I've cause to be thankful for such a wife."

On looking round, I perceived that Jane had quietly slipped away whilst her husband was uttering this eulogy, I gladly however accepted his invitation. On entering the cottage, and looking round, I at once perceived that the interior corresponded in character with the exterior; its general appearance was that of neatness and comfort. Its cleanness, and comfortable. The table was already prepared for supper, as I looked at the tidy manner in which it had been done, and the well prepared provisions placed upon it, I could not repress the inward wish, "O, that every working man had such a dwelling, and such a supper to come to!" Anxious to resume the conversation, I said, "You house does your wife great credit; yours is just the kind of dwelling I should like every working-man to possess; but from what I see, and what you have said, I can almost guess I conclude it must have taken you many years to raise a place like this, yet you do not seem to be above forty years of age?"

"I accomplished it in thirteen years. My wife and I resolved to lay by three shillings a-week for the purpose; this my master retained in his hands, and the sum to which at compound interest amounted in thirteen years to somewhat beyond £124, that more than covered all expenses."

"Well, it shews that most working-men might, if they chose, have a house of their own."

"Yes, and in most instances it saves as much to live on as they have now. Nothing more would be necessary than to cut off all foolish and unnecessary extravagance. Here is one man fancies he must have his pipe, and his tobacco costs him, at least, a shilling a-week. Then he must have his pint of ale twice a-day, that costs him two shillings and fourpence a-week more; there are three shillings and fourpence clear waste, for neither the one, nor the other, do him any real good. Here is a second, who can never settle to work on a Monday, that is a loss of a day, not to mention what he spends; now if he earns a guinea a-week, there's a dead loss of three shillings and expence. Here is a third, who must have his Sunday's dinner, what with one kind of spending and another, he generally returns home with four or five shillings less in his pocket than when he went out. I like to see men better, and happier, and stronger men, were they to cast off this useless expenditure.

"You have certainly made out a clear case."

"For want of a little economy and self-denial, there men lose a large share of enjoyment. It's *so comfortable* to have a house of one's own, and to be able to set a-side a year of *rent-days*; besides, you can build it after your own plan, and a man who rightly understands house matters, will be sure to contrive in it many such conveniences which help so much to keep a house tidy and respectable. Just look at this pantry, and three closets, then I have a special cellar underneath for coal and provision, with plenty of light, and a good current of air; and here, behind, is a most useful back-kitchen, where my wife does all her washing, with a wash-house over the skinhouse, giving us at all times a good supply of water. Clever as Jane is, she would never be able to keep her house so clean and neat but for these advantages."

"Your house does indeed form a delightful contrast with many that I meet with."

"Ah, it's sad to think what wretched inconvenient, unhealthy places are erected for working-people nowadays; they're erected at the lowest possible expense, without regard to anything but gain; every thing about them is bad;—the material,—the workmanship, the conveniences, the ventilation, the drainage—all is bad. They're enough to drive a good house-wife to despair; as for comfort, there can be none in them, and yet many who occupy these places, might have, like myself, a house of their own, and one as comfortable as this, and possess too a much greater degree of respectability."

"That is a point not to be overlooked."

"Certainly not. The man who is not concerned to acquire respectability of character and condition, must either be a drone, a fool, or the slave of vicious and degrading passions and habits. Now, I reckon for a man to obtain a house of his own, is a prime means of raising him in the world. It raises him in his own estimation. He's not a houseless wanderer. He has daily before him a monument of his own industry. He feels he is now of some importance in the community;—he is a freeholder and senses his representative to parliament. It raises him in the estimation of his neighbours. Such an one, they say, lives in a house of his own;—was raised with his own savings,—he's a man to be trusted. Besides, the respectability he feels in his house, because it is *his own*, causes him not only to keep it in good order, but to feel a kind of laudable pride in it, a feeling in which his wife largely shares, and which causes them to strive to render it clean, and neat, and ornamental—to have the garden well laid out, and well stored with attractive and useful thing; due to correspond;—thus furniture, dress, and family order all feel the benefit.

"You are quite correct. I have long considered that the dwellings occupied by the working-classes according to their good or bad character, exert an influence over their inmates for good or evil, and that one of the best means of elevating and improving this important and valuable part of the community is to promote the erection of superior and comfortable dwellings for their accommodation."

I now took my leave, much pleased with what I had

heard and seen. As I retired, I said to myself, "Here's a subject for the 'British Workman.'" What I have recited is worth the attention of all its readers—to some it may be a word in season. The conversation narrated furnishes its own moral, and calls for only one observation. The main enjoyment of life is often sacrificed by the want of two things—self-denial and perseverance. It is certain that a large portion of working-men who are in regular employment, sacrifice far more in foolish unprofitable indulgence than would be necessary to secure a dwelling of their own. Look back upon the past five, ten, or fifteen years, and how much you might have had now in the bank, provided all the foolishly-spent money had been saved and deposited there, and would you have been anything the worse? Nay, would you not have been much the better?—the better in *morals*, in *health*, in *comfort*, as well as in *pocket*. "But," you say, "thirteen years is a long time." So it is to spend in folly and waste, but not too long to secure such results as have been described. You have often complained of exorbitant landlords, inconvenient houses, bad neighbourhoods, and annoying neighbours. Think, whether by a little prudent, persevering, self-denial, you might not escape all these evils. What I wish for you is, a comfortable dwelling; neat, clean, convenient, respectable, and that when you look out at the door or walk in the garden, you should be able to say, with gratitude to the Giver of all your mercies, "*This house is my own.*"

UNCLE DAVID.

ILLUSTRATED HAND-BILLS.

By the Editor of the "British Workman."

THESE Hand-bills (printed on paper made from straw) are suitable for general distribution. They embrace Temperance, Peace, Kindness to Animals, Truthfulness, Swearing, War, &c. Nos. 1 to 50 may be had (for Sixpence) as under:—

1. The Plucked Flower.
2. Oh, the Hard Lump.
3. Ah, Poor Dog! Don't Drink Cry.
4. The Leaf and Drowning Fly
5. The Drinker's Prayer.
6. Speak to that Young Man
7. How to Enjoy Life.
8. Now I have Family Prayer
9. The Widow's Son.
10. The Workman and his Goat
11. My Father is at the Bathe.
12. A Good Thought.
13. The Sabbath-Breaking Merchant
14. Penny Puffs, or the £90.
15. Do you Read the Bible?
16. Christmas Customs
17. A Whip in a Week.
18. Friend, don't Swear.
19. Death on the Rails.
20. Old Robert.
21. Six and Seven Day Clubs.
22. A Patriot's Resolve.
23. Do you Pay Pew Rent?
24. Dog-fight in Bible.
25. Pot and his Cow.
26. Poets and Pictures
27. Take you Drink.
28. The Broken Pipe.
29. What sixpence a day will do.
30. Swearing a Vain of Lord!
31. The Power of Peace
32. Do Ye Work, or How many days do you work?
33. Mother's a Religion for all Weathers.
34. Three good Pocket-Rules.
35. Procrastination
36. John Weaver and the Dyspeptic Social Preacher.
37. Hope in my Rent
38. The Sabbath-Breaker.
39. The Inclined Plane
40. A Man who killed Time.
41. A Water-Drinker's Experience.
42. The Neglected Bible.
43. An Awful Book.
44. A word to Cabmen.
45. The Dying Sailor.
46. Lost! lost! a poor Man the Pearl of Price
47. The Bullet in the Bible.
48. The Sin Not Sin.
49. The Dying Atheist
50. A Notice Tract-money.

Sold by Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Each packet contains fifty hand-bills. An assorted packet, as a guide, one of each of the above, may be had through any bookseller, or post free, by remitting six stamps to Mr. S. W. Partridge, 34, Paternoster Row, London. W.C.

A complete Edition of the Illustrated Hand-bills has been issued, bound in cloth, price One Shilling, post free. This is an attractive little book, suitable for a Present to Servants, &c.

INDUSTRIAL POPULATION OF ENGLAND.

FROM the Census of 1851, we gather the following statistics as to the various employments of the people of England.

1. Persons engaged in the general or local Government of the Country	65,330
2. Persons engaged in the Defence of the Country	78,408
3. Persons in the Learned Professions, (with their immediate Subordinates), either filling Public Offices, or in private Practice	87,422
4. Persons engaged in Literature, the Fine Arts, and the Sciences.....	94,790
5. Persons engaged in the Domestic Offices, or Duties of Wives, Mothers, Mistresses or Families, Children, Relatives.....	2,777,017
6. Persons engaged in Entertaining, Clothing, and performing Personal Offices for Men	1,620,881
7. Persons who Buy or Sell, Keep, Let, or Lend, Money, Houses, or Goods of Various Kinds	162 265
8. Persons engaged in the Conveyance of Men, Animals, Goods, and Messages ...	252,196
9. Persons possessing or working the Land, and engaged in growing Grain, Fruits, Grasses, Annuals, and other Products ...	1,576 081
10. Persons engaged about Animals	63,306
11. Persons engaged in Art and Mechanic Productions, in which matters of various Kinds are employed in Combination	554 678
12. Persons working and dealing in Animal Matters	419,282
13. Persons working and dealing in Matters derived from the Vegetable Kingdom ...	789,314
14. Persons working and dealing in Mineralis	623,171
15. Labourers and others—Branch of Labour undefined	290,227
16. Persons Retired or Property not returned under any Office or Occupation	147,879
17. Persons supported by the community, and of no specified Occupation	103,453
18. Other Persons of no stated Occupations or Conditions	110,407
Total of Persons, aged 20 and upwards in England and Wales	9 816 597

☞ *What a field of labour do the above statistics unfold to view! The perusal of them has led us to hope that the circulation of the "British Workman," may yet be very largely increased. At present we do not send out as many copies even as there are persons named in the first three items! If we are reached merely those named in the thirteenth item, our circulation would be more than threefold what it now is! This tabular statement will we hope increase the number and zeal of our friends who are continually inquiring for new subscribers. We have now arrived at the "long evenings," or "reading season," and we venture to hope that we shall have a considerable increase in the circulation.*

WHAT MAY BE DONE.

A SUNDAY School Teacher in the Staffordshire Potteries writes:—"I applied to you some time ago for some of the "Twenty-eight Suggestions" and "Hand-bills," of the "British Workman," and "Book of Hope Review," being desirous of increasing the circulation of these cheap and valuable periodicals. I have great pleasure in informing you that I have met with a ready success. Instead of there being in our Sunday School only one or two subscribers, there are now about fifty, and they are still increasing very fast."

A friend in a large manufactory writes as follows:—"I have great pleasure in informing you that by a little exertion in distributing the canvassing bills, and then asking the men one by one, I have obtained 800 subscribers to the *British Workman*. I only had twenty-seven before."

A Manchester manufacturer writes:—"I have been much interested in the 'British Workman,' and have done what I could to increase the sale of it among our own workmen—they prize it highly. I take about 250 copies a month. The plan I have adopted is to appoint a person in each department—the colliery, the iron-works, and the wire-mills—whose duty it is to attend to the 'British Workman,' and increase its circulation."

A supply of the House-to-House Canvassing Bills, Suggestions, and Posting Bills may be had on application to the Editor, 13, Barnsbury Sq., London. N.

PRICE ONE PENNY. THE

BRITISH WORKMAN'S ALMANAC,

FOR 1860.

This Sheet Almanac is now being published. We are gratified by the favourable reception it has received, and hope that it will have a place in thousands of workshops. One order for 2300 copies has been received from Australia.

☞ *With Five Hundred Illustrations. A complete Edition of the "British Workman" for 1858, 1859, 1857 & 1858 bound in cloth, price 8s., gilt edges, 7s. 6d. The Four Yearly Parts may also be had separately, in illustrated paper covers, price Eighteenpence each.*

☞ *The complete Edition of the "Band of Hope Review" for the Eight Years, may also be had, bound in cloth, price 8s., gilt edges 10s. "The best picture-book we know of"—Mother's Friend.*

☞ *"Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones," compiled by Uncle John. Parts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, & 9 are issued, price 1d. each, with numerous woodcuts. Vol. 1, bound in cloth, 3s., gilt edges 3s. 6d.*

THE COTTER'S FAMILY. BY J. F. JENKINS.

☞ We hope that the remarks by "Uncle David," in the preceding page, will have the attentive perusal of all our readers. We feel increasingly impressed with the importance of these IMPROVED HOUSES for the Working Classes. Thousands of men who were once reclaimed from Intemperance, have been driven back to their old habits, from the want of a resting-place worthy the name of A HOME, and it behoves every man who loves his country and his kind to lend a helping-hand in promoting the erection of better Dwellings for the Industrial Classes. The subject has been taken up in good earnest by the "National Association for the Promotion of Social Science," and the "Labourers' Friend Society," to whose published documents we have pleasure in referring our readers.

COTTAGER'S SONG.

AMONG the lowly ones on earth,
My present lot is cast;
Yet I may be of noble birth,
And heir of treasures vast.

Yes, if I am a child of God,
My birth indeed is high;
Heaven shall be my blest abode,
And there my treasures lie.

Oh, Jesus! who hast borne the cross,
And dwelt among the poor,
Help me, each worldly pain or loss,
With patience to endure.

Oh make me rich in faith and love,—
Thy mercy let me share;
Then take me to Thy rest above,
Give me my treasure there.

WHAT IT MIGHT BE.

THERE are hundreds of thousands of working-men who now live in wretched homes in England who daily spend more over the 'pot and pipe' than would pay the rent of a first-class cottage, with kitchen-garden, and even a little paddock to boot. There are thousands of men who have helped to build houses for other people, but have never yet made a single brick for their own. Working-man! just think of the fact that every time you have spent threepence in tobacco or beer you have swallowed what would have bought a square yard of land, worth SIXTY POUNDS an acre! How many broad acres of fine green land have some of you swallowed?

PICTURE OF WAR.

BY THE RITTICK SHEPHERD.

THE history of every war is very like a scene I once saw in Nithsdale. Two boys, from different schools, met one fine day upon the ice: they eyed each other with rather jealous and indignant looks, and with defiance on each brow. "What are ye gaeing at, Billy?" "What's that to you? I'll look where I have a mind, and hinder me if yo dare." A hearty blow was the return to this, and then such a battle began! It being Saturday, all the boys of both schools were on the ice, and the fight soon became general and desperate. At one time they fought with missile weapons, such as stones and snowballs; but at length they coped in rage, and many bloody raps were given and received. I went up to try if I could pacify them, for by this time a number of little girls had joined the affray, and I was afraid they would be killed; so, addressing one of the party, I asked what they were fighting the others for? what had they done to them? "O, nothing at all, we just want to give them a good thrashing." After fighting till they were quite exhausted, one of the principal heroes stepped forth between, covered with blood, and his clothes torn to tatters, and addressed the warring parties thus: "Well, I'll tell you what we'll do with you; *if ye'll let us alone, we'll let you alone.*" There was no more of it—the war was at an end, and the boys scattered away to their play.

I thought at the time, and have often thought since, that this trivial affray was the best picture of war in general that I had ever seen. Kings and ministers of state are just a set of grown up children, exactly like the children I speak of, with only this material difference, that instead of fighting out the needless quarrels they have raised, they sit in safety and look on, hound out their innocent but servile subjects to battle, and then, after a waste of blood and treasure, are glad to make the boys' conditions, "*If ye'll let us alone, we'll let you alone.*"

A LINCOLNSHIRE BUTCHER.

IN one of the markets of North Lincolnshire, I have often looked with pleasure upon Robert T——, enjoying his cup of tea with cold meat and bread. There are some points in the history of this worthy butcher which may do good to be made known amongst the readers of the *British Workman*. Robert was one of several sons of a steady, industrious village miller, who could do little more for his boys by way of starting them in life than teaching them his own business and giving them a "set out" of clothes. When Robert left home, he worked as a journeyman miller for two years, and during that time, by habits of sobriety and economy saved about £30. He now married a worthy young woman who had lived as farm-servant. A relative, who kept a beershop about this period, having to give it up, Robert was prevailed upon to embark in this dangerous business. He tried to conduct the house in a very orderly manner, but it was an occupation far from congenial to his spirit, and he began to look out for some other occupation. He worked hard at agricultural labour for a time, and then obtained some instruction as butcher when he added this trade to that of beer-seller. It was a dangerous position, and Robert felt it to be so. In his trouble, there is reason to hope that "he sought unto the Lord," and God made his way "plain before him."

The butcher's business increased, and the beer trade became more and more irksome, until one day, (a few years ago) the sign of "*The Plough*" was taken down, and the brewer's account closed. Robert has since been a happy and a prosperous man. He has now a good and neat new house, with other real estate bought and paid for. It is not unfrequently the case that the writer of this brief notice sells to Robert at one bargain and without many words, ONE HUNDRED POUNDS' worth of fat or store cattle, and receives in payment a cheque on one of the oldest and best Banks in that part of the County!

The business of a butcher is one in which there is considerable exposure to temptation. The drinking customs which are so prevalent over "bargaining," have ruined thousands who once had fair for a prosperous course in life. Robert T—— has found that he can buy and sell, work hard, rise early and attend markets in fair weather and storms, without wetting his lips with strong ale. What he has done other butchers may do if they will. There is no honourable occupation in which, with God's blessing in a grateful heart, a willing hand, and a right judgment, a man may not hope to prosper. Let us learn a lesson of example from the Lincolnshire Butcher, and let the little word TRY be our motto for life.

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.—We rejoice to state that the Drinking Fountain's movement continues to make most pleasing progress. The erection of Water Troughs for Cattle, particularly at Railway Stations, is also being taken up with spirit on some of the lines. We hope to give some particulars in our next.

OUR SOLDIERS.—We have received several letters from Soldiers, at home and abroad, thanking us for the copies of the "British Workman" that have been sent to them. Extracts from some of these letters will probably appear in future Numbers.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN ONE OF THE MARKET-PLACES IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

THE DYING SOLDIER'S TESTAMENT.

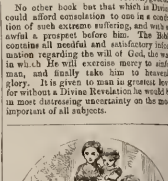
DURING the Crimean war one of the Chaplains in walking through the field amongst heaps of dead and dying, saw a poor Soldier who was mortally wounded, with his Testament lying open before him. It was completely saturated with blood; but there is a lovely smile resting upon the first few verses of the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel by St. John, viz.—"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions, &c." Repeating the same upon some occasion afterwards the Chaplain passed. Although the mangled corpse of the poor soldier was now cold and stiff in death, his finger still rested upon the same page of sacred truth; and he had no doubt entered those blessed mansions upon which the eye of his faith had recently gazed!

A WORD TO FARMERS.

When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest. Thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger: I am the Lord your God.

Leviticus xix. 9, 10.

No other book but that which is Divine could afford consolation to one in a condition of such extreme suffering, and with so awful a prospect before him. The Bible contains all needful and satisfactory information regarding the will of God, the way in which He will exercise mercy to sinful man, and finally take him to heavenly glory. It is given to man in greatest love, for without a Divine Revelation he would be in most distressing uncertainty on the most important of all subjects.



CHEAP POSTAGE.

THE Publishers will forward packets of the *British Workman* to any part of the United Kingdom, Channel Islands, the Shetland and Orkney Isles, *post free*, on the undermentioned terms.

* 6 copies for 4d., or for one year,	4s.			
12 "	8s.	"	12s.	Must be Paid in Advance.
18 "	12s.	"	16s.	
36 "	1s. 4d.	"	20s.	
50 "	1s. 8d.	"	24s.	
24 "	2s. 6d.	"	28s.	
30 "	4s. 8d.	"	30s.	

* Fewer than four copies cannot be sent at this rate.

All ORDERS *to be addressed to* MR. S. W. PARTRIDGE, 34, *Paternoster Row, London.*

☞ *A single copy sent to any Home Address for twelve months for two shillings, paid in advance. We hope that those of our readers who have relations abroad, will procure copies to be sent them.*

Notices to Correspondents.

We have to thank numerous Booksellers who have enclosed the bills for their windows, and specimens amongst their customers. We shall be glad to hear from every Bookseller in the country. The name and address of the London agent should always be given.

MANY communications are rejected on account of their being sent anonymously. Many interesting facts which would have been inserted, had we known from whom they came, have been consigned to waste paper basket. We require name and address, not for publication, but to ensure authenticity.

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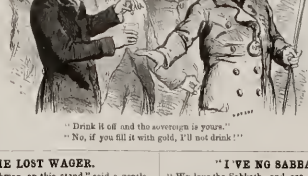
BRITISH WORKMAN



"Drink it off and the sovereign is yours."
"No, if you fill it with gold, I'll not drink!"

GRATITUDE OF CABMEN.

There is no class of men (the journeymen bakers perhaps excepted) who work longer hours, who sacrifice the comforts of domestic life, and who groan under the loss of that priceless boon, the Sabbath, as Cabmen. Public sympathy is being awakened on behalf of this useful body of our fellow-men, many of whom have never entered God's House for years. In Liverpool a pleasing movement has been made through the instrumentality of the Town Mission Committee. About 250 cabs have been withdrawn by the proprietors from the stands on the Sabbath, and the drivers are set at liberty for at least every alternate Sabbath. We hope this will lead to further relief. The gratitude of the Liverpool Cab-drivers to Mr. Sunners, who is specially "The Cabmen's Missionary," has recently been shewn in a very pleasing manner. A large meeting of 600 Cabmen and their friends was held on the 16th September, in Hope Hall, and presided over by John Cropper, Esq. Messrs. Meacock, Fabwick, Evans and Barris, expressed the gratitude felt by themselves and their fellow-Cabmen, for the unwearied labours of Mr. Sunners in seeking to promote their social and religious welfare. The Chairman then presented to Mr. Sunners, "The Cabmen's Testimonial," consisting of a gold watch with bar guard, and concluded his excellent address with these words, "I pray God will keep you humble and faithful, and not allow you to think too much of yourself."

Mr. Sunners, in accepting the testimonial, was moved to tears, and for some time was unable to proceed. Seven years, he said, had elapsed since God put it into the hearts of some good men to send him as a missionary amongst the Cab-drivers of Liverpool. At first he had to surmount many difficulties, but now he was recognised by them as their missionary, and some called him their minister. Many of these men could now appreciate the Gospel of the Son of God. Many Cabmen had told him

they often prayed in their own way, *that God would not send them a fare on the Sabbath-day!* Now, 250 Cab-drivers in Liverpool were at liberty to go to a place of worship on Sunday, which was a great improvement on the former state of things. Fifty of the men were teetotallers, and of this number *eight had become* MASTERS! Ninety-one deaths had occurred since he began to labour amongst them, and he had great pleasure in saying, that he had directed many of that number to Jesus.—The testimony of Mr. Sunners is very significant, and will we trust do good, not only in Liverpool, but elsewhere. If Cabmen generally would save the money that they now spend in drink and tobacco, hundreds of them would soon, like the eight Liverpool men, have Cabs of *their own*. We have great pleasure in bearing testimony to the great improvement now going on amongst the cabmen, and shall be glad to receive any suggestions whereby their best interests may be promoted.

The Reason Why!—"Tell me," said a gentleman, addressing a clean, tidy cabman, "how is it that *some* of the men on the stand look so smart on a Monday morning—they have clean shirts, and are much happier-looking than the other men; and their horses are *very* lighter too. What is the cause of the contrast?" "Oh, they are Six-Day-Men, Sir. They have Green plates—their Cabs *don't* run on Sundays—both men and horses now have a weekly rest. *That's* the reason why they are not jaded like the others, Sir."

THE LOST WAGER.

"There is a Cabman on this stand," said a gentleman at the West-end of London, "whom you can't get to touch a drop of drink!" "I won't believe that," said one of the company, "I'll lay a wager that I'll make him drink a glass of grog!" The Cabman was called, apparently to take a fare. The glass of gin was offered him, but respectfully declined. Dropping a sovereign into it, the tempter said, "Drink it off, and the sovereign is yours. The Cabman was unmoved. A second, a third, and even a fourth sovereign was dropped in, but the honest driver was firm as ever. "No," said he, "if you fill it with gold, I'll not drink. I'm a happier, healthier, and a wealthier man since I gave up the drink. By God's help I'll not touch it again."

WATERLOO HILL. *(See next page).*

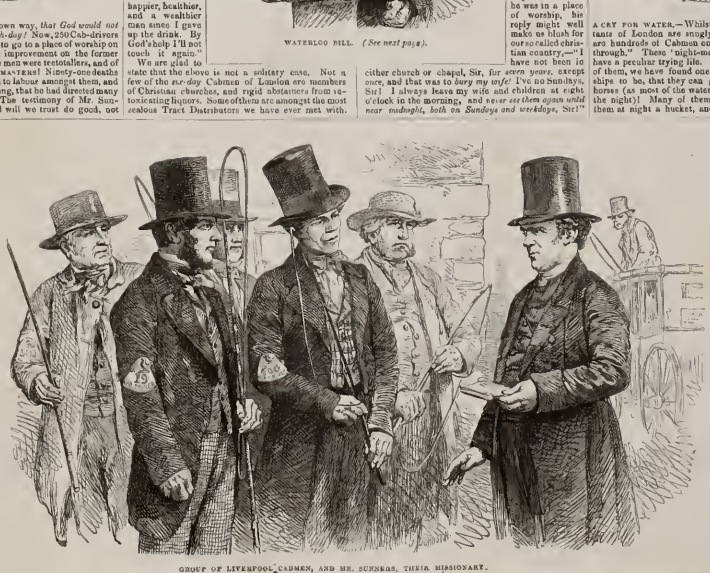
We are glad to state that the above is not a solitary case. Not a few of the *cab-dog* Cabmen of London are members of Christian churches, and rigid abstainers from intoxicating liquors. Some of them are amongst the most zealous Tract Distributors we have ever met with.

"I'VE NO SABBATH."

"We love the Sabbath, and are always glad when Saturday night arrives, and tells of the near approach of the 'sweet day of rest.'

Our enjoyment however of its blessings is often marred, by knowing that there are in and around London, several *thousand* omnibus-men and cabmen who can truly say, "We have no Sabbaths." Sometime ago, we entered into conversation with a Paddington driver. We found him to be an intelligent and well-informed man. He had once been a Sunday scholar, and expressed his regret that he was now *obliged* to work on the Sabbath, although he knew it to be wrong. On our inquiring *how long* it was since he was in a place of worship, his reply might well make us blush for our so-called christian country,—"I have not been in either church or chapel, Sir, for *seven years*, except *once*, and that was to *bury my wife!* I've no Sundays, Sir! I always leave my wife and children at eight o'clock in the morning, and *never see them again until near midnight, both on Sundays and weekdays*, Sir!"

A CRY FOR WATER.—Whilst the majority of the inhabitants of London are snugly asleep in their beds, there are hundreds of Cabmen on the stand "the long night through." These "night-men" with their poor horses, have a peculiar trying life. On conversing with several of them, we have found one of their greatest felt-hardships to be, that they can get no water for their poor horses (as most of the water-stands are *locked up* during the night)! Many of them actually carry about with them at night a bucket, and have to go at any open public-house, for "a drop of water for the poor horses." We hope that this matter will be looked into by those in authority.



GROUP OF LIVERPOOL CABMEN, AND MR. SUNNERS, THEIR MISSIONARY.

CABMEN'S CLUBS.

It affords us peculiar pleasure to be able to speak well, from personal observation, of the Cabmen's Clubs, which have recently been opened in the metropolis, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury. The Cabmen are evidently appreciating the kindness and liberality of those nobleman and gentlemen who have furthered the opening of these valuable institutions. In connection with the Clubs (where tea and coffee may be had on the weekdays), there are Bible-classes, and religious services on the Sunday. There is also a Sick Fund which promises to be well supported by the Cabmen. We recently met with a very intelligent driver, who said "These Clubs will do a vast deal of good for us, Sir. In a year or two you'll *see* that we shall be a better class of men."

We recommend all Cabmen to join one of these Clubs. Of the ten thousand Cabmen of London, several hundreds have already done so. Any of the Secretaries will gladly give every information. The four Clubs already established are as follow:—

1. Bell Street, Paddington. (The first established.) James Eardley Hull, Esq., *Secretary;* Col. Lefroy, R.A., *Treasurer.*
2. Field Street, King's Cross. William Owen, Esq., *Secretary;* Hugh Owen, Esq., *Treasurer.*
3. No. 11, Millbank Street, Westminster, Captain G. E. Fishbourne, R.N., *Secretary;* Thomas Freeman, Esq., *Treasurer.*
4. No. 19, Frances Street, Newington Butts. Mr. Liggins, *Secretary;* John Corderoy, Esq., *Treasurer.*

It is in contemplation to establish similar Clubs in other suitable localities, more particularly in the neighbourhoods of the railway stations. We hope that any of our readers who may have the means, and who feel desirous of promoting the welfare of Cabmen, will contribute towards the expenses of opening these Clubs. Books for the Libraries will also be acceptable.

Prizes for Cabmen.

Through the liberality of John Henderson, Esq., of Glasgow; The Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P.; and George Moore, Esq., of Bow Churchyard, the Committee of the "London Cabmen's Lord's-day Rest Association," offer three prizes of £10, £5, and £3, for the three best Essays on "Sunday Cab-driving, its influence on the Physical, Intellectual, Religious, and Domestic Condition of the Employed." The competition to be open to the Cab, Car, and Fly-drivers of the United Kingdom.

The Adjudicators are:—Lord Henry Cholmondeley, and John Purcell FitzGerald, Esquire.

Further particulars, with conditions of competition, may be had on application to Mr. James Tillett, Hon. Sec. of the Association, 252, High Holborn, London. W. C.

WILLIAM HOWARTH, THE OLD SOLDIER OF NORTH CAVE

WATERLOO BILL.

WILLIAM HOWARTH, the subject of the following narrative, is none other than the notorious "*Waterloo Bill*." He was born of poor parents, at Fishlake, near Thorne in Yorkshire. His father was a soldier in the Oxford Blues, and fought in the American War, returned from thence, and was subsequently killed by the falling of a beam at Pontefract. William had one brother a sailor, and another a soldier, the sailor was pressed, and was killed in action, on board the Fox Frigate; the soldier, was killed at the battle of Salamanca. He was himself a soldier in the 33rd regiment of foot, (now styled the Duke of Wellington's Own), and fought under the Duke of Wellington, on the memorable 18th of June, from which circumstance he derives the cognomen above named. In the action he received a slight wound on the leg, he also received a more serious wound on the head at the storming of Bergen-op-Zoom, in Holland, on the 10th of March, 1814, when under the command of Sir Thomas Graham.

He was discharged in the Autumn subsequent to the battle of Waterloo. Returning home and finding his widowed mother dead, and himself, as a consequence, homeless and comparatively friendless, he commenced life as an itinerant ballad-singer, which calling he pursued for some three years or more, as a single man. In 1819 he took a wife, in company with whom, for twenty years, he attended in the above capacity, all the principal fairs, statutes and races, from Berwick-on-Tweed to Boston in Lincolnshire. During the greater part of this time, he was a notoriously profligate character, and being six feet high, and strong in proportion, was an object of terror to the peace-officers, up and down the country. He was thirteen times before the Lord Mayor of York in one year.

On one occasion, at Pocklington, after having drunk seven half-pints of rum at the Buck Inn, he was refused the eighth, which he had already paid for, and was turned out into the street. Being highly exasperated on this account, he kicked up a terrible row, insomuch that three constables were in requisition, who succeeded in putting him in irons, and placing him in the lock-up, he, however, managed to effect his escape from thence by breaking a hole in the wall. Connected with this affair there is a striking manifestation of that determination of purpose which has ever been a distinguishing feature in his character. Whilst he was engaged in making a hole in the wall, through which to escape, a by-stander said "Waterloo! you have got the hole large enough now, you can get through," but his reply was, "No! I walked straight in, and I'll walk straight out again," so saying, he suited the action to the word, and breaking away at the wall till he had made a breach large enough for his purpose. It is a remarkable fact, that although he was never imprisoned for any other charge than that of ballad-singing, drunkenness or bad language, there is scarcely a page of any note in the extensive range above described, but of which he has been an inmate, for a longer or shorter period.

In 1838, he settled down with his wife and family (which had then become somewhat numerous), at North Cave, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, and went out on singing excursions occasionally, and was, during the intervals, in great repute amongst the farmers, as a straw-carrier from the thrashing-machine, at which occupation he had few equals. Some few years after he settled at North Cave, he was, while attending the House of God, because the subject of serious impressions, which eventually led to a change of heart, and a corresponding resolution to lead a different life. William was now brought into seeming difficulties, his wife would no longer go with him to fairs and races, to sing, and his own vocal powers, from the approach of age and frequent exposures to the most inclement weather, were all but prostrated. What afflicted him in the sad state of affairs, was, the circumstance that he had just laid in an ample stock of the *provisions* goods in which to deal. This difficulty was, however, soon met by a few of the members of the religious society which his wife had joined. They raised a subscription, and purchased the whole stock of ballads of William, at the selling price, and on an evening appointed, went to his house and burned them, and never perhaps, was there more joy felt at any bonfire, than by those who watched the conflagration of that bright flame, as, being fed by one and another bundle of the condemned publications, it lighted William's humble dwelling on that dark winter's evening. As for himself, although a consuming party, the scene was too much for him, and he made good his retreat to a neighbour's house. For years, however, after this, he continued a degraded drunkard.

On the 26th of December, 1846. He had just returned from a drunken spree which had nearly cost him his life, having been left in an outcast, in a New-village, near to North Cave, dead-drunk, and nearly naked, at the time of a severe snow-storm, insomuch that his long hair on his head was frozen to the ground; however, almost miraculously spared, although in a wretched condition, he reached his home. It was on the morning of the blessed Sabbath, when two indefatigable members of the North Cave Temperance Society, viz.: Messrs. Pearson and Crosby, called upon him, and talked of his past, present, and probable future. He listened to them kindly, and before they left he signed the pledge, and from that day to this, a period of nearly ten years, he has remained a consistent abstainer, although he has had much temptation to withstand. At the time of William's joining the Temperance Society, he was steeped to the lips in poverty, and over head and ears in debt. He soon, however, by industry and perseverance, aided by the utmost frugality at home, managed to pay off all his debts. He now lives in a neat new cottage built by Mr. Hewson, the venerable President of the North Cave Temperance Society; has got it decently furnished, and is in possession of a substantial new cart, by means of which, and the aid of his donkey, he is able to get a living, although from age and infirmities he is past very hard work. He has recently been appointed Town Beliman by the local authorities.

He still takes occasional tours into the country, not, however, as on former occasions, to publish the moral misdeeds, but to assist in holding temperance meetings, when he tells his own tale in a way which does not fail to produce a deep impression. William may now be seen every Sabbath, respectably dressed, attending the House of God, and, if, as the Bible teaches, "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God," may not the cheering hope be entertained, that sooner or later, the information so hopefully commenced, may end in his being brought to a saving knowledge of Christ, as it is in Jesus? Should this have been changed into a lamb. Such was "Waterloo Bill." Such is WILLIAM HOWARTH.

S. S.

THE BOY'S REFUGE.

[The following is a verbatim copy of a letter addressed by the boys of one of the London Reformatories to the Governor, who was on a tour of absence. It tells its own pleasing story.]

September 16th, 1859.

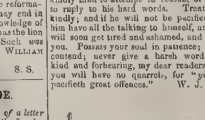
DEAR FATHER, -We thank you for the kind letter you sent us, we were so glad to hear that you had arrived quite safe at Dover, and that you met with such kind reception there, we have no doubt but you felt very tired and were glad to take repose in an easy chair, surrounded by kind and warm-hearted friends; rest after such a fatiguing journey must have been sweet to you, and we cheerfully bring to your recollection the declaration "There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God." May we be enabled by faith to come up to live, as not to fall short of that rest. We tender our thanks to those kind friends who have made you so comfortable, and we hope that we may all be freighted in the same barque, all guided by the same Pilot, all arrivers at the same haven, secure from the sea of life, when we shall have the full fruition of that we can now have only a faint glimpse.

We should have liked the scenery you mention in years, viz., the glimmering lights of the French and English coasts—we dare say when you saw them you thought of Him who said "I am the Light of the world." We should have liked to have been with you when ascending the heights, we think we should have made you pull and blow a good deal more than your friend did, as for your poor hat it would have had but little chance of escaping a watery-grave, especially if it had cast a fond glance at it in bounds, for we fancy we should have given you work for both hands, and then what would have become of your poor hat? We should have liked to have had a peep through the telescope from the heights, but we hope we shall have a telescope at the Refuge, which has a greater power than that of Dover; by means of which we can penetrate the dark cloud that sometimes casts the believer's sky, and the sun that shines behind it; may we be enabled ever to use this telescope so that, though we may walk in the midst of darkness, we may say as one of old did, "Yet will I trust in the Lord and stay upon my God." We are glad your wishes were gratified to the rising, swelling, and rolling of the sea; nothing in nature seems to represent the rising and swelling of the human passions more than the troubled ocean. We dare say the Great Engineer, as a great sight, has in and to-day that there has been a fearful explosion on her, attended with great loss of property (as will be the loss of several lives), and he is and, by neglecting to supply the jacket that surrounded the fanuel with water, £1,000 it is supposed will yearly cover the loss. You will be pleased to hear that we are all happy and well, with two exceptions, and they are getting better.

We shall be ready to welcome your return from Dover with three hearty cheers, and we hope you will and seriously think what can while you are there, so that we may see when you return, that you have been into from one who you will never have greatly benefited; we all send our best love to you, and a kiss from each of us. Praying God to bless you and bring you back safe.

We remain,

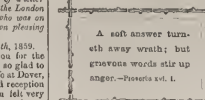
Your loving Children of
The Boy's Refuge.



HOW TO STOP A QUARREL.

Eccl. x. 4. Yielding pacifieth great offences.

IF knowledge is power, so also is kindness. It softens the heart and offers influence in kind words and kind deeds. An angry man went to a neighbour's house to pick a quarrel, he was invited to eat some peas; and finding no opposition, he soon left. After a while he came again, and the good wife was busy at work, and had made a pot of pie. It was kindly done, and kindly meant; and so there was no quarrel. The reader will see that it is difficult to be angry by those who may be similarly tempted. An angry man is for the time without reason; your rules and it is hard to resist. Him kindly than to attempt to reason, or even to reply to his hard words. Treat him kindly, and he will not be pacified, let him have all the talking to himself, and he will soon get tired and ashamed, and leave you. Possess your soul in patience; never counteract; never give a harsh word. Be kind and forbearing, ye dear readers, and you will have no quarrels, for *"yielding pacifieth great offences."* W. J. M.



THE FRUITS OF INFIDELITY.

MELANCHOLY was the spectacle presented when I entered the wretched apartment to which I had been conducted; its aspect was that of the deepest poverty and wretchedness; it was one of those sad and lone retreats "where want so often retires to die." The only furniture was a broken chair, a small table, and a bed, if indeed it deserved the name. A more comfortless place, as the dwelling of a human being, could scarcely be conceived, yet on the bed lay a female in the last stage of consumption. She was evidently in great suffering, gasping for breath, and incessantly harassed by a cough that seemed to rend her frame. I soon discovered, however, that there were not the sweet features of her case. She was suffering in mind even more than in body. On approaching her bedside, and making some inquiry she replied, "My case is sad! sad! sad! I'm dying; yet I dare not die; I tremble at the thought of the state in which I'm just going; oh! is there any escape, any hope for a sinner like me?" No suitable advice could be given without some knowledge of her previous history. Partly from herself, but chiefly from the neighbours by whom I was accompanied, I gathered the following particulars.

Her husband and herself were both at one time living in the enjoyment of religion; they were then a happy couple, doing well for both worlds. Their cottage was well furnished, they had enough of temporal goods, and to spare, and the blessing of God sweetened the whole. But, alas! a sad change followed this delightful state of things. Her husband worked in the same shop with some infidel reformers. They commenced talking of the injustice, tyranny, and oppression of masters and governments; of society being based upon wrong principles, and that it were absolute folly to expect anything but a continuance of existing evils by which the upper classes held in subjection slavery until the rights of man were properly asserted, universal equality established, and society thoroughly reorganized. Unhappily, he imbibed the poison thus presented, and was at length induced to attend some of their meetings. The consequences soon became visible. He began to lose his relish for home—become restless and dissatisfied—and, when he sometimes returned with his passions greatly excited, and as he felt unfit for the duties of family devotion, excused himself on account of his neglect, until they were wholly omitted. When expostulated with by his wife, he would tell her of the wrongs of the poor, of the masses of the people—how much himself and others were suffering, in consequence of being deprived of their rights—that he was labouring to bring about a better state of things, and that for the accomplishment of so glorious and great results must be made, nay, that he considered he was as well employed as he should be in acts of devotion. In now the whole world more than three days in the week. His late hours unfitted him to rise early in the morning, and his days were, as often as possible, occupied, and wasted in attending political meetings of one kind or another, and in the company of men, who, from poverty or pride, were anxious to promote agitation, or rather discontent and misery. Another change now became visible. The last remnant of piety—the observance of the Sabbath was gradually discarded. At the first it was pleaded, that it was lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, and he was seeking the good of mankind as truly as the minister in the pulpit; then the sanctity was attacked, and he expressed his doubts whether the observance of the Sabbath was at all a duty, seeing that it was a day of recreation and enjoyment. Soon, however, it became evident, that when a man sets himself in opposition to the rule and government, the next step is to cast off the government of heaven, and the attrition of priests, the bible and the ministers of Christ, became his favourite topics of conversation. At length he hesitated not to avow his belief that all religion is a delusion, and that the Bible is a practised upon mankind. All this time his circumstances grew worse and worse; his neglect of work brought him into disrepute, and to relieve his wants, he sold one article of furniture after another, until scarcely any thing of value was left. Not only was his sobriety and immorality go hand in hand. As soon as he cast off the Bible and the fear of God, he gave way to habits of intemperance and licentiousness. Marriage, he said, was an unnatural and degrading bondage, and so when his wife was rendered by illness incapable of fulfilling her customary duties, he deserted her altogether, and left her to disease, poverty, misery.

This was a sad narrative, and it led me to inquire in what way the sufferer herself had led to this end. I had to wait long and patiently for the information I sought, yet without it I could not judge accurately of her real state. The sentences of the dying were often interrupted by paroxysms of coughing, and her words were indistinctly audible, the following, however, was the purport of her communication.

"Far be it from me to hide my guilt and shame; I have greatly sinned, I see it now clearly what I ought to have been, and what I ought to have done. I ought to have lived by meekness and affection, by persevering kindness, and mild and gentle entreaty, to have reclaimed my husband from the evils into which he had fallen; but instead of this, I gave way to anger and bitter complaint. Sometimes I attempted to reason with him, but nearly as often I lost my temper, and instead of argument I used reproach. I was thus deficient in piety, self-condemnation and spiritual darkness. I never enjoyed my former peace of mind, nor did I make any effort to recover it, or to be blessing. My mind gut chafed and irritated—religious duties became irksome, and I gradually became the victim of gloom and melancholy. As I lost the impressions of Divine and spiritual things, I found the principle of my husband less obnoxious. I began to think that, perhaps, they might be after all, true. Infidelity offered a convenient refuge from the reproaches of a troubled conscience, and as we are easily persuaded of the truth of what we wish to believe, I at last adopted the sentiments of my husband, and I adopted, too, some of his habits. Intemperance soon told upon my constitution, consumption began to fasten upon me, and my prospects and for some months I have been going worse and worse. I am now near the end of my journey: I have not many days, perhaps not hours, to live. But how, with all my load of guilt shall I meet the eye of my Judge, or endure His frown?"

It is not intended to pursue the narrative further, although it is intensely interesting. The object of its production is to show in a manner in which the principles of infidelity operate; how they demoralise and degrade the character.

It may, however, be stated that the sufferer, after a painful struggle with the guilt, remorse, and sorrow, which she had accessioned, was enabled to commit herself once more to the all-sufficiency of the Saviour's atonement, and in consequence obtained that assurance of forgiveness which is promised to all them that believe. Her last words were, "I am happy. Death, the domination now I dread." UNCLE DAVID.

THERE'S MUSIC IN A MOTHER'S VOICE.

THERE's music in a mother's voice,
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's kindness in a mother's glance,
Too pure for ever dying.

There's love within a mother's breast,
So deep, its still o'erflowing;
And for those that love, that hope, that fear,
That's ever, ever growing.

There's anguish in a mother's tear,
When farewell fondly taking,
That so the heart of pity moves,
It scarcely keeps from breaking.

And when a mother kneels to Heav'n,
And for her child is praying,
O, who shall half the fervour tell
That burns in all she's saying!

A mother! how her tender arts,
Can soothe the hours of sickness;
And through the gloom of life once more,
Bid shine the sun of gladness.

A mother! when, like evening's star,
Her course hath ceased before us;
From brighter worlds regards as still,
And watches fondly o'er us.

CHEAP POSTAGE.

THE Publishers will forward packets of the British Workman to any part of the United Kingdom, Channel Islands, the Shetland and Orkney Isles, on the undermentioned terms,

4 copies for 4d., or for one year, 6s.					
12	"	1s.	"	18s.	Full
20	"	1s. 8d.	"	30s.	Postage
30	"	1s. 8d.	"	50s.	Allowed.
54	"	2s. 0d.	"	14s.	
100	"	3s. 4d.	"	25s.	

* Never than four copies cannot be sent in the rate.

☞ *A single copy sent to any Station Master in towns consisting of two thousand, and in villages, we hope that those of our readers who have regular newsvend, will order copies to be sent thus.*

ALL ORDERS to be addressed to Mr. S. W. FARTHIDGE, 24, *Paternoster Row, London.*

LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS to be addressed to the *Editor*, 13, *Barnsbury Square, London. N.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE thank our numerous correspondents for their communications, more particularly those who are helping us so efficiently by circulating the *Hiawatha* Monthly Tracts. We will be glad to send a supply to any of our readers who can turn them to good use at home.

Contributors to the Prize Tracts, and Tracts for Bibles, to every *Bookseller* in the United Kingdom. If our correspondents would write, we would forward them with the names and addresses to any Bookseller as possible, we shall be thankful.

We have received several contributions towards the British Workman's Infidelity Tracts, which will be acknowledged in a future Number. The sketch of "John Stepping Forth" has prepared material for "John Stepping Forward, Good Work and Happy Home," the opposite of "John Stepping Backward." Notice is now further in advance.

BRITISH WORKMAN. ONE PENNY MONTHLY.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

(Will be ready on December 1st.)

☞ *With 100 Engravings. The Yearly Part of the "British Workman." for 1859. In illustrated paper cover, price Eighteenpence; Parlour Edition, on superior paper, and bound in cloth, 2s. 6d.*

☞ *With Six Hundred Illustrations. A complete Edition of the "British Workman." for 1859,—1859, bound in cloth, price 7s. 6d. full gilt edges, 8s. The Five Yearly Parts may also be had separately, an illustrated paper cover, price Eighteenpence each.*

☞ *The Yearly Part of the "Band of Hope Review," for 1859 (with upwards of seventy engravings), in stiff covers, price One Shilling, bound in cloth, 2s.*

☞ *With 700 Engravings. The Complete Edition of the "Band of Hope Review," for the Nine Years, may be had, bound in cloth, 9s.; gilt edges, 10s. 6d. "The best picture-book we know of."—Mother's Friend. The Nine Yearly Parts may also be had separately, in stiff covers, price 1s. each.*

☞ *"Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones," compiled by Uncle John, with numerous Woodcuts, (1st in volume,) Vol. I., bound in cloth, 3s., gilt edges, 7s. 6d.*

☞ *A Voice from the Vintage. By Mrs. Ellis, Authoress of "Women of England," &c. Third Edition. Price 1s., post free. This valuable work by Mrs. Ellis, should be wide circulation. It is worthy of being read by every mother and daughter in the land.*

☞ *Morning Dew Drops. By Mrs C. L. Balfour, price 3s. 6d., gilt edges, 4s. 6d. This is one of the most valuable literary contributions to the cause of Temperance yet issued, and is one of the best Christmas presents that a parent can give to either son or daughter.*

☞ *Fifty Engravings. A complete Edition of the "Illustrated Hand-bills," (compiled by the Editor of the "British Workman,) bound in cloth, price One Shilling. This book forms an attractive little present for Servants and Workpeople.*

☞ *Widow Green and her three Nieces. By Mrs Ellis (Authoress of the Women of England, &c.), Addressed to the Daughters of the Working Classes. Cloth, One Shilling.*

SCHOOLMASTERS AND TEACHERS.

We are glad to state that several Schoolmasters and Teachers are forming their scholars into Canvassing Committees for obtaining subscribers to the "British Workman." Some of these committees are on a large scale. In one case they propose canvassing 7000 families! Applications to the Editor for hand-to-hand canvassing bills, will be promptly responded to.

ON DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

While waiting for the train at the Leicester station recently, my attention was arrested by a group of persons evidently engrossed by some object of interest. My curiosity was excited. On approaching nearer I discover the cause of the attraction, I perceived it to be a drinking fountain,—very simple and inexpensive, — nothing more than a small bowl a head projecting from the wall; but then there issued from its mouth, a stream of pure water which obviously afforded universal satisfaction. I thought this an opportunity not to be neglected. I waiting myself, therefore, by the side of the fountain, I made the following notes of what I saw and heard during the half hour I remained.

"Ah! this is as it should be," said a stout, burly-looking man. "This is far better than ale or sports. How often when travelling by rail have I cried to get a glass of water, but, no, thank you, the refreshment was generally not, either with a black look or a blank denial, but here it can be had without the asking."

"I'll trouble you to fill the vessel for me," said a person of rather gentlemanly aspect, whether tasting the contents, he remarked, "It is capital water; its taste is delicious, it reminds me of Gough's beautiful allegory on pure water. This is a more in the right direction. I hope Railway Directors will follow this example throughout the kingdom."

A soldier who came up at the time, and who appeared to have seen long and hard service, responded, "Ah, none know the value of good water like those who've been in foreign lands. When I was in India I would often gladly have given gold for a glass of water like this," and he smacked his lips as he emptied the vessel in token of his enjoyment, adding, "I hope ere long we shall have these fountains in all the principal stations."

A group of boys now drew near, led on by one of their number who had just made the discovery of the fountain. "Come lads," he said, "look here! here's a bowl's head spurting out such a nice stream of water; and here are *horn glasses* to drink with; let's have a glass before I train starts."

"This is just what I was longing for," said a woman who appeared weary and faint as if she had travelled a long distance. "I did so want a glass of water, but I did not know where to get it. This suits my case."

A fresh train having arrived, I presently saw two boys, whom I soon discovered to be brothers, running to the fountain. "I know it's this way, said one to the other. I marked the place well when we were here before, but the water was no good."

These were some of the utterances I heard during the half hour spent by the side of the fountain. The scene proved highly interesting. The little streamlet afforded universal satisfaction. All who partook of it seemed most grateful for the boon, and the relief thus afforded was alike reasonable and serviceable.

Where the above, I have taken my stand by two other fountains, in and about the metropolis, and have marked the same results. The fountains, therefore, form one of those modes of affording public relief and advantage which commend themselves at once to the attention and support of the well-wishers of the community. W.

The Drinking Fountain progresses. Burnley—Sir J. P. Kay Shuttleworth, has provided two fountains. Perth—two are being erected. West Hartlepool—a fountain is in course of erection. Dublin —The Lord Mayor has promised to erect one in Grafton-street. Oxford—Mr. Cox has erected a handsome one in the Free Library; a second one has been erected in Market-street. Stratford—it is proposed to erect a fountain in commemoration of Mrs. Emil. Gurney, Esq. Worcester—A fountain has been erected by Mr. Walker Reunick. Shrewsbury—The Board of Health and the Temperance Society, have united to erect one. Bourn—A fountain is to be erected to the memory of the late J. A. Fuller, Esq. (what better memorial monument could be erected?) Yarmouth—The worthy Mayor has agreed to erect one, and we hope that many will follow his good example.

HINTS FOR EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYED.

[The following letter, addressed to us by the head of the eminent firm of Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, will, we hope, be read with interest, both by employers and men. It contains many valuable suggestions which deserve a world-wide circulation.]

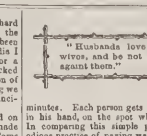
Edinburgh, October 1st, 1859.

Dear Sir,—You have requested me to furnish you with any paper containing a fair report of my observations on certain salutary practices carried out in the printing office of W. and R. Chambers, and which had an opportunity of making at the meeting held in this City last Autumn. I shall be happy to do so, though I possess no report of these observations, but can easily recall their purport, as follows, in order to meet your wishes as to publicity in the *British Workman*.

My Brother and I employ in our establishment upwards of a hundred individuals—men, boys, and girls: the whole according a series of rules, and arranged according to departments. Having at the commencement of our business, been under the convention that the welfare of our people depend in no small degree on that species of proper management which combines discipline with kindness, we, with the assistance of an intelligent foreman, instituted a code of rules and regulations for the government of the establishment, to which we have rigidly adhered, not only to our own satisfaction, but that of all concerned. After an experience of more than twenty years, we can say with confidence, that if employers and employed would only cordially unite in carrying out rules of the kind I refer to, an immense step would be made in the progress of social amelioration. Along with this, I could a copy of our rules, to one or two which I shall briefly refer.

As will be observed, we allow no fines as a rule, and we called *forfeits*. These only fines exacted, are for petty irregularities, and all such fines form a contribution to the library fund. Thus, the workers are relieved from what is often an intolerable burden. Next, you will see that no beer, spirits, or any other intoxicating liquor can enter the premises; this rule also causing a great saving to the operatives. Then, with a view to enable the workmen's wives to buy provisions in the best market, we payall wages on Friday forenoon, weekly. By the method adopted, the payment of the whole establishment occupies only a few minutes. Each person gets his money put in his hand, on the spot where he works. In comparing this simple plan with the tedious practice of paying wages in public-houses, another important means of saving to operatives may be noticed. I should add, that by our paying wages early in the day, we not at night, when men are more easily led away by ill-disposed companions—there is every likelihood of the money reaching the hands of the wives; and I am bound to say, that from this and other causes, all our workpeople are a most sober and highly estimable class of persons. Their good conduct and intelligence are matter of universal remark. I will only draw your attention one moreover; it is that by which all the females arrive and depart ten minutes before the hour by which arrangement, various improprieties are avoided. We are very anxious to keep the place so respectable, that my parents could with safety send their daughters to work in our establishment; and in consequence of the care taken in this respect, we have always had a most respectable class of girls under our employment. A number leave to be married, and it is not less gratifying to know, that which many of our men have been with us for from ten to twenty years, a number of others are the sons of these elder individuals. The last fact of all I will notice is, that there never has been one dispute about wages or anything else between ourselves and those in our employment; and STRIKES among us are unknown!

I am, yours, &c.,
W. CHAMBERS



RULES AND REGULATIONS OF

W. & R. CHAMBERS'S

ESTABLISHMENT.

I. The Manager has the entire regulation of the Office, and all persons employed are to be considered under his direction, or from the Deputy appointed by him to act in his absence. Any complaint, or any thing which is to be reported by Foreman to the Manager, and the Foreman is to see that all persons in their respective departments attend to their assigned duties, and conduct themselves properly.

II. Connected with each department is a Work book, in which the Foreman, or Deputy, shall enter the name of each person, according to experience, and the work he is fit for.

III. Every person, on being engaged, shall before beginning work, report to the Manager or Deputy. Bribery or Fagry money is taken or allowed.

IV. All persons employed (men and girls excepted) who may work in inclement weather, are to be allowed a Gratuity of Sixpence per week, previously. A fortnight's notice of being discharged, or leaving, is required from either side, at the Manager. Boys and girls not apprenticed, to be on a week's notice.

V. Any person unable to attend from illness, shall immediately report himself or herself to the Foreman. These non-attendances are to be reported to the Manager, and if without permission, will expose themselves to the loss of their gratuities.

VI. The number of regular working-hours per week is 54 hours, viz. 9 hours a day, from 7 to 5 in the afternoon, with a half-hour for breakfast, and an hour for dinner. On Saturday there is a half-holiday, from 7 to 12 o'clock. On all days, finish to begin in regular order, and depart 10 minutes earlier, than the above hours.

VII. The Office Doors are to be closed at the hour after Office clock strikes, when the door will be shut. These rules are to apply to all the hours of attendance, and to be strictly adhered to, the hour will be reckoned corresponding deducting excluded for the day, under a corresponding deduction of wages.

VIII. Not to be in public-houses, or pleasure during working-hours, and no acquaintances or others are allowed to call with the Men, or Boys, or to hold any conversation with the workmen.

IX. It is strictly enjoined that there shall be no bibbing, swearing, and no bad language allowed to be uttered. Individuals guilty of a frequent repetition of such indecorous conduct, will be thus dealt with by the establishment.

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XVIII. Wages are paid on the Friday forenoon, weekly, it is arranged that the weekly wages will be paid to the workmen, according either the one and the other, will be paid, kindly to the loss of his situation without prior notice with the Manager. The Manager, or Deputy, will be at the Office at the hour of bringing in drink of any kind to the Office to be the Signal.

XIX. It is also expected that each class of persons in the Office, not only to be clean in their dress, but keep clean the their own employment, unless required otherwise by the Foreman, or Deputy, or Manager. Any person neglecting the washing, or boys with their hands, to be reported to the Foreman, or Deputy, who will be obliged to the establishment a proportion of deduction of the wages to the man, or washer, it is arranged that the weekly wages will be paid on the Friday forenoon, and the Foreman, or Deputy, of the departments will distribute from shall the boxes, containing the wages, and the Foreman, or Deputy, will be at the Office, and going to work, to receive the Boxes, containing the wages, and to be returned to the Librarian before 10 o'clock.

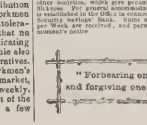
XX. All the men, and any notes which may be out, to be paid, and the Foreman, or Deputy, will be at the purchase of books or periodical, and the Foreman, or Deputy, will be at the Office, and to be formed to be unusual exclusively for the benefit of the establishment.

XXI. With a view to lessening the dangers from fire, it is ordered that no gas-lights shall on any account be used in the Office, and that the Men, Boys, and Girls, shall be the sole, and individual, responsible for the safety of the Office, therefore, the lamp shall be under the charge of a person appointed by the Foreman, or Deputy, to be at hand to light the gas at the proper hours. After being so, the lamp shall be placed in the Office, and the Foreman, or Deputy, shall be responsible for the safety of the Office.

XXII. By Regulations, in connection with cleaning of the Office, and get up in the establishment for preparing special information, are to be attended to, the same as if it were in the presence of the Foreman.

☞ All persons employed in the Establishment are up to defend to have until themselves acquainted with these regulations, and to be strictly adhered to, under the penalty of the Office.

N.B.—All wages will necessarily cease during illness. Means of support will be provided for the sick, by the establishment, and to connect themselves with Friendly or Sick Clubs. Sick Clubs are recommended, and Sick-room for general accommodation, a Savings' Bank is also established in connection with the Edinburgh Savings' Bank. Sums as small as One Penny per Week are received, and payments may be made at monthly order.



NO GOD!

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God"

"No God! No God!" the simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks, as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound:
"No God!"—astonished Echo cries
From out her cavern hoar,
And every wandering bird that flies
Reproves the Atheist-lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head,
The Almighty to protect;
The brooklets, on its crystal urn,
Dash leap to grave His name.
How swells the deep and vengeful sea,
Along his billowy track,
The red Vesuvius opes his mouth
To hurl the falsehood back.

The palm-tree, with its princely crest,
The cocoa's leafy shade,
The lofty mountains, to its lord,
In yon fair island glade;
The winged seeds, that, borne by winds,
The raving ocean fend,
The melon, on the desert sands,
Confute the scorner's creed.

"No God!" With indignation high
The fervent sun is stirred,
And the pale Moon turns paler still
At such an impious word
And from their burning thrones, the Stars
Look down with angry eye,
That thus a worm of dust should mock
Eternal majesty.

Mrs. Sigourney.

THERE IS A GOD.

"There is a God," all Nature cries,
A thousand tongues proclaim
His arm almighty, mind all-wise,
And hid each voice in chorus rise
To magnify His name.

Thy name, Great Nature's Sire Divine,
Assiduous we adore;
Rejecting godheads, at whose shrine
Bestrewed with blood and wine
In vain bidatons pour.

Yon countless worlds in boundless space,
Myriads of miles each hour.
Their mighty orbs as curious trace,
As the blue vault on the face
Of that emanell'd flower.

But Thou, too, mad'st that flowret gay,
To glitter in the dawn,
The hand that fired the lamp of day,
The blazing comet launched away,
Painted the velvet lawn.

As fale a sparrow to the ground,
Obedient to Thy will, [round,
By the same same law those globes wheel
Each drawing each, yet all tied round
In one eternal system bound,
One order to fulfil.

Lord Brougham.

THREE ERAS IN A LIFE.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

"Charester groweth day by day, and all things old is in infancy."

And the best unto good or evil may be given in the beginning of life.

Scratch the green rind of this sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,

The scarred or crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come.

Proverbial Philosophy.

A prudent, painstaking, industrious couple were Martin Pearce and his wife, who kept the well-known mat and rope shop in the corner that formed the angle of two burthing thoroughfares in a crowded district of the metropolis, not far from Tottenham Court-road. They had been married many years when our narrative commences. Their outset in life had been in humble but honourable circumstances, people in the land, but prudence, patience, frugality, and diligence, had year by year added to their wealth, and they had now substance increased, and people began to take note of them as a well-to-do couple. Their shop was open, and the door was closed, in their immediate neighbourhood. Martin and his wife kept no servant for many years, indulgent in no luxury, and without being mean, they still kept a most careful eye on their expenses, and restricted them as much as possible. They were abstemious in habits of living, and while diligent in business, showed they were also fervent in spirit by their due attendance at their house of God, and their liberality to the sacred cause of religion. But while prosperity chief lay deep in the heart of Mary Pearce, like a pent-up stream, ever ready to burst its silent boundary and vent itself in words of murmuring or floods of sorrow. She longed, with all a woman's yearning tenderness, for offspring, yet, year after year found her childless; till the impatient words of repining Rachel were echoed by her mistaken heart, and she often exclaimed in bitterness of spirit, "Give me children or I die!"

She had been twenty years married, and middle age had stamped its furrows on her brow, and shed some of its silvery lustre on her head, when greatly to the surprise of her friends and satisfaction of the gossips, she became the mother of a son. No babe was ever welcomed with more delight in any household, though it had no rank and titles to inherit, yet the priceless wealth of parental affection—nature's dower to the humbly as well as the highly born, was richly shed upon the long desired infant's head. The Supreme father, to mark his gratitude to God for the signal blessing, called the child Ebenezer, for he felt that in every respect he might truly say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me."

The important little new comer made many alterations in the frugal household, there was more outlay and more indulgence, both of which the delighted parents could well afford. The mother altered her former frugal diet on the mistaken plea of being better able to fulfil her maternal duties. It was in fact a grand era in the life of Mary Pearce, and she made many changes to meet its requirements, yet few of them wisely.

As time wore on, the business of the thriving pair increased rapidly; and a good deal of attention took possession of the mother's mind,—her boy should not labour and toil as they had done, their gains would make him a gentleman, as far as money could promote such an end; and Mary Pearce's mind was of too limited a capacity to comprehend, that while money may give the externals and appliances of gentility, careful training, good education, good feeling, and good manners, are its most essential requisites.

An opportunity offered for Martin Pearce to dispose advantageously of his well established prosperous business, and embark his capital in a rage-wearing manufactory situated in the neighbourhood of Fitzroy Square. The proposed alteration of pursuit and business was effected, and all continued to prosper with even greater success than before. Early and late, Martin, now growing old, was superintending his large establishment with unremitting vigilance, while his wife, released from participation in the toils of business, was superintending her son, with affectionate but mistaken solicitude.

Much care and coddling had made the boy's naturally good constitution, delicate; and to meet some slight evil, his diet was luxurious, and exciting, and unnatural. Wine and beer had been the chosen cordials and stimulants of his infancy, and as childhood advanced and gave place to youth, they became his favourite enjoyments. His mind exhibited a proportion, all study was a burden and a task to his artificially stupified capabilities. The golden hours when the mind should be up storing for the future, were passed in feverish restlessness, idleness, and incapacity. The fond parent's money could provide teachers, but the latter, fit of understanding they could not procure; it were steeped in the wine-cup and beer-glass, which their child indulgence had presented to their ill managed child. Domestic medicine, that bane of childhood, also aided in giving the peevish sickly boy a taste for stimulants, since all the favourite family remedies were largely mingled with the fiery fluid.

There were times when the mother's heart misgave her, and she mourned over her son's weakness of her child—their, excesses on the score of his ill-health were so ready that her doubts were silenced—"If all mothers thought right at last, the world grow out of his ill-tempers,"—it's a long lane without a turning."

Alas! parents nourished the evil, and at fifteen it became apparent, even to the mother, that the home was made unendurable by her son's ill-tempered and moodily unmanly manner. Servants were constantly leaving on that account, and all was confusion. Martin Pearce endeavoured to remove his son absorbed from business, proposed sending him into the country to some poor relations, for the youth refused to go to any school or family where restraint would be imposed on him, and only yielded to go at all on a sort of condition that he should considerably pretty much the one master. The relatives he went to, satisfied with the ample allowance they received for him, let him do as he liked, and the consequence was, that when in the country, though pure air and exercise improved his health, his moral manners became daily more corrupt; he formed acquaintance with youths of his own stamp, and the love of strong drink implanted in his nature by, became a bond of union kinship him to all of similar tastes. The means of gratification in proportion being placed within his reach, he grew fond of country life and rustic sports, his mind having no other resources of amusement.

Years passed away, and the youth grew to manhood exactly similar to his childhood, selfish, sensual, and boisterous. The home of his parents, particularly his father, mourned over blighted hopes in this, their long-desired offspring; still they were self-complacent, that they never deemed themselves in fault in his early training; they never looked back and behold the fact that size of strong drink had made his infancy sickly, sickness had caused idleness

and indulgence, and these again had produced ignorance and vice.

Martin Pearce finding his son liked a country life, bought a farm near Pinner; and when Ebenezer came of age, placed him in it. The old man saw much in the conduct of his son that grieved him, but the cunning which often accompanies vice, prevented all his irregularities from reaching the ears of his father. The farm soon became a rendezvous of bacchanalians who were carefully excluded when the aged parents of Ebenezer Pearce came from London to visit him.

No saying is more true, than that the intemperate man is easily made the dupe of the designing. The ample means and sensual follies of Ebenezer pointed him out as a mark for the crafty. An elderly widow resided near the farm and kept a publichouse. She had a daughter, whose boldness and levity was proverbial, and when the rich young farmer was observed to go to the house, rumour ascribed his visits on the account of the daughter. Meanwhile, old Martin Pearce was failing in his health daily. But true to his habits of order and industry, he attended at his Factory to the last, being afflicted with a stroke of paralysis, which in a few hours terminated his life while overlooking the packing of some bales of goods ordered for America.

When conveyed home he was speechless, and the messenger despatched for his son, found the latter in a state of intoxication that unfitted him to attend his father's death-bed. So, that the eyes which had greeted the birth of that son with such pious thankfulness, never looked the last appealing glance of affection upon him, but were closed in death hours before Ebenezer arrived. The widowed and aged mother's heart clung now to her son with the utmost tenacity of affection, as all that she had left on earth. She found him confused in manner and cold to her; and, before she had recovered the first shock of her husband's sudden death, she heard the news of her son's marriage, not as every one expected, with the daughter of the tavern-keeping widow, but to the widow herself; who, old enough to be his mother, had found herself as incumbered with debts, that she determined on making the infatuated inebriate her dupe. Claims to a large amount were speedily made on him, and one of the creditors, who said the widow owed him a large sum of money—immediately on the payment of it, married the daughter of the former widow, which made clear-headed people suspect that the debt was merely fictitious, and was rather a marriage portion, which had been arranged by the parties. The dupe, however, suspected nothing, and well supplied with the drink he loved, the vexation he might feel at the angry looks of his aged spouse was drowned in the wine cup.

Poor Mary Pearce! the birth of her long-desired son, was her era of JOY; now his conduct and connections form her era of BITTER SORROW.

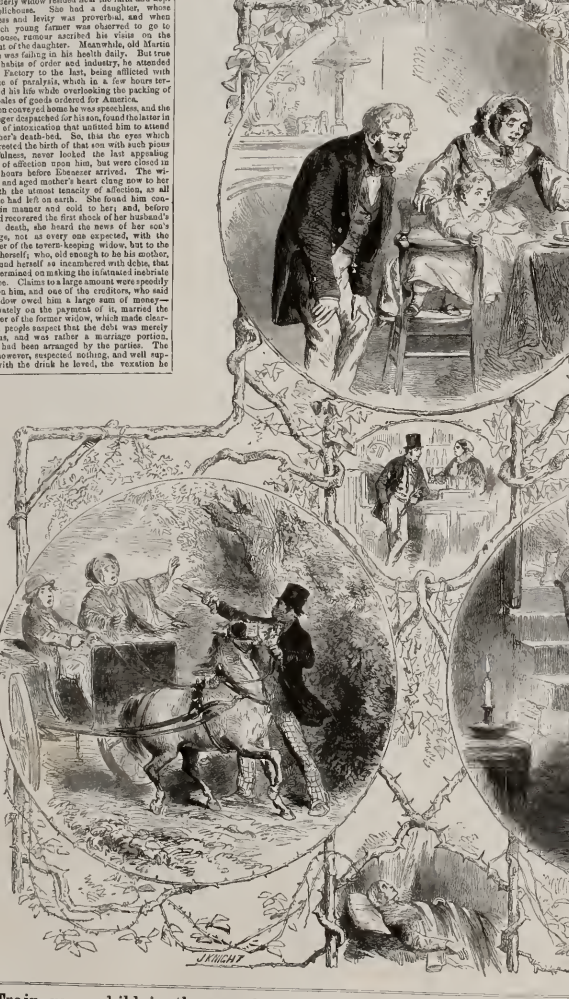
Swiftly as the sunbeam melts the accumulated snows of winter, did the hoarded gains of old Martin vanish with his spendthrift son, and that son's mercenary wife, who plundered him to enrich her own family.

The Factory was sold, the farm mortgaged, the funded property sold out, and appeals began to be frequently made, for supplies out of his mother's income. These were for a time met, but at length they were of necessity discontinued, and all intercourse between the well-nigh heart-broken mother and the son of her ardent love, was suspended.

A few years passed, and the race-course, the betting-booth, and the gaming-table, which had been the auxiliaries of intemperance, completely ruined Ebenezer. He had sunk from opulence to penury, and his pining mother knew not what had become of him. She had some houses in a village near London, and having been to receive the half-year's rent, the young son of one of her tenants drove her in a pony-chaise along a lonely road to the Inn, where she would take the omnibus to return to town. When they were about half the distance, on the gloomiest part of the road, a man stopped the horse, and producing a large pistol, demanded money; his face was concealed equally by the darkness, and a large scarf tied partially over it, but the voice came upon the ear of the mother, she could not be deceived, it was her son! A deadly sickness oppressed her, and she fell out of the little chaise insensible. When her senses returned, the unnatural thief had decamped, and the panic-stricken boy had fled to get assistance; when he returned with some men, who lived near, the aged sufferer was carried back to her tenants. She could not speak, and though every attention was paid her, she sunk gradually for two days—never uttered a word until just before her death, she raised her head suddenly, exclaiming, "Ebenezer, my boy, forgive me, I taught you to drink!" More she would have added but the effort was too much; she sunk back and expired. Her son had brought about the era of her DEATH.

The secret of who attacked the chaise was safe, and the son obtained by his mother's death, an accession of means, speedily to dissipate. Then followed a dreary season of well-merited poverty, when a prowling vagabond might be seen shoeless and shirtless, lingering about the gin-shops of St. Giles's, forsaken by all, even by those who had duped him. Terrible and swift was his doom. At last, under the influence of drink, as he reeled out of a favourite drinking-house, he stumbled and fell head-first into the beer-cellar, then open to receive a fresh supply; and before the men around could prevent it, a descending cask rolled its crushing weight upon him, leaving to the mangled remains, scarcely the semblance of humanity! Such was the end of one whose birth was hailed as Heaven's choicest blessing.

Reader, every incident in the foregoing narrative is strictly true; the real name only of the parties being suppressed. Does not such a fearful life warn all to check the *beginnings of evil*, lest blessings become fearful curses?



Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it. A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him. Chasten thy son while there is hope.

See Proverbs of Solomon.

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BRITISH WORKMAN

EEN VICTORIA AND THE BIBLE.

s a noble and beautiful answer of our Queen—
onarch of a free people, reigning more by love
aw, because seeking to reign in the fear of God—
a noble answer she gave to an African Prince,
ent an embassage with costly presents, and asked
return to tell him the secret of England's
ess and England's glory; and our beloved Queen
m, not the number of her fleet, not the number
armies, not the account of her boundless mer-
tis, not the details of her inexhaustible wealth.
d not, like Hezekiah, in an evil hour, show the
ssador her diamonds, and her jewels, and her rich
ents, but handing him a beautifully bound copy
Bible, she said, "Tell the Prince that THIS IS
SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS."

EDWARD VI.—At the coronation of this youth-
g, which was on February 20th, 1547, he being
nly nine years old, when three swords were
ht, as signs of his being king of three kingdoms,
d there was one yet wanting. And when the
about him asked him what that was, he answered,
Bible! That book," added he, "is the sword of
pirit, and to be preferred before three swords.
is all right ought to govern us, who use the
by God's appointment, for the people's safety.
ho rules without the Bible, is not to be called
minister, or a king. From that alone we ob-
ll power, virtue, grace, salvation, and whatsoever
re of Divine strength."

ge interesting anecdotes connected with the
ful days of this excellent prince, have been pre-
. One day when engaged with some companions
something from a shelf above his reach. One of
yfellows offered him a large book to stand upon;
eceiving it to be the Bible, King Edward refused

such assistance with indignation, and reproved the offender, adding, "that it was highly improper that he should trample under his feet that precious Volume, which he ought to treasure up in his head and heart."

THE EMPEROR THEODOSIUS wrote out the New Testament with his own hands; Zuinglius wrote out the Epistles of St. Paul, and got them by heart; Cromwell, Earl of ESSEX, could repeat all the New Testament.

THE LEARNED CORNISH COBBLER.

SAMUEL DREW.—There is no county in England that more amply repays the toil and observation of the tourist than Cornwall. Its varied inland scenery, bold sea coast—north and south,—magnificent rocks, inexhaustible mineral wealth, pleasant towns, balmy climate, and intelligent, pious population, afford a combination of advantages that amply compensates for the toil of a journey to the isolated, yet lovely "far west," of our native land.

The town of St. Austell which lies midway between Bodmin and Truro, on the high road that runs westward through the county from Plymouth,—is very irregularly built, a sort of cluster of houses round the fine old church, and one or two narrow diverging streets, with comfortable-looking houses, and substantial, rather than showy shops. The country immediately round is very beautiful; richly-wooded hills, and pleasant fields, girdling the town with a belt of verdure. But beyond this, to the east, is the greatest curiosity of the vicinity—the white clay used for the finest porcelain, and the beautiful Parian china. To a stranger's eye, the numerous square pits, filled with what looks like whitewash, where the clay is prepared, after it is cut, the stacks of white lumps dried, and ready for exportation; the men, women, and children, cutting, moulding, or stacking this clay, all of them as thickly covered with white, as the smith is with black—the extent of the plain of clay, and the little streams that run along the roadside, a milky-white, for miles, are unlike anything that the eye, even of the experienced traveller, sees elsewhere. In this town of St. Austell* with its white plain of clay, and its nestling garland of woods, there resided rather less than a hundred years ago, a very respectable poor couple—who found it very hard "to make both ends meet," and "provide things honest in the sight of all men." The em-

* Now spanned by one of the finest railway viaducts in the Kingdom

"THIS IS THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GREATNESS."

ployment of the husband consisted partly of agricultural labour and partly in mining operations. By dint of great industry he managed to buy a horse and cart, and became carrier to a brewer, but this change of condition was not permanently beneficial, for the brewer failed and the poor carrier was ruined with his employer.

Samuel Drew was born in March, 1765, and poor as his parents were, they knew the value of education, and were able to obtain all events the knowledge of reading and writing for their children. The two sons, Jabez and Samuel, were early sent to school, where the change was only a penny-a-week, a sum that could scarcely be afforded in those hard times. No one who noticed the early years of Samuel, would have predicted the career of wisdom and usefulness that lay before him. He seemed a very careless idle boy. His only talent and energy was concentrated in playing, for this he loved the fields and the singing birds, and was Nature's playmate. It might be that in their seemingly idle hours his mind was unconsciously laying up some observations for future years. But the poor little child must work if he would live, in the struggle of life—a brief childhood and few play-days are his lot. Samuel sometimes mourned over her little scapegrace, and strove to win him from his idle ways by words of love; her admonitions were the more effectual than the chastisement he often received from his father's hands.

Many encouraging and encouraging mothers to know that though there was no immediate amendment in this wilful child, he never *forgot* his mother's words and love, and filled him with a tender awe and consecrated her memory. It proved to be "bread cast on the water and was found after many days." She died while he was quite a child, and with her seemed to pass away every good and solemn influence from his life. He was just to work at eight years old as a *Buddle Boy* in the mine. The ore is in small masses of stone. These are brought from the deep mine to the surface, and pulverized in the stamping mills, from powder, both grit and metal, are carried by small streams of water to shallow pits prepared for the purpose, where the weight of the metal causes it to sink to the bottom, while the sandy particles pass off with the stream. These pits are called Buddles, and children air the deposits until the separation of the metal and grit is complete. For this work little boys are first employed.

With his thoughtless temperament and among many wild companions, the boy was rapidly falling into bad habits. He doubtless felt, that there was now no one left to love him, and that helped to make him reckless. Two years after the death of his mother, his father married again—and Samuel did not seek to make a friend of his mother-in-law. The newness and most wicked prejudice against that relationship, had probably been infused into his mind by foolish neighbours—and he had contracted a course of annoyance that ended in his being turned out of his father's house. How sad and yet how common are these domestic broils! In such cases there are always at fault on all sides, the mother-in-law has a very hard duty to perform. Her presence in the house, and her name, seems to the children, only throughout their own mother, like an usurpation. It is not easy for them to love her, but they should try to do so, remembering that if she does a kind part by them, it is a triumph of duty and affection over prejudice and suspicion. In the fields she lavished instances of kind friendship recorded, is that of a mother and daughter-in-law—Naomi and Ruth.

So it happened that for some trifle offered by Samuel to his mother-in-law, his father determined to place him away from home, and as the only thing that offered, he apprenticed Samuel to a shoemaker and farmer at St. Blazey, three miles from St. Austell—the apprentice being about fourteen years old. Here the poor boy had hard work, and hard fare. In the workshop, on the farm, and even in the kitchen he was the general "lag" of the establishment. Bad as his master was, the mistress was worse, and the boy contrived to make her anxious to escape some of her hardships. He was sent to fetch water for the family, but he always contrived to break the pitcher, and made such plausible excuses, that the harsh mistress at length ordered that he should be released from bringing water. Strength in this place he became utterly wretched and reckless, and was the ringleader of the vicious and idle boys of the neighbourhood. He did not forget his reading, but spent some time in looking into such books of travel and wild adventure as found their way into his master's house. These stories of smugglers and pirates filled his mind with the thoughts of a roaming life, and at the seventeenth year he absconded from his miserable servitude, and took the road to Plymouth. From there, in that dark period of his life, a lingering love of home prompted him to call at his father's house, and hint his purpose. His father was absent, and his mother-in-law tried to detain him, but he escaped in the night, and with only sixteen-pence-halfpenny in his pocket, he set out on his wanderings. Hunger compelled him to beg or steal work on his way, and at Liskeard he got a temporary employment, but just as his new master discovered that Samuel was a runaway apprentice, his elder brother came in pursuit of him, and an engagement being made that he should not be sent to St. Blazey, the young man returned to St. Austell. This period was always afterwards regarded as the turning-point of his history. The subject of our sketch considered that he then narrowly escaped complete ruin. For a time he remained with his father, and after some desultory employment, became foreman to a young relationship of St. Austell, who carried on the combined business of shoemaker, saddler, and bookbinder. The latter branch was the means of great good to Samuel Drew. Speaking of this time of his life, he says,—"I was scarcely able to read, and almost totally unable to write. Literature was a term to which I could connect no idea. Grammar I knew not the meaning of. I was expert at follies, acute at tricks, and ingenious about nonsense."

If our pages should meet the eye of any reader who has hitherto neglected his talents, and wasted his time, let him resolve to learning his duties, and think how the man who penned these self-condemnatory lines, lived to be a blessing and an ornament, not merely to his native country, but to his native land.

His first return in the way of mental progress were dipping into the books that were brought to be bound. In many cases, he could only have a mere glance at them, but he began to be so interested, that he craved and longed for books with hungry eagerness.

At this time a circumstance occurred tined to take place in his nature,—a young zealous minister, only some four or five years older than Samuel Drew, came to preach at St. Austell. A large concourse attended, and among them the subject of our narrative, whose heart was deeply touched by the recent triumphant Christian death of his brother—the beloved companion of his childhood. He had heard the young devout attendant, the preacher spoke to his soul. No wonder he listened awe-struck and convinced, that the youthful messenger was none other than Adam Clarke, destined to become the honored and world-known Biblical scholar and critic. Widely removed as the learned preacher and the poor apprentice were then in worldly circumstances, there was a latent spiritual and mental affinity between them, and there came a time when they were dear familiar friends

From this period, we have to contemplate a new man, "old things were passed away," and the idler became "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." His neighbours prayers were answered, and those who had sown, had now sprung up. Very wonderful beneficent was his mental and spiritual growth!

In that time of political commotion, when the American war roused all minds, there was a danger that Samuel Drew would be drawn to take too deep an interest in the public affairs of the day to the injury of his mental, spiritual, and moral improvement. An amusing little incident, charmingly related by himself, was of great service to him at this time. Some one said to him—

"Mr. Drew, more than once I have heard you quote that expression,—'When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' You quote it as being true, but how are we to understand it?"

"I can give you," he replied, "an instance from my own experience. When I began business, I was a great politician. My master's shop had been a rendezvous for political discussion, and there, I suppose, I acquired my fondness for such debates. For the first year, I had too much to do and to think about, to indulge in my propensity for politics; but after getting a little ahead in the world, I began to dip into the newspapers again. Very soon I entered as deeply into newspaper arguments as if my livelihood depended on it. My shop was full of talk with lounge, who came to convert politics into nonsense, and now and then I went into my neighbours' houses on a similar errand. I thus encroached on my time, and I found it necessary sometimes to work till midnight, to make up for the time I had lost. One night, after my shutters were closed and I was busily employed, some little urchin who was passing by, thrust a piece of mouth to the keyhole of the door, and, with a shrill pipe, cried, '*Shoemaker! Shoemaker! work by night, and run about a day?*'

"And did you," inquired his tutor, "pursue the boy with your strap, to chastise him for his insolence?"

"No, no. Had a pistol been fired off at my ear, I could not have been more dismayed or confounded. I dropped my work, saying to myself, 'True, true! but you will never have that to say of me again.' I have never forgotten it; and which I can collect anything, I never shall. To me it was the voice of God; and it has been a word in season through my life. I learned from it not to leave till to-morrow what I can do to-day, or to idle when I ought to be working. From that time I never lost over a new leaf. I ceased to venture on the ocean of politics, or trouble myself about matters which did not concern me. The bliss of ignorance on political topics, I often experienced in after life;—the folly of being wise, my early history shows."

For some time in the midst of many studies, he was perplexed what to select as his chief pursuit, and the science of astronomy delighted him, but his deficiency in

> Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.
>
> Proverbs iv. 23.

arithmetic was a barrier to progress. Great perseverance required too much to unlay in books and time, so he turned his attention to Metaphysics, though the path to that study was dreary, and beset with impediments. But he could carry on the reflections necessary, while pursuing his work, and he made rapid progress.

The first promotion of his pen was "A Defence of Christianity," against one of the leading infidels of that profane and ebbe tistical time,—when the vile speculations of French philosophy were corrupting the mind of youth, and polluting the literature of the age. While Mr. Drew was writing this able Defence, he had proof of the power of A young surgeon of superior reading and attainments, who had been perverted by the sceptical writings of the period, saw the manuscript as it was in progress, and argued against its propositions—Mr. Drew taking notes of all his arguments—but before the work was completed, the doubter began to waver in his unbelief, when to the Bible was converted to the truth, and died a fervent believer and humble Christian. This was a great incentive to the champion for the Faith. He published the work in 1799; it was followed in rapid succession by many pamphlets on the same subject, and by other thoughtful spirit. In 1802, he published his capital work, on "The Immortality and Immateriality of the Human Soul." On that subject, the English language boasts no superior work. It was written by his master, who in the evening, the author sitting on a low-seated chair, with the bellows across his knees for a desk.

In course of time, he was followed by a profound work, "The Identity and General Resurrection of the Human Body."

These surprising books attracted great attention, and brought many distinguished persons to correspond with the author. Mr. Drew did not grow rich. He claimed more leisure for his studies, but he had still to work at his business, for the claims of a family made demands on his industry. Once when replying to a celebrated antiquarian, he said, "I am now writing on a piece of leather, I have no time to copy on paper."

Gradually he had some writing for Reviews, and, ultimately, in 1819, when Mr. Drew was nearly fifty-four years old, he was invited to Liverpool, and became the Editor of "The Imperial Magazine." The family of Dr. Adam Clarke were then resident at Liverpool, and they undertook to moderate and polish the outward garb and appearance of the great metaphysician, whose peculiarities were accurately summed up in an epigram,

> "Long was the man,
> And long was his hair,
> And long was the coat, which
> This long man did wear."

From this time he was fully devoted to literature, and laboured with equal diligence and success; and all his various writings served the cause of religion and knowledge. He was favoured to work until within a few days of his life in 1833, aged 68 years.

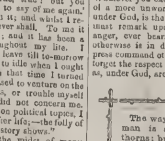
Valuable as his books are to the student and the scholar, his eventful life is even more valuable. Comparatively few can enter into the speculations of the profound mind, or profit by his deep reasoning; but all—the humblest, the lowliest, can be encouraged by the very earnestness of his fervent youth, and wonder and adore the Grace that found him in his sin; brought him to right ends, and made the abandoned outcast of St. Austell a burning and shining light on the "Kings highway of holiness," while the poverty that was his lot from childhood up to his prime of manhood, serves like the dark back ground of a picture, to throw out into bolder and bright relief the noble perseverance and devotedness of the man and the Christian.

* The sources of mind and thought

† He had conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts, by one of our Universities.

THIN ON THIS.

TOWARDS PARENTS no circumstances of provocation can extend the feeling of anger. Whatever you can discover of weakness, or of a more unworthy nature, in one who, under God, is the author of your being, you must remark upon it in sorrow, not in anger, ever bearing in mind, that to do otherwise is a direct contribution to the express command of our Maker. Who would forget the respect and attention due to such as, under God, are the authors of our being.



> The way of the slothful man is as an hedge of thorns; but the way of the righteous is plain. Pr. xv. 19.

If he reflected that he himself may one day be doomed to experience the misery of disappointed hope, and the bitter pangs inflicted by an ungrateful child. Be aware, I conjure you, of the wretchedness you are inviting by a different conduct. Should death anticipate the accomplishment of your anger from you, think of the misery you will endure under the reflection that you have parted in unkindness, never to meet again! Every past endearment will rush upon your memory, and, whatever may be the mercy of God in another world, you will have consigned yourself to unmitigated grief in this. Oh, the Grave! the Grave! it buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes ever resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets, and tender recollections.

Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that should prevent his quarrel with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him. Ay, go to the grave of your parents, meditate; if thou art a child, and have ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a frown to the enhancement of an affectionate parent, there settle the account with thy conscience for every past endearment unrendered or for every disrespect shown, or, if never, never, return to be soothed by thy contrition; and if ever thou hast given one numerous sorrow, be that true heart, thou be sure that every unkind look, every unkind word, every ungenial action, will come crowding before you upon thy memory. Oh! death is such a break; we may go to the grave of the departed and forgive or demand forgiveness, but we cannot return to him and to speak the blessed word, no throbbing heart has underneath it to be comforted by those words of love, if misery untold ere it ceased to beat for ever.

Oh, Charity! first virtue under heaven!
What joy or happiness, what would be thine?
God may accept our humble sacrifice,
But He has no delight in virtue, contentment, mirth,
All thou can charm, command, cashiel, delight,
All the world, Charity, is thine, the riches of earth,
Worn without Charity, are nothing worth!

Let not the sun, then, go down again upon your wrath, and the sun, which is no longer, take heed that you convert it not into sin.—See Proverbs xxiii. 22.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Twas when the world was sleeping,
And stars were bright in the sky,
That shepherds watch were keeping,
Around their flocks by night;
High in the heavens, a light
They heard fall many a wing,
And sweet as zephyrs sighing,
Celestial voices singing,

"Hosanna in the highest,
Peace and good will to men;"
Hosanna," Thou replest,
Redeemed earth again;
Take up the glorious song
And tell it all around;
The Lord of life and glory,
With joyful hearts is found.

Welcome, thou happy season,
Replete with sacred mirth,
Sinners have surely reason
To hail their Saviour's birth.
The gracious Saviour's repute,
Its blessings to record,
Some! hymn with hearts and voices
The advent of our Lord.

REFUSING TO DRINK WINE WITH WASHINGTON.

TOWARDS the close of of the revolutionary war, says Dr. Cox, an officer in the army had been taken prisoner some hundred miles from Gen. Washington, and repaired to Philadelphia for that purpose. Before leaving, he received an invitation to dine with the general, which was accepted, and upon entering the room he found himself in the company of a number of generals. As they were mostly strangers to him, and he was of a naturally modest and unassuming disposition, he was much surprised at the kind, noble, and refreshed from taking an active part in the conversation. Just before the dinner was ended, the general Washington called him by name, and requested him to drink a glass of wine with him.

"Will you pass the goodness to excuse me, general," replied the officer. "I have made it a rule never to take wine."

All eyes were instantly turned upon the young officer and a murmur of surprise and indignation ran round the table. That a young officer should be so unsocial and so mean as never to drink wine, was really too bad; but that he should abstain from it on an occasion like this, and even when offered to him by Washington himself, was perfectly inexcusable!

Washington saw at once the feelings of his guests, and kindly addressed them thus,—"Gentlemen," said he, "Mr —is right. I do not wish any of my guests to partake of anything against their inclination, and I certainly do not wish them to violate any established principle in their social intercourse with me. I honour Mr.—for his firmness, for his consistency in thus adhering to an established rule which can never do him harm, and for the adoption of which, I have no doubt, he has good and sufficient reasons."

MY MASTER HAS GIVEN ME A HOLYDAY.

"I'm going down the river in a steam-boat next Monday, Jabez, will you go with me?"

"Well, I'll see, if I can, but have the kind William, you have the time?" "Oh, my master has given me a holyday. He's a capital master, first-rate. I never meet a kind word from him, but he speaks to me." "William, as I can seldom see you, the time I'll spend with you on Monday, if you will spare your time, and may my master has given me." "Your master's a good man, I know, you account, what do you mean? Have you your master and you have had a holyday?"

"I have a master—the kindest, the best. He gives me a holyday every week. Sundays are my holydays, for study and reflection, mind. Every day is His. He gives me all I have—work to do and health to do it, and He remembers my poverty, and gives me a seventh of my time, and He means should take it for me. Yes! William, my master gives me this weekly holyday, to bless and praise His holy name for His good gift. Come with me, Jabez." "Well, I will, never thought about the Sabbath in the light before."

The friends kept their day of sacred joy together; they went to the House of God in company, and rejoiced with the multitude who kept holyday in the Courts of the Lord. And if William was grateful to his earthly master for giving him a day of rest from toil, he learned a deeper feeling of gratitude to his Divine Master, and from this time he was more in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

TO OUR READERS.

We have much pleasure in being able to state that Quotations from Scripture, as well as individual encouragements for subscribers to "British Workman," are on the increase. We are greatly indebted to our friends (composed of all classes of society), who have thus kindly assisted us. They will be gratified to learn that there is now a very large addition has been made to our list of regular subscribers, so that the year with a circulation of not less than 200,000. We, therefore, remain to be done before the "British Workman" can be, as we wish to the masses; and as the beginning of the year is presaging favourably, for securing new subscribers to a periodical, we feel that all who will our readers will kindly do what they can to enable us to commence the new year with an enlarged circulation. The price of the "British Workman," (one penny per month), brings it within the reach of all classes, and in most cases it is found that when a copy is once seen, it is sure to find with what ease, and in what short time, a few copies may be given to the "British Workman" can be obtained. The following simple ways of doing this, as will be seen on referring to the "Suggestions." One of our most valuable helpers is an invalid lady who never leaves her room! Supplies of the illustrated Boxes-of-text-for-the-morning Bills, and the "Twenty-eight Suggestions," will be sent to her friends, gratis, and post free, on application to the Editor, 13, Bernhurst Square, London. N.

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UNCLE DAVID COUNSELS TO YOUNG WOMEN, WHO ARE THINKING ABOUT MARRIAGE.

And what young woman does not think about marriage, and talk about it, and make it from time to time the subject of jest and merriment? Well, the majority of young females it is, doubtless, the subject of all others the most interesting and engrossing. If a few view it with indifference, and rest content in a state of "blissfulness," by far the greater number eagerly desire to change their condition, and to enter the honorable state of wedlock. Various are the motives which lead to this. Some are impelled by vanity, others are weary of the employment by which they obtain their living, some are uncomfortable at home, some are actuated by a love of change, others wish to get settled in life,—to have a home of their own,—to be their own mistress, and to have a husband to provide for them. All this is natural, and although the motive in many instances is such as we cannot view with approbation, yet in the simple wish to enter the comforts of married life, there is nothing censurable, or inconsistent.

For be it from me to cast the slightest reflection on a very common feeling because the thing about getting married, it is in accordance with God's original design, and with the sympathies and feelings which have been implanted in our common nature. It is not a strange, that with all this thinking, and talking, and jesting about marriage, it should fail, in such a vast number of instances, to be the place for which it is the expected enjoyment, and should prove productive of bitterness, disappointment, and misery, rather than of happiness? Perhaps it may be plainly stated, that marriage, to most felicity, not less for the woman than the man; and does the earth contain a scene of richer enjoyment than that presented by a contented pair, united in heart, and principles, and regulated by suitable dispositions. When it fails to yield enjoyment, and becomes a source of disappointment and misery, the source, the cause originates with the parties themselves, and, in most cases, may be traced back to the errors and indiscretions that marked the formation of their union. Now, it is to some of the errors that occasion unhappy marriages that I wish to direct the attention of the young woman who may favour me with their attention. If, therefore, you will take your seat, around me, and, as an Indian would say, lend me your *ears* for a short hour, I will try to impart a little of the wisdom I have acquired by a long course of observation.

One who has spent seventy years in the world, seen varied life in nearly all its phases, and mixed up with all ranks of society, from John O'Groat's House to the Land's End, has certainly acquired some claim to attention. "Yes, yes," you say, "that may be all very fine, Uncle David, and you may be a very decent, good-meaning sort of a man, but we have no wish, we must tell you, to listen to a grandfather's long dry lecture." Neither do I wish to inflict such a lecture upon you. Life is not a joke, and a joyous smile, and it is earnest I rejoice in the happiness of others, and feel that the bright sunbeams of your youth should be followed by years of still richer enjoyment, that I be enabled to address you. It is be not with all the unwary of youth, it is because my sympathies are in no subject constrains me to look grave even in the prompt to smile.

But satisfied I hear you say, "the best thing you can do for us, Uncle David, is to tell us how we may get good husband—and soon." That is the very thing I am going to tell you. Whatever, were you that too great hurts us of all things the most fatal to the happiness of attainment of your wish. Of course, you desire a good husband, for what on earth would is more to be dreaded than a bad one,—one whom you cannot in any love or respect, and on whom you are constrained to look with indifference, if not with contempt and abhorrence. Such an union must be replete with misery, and constitute a hell upon earth. It is for very reason that caution is so necessary, and that we ought to look well before you leap. It is obvious to no decision of your whole earthly existence rendered so important as a calm judgment more than ever, that, when a matter of such vital moment is allowed to give counsel, and how generally the passions and impetuous sallies the business. By far the greatest portion of the misery and crime which deprave and afflict society is the result of ill-formed marriages. life on such, society or lasting sorrow, are dependent on the choice you make. Marriage, when it is entered into, is the subject of merriment and laughter, and is all so laughing matter, but a very serious business. When I say serious, I do not say sad, or dull, or miserable, or melancholy, but simply that it ought to be approached with prudence and caution, and with the exercise of the judgment.

Discretion is a virtue at which some but fools laugh; I say, "I mean to say I on no subject is it more frequently to be so." Seen sitting at the feet of Wisdom, listening her counsels, would be thought by some romantic, silly, novel-reading girls profoundly ridiculous,—of all foolish things the most foolish; no marvel if they have to do penance for life, on the stool of repentance.

While one lounges lazily in one of the arcades in London—for I visit various places in order to increase my knowledge of men and things—my attention became difficult task of selecting and purchasing some body dresses. A great variety, of every shape and colour, was placed before them. All were viewed and examined in the most minute and critical manner. Some, in form, colour, style, decorations, were keenly criticised. Yes! one, and then another, was tried on—looked at before the glass—capered—turned—twisted—examined right and left, before and behind; a general condemnation followed: after long deliberation,—many arguments *pro* and *con*, and what it seemed as if nothing more could be said, and the patience of the poor shopwoman was all but exhausted, the decision so weighty and important, was arrived at, and the purchaser made. You smile, young women, but it makes me serious when I think that many females marry with less deliberation than they display when they purchase a dress, a bonnet, or a cap; yet these are things which if you like them not after you have worn them for a time, you can easily lay off, or give away, or cast aside, whereas marriage is a *life-matter*. When you *marry*, you take your husband "*for better, for worse, till death do you part.*"

Of course, every young woman who is thinking of entering the marriage state, believes, or tries to believe, that she is about to acquire a good husband. It is not so with you? But marriage is a *lottery*, in which there are *blanks* as well as prizes, and, as many think, far more blanks than the latter. Hence the great hesitancy of your obtaining a prize will be small indeed without you exercise proper consideration and prudence.

But, you say, "How are we to know the probably good from the bad? Men are often very deceitful, and carry a wicked heart under a fair and delusive outside. We have known them as to wear a peach or an apple. We cannot cut them in two, to see whether the fine bloom on the skin is connected with soundness in the heart." Very true, young ladies, and you lay open the body of a tree to judge by the grain to what species it belongs, there is a readier way of judging, and one which is generally, I think, known by its fruits." There are but few men, especially among young women, long life, who are such masters in the art of hypocrisy as to be able to maintain a false character from a close observer. By far the larger number, betray, by their themselves in a manner not to be mistaken, except by those who are wilfully blinded their judgment. Many young females are easily enamoured with a lively, jocose, dashing, frolicsome young fellow, especially if he be tolerably good-looking, and dresses well; but it is not necessary to cut them two, or, as the saying is, turn them inside out, to discover that many such dashing blades are sadly defective in all the principles, dispositions, and habits which are essential to a happy married life happy. In most instances, the outward practice betrays the inward bias. When, for instance, a youth is seldom or never seen but with a pipe or cigar in his mouth, you may set him down as weak-headed or an incipient drunkard.

When a young man generally spends his evenings at the public-house, or wastes the early part of the week in idleness and pleasure-taking, you may be almost sure that he will attach but little weight to your efforts, or to a wife's society. When you discover in another a fondness for rough and dissipated companions, and a pleasure to use bad, or, at least, coarse, language, you need not hesitate to write him down as a man of vulgar mind, and of gross passions. As you value your peace and welfare, shun such a young man.

But where there is a freedom from corrupt and debasing habits, and the existence of industry, sobriety, and economy, there may be a reasonable hope of his to domestic felicity. There may be selfishness, harshness, worldliness and ungodliness; and where these exist and predominate, you may expect to gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles, or to derive happiness from union with such a character.

Despise not, young woman, the moment I am about to utter, it is written as with a sunbeam on every page of the history of mankind, and is intimately connected with your own feelings. True excellency of character, so essential to domestic happiness, can only exist in connection with genuine piety." It, therefore, the man who is to engross your affections be one who is sceptically inclined, who has no proper respect for religion, neglects public worship, and scorns at sacred things; nay, even if he makes a profession of religion, yet remains a stranger to its influence, unaccompanying power; if religion with him be nothing more than a name, a form, an appearance, then may you be assured that the great principle of domestic happiness, happiness is not in him;—that the defects and corruptions of his nature, be they what they may, are uncontrolled by a ray from heaven, and, in the end, your

CHANGES EFFECTED BY THE PRESENT REMARKABLE REVIVAL OF RELIGION. "BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

THE GREAT REVIVAL.

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

PUBLIC attention has been extensively called to the present remarkable revival of religion in Ireland and Wales. Many persons have thrown ridicule upon this wonderful movement, and have sought to explain it on philosophical grounds; whilst others have attributed it to satanic agency. The good old Bible says, "By their *fruits* ye shall know them," and by this unerring test let this revival be tried. From not a few sources of reliable information, we learn that in villages and towns once the scenes of dissipation and brawls, order and peace now reign, the Sabbath is reverenced, and God's House attended. All classes of society, and all sects and parties have been the subjects of the revival influence. Family dissensions have been healed, and party animosities have been melted away. Not a few publicans, beer-house keepers and whisky dealers have relinquished their trade. In one town in Wales, seven publicans have taken down their sign-boards! In the districts of Coleraine alone, the collection of duty on whisky has fallen £400 per month! "By their *fruits* ye shall know them!"

A NOBLE BREWER.

MR. ALDERMAN BEAUMONT, of Bradford, received a note one day from Mr. Hy. Leah, the great Brewer, asking the favour of a call. On arriving at the Brewer's residence the great friend of temperance was shown into the drawing-room where the Brewer and his wife were seated. Mr. Leah said, "I understand, Mr. Beaumont, that your Temperance Society is in trouble." "Yes, Sir, the mortgage for £500 on our Hall is called in and I fear the building must be sold," was the reply. "The Temperance Society has done a *great amount of good, and ought to be supported*," said Mr. Leah, "I do not know what my partners will say to me, but I shall present the Society with the £500." In a few moments this sum was handed to Mr. Beaumont, who received it with feelings that may be better imagined than described. At the moment Mrs. Leah broke the silence she had hitherto maintained by saying, "My husband has *pleased me very much* by what he has done." When about to depart, the liberal-minded Brewer called Mr. Beaumont back to inquire if there were *any* arrears of interest due. On learning that the amount of £22 10s. was due, Mr. Leah drew a new cheque for FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY TWO POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS, which he handed Mr. Beaumont in exchange for the other! Within ten days of this interesting interview, Mr. Leah was stopping out of a railway carriage; his foot caught the step, and was so seriously injured that in two days he died! "What thy hand findeth to do, *do it*." [The above fact we had from Mr. Beaumont's own lips.—ED. B. W.]

PAPER FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

WE wish to call attention to our new Illustrated Religious Paper—The "Band of Hope Review," which we hope for our little ones will be read by all those of our readers who are Parents will wish to see their sons and daughters to search out the answers to the Bible questions in each issue. Prizes value £50 will be awarded for the best answers. For particulars see the Number for January, 1860.

WHEN we observe any tendency to treat religion or morals with disrespect and levity, let us hold it to be a sure indication of a perverted understanding, or a depraved heart.

UNLESS a vessel move at a certain rate, she will not obey her rudder; so, unless the Christian keep pace with the monitions of the Spirit he loses the benefit of its sensible guidance.

HUMILITY does not consist in telling our faults, but in bearing to be told of them; in hearing them patiently; even thankfully; and in correcting ourselves when told.

THE BREWER HANDING £522 10s. TO ALDERMAN BEAUMONT FOR THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

FACT FOR EMPLOYERS.

THE late highly-esteemed Aldermen Beaumont (within forty-eight hours of his being suddenly called away to a better world) addressed one of the sections at the late social science gathering in Bradford, in his usual eloquent and animated manner.—"Gentlemen," said he, "most of you have been to Saltaire, you have inspected those magnificent mills. You have seen more than three thousand men and women employed there; but did you observe the beautiful village close to those mills? Those lines of streets were erected by the noble owner of Saltaire, our worthy member, Mr. Titus Salt. He has not allowed a single public-house or beer-shop in the whole of that beautiful little town. Yesterday a friend who site by my side inquired of two of the police inspectors for that district,—"How many committals for crime have you had in this town since it was built?" "Only *one*, Sir, a case of theft," was the reply. "Suppose Mr. Salt had placed a public-house or beer-shop at the four corners of the town, do you think the case would have been altered, would you have had more crime?" inquired my friend. The police officers laughingly replied, "Oh dear! yes, Sir! we should have had *plenty* of committals then!" This fact carries its own moral.

A THOUGHT FOR THE END OF THE YEAR.

Reader! forget not, amid the hilarity and pleasures of the season—no matter whether thou art young or old—thou art fast travelling towards thy narrow resting place—the house appointed for all living.

"Whate'er we do, where'er we be, we're travelling to the grave."

REFLECTIONS ON 1859.

DECEMBER with its cold and shivering aspect has again returned, reminding us that another year is fast passing away, and that presently we shall enter on the last week—the last day—and then the closing hour which will toll the knell of 1859, and announce that it is gone for ever!

Let me invite you, my friends, to take a brief review of the past. Of the past we are too prone to retain what we should let go, and to let go what we ought to retain. Our memories are too much like the mealman's sieve, allowing the flour to pass, and keeping back only the bran. All of us, however, in reviewing the annual period which will soon come to a close, can call around us scenes both of light and shade. Some have had more of the one, and some more of the other, but whichsoever of the two has prevailed, there is not one of us but has been guided, both in going out, and coming in,—has been watched over, guarded, as well as blessed, by a wise and merciful Providence. You may have to tell of disappointments and mortifications, of pains and afflictions;—perhaps the smiling cherub on whom you doted, and who, the last December, was hanging around your neck, is now slumbering beneath the churchyard's clod; or the mother who cared, and prayed, and lived for you, is now no more; still you cannot point to one hour of the year which has not brought with it some proof of God's affectionate care, and of His earnest solicitude for your soul's welfare. In addition to all your temporal mercies, think of your Sabbaths, your privileges, your opportunities, the calls of grace you have received, the melting influences which have been brought to bear upon your hearts. Now, it behoves us honestly to look back upon the past, and ask ourselves how we have improved it. If it has been end, how much of its sadness has been of our own making—the fruits of our own sins and follies? If it has been happy, how often we have blessed the kind Giver of all, and what returns we have made Him for all His benefits. Ought we not to examine whether we have improved time for the great purposes of life, or have abused it by waste and wilful perversion. How many hours have we lost by frailty or folly? How much time has been spent in vice, or tainted by sin? How many of the days given us by Infinite Love, to be employed for our eternal welfare, have been foolishly lavished away, and that with blackest ingratitude! Can we not reckon hours, alas, how many! which have been sacrificed to indolence, and false pleasure, or have been profaned by impurity,—intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, church-neglecting, and licentiousness? If the retrospect should cause a blush of shame to rise on your cheek, let that blush lead us to reflection, let that reflection lead us to repentance, and let that repentance lead us to earnest, persevering and believing prayer. If you have gained nothing more by the past, you have at least gained experience,—experience of the World's vanity, of the bitterness of sin,—of the evil and weakness of your own hearts,—of the necessity of something higher and better than when the world can furnish, to make you happy. Let these convictions then influence your future conduct. I wish you so to improve the closing portion of your year, that you may begin your journey through another year with hearts made light with a sense of pardoned sin, and commence a fresh epoch in the calendar with a new life, and the cheering assurance of God's favour and blessing. Then break away from sin, which will otherwise destroy you,—from the world which will deceive you,—from Satan who will enslave you, and betake yourself to Christ by earnest prayer, by an unreserved dedication of yourself to His service, and by the exercise of faith in the all-sufficiency of His atonement; for thus only can you escape the consequences of the past, and secure peace and safety for the future. You may not live to hear the parting counsels of another year. Eternity may have opened upon you before another year has closed, then hear the message while you may, "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." UNCLE DAVID.

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BRITISH WORKMAN

HOW A BARBER'S BOY BECAME LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of ENGLAND.

There is no office held by the great and learned of our land more dignified and solemn than that of Judge. It requires years of youthful and mature study—years of practice in the law courts—great ability, patience,

industry, and wisdom to fit a man to preside in a court of justice and administer the law to his fellow-creatures.

As a rule our British Judges have been distinguished by a most enlightened and faithful discharge of their difficult duty. Their uprightness and impartiality have been the theme of praise from age to age. There was a judge, in the reign of Henry IV., named Sir Robert Gascoigne, before whom some robbers were brought, and he convicted them. The Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V., interfered in the court and peremptorily demanded their discharge, drawing his sword to intimidate the judge, who immediately sent the Prince to prison for contempt of court. When this king heard of it he uttered the memorable words, "Happy the monarch who has a judge so resolute in the discharge of his duty, and a son so willing to submit to the laws." Just as the character of a good judge is worthy of all reverence, no words can express the universal horror against a bad, unjust judge. The name of the cruel, passionate, drunken-hobbing Judge Jeffries, who oppressed the people in the reign of James II., has come down to us covered with reproach and infamy. Fortunately we have had, as a nation, very few unjust judges. The wisdom, learning, and virtue that his adorned the judgment-seat has inverted the office with peculiar dignity.

Among the many good judges of modern times the name of Chief Justice Abbott, Lord Tenterden, is conspicuous, and in addition to his many excellencies as a man and a great legal dignitary, there is a peculiar interest attached to his history, for he sprung from the humbler ranks of the people.

A hundred years ago, there was a little barber's shop at the corner of a narrow street that led down to the great western entrance of Canterbury Cathedral. The shop was as it were under the shadow of the venerable pile. It had the usual long pole, striped with different colours. The little window was filled with blocks and a wig or two, and on a sign over the door, "Wright, Hair Dresser," while at the sides were the words "Shave for a penny," "Hair cut for twopence, and fashionably dressed on reasonable terms." Those who were of this shop was a tall, thin man, of very grave deportment, a most steady character, and though struggling with poverty, and a numerous family, was much respected, not only by his neighbours, but by the many clergymen who employed his services. His wife was noted for her household virtues, and for her attention to the duties of a religion more natural in her station. Though she was never neglectful of the claims of her own family, she managed to attend regularly the service of the cathedral, and might have applied to herself the words, "I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth." This habit had here marks her out to us as an orderly person. Any duty thus regularly performed at a stated hour tends to make a household punctual. Let the heads of a family be a man in the morning for reading a portion of God's Word, and asking a blessing on the engagements of the day, and though the simple duty may not make an hour than seven or ten minutes, it will introduce such a habit of order in the gathering together of the children, that many a ten minutes during the day will be saved by this plan, to say nothing of the blessing promised to those who daily wait on the Lord.

Charles Abbott, the youngest son of the good couple, was born on the 7th October, 1762. Nothing is recorded of his childhood, as marking him out from other children in the same rank of life, except that he was a very grave little boy. The serious father, the devoted mother, the orderly family, the solemn grandeur of the magnificent Cathedral, were all causes likely to deaden the exuberant gaiety of youth. Certain it is, that little Charles, when he was able to assist his father, by walking after him, carrying his pewter basin, case of razors, and hair-powder bag, when going the morning rounds to the houses of the gentlemen that employed Abbott—noticed as a very prim little boy, some said, a dull boy. Indeed the father feared that Charles would never have genius enough to be a barber—that trade, as is well known, having been distinguished for the shrewdness and intelligence of its professors; yet strange to say, the quiet boy whose genius was not thought sufficient for this trade of shaving and hair-cutting, became "a very good classical scholar, and among the best lawyers of his generation in England."

The father managed to procure for his boy, an admission on the foundation of the King's School connected with Canterbury Cathedral. Dr. Cornelius Beauvoir, was then the master, and he soon saw that the grave, quiet boy, was not without talent, and he bestowed as much pains on the poor scholar, as if he had been the scion of the noblest house in England.

Young Charles Abbott was grateful to his good master, and studied hard, winning great distinction. "He was always studious, and well-behaved, prudent, and calm—reading his book, instead of joining in play, and recommending himself to all who saw him, by his quiet and decent demeanour." These are the testimonies of schoolfellows, to his worth. It happened that a boy, a connection of Lord Thurlow, the Lord Chancellor, was at the school, and young Abbott made himself useful to this youth as a kind of helping tutor. This led the way to Charles ultimately going to College.

When the subject of our narrative was fourteen years of age, he met with a deep disappointment, which, however, turned out a great blessing. The place of a singing boy in the Cathedral became vacant, and Charles's father started his son as a candidate for the post, which would have brought a salary of £20 a-year. The clergy so respected Mr. Abbott, that they would have accepted his son, but, fortunately, the boy's voice was so husky, that another with a clearer pipe was preferred, much to the vexation of Charles, who retained so vivid a remembrance of the circumstance, that very many years after, when going the Home Circuit, Lord Tenterden said to a legal friend, pointing to a singing man in the choir of the Cathedral, "Behold, brother Richardson, that is the only human being I ever envied, when at school in this town—we were candidates together for a chorister's place—he obtained it, but if I had gained my wish, he might have been accompanying me as Chief Justice, and pointing me out as his old schoolfellow, the singing man." Now, some lads when they are disappointed of their wishes, become sullen and wayward, but young Abbott, who was so reserved for better things, applied himself with greater ardour to his studies, and his master used to boast, that the son of the Canterbury barber, was the best classical scholar of his age, in England.

When Charles was seventeen, and the captain of the school, his parents feeling the difficulty of maintaining him, determined to remove him from school, and the father stated his intention to have Charles regularly bound to the trade in which he had been partly initiated in his childhood, but the master under whom Charles had studied, and many of the clergy interposed to prevent this sequel to the studies of the diligent youth. A small exhibition, hardly sufficient for his maintenance at college, was bestowed on him, and a sum was privately collected, sufficient for his outfit. This latter kindness was concealed from him for four or five years his brother. He was a candidate for a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, which was to be won by competition, and he succeeded, and the disappointed candidate was uncharitably but who listened to whispers that were circulated about the lowliness of Abbott's origin, and treated him haughtily. The young student condemned himself so well that the college tutor, Dr. Burgess, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, discovered his merit, and steadily befriended him.

That a youth who had been diligent at school, should distinguish himself at college, is only what ought to be expected,—but the career of Charles Abbott exceeded the expectations of his most admiring friends. His path was truly that of the upright, shining on to the perfect day. Yet it must not be supposed that no dark clouds came to dim the brightness. His straitened circumstances were often felt as a hardship, though there is no doubt that his poverty was a salutary, though painful good that helped to force him up the steep hill of difficulty. Often, no doubt, he was heard to exclaim,—

"Ah! who on earth have hard it is to climb
The steep ascent of heavenly virtue rises dfard.
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has been the victim of adversity's star,
And wrecked with Fortune a perpetual war?"

But by perseverance he overcame his difficulties, and attained high honours, not only in his College, but from the University at large. From his second year he helped the student of college, and ultimately became noted as a successful tutor. One of his pupils was a son of Judge Butler, and this connection ultimately led Charles Abbott to decide on the law as his profession. When he was twenty-five of years of age, (November 17th, 1787), he was admitted as a student of the Middle Temple, and soon afterwards entered a set of chambers in Brick Court, and, great classical scholar as he was, he determined to attend several months at an attorney's office, and another at the chambers of his new profession. He always worked with a will, was thorough in everything. He first commenced legal practice as a conveyancer, and for a time he had a clerk at his chambers a-week, and sat still day and part of many nights, drawing declarations, pleas, &c., always ready and prompt, verifying the clerk's work, and saying to the young man will keep you." He was employed by Sir John Scott, the then Attorney-general, and this led to his ultimate great prosperity. He was called to the bar in 1796, and for some years plodded on, and in due time became eminent as a counsel. But with all his diligence and worth, not making rapid strides to the high places of his profession.

Many who think that toil is the inheritance only of the humble classes, would be amazed to learn the amount of work, that twenty years ago fell to the lot of this good man, before high distinction came. Meanwhile he was very happy in his private relations. This son of a good mother, made choice of one as his companion who proved a good wife. It was a marriage of pure affection. When he proposed for the lady, her father, John Lonsdale, Esq., asked as her fifty-year-old, Charles Abbott replied, "Behold my books and my pupils!" The father's consent was given, and the subject of our narrative rivalled some said with another distinguished member of the legal profession, "When I entered my dwelling, and shut my door, I shut out all the annoyances of the world, and dwell in peace and joy!" Happy that home that is an ark of refuge from the storms of the world. A very sweet poem to his wife and children let us into the hallowed recesses of the home of the great lawyer, and shows us the warm true heart of the man as a husband and father:—

"In the noise of the bar, and the crowds of the hall,
There is distraction and pain for all;
Let my thoughts wander home, and my mem'ry recall
The dear, the sweet, the sacred home of peace.

The soft looks of my girl, the sweet voice of my boy,
Their smiles, their bobbles, their sports!
How they rivet my heart, and how they inspire destroy,
And with kisses ha pardon she courts.

With eyes full of tenderness, pleasure, and pride,
The fond mother sits smiling twice gay,
Or turns, if I look out, my cabinet to chide,
And knows me like them to be gay.

She invites me to gay, and I yield to her voice,
And my table is spread by her care,
In her beauty, her sweetness, her kindness rejoice,
And bless the day that we met.

Full bright were her charms in the bloom of her life,
When I walked down the church by her side;
And five years passed away I have felt the wife
More lovely and fair than the bride."

In 1802 he was fifty-four years of age, he was made a judge, and was great adornment in his distinguished office. He continued to rise in dignity, and on the death of Lord Ellenborough in 1818, became Lord Chief Justice, an office that he held for the following fourteen years of his life. He was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Tenterden.

In the midst of honours and dignities he never forgot the lowliness of his origin, and while humbly owning the hand of God, that had guided him in his upward course, he was not unmindful that *perseverance* had been his maxim, indeed he chose as a motto to his coat of arms, the Latin word, "*labore*," by labor. It is recorded of him that he was one day in Chancery with him the Cambridge, and going to the cathedral close, pointed to a little corner shop, now pulled down, and said, "Charles, you see that little shop? I have brought you here on purpose to show it to you. In that shop, your grandfather used to shave for a penny—that is the proudest reflection of my life. While you live, never forget that, my dear Charles." A truly great man is always grateful—and the Lord Chief Justice did not forget his obligations to the school that had instructed him. He endowed it with two annual prizes, and he was known to be liberal in his day to poor scholars.

He worked on without much relaxation to the close of his life. Political affairs troubled his last years, and preying on his constant trial, arising out of the riots at Bristol, in 1832, his health, long enfeebled, broke down. He went from the court to his house—was seized with fever and died in a few days. His mind affected by his malady was still dwelling on the solemn duties that had so long devolved on him; his last words being, "And you, Gentlemen of the Jury, you will consider your verdict;" and so he passed away to the great tribunal. The verdict of the people of England on this distinguished man, who had raised himself from a humble to a venerable age, he lived a bright example to high and low of virtue that can dignify humble life, or cast a lustre on exalted rank.

"Such men are raised to station and command,
When Providence means mercy to a land."

[We are indebted for the materials of the above Sketch to Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices.]

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.—See The Book of Psalms, xc. verse 12.

LINES ON THE NEW YEAR.

Swift on the wings of fleeting time,
The year rolls round, and steals away;
And as it rolls should teach mankind,
Their lives have nothing to decay.

Another year has taken flight,
Fass'd like a shadow or a dream;
Or as a momentary gleam of light,
Or floating bubble on the stream.

So year on year successive glides,
And soon completes the life of man;
Thrown into eternity's swiftly slides,
And finishes his narrow span.

But oh! in life's uncertain day,
How many fall in youthful prime!
Snatched by a resistless tomb, away,
Then to a dreary tomb consign'd.

What numbers in life's earlier hour,
Just one their eyes and see the light;
Just soon the death's resistless power,
Suffused in nature's deepest night.

Since, then, from man the time's concealed,
When he must quit this earthly sphere;
May he, the Christian, be ready and prepared,
For that momentous change prepare.

FRIENDLY ADDRESS.

Some years ago, a Christianized Indian, after addressing a large assembly in this country, took his leave by saying, "Brothers, I wish you all in me heart!" A friend would do the same thing with the readers of the *British Workman*, whilst in conformity with a time-honoured custom, he gives utterance to the earnest wish that the new year may be to each a HAPPY ONE.

Before this paper is in the hands of its readers, the knell of the year 1859 will have been tolled, merry peals will have ushered in a new one of life, and many with family, and social circle, will have heard the utterances of kind and affectionate greetings. The commencement of a new year is generally marked by an interchange of friendly wishes—by mirth and jollity,—by a determination to be pleased, and to banish, for a time at least, all care and sorrow. Now, I do not wish to find fault with people for being merry; let the heart that can be glad, I rejoice in your joy. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," but at the same time I do wish to find fault with wisdom, however, in a man getting drunk because he has a year less to live, and one more to account for; there is no wisdom in the thought, that the year by a riotous spree, yet there are many who deem it quite irrational to be sober on the first day of the year above all others; they will drink in the teeth of course, and what it ago with a jolly good house. But all joy is unwise which excludes that kind of reflection which the season ought to suggest. The year, let us remember, is not the margin of its eternal grave, points us *backward*, and calls upon us to renew the track we have pursued. We retrospect of the past without thinking on a book of light and shade. With some the fa walled, with delicate the latter; but whatever have eloquent our days, there is not one who has not been guilty, cared for, and w a gracious Providence. Let us, some the year dark and stormy, only now and then gleam sunshine; you may have to tell of pain and trouble and sorrow, you may be that den your habitation, and stricken some man household; the voice that spoke like musi as our brother heard it, may be the voice sod of the past may be painful, yet wisdom tea every one's duty to look back, and bemo how much of the sadness which been of his the offspring of his own follies and sins; e been happy, how far the great Giver g been acknowledged, how far we have to th His blessings. Perhaps there are but few, if conscience from the remembrance of full ships there; many blunders, and many sins repented in another year, will not be done; b bestrew the future as they have the past, a of infamy of condemnation, remorse, and

We shall all of us this day commence a n volume of time. There is an invisible hand o the pen, and we have to write, and will do the *the future*, with reference to the great de "when every man shall receive according to the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or remains with each one to decide, what sh on the blank page which is now presented Wisdom says, "Take heed to your ways Crave mercy at the hands of God for all pa ces. Begin your journey through anoth to enter upon it in your strength and Divine fo love, and blessing." Wisdom says, "Let on this first page of the year, that you begin dence on the grace of God, to lead a new fe the counsels of Wisdom, I earken to her vo attention, and let the voice of your c companions, *that* cannot hurt you. Ne contempt of those who despise the *truth* Wisdom says, "Make friends of your c low of virtue that can dignify humble life, or cast a lustre on exalted rank.

proved it to be of inestimable value. Wi worse because in commencing a new life pend your money on what you know you ha to be spent, and not in the publicans. your contain no items of either time, or mo to the score of your conscience. Try strict t year; humble not, taste not the intoxicating abstinence suite your health and your pock and your health and your pocket may rep assured you will for ever hail the year 186 Will you fare the worse because in c new life you have resolved to keep the Sunday manner. How is that? The most anxious of is to spend it in calm and serious reflection many of our seasons of relaxation, and chos frivolous conversation,—in the public wa end in trying to be of some use to our fellow the Sabbath—in some acts of refreshment and soul; a day of rest;—a day of instruction —a day on which you may earn, in the fear and knowledge, something more valuable th thing that will help to support and comfort yo life, and prepare you for heaven in the life

Will you fare the worse because in comm life you resolve to attend to all those duties are essential to domestic peace and comf there is peace and joy, and temper, and charity there is drink, disorder and misery, and the poison all the springs of domestic happiness. T

"Whatever brawls disturb the street
There shall be peace at home."

But this there cannot be if there be ill-tempered speeches, still less if there be blows; bitter spiteful blows still more bitter. Instead of these, co mildness, and patience, try to be good-n bear and forbear, to forgive and be forgive. N words and looks. Make home a scene of l instruction, then will your wife and children enjoy your spirit, and your home will have a

Reader, the pen is in the hand of the reco what record shall be this day enter concerning first page of a new year? A FRIEND TO

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Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

GOOD SERVANTS, GOOD WIVES, AND HAPPY HOMES.

CHAPTER I.

As you approach the pleasant and lively Little town of Ely by the Western-road, a cottage is seen on the right hand, in the centre of a neat garden, whose interesting aspect seldom fails to arrest the attention of the passer-by. It is just that kind of a structure which would serve for a model-cottage, and such as we may suppose every respectable labouring man would desire for a dwelling. Its appearance tells you that whoever may have erected it, he must have been a person of taste and judgment, who had aimed to make a home for himself and could as much a building would admit of. It displays no unnecessary expenditure, no superfluous ornament, all is in keeping with its humble character. It is a cottage, yet it presents such an aspect of model elegance, such an amount of taste and cleanliness as invest it with a peculiar loveliness, and induce the conclusion, that it must be the abode of comfort. The most transient view calls forth the wish, "O, that every working-man had such a dwelling!" You feel sure too, that it must be worthily tenanted. Every part is kept in repair, and with so much neatness, as shows that there must be an union of effort on the part of both of the master and mistress. The well-cultivated and prettily-adorned garden, the bright polish of the door, the well swept step, the clear transparency of the windows, with their snow-white blinds, all evince a delicacy, all furnish the assurance, that the husband is not alone in his wish to maintain respectability of appearance, and household comfort, but is blessed with a partner of similar views and habits as himself. Indeed few men have been more favoured in this respect than Charles Fletcher. His wife is no ordinary woman. Commencing life under circumstances the most unfavourable, cast upon the world totally ignorant of all the duties of her station, she nevertheless furnishes an example how much may be effected by a laborious training, when there is an anxiety to improve, and the heart is influenced by genuine piety. Had she fallen into the hands of ignorant, careless and selfish persons, she would, in all probability, have passed through life in a state of abject debasement and misery, whereas, she has attained a degree of mental cultivation and a moral consistency, which has raised her far above her original position. Her history furnishes a lesson equally instructive to mistresses and servants.

Wedded Life.

The union of Charles and Elizabeth Fletcher was cemented by love, prudence and piety, and as might justly be expected, it has been productive of a corresponding measure of domestic enjoyment. Few persons more loudly extol the happiness of married life than Charles, and for have more reason to do so, for they have been his participators of its joys and comforts. So well does his wife understand the art of making home happy, that he has ever found it lovely and a sheltering which has rendered all temptation to seek enjoyment elsewhere. Seated by his own comfortable fireside, and gladdened by the smiles of his beloved partner, he has ever felt himself the happiest of men.

As will naturally be inferred, there is no discrepancy between the interior and exterior of Charles's dwelling. Everything within betokens a clean, orderly, managing housewife. The cottage contains three bedrooms, with three apartments on the ground floor—a parlour, a kitchen or housework room, a scullery, all well supplied with the conveniences that contribute so much to domestic order and comfort. A description of the house-place, the common family apartment, may suffice as a specimen of the whole, and will furnish an adequate illustration of the domestic management that prevails throughout. The general appearance of the room—the bright polish of the furniture,—the whiteness of the ceiling—the clear chaste colour of the walls—the clean floor, partly covered with drugget,—the uniform neatness and order which characterize the whole—all betokens the clever, industrious housewife.

A Tidy Home.

Opposite the fireplace stands a convenient but antique dresser, curiously carved, and highly polished. Above is placed a piece of furniture, rare almost everywhere, called a delftware, once the pride of the notable housewife, but generally discarded when the potter's ware usurped the place of wooden trenchers, and pewter plates and dishes, the great joy of all females who loved one more than show. Instead of its former array of shining pewter, it is now stored with various articles of earthenware, tastefully arranged. To the right is an oaken table, corresponding in an antiquity of style with the dresser, a former article, and showing how strangely fashion changes with the lapse of time. These pieces of furniture, with some others, have descended as an heirloom to their present possessor, and from their long existence in his family am highly prized. On the table has a volume easily recognized as "the Book of books;" no appearance evinces that it is kept not for show but for daily use, and speaks well for the piety of its owners. Hung up against the wall, in a goodly array of culinary and domestic articles, of divers forms and uses, most of them displaying a brightness of polish which would rival the burnished armour of ancient times. On the opposite side is a window overhanging a second with drapery, and partly filled with flowering shrubs, before it stands a table, used chiefly for culinary purposes, whose clean white top and covering, denote with how much care and cleanliness the family meals are prepared; whilst between the window and the door, a set of shelves is suspended, bearing a small collection of books, judiciously selected, and indicating a considerable degree of mental cultivation. If we turn to the fireplace, the clean swept hearth, the well-polished oven, the fire-irons so bright, and so exactly arranged, the mantelpiece with its shining appendages, the easy easy-chair, too, placed so invitingly to the corner, warming the pleasant eye, all are in harmony with the rest of the apartment, and give the conclusion that this must be the abode of comfort.

Model Dwellings.

For a few years this cottage stood alone. This circumstance added much to the interest of its appearance, and whilst it contributed to preserve the wonted beauty of its situation, it saved the inmates from the annoyance of disagreeable neighbours. But uncertain are all earthly advantages. In course of time, there arose a friendly-accessory demand for cottage dwellings; this induced the owner of a piece of land almost adjoining, to erect upon it a number of this class of houses. Well would it have been if he had taken the one before him as a model; but he was a man greedy of gain, and in accordance with the principle which too generally regulates such buildings, his aim was to make the most of his land, by erecting upon it the greatest number of dwellings possible, and at the smallest cost. As may be inferred, they were slightly constructed—incommodious—destitute of necessary accommodations—without drainage, and erected without any proper regard for the comfort and health of their future inhabitants. Such dwellings are a curse to society; they contribute largely to deteriorate and degrade the domestic habits of the working classes; the good housewife they almost drive to despair, while they foster and confirm the filthy slutish habits of those of an opposite character. All praise to those noble and benevolent persons who have regard for the working classes has indeed them to erect in various parts of the kingdom model-cottages combining every necessary convenience and advantage, for the purpose of improving the domestic habits, and adding to the home-comforts of our labouring population.

Troublesome Neighbours.

As may be supposed, the cottages in question were occupied by persons whose character and habits differed greatly from those of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, and therefore but little intercourse existed between them. Not that Mrs. Fletcher was wanting in neighbourly kindness, when sickness or distress called for help; but she had no leisure for gossip, and no disposition, when duty did not require it, to associate with persons whose views and habits were so dissimilar to her own. By most of her neighbours, therefore, she was deemed proud and unsociable, and as those who are degraded in their habits can scarcely even bear to look upon persons who are superior to themselves, and whose conduct and mode of life furnish a tacit condemnation of their own—by some she was regarded with dislike and envy, and often made the subject of ill-natured and censorious remark. It was after passing one day by a group of them when they were gossiping together, that the following conversation occurred, which may serve to show how, with depraved minds, true excellence often becomes a provocative to slander. Her usual kind neighbourly salutation had been returned with the sullen awkwardness which usually attends conscious inferiority, when accompanied by vulgar and envious feelings. Scarcely had she passed beyond hearing, when one of them exclaimed, "Ah! them goes a model-be lady! How high she carries her head! No doubt she thinks herself vastly better than all her neighbours!"

"Not much cause for that she, I," said a second, "by the way, she has a servant girl, and her husband is only a book-keeper, and I dare say doesn't earn as much money as mine does."

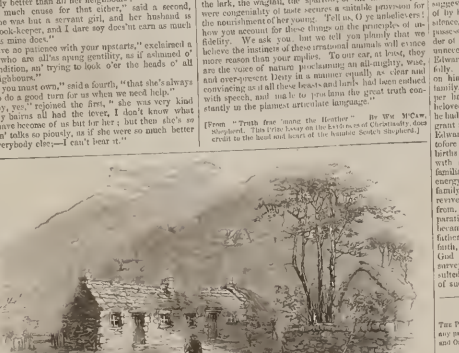
"I have no patience with your upstarts," exclaimed a third, "who are allus aping gentility, as if ashamed of their condition, an' trying to look o'er the heads o' all their neighbours."

"But you must own," said a fourth, "that she's always ready to do a good turn for us when we need help."

"Why, yes," rejoined the first, "she was very kind when my barns all had the fever, I don't know what would have become of us but for her; but then she's so proud, an' talks so pously, as if she were so much better than everybody else;—I can't bear it."

"Well, I have no doubt," added another, "that she is better, much better than any of us. She does not pretend as you think her to be. I have always found her very kind and sociable. I'm sure as a housewife she's a pattern to us. I never saw a house in such order as hers, or as tidy so happy. I often wish I were like her."

This was said by a young woman whom Mrs Fletcher regarded as one of the most beneficial of her neighbours, and who, though chargeable with some serious and glaring defects, she was not without hope of inducing to adopt a better course of life, she had therefore encouraged her visits. One of these visits will form the subject of my next chapter. UNCLE DAVID.



W. M'GAW'S COTTAGE AT CORMILLIGAN, TYNRON.

(From "Truth fear 'mong the Heather." By Wm M'Gaw, Shepherd. This Prize Essay on the Evidences of Christianity, does credit to the head and heart of the humble Scotch Shepherd.)

ENCOURAGING TOKENS.

We are permitted from time to time to learn that our little monthly paper is doing good. This is our reward—a reward, for which we desire to thank God, and take courage. A District Visitor has just written us:—"A man in our district, who was in the habit of ill-using his wife when he was in a state of intoxication, was persuaded by our valued City Missionary with a copy of your excellent periodical, and he promised that he would not drink any intoxicating drinks for a fortnight, and if he felt no worse, he would leave off altogether. It is now six weeks ago, and he has not taken any. On conversing with him this morning, he said, 'Well, Miss, you know that I used to worse than throw my money away, but I've learnt better now.' On calling a short time ago, to see one of his children who was ill, his wife said to me with tears in her eyes, 'Well, Miss, for a month my husband has not been the worse for drink; *he has not beaten me*, nor can he poorly get the money he used to spend in drink!'" A clergyman's son, writing from Wales, says, "I have already met with interesting facts, one of which I will give. I was talking with a poor woman about the *British Workman*, when she quietly informed me, that she firmly believed that her husband, who used *to be fond of drink*, was induced by means of your paper, to give up the pernicious habit."

We have received letters from City Missionaries and others, informing us of not fewer than twelve drunkards reclaimed to sobriety, by God's blessing, on the perusal of "The Little Shoes." When we reflect on the wide-spread course of intemperance, we cannot but rejoice, that any instrumentality, however humble, God is pleased to employ, in lessening the sorrows of the drunkard's family.

We are obliged to those District Visitors who are so zealously endeavouring to extend our circulation in their districts. As the House-to-house Visitors' Bills are found very useful in such cases, we shall be glad to furnish a supply, post free, on application addressed to No. 13, Barnsbury Square, London, N.

A SHEPHERD'S TESTIMONY.

"We do not admire deceit on the part of man, but we do admire the instinct of the beasts—not of wild beasts, but of those that are reckoned to be admirably, and deceive the dog—sometimes even his unmitigated master—away from the hiding-places of her tender offspring. The man who can see mind in the manœuvres of a common chair, and yet sees nothing in creation's teeming wonders, but a dumb, and deaf, and dead, unfeelingly nature, has neither a heart nor a mind which we would care to covet.

It is a strange fact in Natural History, an instance of which has just come under our observation, that the cuckoo lays her egg in the nest of another bird, which hatches it and feeds the young. This is a singular anomaly in nature. We never knew an instance of the cuckoo building her own nest, yet she does not drop her eggs at random, or in any nest that may come in her way. She is fond of trees, and frequently she wends round with her note, yet it is not there she finds a nest to suit her purpose. She is never known to drop her egg in the nest of the hawk, or the rook, or the raven. Why? because the food which these birds provide for their young would be unsuitable for hers. But she selects the nest of the lark, the wagtail, the sparrow, or the meadow-pipit, were congenially of same species a suitable provision for the nourishment of her young. Tell us, O ye unbelievers! how you account for these things on the principles of mere fidelity. We ask you, but we tell you plainly that we believe the instincts of these irrational animals will evince more reason than your implies. To our ear, at least, they are the voice of nature proclaiming an all-mighty, wise, and ever-present Deity in a manner equally as clear and convincing as if all these beasts and birds had been endued with speech, and made to pour forth in the great truth contained in the plainest articulate language."

THE FAMILY REVIVAL.

A GENTLEMAN and lady, who resided in a pleasant and retired villa not exceeding eight miles from the metropolis, moved in circumstances such as are called easy and respectable; that is, they knew no temporal want, and they visited and were visited by the polite and fashionable. They were the descendants of two families who had long walked before God in righteousness, and the time of the action of these persons it was believed the profession they made, and which from their youth had been sustained, was certainly genuine. In a few years, however, they so far departed from the faith of their pious parents, as scarcely to retain any external respect for it. They had prospered in their worldly engagements and were made happy parents of four lovely daughters and three fine sons. Edward, the first-born, had directed his thoughts to the acquirement of knowledge. He had, however, attained his sixteenth year before a thought of a lasting kind, in reference to his soul's happiness or a future world, was indulged by him. About this period an evangelical clergyman visited the church where Edward usually attended. He accended the sacred desk with a man which seemed to say that his thoughts were occupied with the responsible and awful situation he was called to fill. All eyes were riveted upon him. The youthful Edward saw only the "ambassador of God;" and when he read his text—in itself strikingly awful—'*Horror hath taken hold upon me, because of the wicked that forsake Thy law.*' Ps. cxix. 53.

The character of the wicked was portrayed with a vividness and familiarity which precluded misconception. Their awful circumstances and fearful prospects, in entering the fears of those who knew, in some degree, the terrors of the Lord, were overpowering. Edward bowed and trembled, and as the close of the sermon approached; but not so usual, to the splendid parade where the exhilarating sounds of music and a thoughtless group tended to put far from the thoughts the God and eternity—and he repented, like Isaac of old, to meditate in the fields.

The gay adorning of summer covered the country; flowers, fruits and foliage met the eye in their fairest greetings, a thousand woodland choristers poured forth songs of praise to Him who maketh the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice; yet Edward had received a wound which these could not heal; a melancholy oppression was felt as his heart, which these could not cheer. The last rays of the setting sun had an hour since thrown its broad chastened bearing over the map of nature, still Edward continued to walk and meditate, yet, ere the shades of night he returned home, and on that night, before retiring to rest, poured out his soul in prayer to God. Weeks passed on; his change of spirit and conduct attracted the attention of some who feared God. These became guides to the inexperienced youth. A short period only elapsed before he experienced that peace which passeth understanding, and rejoiced in the possession of redemption through the blood of Christ; "even the forgiveness of sin according to the riches of the grace of God."

Now his anxiety turned into a new channel. His parents, and brothers and sisters, were far from God; for them he prayed, for them he sought the Lord, and still no change was perceived. One evening he returned as usual from a party of Christian friends, with his mind more than usually excited, both in reference to the importance of religion, and the condition of the members of his beloved family. As he entered the apartment, a cheerful group presented itself, wanting nothing but piety; but in that, wanting, wanting all! There sat his parents, one on either side a blazing fire, like two fruitful vines; while the branches of the family formed the circle of a circle before the enlivening hearth. Edward felt a sensation which he could not resist; he approached his father, and, in a tone more expressive of the strength of his feelings than language could describe, exclaimed, "Father, we must, indeed we *must*, have family prayer." The effect produced was perfectly electrical. A tear filled looked at the speaker, and exclaimed, "Yes, my dear children, we will pray." There sat his parents, one on either side a blazing fire, like two fruitful vines; while the branches of the family formed the circle of a circle before the enlivening hearth. Edward felt a sensation which he could not resist; he approached his father, and, in a tone more expressive of the strength of his feelings than language could describe, exclaimed, "Father, we must, indeed we *must*, have family prayer." The effect produced was perfectly electrical. A tear filled looked at the speaker, and exclaimed, "Yes, my dear children, we will pray." There sat his parents, one on either side a blazing fire, like two fruitful vines; while the branches of the family formed the circle of a circle before the enlivening hearth. Edward felt a sensation which he could not resist; he approached his father, and, in a tone more expressive of the strength of his feelings than language could describe, exclaimed, "Father, we must, indeed we *must*, have family prayer." The effect produced was perfectly electrical. A tear filled looked at the speaker, and exclaimed, "Yes, my dear children, we will pray." There sat his parents, one on either side a blazing fire, like two fruitful vines; while the branches of the family formed the circle of a circle before the enlivening hearth. Edward felt a sensation which he could not resist; he approached his father, and, in a tone more expressive of the strength of his feelings than language could describe, exclaimed, "Father, we must, indeed we *must*, have family prayer." The effect produced was perfectly electrical. A tear filled

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of joy his parents and his sisters, mingled with the silence, unpossessed with. To describe the emotions which passed each member of the family during the remainder of the evening and on the following day, would be unnecessary, and to *attempt* to describe the feelings of Edward, as the time referred to approached, would be folly. He felt his situation, and trembled to think that on himself would devolve to become the priest of the family. Duty, however, urged him on; and after employed parents had considered what on the past evening he had proposed, and it accorded with their disposition to grant it. Edward, read from the sacred page; and then, with a freedom which frequent exercise had rendered familiar, and with a fervency which his full feelings gave energy to, he poured out his evening adoration to the family to God. The former feelings of the parents were revived, their apostacy was mourned over, and departed from. Subsequently, Edward, had a short course of preparation, entered the Christian ministry. The whole family became regular and devout worshippers of God; while the father, a few years afterwards, died in the assurance of faith, and without doubt is now employed in praising God for the means employed for his instruction, and services, with ineffable delight for the advantages which resulted to the whole family through the instrumentality of such a REVIVAL.—*Rev. J. Young.*

CHEAP POSTAGE.

The Publishers will forward packets of the "British Workman" to any part of the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, the Shetland and Orkney Isles, Fort rase, on the undermentioned terms:—

1 copies for 1d., or for one year, 6s.			
12	"	2s.	" 12s.
24	"	3s.	" 18s.
36	"	4s.	" 24s.
48	"	5s.	" 30s.
60	"	6s.	" 36s.

Must be paid Advance.

* Fewer than four copies cannot be sent at this rate.

☞ ORDERS to be addressed to Mr. S. W. PARTRIDGE, Paternoster Row, London. E. C.

TO WORKING MEN.

In an excellent lecture recently delivered at the Mechanics' Institution, Keighley, on "The Importance of a Knowledge of *Drawing* to Working Men," Mr. Walter Smith said —

"It is high time that you working men of England should have something more to depend upon than the mechanical exercise of your various trades. It will be be well for you if you can associate in the practice of your callings, *something which is unobtainable by mere mechanical power.* This is what I urge you to acquire for yourselves. Do not trust alone to your past competence to discharge the duties of your several professions, and argue that you have a store of knowledge laid up that will serve the term of your natural lives. For, let me tell you that, in the course of a few years, perhaps months, some inventive genius may discover a process which will render your trade-skill as worthless as the paper currency of an insolvent bank. From our experience of the past, it is not possible to set limits to what can be performed by machinery. You must know how a simple invention, nay, even the change of a fashion, has rendered useless an apparently necessary trade. It is not will, then, to trust to that which may be taken from you at any moment, viz.—the mechanical application of any power of muscle or trade-skill.

We have invented against force, steam power, and are gradually applying it to all mere labour that can be accomplished by a repetition of monotonous actions. Anything that depends on repetition of recognized and directed force may be accomplished by machinery.

And I warn you all, and each individually, not to allow any argument to convince you that your own particular trade must remain untouched in the progress of invention. So thought the carpenter; yet machinery has taken the planing and sawing, the moulding tenons and the mortise cutting out of *his* hands. So thought the mechanic; and I should tire you by recapitulating into what narrow limits machinery has confined *his* craftsmanship. So thought the agricultural labourer; yet it is taking the sowing and reaping, and ploughing and threshing out of *his* hands. Indeed, we can reckon up what machinery can *not* do, sooner than tell what it can. Do not, therefore, be beguiled into a slothful trust of your own mechanical powers. I would rather see you diligently exercising yourselves in such *self-improvement* as would both make you better workmen now, and less dependent on your present standard of work.

There are, however, certain things which machinery *never has* done and *never will do.* It will never be made to *think*, or *design*. All that the hand *alone* will do will in time be done by machinery, but it can never do what may be done by the hand, guided by intellect, and taught by art.

Come, then, I urge you to your own institution, and *learn to draw.* Possess yourselves of a *power more potent than steam*, more subtle than machinery. Do not be ashamed to learn because you are grown men. As long as a man learns, he has not done his mental growth, he be ever so old. His mind is youthful and expanding. But when he is ashamed of learning, or too proud to learn, he has attained his perfect mental development, his growth is over, and he remains for ever a dwarf in intellect, a pigmy as a man. The great and the good are *always learning*, and I here urge you by learning to seek to become both great and good."

SAILOR BOYS.

We recently heard a pious captain say, "It is too commonly the case, when a lad has become ungovernable at home, for both parents and friends to say, 'Send him to sea!' This is too bad! We captains have not a fair chance of securing good, orderly, and pious crews. We do not want the *bad* lads, but the good ones. A pious sailor is one of the best Missionaries that can leave our shores. On board my ship, we have our Bible Classes, navigation and scientific classes, and by God's blessing, a dozen or more, nay, not a few of whom are praying men and lads. This is what it should be."

BIBLE-WOMEN.

There is a remarkable work now going on in some of the lowest districts of London, which will gladden the hearts of all who love to hear of the elevation of their less-favoured fellow-creatures. This good work consists in the employment of pious *female* colporteurs, who visit the lowest and most degraded districts, first to obtain subscribers for copies of the Bible or New Testament, and then induce the people to clean their houses and their persons. Within the course of about twelve months, these good Bible-women have been the means of introducing hundreds of copies of the Bible and New Testament, amongst the inmates of the drearily-crowded courts and garrets of St. Giles', Seven Dials, Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, Spitalfields, and Clerkenwell. These volumes have not been *given* away, but the poor people have *paid* for them with their own pence. Those Bible-women have done more. They have got hundreds of people who knew not the luxury of a bed, to subscribe by sixpence at a time, for a neat little bedstead, and in many a once desolate apartment, the signs of civilization and domestic comfort have become visible. We cannot too strongly recommend the perusal of that very remarkable book, "The Missing Link," or the monthly numbers of "The Book and its Missions," in which will be found, most interesting details of the labours of "Marian," and the other good women who are engaged in these works of faith, and labours of love. We trust that the employment of clever, judicious *female* missionaries will become more general. They will accomplish domestic reforms which *men* cannot.

"I CAN DO WITHOUT T

We command the following extract from "
Home," by the Rev. James Hamilton, to
personal of working men:—

"In providing for one's own house, perha
plan is mutual assurance. In many possib
the premiums have been calculated too low,
better established, a scale of payments has b
which effectually secures against all risk. I d
that the reader is a healthy man, twenty-
age. Would he like to retire from hard wo
of forty years? By paying 7s 6d quarterly,
a penny daily, he may buy annual that yeri
of 20 a-year. Or would he prefer leaving to h
at whatever time it may please God to call
a sum of solid money? For such a purp
secure £100 by paying his 5d a-quarter, or £2 2
he to spare the daily penny from his beam
I fear some cannot; but I know that many c
smoke, or snuff, or chew tobacco? Then pla
how much this costs you in a month, and how
fifty-two weeks which make a-year. And h
you allow for staining liquor? A friend
that a moderate pint of beer comes to £3 ye
£30 in ten years. And
dispose of your house hold
how much do you spend
excursions, and fairs, and
merry-makings? Not ve
any one occasion, but ov
time to time to make at le
For it is not by surprisin
but by systematic savings
solute repetition of Ja
golden maxim, "I can
it," that men have mad
solid fortunes, the fallest
tion to the founder and
during. And were you
meaning now to save up
and sixpences which you
melted in beer or burned
they will soon swell up
and by perseverance
blessing of God that
grow to a competency."

We are glad to find that th
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Bridge, London, have
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regulations, from the R
Baker, the Resident Dire

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British Workman than the
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Barnsbury Square, Lo

Almanacs for 1860. Th
Workman's Almanac," w
illustrations; and the
Hope Almanac," with T
Institutions. Price One P

NOTICES.

Journeyman Bakers.—An a
illustrations, is in the course of
Commercial Travellers.—
Fowler's Temperance Hotel at G
a model one. Would there
heard several Commercial Gent
of it as "a home" to them.
needs such a first-class Tempera

Correspondents will greatly
labour, and prevent many a
prefixing the title Mr., Mrs., Miss, Rev., &c., &c., and w
sary, the County and nearest Post Town. In many case
decipher either the name of the writer, or the post town
now before us, from a lady (Mrs. K——) requires stamps
but no address is given, and the parcel cannot of course be

REVIVALS IN WALES.

In a notice in the *Times* of the 8th October last, alluding to the progress of religious revivals in Wales, we read,—

"At Tredegar, a revival of Temperance has occurred, and this, it is said, is the *forerunner of the conversion of many.* An Itinerant Cutler has induced 3000 persons in this place alone to sign the pledge, and subscriptions to the amount of £2000 have been received towards building a new Temperance Hall. This is a large sum of money, the fact being taken into consideration that a large proportion of those who have given it are *miners.*"

Many of our readers will be glad to have a portrait of the "Itinerant Cutler," better known throughout Wales as the celebrated "Cheap John," who usually sells his wares on four days of the week, and lectures to the people on temperance, on the other two days.

Through the help of Mr. Gorvin, the photographer, of Swansea, we are able to give the above life-like portrait. By the Divine blessing on the efforts of "Cheap John" (his real name is Richard Reece), thousands are now rejoicing in the blessings of sobriety.

The worthy Rector of Neath, recently said to us, "Cheap John is being made the means of changing the moral aspect of some of our Welsh towns," a statement which was strongly corroborated by the venerable Canon Jenkins who was present. We ask the prayers of our readers that the cause of temperance may everywhere prove to be "the forerunner of the conversion of many."

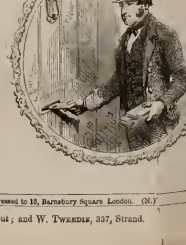
We shall have more to say about "Cheap John" shortly.

A NOBLEMAN'S TESTIMONY.

Lord Llanover, in the course of his interesting reply to the addresses of congratulation, recently presented to him by his Welsh and English tenants, said—

"There was one word 'Dirwest,' in the Welsh address from Llanover, which I did not notice in the other addresses, and which referred to that great temperance movement which is now taking place in this country. I am happy to say that such has been the progress of that movement in this district, that my bailiffs, my carpenters, my masons, my smiths, my gardeners, and many of my workmen, have adopted the temperance system altogether, and although many have been laughed at by some persons, yet the course pursued here is entirely successful. My harvests are all carried on without any intoxicating drinks whatever, and the money which otherwise would have been expended in brewing or in public-houses, has been paid to the men and handed over to their wives, who have used it for *the benefit of their families.* These things (small as they may appear in detail) tend to *very great and ultimate good.*"

A Penny for the Postman.—The postman is an invaluable public servant, and deserves well of his fellow-men. Give him then the boon of a letter-box at every door. Take two districts, A and B, each with 200 houses to be called at. There are boxes in A, but not in B. A quarter of a minute *at the least* will be gained at every door in A, making a total saving of *nearly one hour!* to the postman.



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BRITISH WORKMAN

JOSEPH RODGERS, THE HERO OF THE "ROYAL CHARTER."

It affords us much pleasure to present our readers with a lifelike portrait of the brave seaman who swam ashore with a rope, by means of which thirty-nine lives were saved from the wreck of the "Royal Charter." Joseph

Rodgers is a native of Malta, and his name deserves to be honoured in the pages, not only of British, but of Maltese history. Whilst the storm was at its height, and the waves dashed with fearful fury against the ship, the shore was in sight, yet it seemed an *impossibility* for any human being to land: with the boisterous waves. Death stared the crew and the passengers in the face, and there appeared no *hope* of escape, unless a rope could be carried to the shore. To attempt so daring a task, seemed to be almost certain death, but like a real hero, Joe Rodgers stepped forward, and seizing the rope, dared into the sea. He struggled hard, but a huge wave soon hurled him back to the vessel. Nothing daunted, the brave seaman plunged again into the sea, but a second time his comrades had the sorrow of seeing him dashed back to the ship. A third time, the heroic tar plunged into the raging waves, his strength was taxed to the utmost, but amid the prayers and tears of many, Rodgers reached the breakers. They however was carried back to others, and as already named, thirty-nine lives were saved! Had not the vessel broken in pieces, almost immediately after the raging seed of Rodgers' successful exertions, there is every reason to believe that upwards of four hundred more lives would have been saved.

He was a hero, indeed, to overcome the 'death-dealing waves.' This feat will be ever remembered by every true British seaman.

It is good to learn that Joseph Rodgers has received from the "National Life-boat Institution" its gold medal and £5; from the Board of Trade, a silver medal and £10, and from private anti-scriptions about £60, in token of his heroic conduct.

THE RED FLAG OF MERCY.

"He brings them to their desired haven."

Look at that fine ship among the breakers. But the other day she was sailing on her course like a thing of life. In the darkness of night she outsailed her distance, and now at break of day is on a lee shore.

So is it with man in his course of life. He begins well, but in the heat of temptation he loses sight of the flag, and on the lee shore of sin and danger. All of us have been among the breakers.

When the dangerous position of the ship was discovered, the pilot-master of the harbour hoisted a red flag on the flagstaff on the end of the pier. In the book of sailing directions for the coast of Scotland, information is given that when the red flag is thus shown, ships may run for the harbour. The captain had evidently come to know this, for seeing the flag he steered for the port, and pressing on with all sail, reached the entrance of the channel.

So has it been in God's dealings with mankind. Where lost in all that man could do for as Jesus came, and dying on Calvary became the red flag of mercy to a ruined world. In the Bible we have been brought to steer our course of life by this *chart of faith*, and if we *press* on with true earnestness and self-denial, the red flag of mercy will conduct us to the "desired haven."

When opposite the channel, there was a new danger; there was a *bar*, or bank of sand at the entrance, on which the breakers run high, but still there was water enough on it, for if there had not been a safe channel, the red flag would not have been seen.

So is it in the experience of every man when he seeks for peace in the "desired haven" of rest. There is a bar to cross. The believer feels the power of it in trying to do this bar. The drunkard who resolves to become a sober man knows here spread the bar! it when he enters on it; but like the bar, he must, or perish in ruin. Self-denial is a bar which every one must pass who would have rest in Christian peace, and there is this consungement, *the red flag of mercy would not have been raised had there been no safe channels through the banks to the channel of safety.*

Taking the *bar*, the ship got into mid-channel. Here she was met by a current of the tide rushing out to sea. All sail was made to stem it; kind friends on shore assisted, and the higher up, the more became easier until opposite the dock gates the fine ship lay at ease.

Thus it is also with the man who works his course by the red flag of mercy. He is enabled to enter on the channel that leads to heaven; but alas, even when he crosses the bar, how many currents he has to contend with before he gets out of the channel and on the tide! The drinking usages of society—the pleasures of the world—the enmancement of riches—the temptations of public and social life—these are all currents of resistance, against which binder his progress heavenward. But let him put forth all his missing power—let him spread his canvass to the wind—let his prayer ascend to heaven—let the wind of the Spirit blows—let him steer for the gates of eternal felicity, and he will get beyond the strength of the tide.

Scarcely had the ship approached the dock gates when they were opened, and she was pulled into the basin. Soon she was safe, surrounded by ships of other nations, and ships from the ports of her own land, which. The captain then ran up his ensign to the mainmast head, expressive of his joy and thankfulness that he was safely moored. All around him were ships of the nations were as brothers, while his fellow-countrymen welcomed him to the "desired haven."

And so will it be with all who have steered by the red flag of mercy, and persevered to the end. They will find the gates of glory opening when they are ready to enter, and in that heavenly rest above they will be hailed by brethren and sisters who have gone before, and by people of every country and tribe and nation, who had also steered by the the red flag of mercy, and now joined in the song of triumph, because "He brought them to their desired haven." J. H. W.

HYMN FOR SAILORS.

"*Thou, O Lord! art a shield for me*."—PSALM III. 3.

Saviour on the boisterous ocean,
Far from home and far from land;
Lord! from Thee we seek protection;
Guide and guard us with Thy hand.

When with fears and dangers compassed,
May we find Thee strong to save!
All our hope, our trust we centre
On His might, who walked the wave.

May Thy mercy safe return us,
From the perils of the deep;
O'er the world's wide ocean guide us,
Bring us to the port we seek.

THE SUCCESSFUL APPRENTICE.

As the close of a fine autumnal day, in the month of October, a poor widow, accompanied by her only son, a boy about the age of eleven years, was wending her feeble steps towards her comfortless home, which was situated in a small village, near the Kentish coast. She had been occupied during the preceding month in hopeing; and had on this day received the remunerations of her own and her son's services, and was now returning to her lonely cottage. She had already walked more than seven miles, and was consequently very tired, and having exerted herself in her recent employment beyond what her physical strength was adequate to perform, it is no wonder, that the little boy perceived that she had now undertaken, proved too much for her almost exhausted strength. Still she proceeded along the narrow lines and well-known field-paths, taking the nearest direction, till the sun had sunk below the horizon, and twilight on its departure, had given place to the full twilight; but the growing faintness of her spirits rendered the good widow insensible to the charms of an autumnal evening.

"Mother," said the little boy, anxiously gazing on her face, "are you all in a too look so pale!"

"I am tired, Henry; very tired," she replied: "let us rest awhile on this bank: perhaps I shall soon get better."

They sat together on the bank, during the space of ten minutes, without uttering a word. "Are you better now?" Henry at length inquired, while the tears were moistening his cheeks.

"No, my dear," was the reply, "I feel very ill; and we are yet five miles from home."

At this moment, the moon, which had already climbed high in the heavens, emerged from behind a dark cloud, and there the mother beheld the face of her widow, disclosing a cheerfully paleness. Henry sickened at the sight: his little heart began to beat, his lips quivered, and during the space of a few minutes, he was lost from him, he involuntarily sunk on his knees, and breathed, amidst the silence of the night, a hasty, fervent prayer to Heaven for her recovery. Henry's prayer had been taught from a child the importance of prayer, and had been early instructed in the principles of religion. These principles had taken root in his mind, and already produced the most hallowing influence on his character and conduct. Through poverty had attended him true his birth, he was never heard to murmur at his lot. In the school of adversity, he had learned the Christian lesson of contentment, which had been enabled calmly to submit to the will of his heavenly Father.

When he had finished his prayer, he ran to a lone farmhouse, which was at a little distance from the road, and threw from the road-side. Having gained admittance, he urged some of the inmates to accompany him to the spot where his mother was left behind. The appearance, distress of the boy, and the earnestness with which he implored their assistance, induced the farmer and his wife to go with him. They found the poor widow just recovering from a fainting fit, into which she had fallen during the her son's temporary absence. The farmer, who was a humane man, kindly, desired her to go to his house; and under his hospitable roof, the widow and her son were accommodated for the night. The next morning, being much refreshed, the widow was able to proceed, but on arriving at home, found herself incapable of resuming her usual occupation as seamstress, in which capacity she had been employed for many years, until the death of her husband. Disease had made rapid advances on her constitution, and she was now compelled to keep her bed. Medical aid was immediately sought, but was not expected in the village, every attention was paid to her comfort by the sympathizing neighbours. Her affliction was severe, but it was borne by her poor sufferer with exemplary patience. The consolations of religion, to which she was not a stranger, enabled her to triumph over bodily pain. Her little boy was thought to be sanctified spirit the auto-chamber of heaven. Notwithstanding the skill of her medical attendant, and the uniform kindness of her neighbours, she lingered but for a few weeks; and then, with a dying prayer for the Divine blessing upon her her orphan child, she breathed her soul to glory.

I will not attempt to describe the anguish of Henry, when he found himself to be an *orphan boy*; without friends, and without a home. But his confidence in God did not forsake him. Though poverty, with all its attendant miseries, stared him in the face, he was determined in this, the crisis of his existence, to pursue the true in Him who resteth the young ravens when they cry.

Within the space of a month after the mortal remains of his widowed mother had been committed to their kindred dust, he succeeded in obtaining a situation in a grocer's shop in the town of Dover. In this situation he laboured with unwearied diligence, and was so much treated by his master with the greatest severity. He often wept in secret, but never complained of the hardships which he had constantly to endure. For a long time, attempts were given made to deprive him of the privileges of the Sabbath, with a view to prevent him attending the house of God; for he was known to be a believer, and had never been accustomed to attend a place of worship. But all attempts, however, were unavailing; for the pious orphan declared his determination rather to perish in the streets, than violate the sacred day of the Lord. This determination only tended to irritate the warm temper of his unreasonable master, and materially to augment the hardships of the unhappy youth. But though in the mind of the latter was occasionally cast down by these unmerited persecutions, it retained its wonted vigour, under the supporting influence of the grace of God. He saw the horizon of his earthly hopes was becoming more and more gloomy, and presenting to his view nothing but fearful forebodings of the future, yet, by the exercise of a lively faith, he was still enabled to walk in the light of God's countenance.

He had now fulfilled the duties of his situation for upwards of two years, when a circumstance occurred, which, though it appeared to cut off his hopes and expectations, was overruled by a gracious Providence for the comfort of his future years. There was a revival of the work of God in the town; and, in consequence, the meetings for prayer on the Sunday evenings were continued to a later hour than usual. Henry, who felt deeply interested in this revival, ventured to stay at one of these meetings till ten o'clock. On his return home, he was accosted by his master in the most brutal manner, and addressed in language the most blasphemous and indecent. Henry attempted to explain, but his arguments proved futile. "And now," exclaimed the enraged man, "you may go about your business, and return to the poverty and contempt in which you were born."

The door was then opened, and the uncomplaining youth found and left the house.

He wandered along the beach, in the greatest mental distraction. He felt himself alone in the world. He had no friend to whom he could disclose the sorrow of his bosom; no protector to whom he could look with confidence to shield him from impending danger. He gazed upon the moonlit sea. The sea, agitated by the reflected the silvery rays of the full-orbed moon. The lights on the French coast, glimmering from the opposite Cuban, seemed to shine in the distance. No sound was heard save the murmurs of the receding tide. "O! that my poor mother were yet alive!" he sorrowfully sighed: "I should not then be destitute of a protector. But perhaps she now sees me, and is at this moment watching my conduct."

This thought involuntarily led him to retrace his steps to the place of his nativity, where he might once more visit his parent's grave. The walk was long and fatiguing; but the beauty of the night, the lovely appearance of the moon, riding in cloudless majesty, and the soothing influence of the nightingale, which issued from the neighbouring woods, tended greatly to beguile the journey; and about an hour after midnight, he found himself in the quiet, sequestered village, and resting on the grave which contained the ashes of his sainted mother. The scenes of his early life came vividly to his recollection, and for the moment melted the tears gushed from his eyes, and he threw himself on the cold turf.

"Paid nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

soon rendered him insensible to every surrounding object; and when he awoke from his slumbers, the sun was high in the east, tipping the gilding on the church spires.

Refreshed in body and mind, he wafted a prayer to heaven for Divine direction; and, leaving the churchyard, he proceeded to the house of the medical gentleman who had so kindly assisted his mother in her last illness.

The surgeon, who was a benevolent man, wept as the youthful narrative of his grief, and his progress in his business was rapid; for he was a youth of quick parts, and of an enlightened understanding. His moral deportment was of a nature to conciliate and be found favour in the eyes of all with whom he had become acquainted. This the Lord smiled upon him! and as he continued to receive from his heavenly Father fresh manifestations of the Divine regard, his gratitude kept pace with his mercies, and his early piety began to assume a more healthy and vigorous character.

At length the term of his apprenticeship expired; and his excellent employer, who had long been sensible of the value of his services, offered him a partnership. For some time previous to this pleasing change in his position and circumstances, Henry had cherished a warm attachment to a young female, who was in the complished lady, of exemplary piety. This attachment he had sufficient reason to know was reciprocal. The offer was accepted, and the marriage of the contemporaries pair were shortly afterwards united in marriage.

For many years they lived together in the greatest harmony and happiness, and were highly esteemed and beloved by a large circle of friends. No untoward circumstance occurred to disturb their conjugal felicity; and as the young Mrs. Henry was taken to her rest in a ripe old age, they were enabled to look with confidence for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life. Their family consisted of a son and three daughters, and an unbaken trust in the promises of God, was raised from the lowest walks of life, to a position in society which commanded the respect of the rich and honourable. His early piety enabled him to struggle with the nipping blasts of poverty without a murmur; and he bore the contemptuous treatment with a calm equanimity. And the remembrance of the holy precepts which had been instilled into his bosom in the earliest stages of his existence, and the influence of divine grace, rendered his heart impregnable to the baneful passion of pride, when the beams of prosperity shone brightly upon his path.

J. T. B.

THE SOCIAL BLESSINGS OF RELIGION.

When the walls of Jerusalem were rebuilt, every man did a little towards it. He built a piece of the wall, or before his own house; and he who had only a chamber, built before his window. Many hands soon accomplish a great work; and if every one would do a little part towards his neighbour, we should see great good done.

Suppose a countryman! You wish to be happy; yet fifty acts of parliament will not make you happy, unless more more love, there would be a mutual fulfilling of that holy commandment, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.'—*Rev. R. Knill.*

THRILLING REVIVAL SCENE.

[*Extract of a recent letter from the Rev. R. Young, Newcastle-on-Tyne, to the Editor of the "Watchman."*]

"Last Sabbath evening an influential member of the congregation, who has for some years been connected with the liquor traffic, at a distance from Newcastle, at the close of the service, responding to an invitation to proceed to the room of the communion, asked permission to make a statement—a request which was cheerfully complied with. Addressing the large congregation, he referred to the benefit he had derived from the services during the week, and publicly declared that the result of these services upon his mind was a resolution to take immediate steps to dissociate himself from the traffic with which he had long been connected, and *to have done with it for ever*. The effect was electric. A thrill of joy went through the assembly, and "Glory be to God!" gushed from many a grateful heart. The fact has made a deep impression upon the community."

BRITISH PEASANT'S HYMN.

For the pride of our fields, for our garden-decked lea,
For our valleys and rivers, the work of Thy hand,
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, our Father, our God!
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, our Father, our God!

For the fragrance of morn, for the lark's early song,
That bids us from slumber awake and be strong,
For the dews, for the clouds, for the day's varied sky,
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, the Fountain of Light!

For the sweets of our toil, for the oak's covert shade,
Neath whose branches we sit at noontide our banquet is laid,
For the strength of our limbs, for our cheek's joyous glow,
We praise Thee, we crowned the sweat of our brow!

For evening's calm hour, when our labour is done,
For the fond little crowds, from each cottage that run
For blessings of love, when around us they cow,
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, who giv'st us our lot.

For our Sabbaths and Churches, thy Spirit's abode,
Where the silver-toned bell of the village clock's tow'r
For each holy transport that kindles us there,
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, the quickener of prayer.

For the promise of Spring, for Thy Summer's proud pride,
For the glories of harvest, for Autumn's rich weight,
For the wonders of Winter, for its hoarding and cold,
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, who rulest the year.

For the kind British hearts, ever loying to give,
For the friends of the poor, amid wealth, rank, and pride,
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, our Father, our God!
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, our Father, our God!

Claims of the Jews.—"Did you ever do any thing for a Jew? asks a minister of Christ to a fair young girl. She replied in the negative. She proceeded, "*Then; remember your Saviour was a Jew!*"

Working Men's Educational Union.—Union is publishing a most valuable collection of diagrams on cloth, with historical, astronomical, mechanical, and other illustrations. Each piece on cloth (three feet by four feet square) adapted for suspension, and coloured for candlelight. Gentlemen, schoolmasters, and lecturers will find the diagrams most valuable to them. We congratulate the Society on the formation of this excellent Union.

Catalogues of the Diagrams, with prices, may be had by forwarding a stamped envelope to Mr. Barron, King William Street, Strand, London.

An Infidel's Confession.—A mechanic in London, who rented a room very near the Orphan Working School, was unhappily determined infidel. The man one day said to another, "I did this morning what I have not done for a long time before—I wept!" "Why, what did you weep for?" "I confessed you to weep!" "Why," replied the infidel mechanic, "I felt as if seeing the children of the Orphan Working School pass; and thought what a loss religion had done nothing so for mankind, it had at least given the children of these orphans into respectable and honourable stations in life."

A Hint for Scripture Readers.—The Bible of North has addressed a very interesting and cheerful letter to us, in which he states—"My Scripture Reader finds the "British Workman" a most useful and valuable publication to the cases which he circulates. It is even when at first it is difficult to secure the reception of tract and in almost every instance a welcome for himself and his mission. Your tract, "Consual of your interesting labours. He takes the name of Christ, and commands, and commands delivers the copies. He thus ministries a regard for the Bible, and embraces the opportunity effecting the more direct work of Christ, conscious of the importance of religion, and the necessary work of chase and preparation for another world."

A MORNING MEDITATION.

(*Gleaned from an Old Author.*)

Think not any business or haste, though ever so great, sufficient excuse to omit prayer in the morning; for nothing can be

1. That the greater thy business is, by so much the more need thou hast to pray for God's good speed and blessing upon it. Yea, it is certain that nothing prosper without His blessing.

2. That as many a man, who thought himself wisest, has been worst deceived, so many a chick's joyous

3. That as many a man has gone out of his door, and never come in again—many a man who rose well at morning, has been brought home dead, or sick and ill at night; so may it befall thee. And if thou be so careful before thou goest abroad, to eat and drink, to fence thy body from the cold, how much more careful should thou be, to pray that thy soul may be preserved from all temptations.

4. That the time spent in prayer, never hinders, but furthers and prospers a man's journey and business.

5. That in going abroad into the world, thou goest into a forest full of unknown dangers where thou shalt meet many briars to tear, many snares to entrap, and many enemies to destroy. It is a field of pleasant grass and of poisonous serpents. Adversary not, therefore go naked amongst these briers, till thou hast prayed Christ to keep thee in all thy ways, nor to pass through these snares and enemies unhurt. Thou hast prayed for God's providence to be thy guide; that so, if thou cannot not home holier, then mayest be sure not to return worse than when thou wentest out of thy door.

But if, as thou readest this, thy conscience tells thee thou hast never prayed in right earnest—hast never found forgiveness of thy sins through faith in Jesus, how canst thou look up for the daily guidance and keeping of God? If thou hast not come to Jesus for pardon, then art still in thy sins, and at enmity against God, and therefore art in hourly danger of hell fire and judgment. If this be thy state, shut think of thine iniquity—thy danger; and hear the voice of Divine mercy saying unto thee, "Be ye reconciled unto God."

GOOD SERVANTS, GOOD WIVES, AND HAPPY HOMES.

CHAPTER II.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Warne, as she entered the house of Mrs. Fletcher, "it's always alike here; come when I may, you are ever busy."

"The reason is," replied Mrs. Fletcher, "that you reach always come in the middle of the forenoon, which is just the busiest part of the day."

"That is strange! I am always glad enough when breakfast is over, and my husband and children are out of the way, to enjoy a little ease, and have a gossip with my neighbours."

"But I think it better to have my leisure in the evening, when I can enjoy the society of my husband and children; for this reason, I am generally busy in the early parts of the day."

"It is well for you that your husband likes to spend his evenings with you; it's not very common with husbands now-a-days, when nearly all of them go as soon as they can to the public-house, as if they cared not about their wives or children."

"I might not, perhaps, to speak against my own sex, yet I cannot but say, that though there are many men who are better than they should be, yet a great deal of what you complain of is the fault of their wives."

"What! do you mean to say that I drive my husband to the public-house?"

"Be calm, Hannah, I meant no offence; you spoke of husbands generally, I spoke of wives in the same way. We are open to conviction, I think I can show you plainly enough, that it is as I have said,—a great number of cases the wife is the prime cause of her husband's misconduct. This is a sad charge, but facts are stubborn things. Most men, when they marry, hope, no doubt, by doing so to increase their comfort and happiness; the choice they make of a partner is often the most unlikely possible to secure what they want, but still their object is home enjoyment; and men who have to toil hard all day, and have many vexations and difficulties to grapple with besides, have a right to expect it. Where should a man look for comfort, if not at his own fireside, and in the bosom of his own family? Can a good wife fail to provide for her husband all the comforts in her power, and strive by every kind attention to recruit his strength, to soothe his chafed spirits, and repay him for the earnings so hardly obtained by the sweat of his brow. You will admit, I think, that this is a correct view of the matter."

"Yes; but then it's only one side of the subject. Wives have their cares and toils as well as their husbands. Here we are left all the day, whether well or ill, to struggle with the children, and all the drudgery of the house, as best we may. Why, are we not always baking, washing, cooking, mending, scrubbing, and I know not what besides, so that there's sought but toil from one end of the week to the other. Surely we have a claim to indulgence as well as our husbands?"

"You are correct in your conclusion, the claim is just in both; but what indulgence does a good wife desire rather than that which she derives from the cheering smile, the warm affection, the kind attentions, and the good society of her husband?"

"That is all very fine; but all husbands are not like ours. I wish they were, for my own sake."

"My husband is, indeed, all that I could wish; but, and as he is, perhaps the man would be different if his one shoulder had many that I see."

"O! I see, you are resolved to lay all the blame upon the women."

"By no means; I know there are wives whose best and most affectionate efforts receive the coldness and ill-regarded returns; whose spirits are bowed down, and their hearts sadden under strokes, by the unkindness, brutality, and vices of their husbands; but these cases I regard as rare exceptions to general experience, and many even of them will be found to be the natural results of imprudent and hasty unions. I have no wish to be unjust to the other sex, but I cannot be blind to what is passing around me. I know that I see almost daily, I think, such is the influence we have over the other sex, that we should have many more good husbands, if women understood their own interests, and were more mindful of minute duties. In the eight homes nearest this one, there is not a man but what works hard, and earns as much money as he can. Several have faults, and serious ones too, but who can say how different their conduct would have been, if their wives had consulted as they ought their own and their husbands' welfare. Let us glance at the first six of these homes.

Esther Wilkins.

"We will begin with Esther Wilkins. Prior to her marriage she worked in a lace factory. Of house matters she knew nothing; she could neither wash, nor cook, nor mend a stocking, nor clean a floor. It was a foolish choice in Richard made of such a know-nothing girl for a wife. Perhaps you will say, he should have acted more prudently, and must now lie on the bed he has made himself. That is true; yet one cannot but think what a good husband a man so kind and industrious as Richard really is, would have been, had he been suitably mated. Poor man! he never has been a comfortable meal. Such cooking as he sees is enough to cause loathing. The meat is rather half raw, or dried like leather, the bread is neither brand nor dough, and everything else is prepared in like fashion. One half of his wife's time seems spent in washing, for so dawdling is the way she goes to work, that for three days in each week, wash-tubs and suds seem to be in the way of everything and everybody. As for the house, it is all dirt and disorder. What comfort is there for a weary man who wants to stretch his limbs, and obtain some amends for the toils of the day. Can we wonder that when he returns home, jaded with labour, and looks round on his wretched and comfortless dwelling with bitter disappointment, that he hastens away, as soon as he can, to seek elsewhere what he would much rather have enjoyed in his own house."

Rachael Symonds.

"In the case you are certainly right. I believe Richard is driven from home by the bad habits of his wife. But there's Rachael Symonds at the door beyond, she is very different woman from Esther, and yet her husband leaves his family quite as much as his neighbour Richard."

"It is not without cause. It is true, as you say, Rachael differs from her neighbour, but she has faults as great, and almost as annoying. She is not dirty, like Esther, but she is irregular and disorderly in her habits, so as claim only by fits. No one can make a house cleaner, but then she is hasty, and in her haste, she sometimes say, she turns the house out at the windows. There is neither peace nor comfort in the dwelling that day, either for husband or children. All is in a hurry and turmoil. The children are sent out of the way, with a slice of bread, and the husband is told he must shift for himself as best he may. On washing day it is much the same; all is noise and bustle; it is still worse if the day happens to be rainy, and the children are thus compelled to remain within doors. Rachael is very anxious that the whole house look clean and tidy; but until then, her husband, if he would have any comfort, must seek it from home, for there is none for him at home. Then Rachael has a still greater fault, for as soon as she has made her house all clean and orderly, she begins immediately to undo all she has done before. Before the following night, it is again a scene of confusion and dirt. After these great efforts, Rachael always considers herself entitled to a holiday of indulgence; she sits down, and leaves everything in neglected, until dirty pots and pans, ashes and dust accumulate so that she can get on no longer, when up she goes, and all is in her cleanliness, and again pots husband and children to flight. Thus by her fitful and irregular conduct, Edward has acquired a habit of spending his evenings at the ale-house."

"What a picture you have drawn! Why, you might spend your time in watching your neighbours, you seem so well acquainted with them."

"I will assure you it is quite otherwise. The faults I have noticed are so glaring that they cannot pass unnoticed, and they are faults which I view with some degree of pity, as I know that they arise from some that want of proper training in early life. Both the women referred to, married before they knew what were a wife's duties, and when destitute of almost every qualification necessary to render home happy."

Dolly Botham.

"I can readily guess what you will say about Dolly Botham."

"Yes, you must at once allow that her husband deserves pity. Peter must know a good wife, and be strongly deserved, or he never could have married such a vixen. Dolly, as you well know, is one of those weak-minded and strong-willed women upon whom all reasoning is thrown away. Easily excited, of ungovernable passions, and coarse manners, and possessing without a most abusive and pugnacious tongue, she is constantly the dread of her neighbours, the plague of her husband, and the curse of her children. What a life of misery she creates for herself and her family! Dolly is a honest-hearted woman, many excellencies—she is clean, industrious, and careful, but her temper spoils all. It would seem as she were never happy but when raising a tempest, and the violence, however, by which she endeavours to govern her household, only defeats her purpose, and causes her to be disliked and disregarded. When he returns home after his daily toil, her husband prepares himself, by a dogged kind of resolution, to regard with indifference whatever she may say, for he well knows, from experience, that it would be as useless as to talk to the raging tempest; and, as for reproaches, that were equally useless, for, as she often says, 'I'll have a tongue, and I'll use it.' Nor does she succeed better with her children. Scol she is but now calling two of them away from a scene of mischief. Look at her clenched fist, her thunder-cloud lowering aspect, as the cries out with a voice shrill as a trumpet, 'You little mischievous vagrants! come away this minute, or I'll lay you alive!' Regardless of the threatening threat, you perceive they remain as heedless of her commands as if they heard it not. They are become callous both to her threats and blows. A few years more, and her children will shun her with utter dislike.

"Ah! Peter's case is indeed a sad one. I've often looked upon him with pity. I can scarcely blame him for going to the public-house, or anywhere else, to escape from his wife's tongue."

"What makes the matter worse, in order to do so, he is obliged to employ all manner of deceit; for, as his wife knows what his wages are, and would rage like fury if she did not receive the whole, he is obliged to cheat her in every possible way, that he may get his pint of ale each night; not because he loves the liquor, for Peter is no drunkard, but to escape the tongue, the tongue which his wife's tongue renders intolerable."

Betsey Darling.

"But if we pass on to the next house, there at least the tables are turned. Betsey Darling is almost all that the wife of a most drunken husband; she is a clever housewife, a faithful partner, a good mother, and a true Christian; yet her husband is as bad as she is good, and by his base conduct her heart is well-nigh broken."

The case is a lamentable one, but it was very different once. There was a time when that couple were as happy as they are now miserable. Dawid was then sober, industrious, and prudent; but he got ensnared by some of his fellow-workmen—he lost his religion, and gradually adopted these habits and sceptical principles. He has made a sad exchange. All things are now going wrong. He is destroying his constitution by intemperance, he is sadly involved in debt, his children are neglected, his wife is ranking under her troubles, and the future prospects of the family are such as one cannot think of but with pity. There are times when David sees these things, and suffers deeply from remorse of conscience; but a bankrupt always finds it hard to retrace his steps, and, instead of making the attempt, he hastens to the beer-shop, and tries to drown his reflections in the cup of intemperance. He is bad enough to be without religion; but to obtain religion, and afterwards to abandon it, is still worse; then it is that the evil one returns to his former abode, bringing with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and the last state of that man is worse than the first. What a happy dwelling was that formerly; and had David consented to walk in the fear of God, it would have been so now, but, unhappily, he lent a willing ear to the political debates carried on in the workshop, and at length his head became filled with all sorts of supposed wrongs. He became dissatisfied with everything;—with the government, with his employers, with his business, with the lot in life, with God's management of the world;—nothing was right. The consequence was, he lost his religion, became moose, intemperate, neglectful of his family, careless in his conduct, and now his principles are as depraved as they are sceptical. The sad fruits may be seen by every one, both in his family and business. His wife is suffering from poverty and ill-treatment, whilst he has become miserable and degraded, and, it is to be feared, will perish at last, the sad victim of vice and infidelity. "The wages of sin is death."

Kitty Ranson.

We now come to the fifth dwelling. Here we find another family wife, who may thank herself for the misconduct of her husband.

"Yes, Joseph Ranson has a wretched life of it."

"You may well say so, but there are very great faults in that she never does anything at the right time. Whatever she has to do, she puts it off as long as possible. Half the part of every day is spent in her own door, or that of some neighbour, in gossiping, and hearing and telling all the news and scandal that is abroad. Her husband's dinner can be but half done. She seldom begins to prepare a meal until near the time when it should be ready. Often when her husband comes home tired, she has potatoes to peel, and the meat has just been put into the oven, so that he must either wait a longer time for his meal than is allowed him, or be must eat it half-cooked with anything but a good relish. Often causes them to quarrel. In the same way Kitty puts off everything else. She seldom thinks of baking until the last hour of the day, and finishes washing until the week is so near the close, that she is reminded that the family will be without clean linen on the Sabbath. The consequence is, that often on the Sunday morning she has to iron her husband's shirt before he can dress, and, perhaps, it is discovered that a sleeve is torn, or buttons are wanting, and that it must undergo various repairs before it can be put on. Kitty, when scolded, make a practice of giving her house a brush up each day, after her fashion; but, unfortunately for other, she can never find time to do it until her husband's return at night,—then she is all air and bustle, but long before she has finished her task, he has taken himself off with his usual bitter complaint, "There's never a bit of comfort to be had here."

"This habit of putting off is not, however, Kitty's only fault. She has no idea how to manage money. If her husband's income were ever so large, her habits would keep him poor. No man ever prospered in the world without the consent of his wife, and, if he be ever so industrious and frugal, it will avail but little if she be extravagant, idle, and mismanaging. With what cheerfulness does a man labour when he knows that his earnings will be well and faithfully applied; when assured he is not squandering his time and strength in vain, but that the produce of his toil will contribute to the comfort of himself and family. On the contrary, and is his heart, when he knows his labour, when long experience shows him, that his wages are sure to be thoughtlessly spent, without regard either to credit or comfort. Such is the case with poor Peter; whatever he earns, he is never the better for it. The wages of a labouring man cannot be expected to meet the wants and comforts of a family without careful management. Every article needed should be bought at the best market, and made to go as far as possible; but Kitty knows nothing of this. For the sake of peace, and because she never thinks of a thing until the market it is wanted, she makes her purchases chiefly at the little shop opposite her dwelling, where a high price is put upon most articles, and where she carries on a running account, which is running her husband more deeply into debt every week. It is no wonder, therefore, that Joseph and his wife live unhappily together, and that he spends so much of his time from home."

"I must allow that the cases you have described show the correctness of your remarks about bad wives. What you have said, too, has opened my eyes to many things I had not thought of before, and have caused me to see that I've been not a little hasty myself. Things are not always smooth between Matthew and I. He often finds fault, I know it is not without cause; but then I don't like to own that I'm in the wrong. I know I am sometimes thoughtless, and we both get into a fall, when off he goes, and I'm sure not to see him again before nightfall. I get vexed with waiting, and begin to scold; he tells me it's my own fault; one bitter word calls forth another, and then we quarrel again; but I see that I keep making rods for myself."

"No doubt you do; and your case is another proof that much of the domestic misery which exists might be prevented, if wives were more mindful of their own interests. Men understand domestic comfort much better than our sex, generally, are aware of, and when marriage fails to yield it, the disappointment which is felt is sure to occasion dissatisfaction, sourness of temper, and a world of blame. The case is rendered still worse when the wife is so unconscious of her duties, so unacquainted as to resent her husband's reproaches, instead of trying to remove all just cause of complaint. It is much to be lamented that so many husbands have such serious cause for dissatisfaction. This I consider one prime cause that our public-houses are so much frequented, yet their wives are, in numerous instances, entitled to a large share of pity. Many of them never had any domestic training. From various causes, they were left ignorant of almost everything which it most concerns a female to know, and in consequence they entered upon married life without any right knowledge of the duties which belong to a wife and a mother. No wonder, therefore, they had to render home happy. I can call to mind many allowances for their defects; for I am often led to think what might have been the state of my own house and family, if I had married with no better preparation than I possessed when I was compelled to turn out into the world."

"O, I should much like to hear something about it. You must, I am sure, have been well trained by some one; for I know of no house that is half so clean and neat as yours, or in which there is so much comfort and happiness."

"If it will render you a service, I shall willingly, when I have leisure, give you a sketch of my history; it will, doubtless, furnish you with some lessons. I am the more inclined to do it, because I think you would like to have a happy home; although your own admissions show that you do not always adopt the best methods to secure it."

"Indeed I should. When I married, it was without any proper idea of what I ought to be, or what I should have to do. My husband hardly understood what belongs to good housewifery better than I did, and I fancy he soon began to think that he had made a foolish choice of a wife; for he got dissatisfied, became cross, found a deal of fault, and then we began to quarrel. He did not treat me in the right way. If he had kindly pointed out my failings, and reasoned with me like a friend, I think, say I to sure, he would have succeeded, for kindness goes a long way with me; but he started up the bad passions of my nature, and then I felt as if I had not one to care for him at all, and the mind either what I said or what I did. But I'm tired of the kind of life we are leading, and thankful would I feel to be put into a better one."

"I shall be glad to render you any help in my power. I hope I shall be able to show you, from my own history, that your house may be made to be of as much comfort as my own. I must now attend to other matters. You see how much work I've got through whilst I've been talking to you. I must now prepare my dinner. If you will come in some afternoon when I am at leisure, and bring your sewing with you, or the stockings you have to mend, I will tell you the history of my early life."

"Thank you, thank you; I shall be glad to do so."

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BOOKSELLERS.—We wish to send a Packet of Posting Bills to every Bookseller in the Kingdom; but, if our correspondence is unprofitable, writing, will kindly furnish us with the names and addresses of as many Booksellers as possible, we shall be thankful.

We shall be glad to forward a supply of the "Twenty-eight Suggestions for increasing the circulation of the *British Workman*," to those who will kindly assist them in their letters.

"TEMPERANCE MISSIONARY Wanted for Islington. Salary £30 a-year. Apply by letter (post) to A. B., 21, Richmond Crescent, London, N." The above advertisement appears in several of the London newspapers. We should rejoice in seeing this example followed in all the populous parishes in the Kingdom. Such a "NEW FARMER'S OBJECT" would be a great blessing, and would we believe, soon effect an important saving to the rate-payers!

"LET US DWELL IN PEACE AS BRETHREN."

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

FROM hundreds of thousands of tongues the prayer is constantly heard, "Give peace in our time, O Lord,—scatter the men that delight in war," and none perhaps utter these words more sincerely than the working classes.

Working men, above all others, are interested in the preservation of peace, and it is a matter for heartfelt congratulation, that there is, amongst them, both in France and England, a strong brotherly feeling. They say, "Let us dwell in peace as brethren. Peace promotes trade, war ruins it; peace promotes the arts and sciences, war paralyzes them; peace promotes commerce, war destroys it; peace promotes the happiness and true greatness of a nation, war blights and curses it. Life at the longest is but short, and the scythe of death will cut us all down soon enough. Let us not like our forefathers, do Death's work, but let us promote each other's happiness and welfare."

A CORRESPONDENT who has carefully manuscled the pages of history, states, that "between 1141 and 1815, a period of less than seven hundred years, there were TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX of them spent in desolating wars between France and England! What a sad reflection for two nations professing to be followers of the PRINCE OF PEACE!

A PEACE is of the nature of a CONQUEST;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.—*Shakespeare.*

MOUNT MISERY;

OR,

"LARRY," THE RAKE, REFORMED.

THERE is a town in the South of Ireland, which we shall call Ford-Regis. It stands on the margin of a noble river, and its streets stretch upward along a hill-side,—on the west bank of the river. On the eastern side of the stream, all is rural, hills through whose thin strata of marl, the granite continually protrudes, and yet whose rugged sides are clothed with the rich verdure of short turf, and moss, and here and there in sheltered hollows, a whitewashed cottage, with its bit of garden or patch of potatoes, varies the monotony of grassy dells, upland slopes, and rounded hill tops, vanishing in the misty distance. One hill higher than the rest, aspires to the dignity of a Mountain, and is called in the dialect "Mount Misery." An unsuitable name, but by no means an uninviting spot. It was in the merry month of May, when we sealed Mount Misery, and from its rough summit, looked down on the river winding at its feet, the fields that clothed in living-green, laughed at its base—the little hills, that in graceful undulations swept away for miles, reflecting on their sides the shadows of the clouds as a fitful wind blew them across the sunshine. And gathering as it were, on the skirts of the guardian Mount, there was the busy town, with its fine quay, its handsome bridge, its numerous streets, its well-filled warehouses, and active population.

But the object on which the eye rested, was not the mountain, or its attendant hills, nor the shadows of the clouds, or the substance of the town—not the rapid river. Not these were all seen, but the eye *rested* on a little white house, about midway up the mountain-side. The spot and its surroundings were not only beautiful, but peculiar. How came a bright garden, that finished many colours, on the side of the granite mountain? how had those fields, stretching right and left of the trim abode, been reclaimed from, or put upon, the barren rock—the neat outbuildings and homestead, all so prosperous-looking? how came they upon Mount Misery? To ascend the mountain, and make a circuit of the small domain, and to pass through the garden, at the ready invitation of Irish politeness, was the natural result of the curiosity excited by seeing cultivation seated in the lap of sterility. What toil must have effected this realization of Scripture—"The wilderness and the solitary place, shall bloom and blossom as the rose." The nearer look showed the garden sheltered by the outbuildings, from the boisterous north and east winds. The fields protected by high stone fences, now completely overgrown, and the top of the fence (as indeed is common in this part of Ireland), bearing a rough, but valuable ledge of furze, now in all the splendour of its bloom. Seen from a little distance, the fields seemed framed in like pictures, with a rich rim of burnished gold. Everywhere, from above, from below—as you came to the town by the river, or across the bridge at the head of the quay, this white house, its garden and fields, shone like a star. Clearly may its light shine, for penitence and industry kindled its beam.

Not a very great many years ago, there was a wild fellow in Ford-Regis, who went by the name of "Larry the Rake." He was active and merry, but his activity brought no real profit to himself, and his merriment was "like the crackling of thorns under a pot,"—noise and sparkle, holding no heat, and going out in black ashes. Larry attended markets, was a dealer and barterer, and earned money quickly—but he spent it quicker. Every whiskey-shop knew Larry, every idle chest, and crawling sneak, watched when as they said, "The drop was in him," and then they tricked or coaxed the money out of his pockets; and often, after a prosperous week's work, Larry was destitute.

In the midst of his follies, Larry had two friends—his wife, poor woman! and his dog. How hard did the industrious wife work to keep bit of a home over their heads, for none of Larry's earnings ever found their way into her possession. What patience and hope through long years she manifested, and how earnestly she struggled forth for her intemperate husband! As to the other friend, the dog, he was ever at his master's side, and when Larry reeled home at the night, on his often did, in some miserable den, the dog watched beside him—warded off all intruders, whether rats or rat-like human beings, and in many a danger and fray, protected his unworthy master. At that time the dog was surely the most respectable of the two.

But this career could not last long, and a fit of illness with just severity brought Larry to death's door. Yes! God's broken law was avenged; the strong man who had abused his strength was made to writhe as an infant by disease. Still, while he bemoaned his fate, he never saw himself as the sinful cause—and the first person who spoke a word in season to Larry was his doctor. "I'll tell you what, my man, if you do not alter your course of life, you'll be a dead man in six months," was the honest sentence of the medical man as Larry was slowly recovering.

"What must I do?" said the sick man fretfully.

"Give up the drink."

"Oh, how'll I ever be able to do that?"

"Try—be a man and try."

Now Larry prided himself on his manliness, and the words "Be a man," entered his heart. No doubt he thought, "I've been a brute, and no man."

Yes, Larry! and very much worse than a brute, as your dog, if he could speak, could testify—it's an insult to the poor beasts, to call a bad intemperate man a brute. However, Larry rose from his sick bed, cured, not only of his physical, but of some mental maladies. His vain self-confidence was gone. He *prayed* for help to mend a new path. Just at that time, there were many Temperance Meetings held in Ford-Regis. Larry as soon as he could walk out, signed the pledge. Oh, the joys there were about "Larry the Rake," turning sober. "What'll happen next?" said the scoffers with a sneer. They little expected what did happen next.

Larry set to work in right earnest; if he was able to earn money when his brain was muddled, he earned it much faster and wiser now his head was clear. To get a bit of land was his great desire, for he felt that God he had risen from his sick bed, he never should be strong as he once had been, and he wanted to prove his sinful career. There was some laughter when Larry bought a few acres of Mount Misery, true he had it cheap, but what use was such a barren spot? Larry soon shewed it was of use. He built his house, he made a garden with infinite pains, carrying up the mould he was to be the soil for his plants. He built his cowshed and pigsties, and fenced in his fields, which in time began to look as if they might furnish pasture. Every fine minute was given to dreaming, and tilling, and making this little estate, and it throve under the hand of the skilful possessor. Every intemperate man in Ford-Regis sat rubbed his drowsy eyes after a feverish night, could look up to Mount Misery, and see the morning-dew glistening on the garden of the reformed drunkard, and his cottage white house gleaming in the sunshine. It was no longer "Larry the Rake," but "Larry the Brave." He did not speak in temperance meetings—he never did or could write his experience, but he spoke out upon the mountain-side a diagram that all his fellow-townsmen could see. It consisted of a house, outhouses, garden and fields embedded in the granite rock. No dairy better stocked, no garden more productive than Larry's—a few years passed on, and he was not merely a well-to-do, but a generous man. Aye, and what was better, a kind man, a conscientious man. Scoffers turned their eyes away, curious people felt their sight pained as if sand had been thrown in their eyes—but the pleasant homestead on the dreary mountain-side still flourished, and within three years ago the worthy owner died; it was not his merit that he bequeathed sixteen thousand pounds to his faithful wife. He has left an example that if followed would be worth uncounted wealth to the British workman. Dear reader, to you we repeat the doctor's words at sobriety, "Be a man and TRY."

C. L. A.

OUR BARGEMEN AND BOYS.

AN ESSEX Magistrate was much pained at the number of boys belonging to barges and smacks, who were brought before him for bad conduct. He found on inquiry, that there was little or no provision made for the instruction of these poor lads, and that but few of them could even read. The magistrate offered to present a strongly bound yearly part of the "British Workman" for the cabin of every smack. The offer was thankfully accepted by the owners, and in upwards of fifty of these river barges, not only the boys, but the men may frequently be seen poring over its pictures and pages.

May the Essex Magistrate have his eyes and in finding that in future he has not to send so many barge-boys to prison.

There are thousands of bargemen and sailors who would be *truly thankful* for a few papers or tracts to read during their long and weary nights. Will those of our readers who have the opportunity, kindly remember them?

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BY MRS. ELLIS.

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Those of our readers who have daughters or sisters in "service," and want to send them some good advice will find this a valuable little gift-book. On the receipt of twelve postage stamps our Publishers will send a copy, post free, to *any address* in the United Kingdom.

☞ *We beg again to thank the numerous friends and canvassing committees who have so zealously laboured to extend the circulation of the "British Workman." Through their efforts we believe we have about ten thousand new subscribers have been obtained during the last month. We shall be glad to send a supply of the Canvassing Bills to any District Visitor, Tract Distributor, or any of our readers who desire to promote the circulation. Letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Barnsbury Square, London, N.*

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BRITISH WORKMAN

JOHN JARVIS, THE HATTER;

or,

HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS.

"I want a shilling, Jane. I *must* have it."

This was addressed by a miserable creature, blunted and disfigured by intemperance, to a woman whose thin, pale face, and heart-broken look, told but too plainly that she was the drunkard's wife.

"Not a shilling, John? Surely you will not waste a shilling of my hard earnings, when you know that I can scarcely get food and clothes for the children?"

As the wife said this, she looked up into her husband's face, with a sad, appealing expression.

"I *must* have a shilling, Jane," was the firm reply.

"O, John! remember our little ones. The cold weather will soon be here, and I have not yet been able to get them shoes. If you will not earn anything yourself, do not waste the little my hard labour can procure. Will not a sixpence do? Surely that is enough for you to spend for ——"

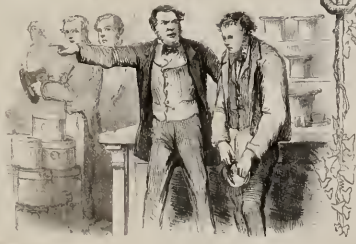
"Nothing will do but a shilling, Jane, and that I *must* have!" was the prompt and somewhat earnest reply.

Mrs. Jarvis laid aside her work mechanically, and rising, went to a drawer, and from a cup containing four shillings, her little all, took out one, and turning to her husband, said, as she handed it to him—

"Remember, John, that you are taking the bread out of your children's mouths!"

"Not so bad as that, I hope, Jane," the drunkard replied, as he clutched the money eagerly, something like a feeble smile flitting across his disfigured and distorted countenance.

"Yes, and worse!" was the response, made in a sad-



Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.

dar tone than that in which the wife had at first spoken.

"How wrong, *James!*"

"John!" and the wife spoke with a sudden energy, while her countenance lighted up with a strange gleam—"John, I cannot bear this much longer! I feel myself sinking every day. And you—you who pledged yourself——"

Here the voice of the poor woman gave way, and covering her face with her hands, she bent her head upon her bosom, and sobbed and wept hysterically.

The drunkard looked at her for a moment, and then turning hurriedly, passed from the room. For some moments after the door had closed upon her husband, Mrs. Jarvis stood, sobbing and weeping. Then slowly returning to her chair near the window, she resumed her work, with an expression of countenance that was sad and hopeless.

In the meantime, the poor creature who had thus reduced his family to a state of painful destitution, after turning away from his door, walked slowly along the street with his head bowed down, as if engaged in, to him, altogether a new and unpleasant, fit of self-communion. All at once a hand was laid familiarly upon his shoulder, and a well-known voice said—"Come, John, let's have a drink."

Jarvis looked up with a bewildered air, and the first thing that caught his eye, after it glanced away from the face of one of his drinking cronies, was a sign with bright gold letters, bearing the words, "EAGLE." That sign was as familiar to him as the face of one of his children. At the same moment that his eye rested upon this, creating an involuntary impulse to move towards the tavern door, his ear caught the sound of the well-oiled, and gave him a pull in the same direction. But, much to the surprise of the latter, Jarvis resisted this attempt to give his steps a direction that would lead him into his old, accustomed haunt.

"Won't you drink this morning, Jarvis?" asked the other with a look of surprise.

There was evidently a powerful struggle going on in the mind of the drunkard. This lasted only for a moment or two, when he said kindly and emphatically—

"No!"

And instantly he broke from his old boon companion, and hurried on his way.

A loud laugh followed him, but he heeded it not. The sinner's walk brought him to the shop of a respectable clergyman.

"Is Mr. Robinson in?" he asked, as he entered.

"Back at the desk," was the reply of a clerk.

And Jarvis walked back with a sinking air.

"Mr. Robinson, I want to sign the pledge!"

"You, Jarvis?" Mr. Robinson said, in tones of gratified surprise.

"Yes, me, Mr. Robinson. It's almost a hopeless case with me I know, but I really wish to do better."

"Are you fully sensible of what you are about doing, Jarvis?"

"I think I am, Mr. Robinson. I've drank nothing since yesterday morning, and with the help of Him above, I am determined never to drink another drop as long as I live! So, let me sign."

Mr. Robinson turned at once to the Declaration of the Washington Temperance Society, and read:—

"We, the undersigned, do pledge ourselves to each other, as gentlemen, that we will not, hereafter, drink any spirituous liquors, wine, malt, or cider, unless in sickness, and under the prescription of a physician."

Jarvis took the pen in his hand, that troubled so he could scarcely make a straight mark on the paper, and enrolled his name among the hundreds of those who, like him, had resolved to be men once more. This done, he laid down the shilling which he had obtained from his wife. As he turned away, his step was firmer, and his head more erect than, in a sober state, he had carried it for many a day. He proceeded to a hatter's shop.

"Well, Jarvis," was uttered in rather a cool, repulsive tone, as he entered.

"Are you in want of a journeyman, Mr. Warren?"

"I don't want you, Jarvis."

"If you will give me work, I will never get drunk again, Mr. Warren."

"You've said that too many times, Jarvis. The last time you went off when I was hurried with work, and caused me to disappoint a customer. I determined never to have anything more to do with you."

"But I'll never disappoint you again," urged the poor man earnestly.

"It's no use for you to talk to me, Jarvis. You and I have done with each other. I have made up my mind never again to have a man in my shop who drinks."

"But I've joined the Temperance Society, Mr Warren."

"I don't care if you have; in two weeks you'll be lying in the gutter."

"I'll never drink liquor again!" Jarvis said solemnly.

"Look here, you drunken vagabond," the master hatter said, in angry tone, coming from behind the counter, and standing in front of the indignant man who addressed—"if you are not out of this shop in two minutes by the watch, I'll kick you into the street! So there now—take your choice to go out or be kicked out."

Jarvis turned sadly away without a reply, and passed out of the door through which he had entered with a heart full of hope, now palsied, and almost ready to recede from his earnest resolution and pledge to become a sober man, and a better husband and father. He felt utterly discouraged. As he walked slowly along, indeed, the fumes of a dram-shop which he was passing, unconsciously, struck upon his sense, and immediately came an almost overpowering desire for his potation. He paused—

"Now that I try to reform, they turn against me," he said bitterly. "It is no use, I am cursed!"

One step was taken towards the tavern door, when it seemed as if a strong hand held him back. "No—no," he murmured, "I have taken the pledge, and I will stand by it, if I die."

Then moving resolutely onward, he soon found himself near the door of another drinking shop. Hope again kindled up in his bosom, and he entered.

"Don't you want a hand, Mr. Mason?" he asked in a hesitating tone.

"Not a drunken one, Jarvis," was the repulsive answer.

"But I've reformed, Mr. Mason."

"So I should think from your looks."

"But, indeed, Mr. Mason, I have quit drinking, and taken the pledge."

"To break it in three days; perhaps in three hours."

"Won't you give me work, Mr. Mason, if I promise to be sober?"

"No. For I would not give a copper for your promises."

Jarvis turned away. When he had placed his hand to the pledge, he thought not of these repulses and difficulties. He was a good workman, and he thought that any man who in his old employer could be glad to get him back again, so soon as they learned of his having signed the total-abstinence pledge. But he had so often promised amendment, and so often broken his promise and disappointed them, that they had lost all confidence in him; at least the two to whom he had thus far made application.

As he leaving the store of Mr. Mason, he seemed altogether irresolute. He would walk on a few steps, and then pause to commune with his troubled and bewildered thoughts.

"I will try Lankford," he said, at length, half aloud—"he will give me work, surely." A brief walk of some ten minutes brought him to the door of a small hatter's shop, in a retired street. Behind the counter of this little shop was a man, busily employed in ironing a hat. There was something benevolent in his countenance and manner. As Jarvis entered, he looked up, and a shade of good-nature spread over his features.

"Good morning, Mr. Lankford," Jarvis said, bowing, with something like timidity and shame in his manner.

"Are you not afraid to come here, John?" replied the old man sternly.

"I am ashamed to come, but not afraid. *You* will not harm me I believe, sir."

"Dont trust to that, John. Did you not steal—eye that is the word—did you not steal from me the last time I employed you?" The old man in manner was stern and energetic.

"I was wicked as to take a couple of skins, Mr. Lankford, but I don't steal now, and am willing to repay you for them, if you will give me work. I was in liquor when I did it, and when in liquor I have no distinct consciousness of the nature of my actions."

"Give you work, indeed! O, no, John, I cannot give you another chance to rob me."

"But I will not get drunk any more; and you know, Mr. Lankford, that while I was a sober man, and worked for you, I never removed you out of a sixpence worth."

"Won't get drunk any more! Ah, John, I have lived too long in the world, and have seen too much, to hold such promises."

"But I am in earnest, Mr. Lankford. I signed the pledge this morning."

"Yes!" in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, *I signed it.*"

"Ah, John," after a pause, and shaking his head incredulously, "I cannot credit your word, and I am sorry for it."

"If I have signed the pledge, and if I am really determined to be a sober man, will you give me work, Mr. Lankford?"

The old man thought for a few moments, and then said, half sorrowfully, half as afraid of you, John. You am such an old offender on the score of drunkenness, that I have no confidence in your power to keep the pledge."

"Then what shall I do?" the poor man exclaimed, in tones that made the heart of the old man thrill—for nature and pathos were in them. "Now that I am trying in earnest to be a sober man will you not give me a word of encouragement, or a helping hand. Heaven knows I for I am forsaken of man!"

"Have you been with Mr. Mason Warren?" asked the old man.

"Yes, and he threatened to kick me out of his shop."

"Mason wants a hand, I know. He will no doubt be glad to employ you."

"I've tried him, but he will not give me work."

Mr. Lankford stood thoughtful and irresolute for some moments. His heart was touched by the poor creature who thus importuned so earnestly for work, and whose trembling hand indicated that he had forborne, at least for a time, his accustomed stimulant. But he did not wish to have him in his shop, for he had no confidence in him. At length he said, "John, if you will bring me a certificate from Mr. Mason, that you have signed the pledge, I will give you another trial; but if you disappoint me again, you and I have done for ever."

The countenance of the poor man brightened up instantly. He turned quickly away, without reply, and hurried off to the shop of Mr. Robinson, the secretary of the society he had joined. The certificate was of course obtained.

"And you have joined sure enough, John," the Lankford said, in a changed tone, as he glanced over the certificate.

"Indeed I have, Mr. Lankford."

"And you seem in earnest."

"If I was in earnest about anything in my life, I am in earnest now."

"Keep to your pledge then, John, and all will be well. Why you must be a man, and I prefered you to any journeyman in my shop. Keep sober, and you *shall never want a day's work while I am in business.*"

"By the aid of Heaven I will show how much in earnest I am, I will be true to my pledge," Jarvis said, meekly, and yet in a solemn tone.

"Go to Him, John, and He will be strength in your weakness."

"I will try," was the humble and sincere answer.

The poor man was soon at his own place in the shop, and once again he resumed his work-bench, but under a different impulse than had, for years, nerved him to toil. But it was never with a steady nerve. His hand shook so, that he could with difficulty work the required skill, the implements of his calling. He experienced, likewise, a sinking, sickening feeling; and at times a dizziness and obscurity of mind would suddenly come over him, exciting the liveliest emotions of fear, lest others would notice it, and so, under sudden a withdrawal of its accustomed stimulus. Landlord, however, as his mind became intently fixed upon his work, and his body took place, and the whole system, which was in a physical frame moved on with something approaching to a healthy tone. His hand became steadier, though it still trembled.

Two hours brought his employer home, when Jarvis, who began to feel the want of food, returned home with the usual strange feelings of a drunkard. One impulse was to tell his wife what he had done and what he was doing. But then he remembered how often he had promised amendment, and once even joined a temperance society, only to relapse into a lower and more degraded condition. "No, no," he said to himself, after debating the question in his mind, as he walked towards home, "I will not tell her now; I will first prove my sincerity of my repentance; I will give such an assurance as will create confidence and hope."

(To be concluded in our next number.)

LIFE'S LAST HOURS.

Life's last hours are grand, testing hours. Death tries all our principles, and lays bare all our foundation. Many have been in life, who were forced to be honest in the hour of death. Misgivings of heart, that have been kept secret through life, have come out in death; and many who seemed all fair and right for heaven, have had to declare that they had only been self-deceived.

A gentleman of renown was on his dying bed, when a friend, near at hand, spoke of the Saviour. "As to the Bible," he replied, "it may be true; I do not know." "What then are your prospects?" he was asked. He replied in whispers, which indeed were thunders, "Very gloomy—very dark." "Had have you no light from the Sun of Righteousness? Have you done justice to the Bible?" "Perhaps not," he replied; "but it is now too late—too late."

A mother, who had laughed at religion and religious people, was seen restless and miserable on her bed of death. In her delirium, her children should be called—they came: in broken accents she addressed them: "My children, I have been leading you in the wrong road all your lives. I have gone on the broad road, and to destruction; I did not believe it before. O! seek to serve God, and try to find the gate to heaven, though you may never meet your mother there." Her lips were closed for ever, and her spirit departed to its account, while the household looked on terror-struck. Mothers! Mothers! Is this your duty? O, no. Then point to heaven, and *lead the way.*

VALUE OF THE SABBATH.

CAPTAIN STANSBURY, the leader of the late surveying expedition to the region of the Salt Lake, in his official report to the government, bears testimony to the value of the Sabbath, in the following extract, as the result of my experience, derived not only from the present journey, but from the observation of many years spent in the performance of similar duties, that as a mere matter of pecuniary consideration—apart from all higher obligations—it is wise to keep the Sabbath. *More work* can be obtained from men and animals by its observance, than where the whole seven days are uninterruptedly devoted to labour."

While industry is suspended—while the plough rests in the furrow—while the exchange is silent—while no smoke ascends from the furnace, process is going on quite as important to the wealth of nations, as any that is performed on busier days. Man, the machine of industry, requires a period in which all the mysteries of the Watts and Arkwrights are worthless, is *repairing* and *winding up*; so that he returns to his labours on Monday with clearer understanding, livelier spirits, with renewed corporeal vigour.—BARON MACAULAY.

THE SABBATH.

HAS the Sabbath been passed away among the shadows of the ancient economy? May it now be slighted without loss, and trampled on without danger? These are questions which may be subjected to the test of fact and experience—of observation and history. It is interesting to pursue the inquiry in individual instances—to look on the one side, how Sabbath observance is connected with piety, moral principle, and a useful life; and how Sabbath desecration is connected with irreligion, and very often the certain forerunner of a course of immorality and crime. Its connection with our forests, parties wishing to settle, judge of the soil by the timber found growing on it; and they do so, not by comparing it with other soils, but with an equal number in another; the judgment is formed by the general character of the timber as found in both. If a district is seen to have been visited by a good and healthy growth, it is concluded that the soil is rich, and the situation favourable. We invite the friends and opponents of Sabbath observance to apply this to a similar test.

Let competent observers take a survey of the nations at the present day, and carefully mark their condition—economical, moral, and religious; it will be found that those which take the first rank are the nations in which the Sabbath is most venerated, and its injunctions most strictly observed. Where religion is most intelligence and moral principle? the elements of social order and prosperity? superior skill combined with patient industry? a high sense of honour and integrity, and of that sense of honour which mimics it, as key is a forgeries for commercial confidence in the transactions of business? Are these the characteristics of Sabbath-keeping communities. We ask for benevolent and philanthropic institutions, infirmaries, lunatic asylums, and penitentiaries; we ask where such institutions are found, for, where youth are trained up in sound knowledge, and extend and preserve the benefits and blessings of education and of true religion. These things will be found to prosper only in Sabbath-keeping communities. We search for a people capable of understanding and appreciating national liberty—we search for a people their claims to free institutions—who can make effectual defend military leaves which guard impartially the interests of rich and poor; that will prosper, when fowl, will also be a Sabbath-observing people.—*New York Ledger.*

LESSON FOR EUROPEANS.

SOME Europeans in New Zealand had engaged natives to accompany them on a journey, and carry their luggage. The Sabbath intervened on the road; the Europeans wished to proceed; but the natives said, "No, it is Sabbath; we must rest." The travellers went forward without their luggage, and refused to pay them when they had accomplished the journey with the luggage, because they would not travel on the Sabbath.

The natives inquired, "What are you to do with the law of God?" and received for answer, "What have we to do with the law of God? what is that to us?"

One of the natives returned, by saying, "You have much to do with that law. Were it not for the law of God, we should not have exercised the forbearance we have, on your refusal to give us payment. We should have rebbed you, and taken all you possessed, and sent you about your business. You have *that* much to do with the law of God."

WE WANT NO WAR.

"PREPARE for war," the warrior cried,
Echo, "prepare for war," replied;
And, as it lingered when a stone
Into a quiet lake is thrown,
That circling wavelets rise and glide
Through the calm surface on every side;
So through the nation, near and far,
Forth went the word "Prepare for war."

As, having stirred the lake's still breast,
Rapidly sinks the stone to rest;
So, when the echo ceased, the tumult ran—
Quiet prevailed as before.
So downward went the warrior's word,—
So little was the answer heard;
Save that a sound rose, near and far,
Earnest and firm, "*We want no war.*"

"We want no war! why should the world
Into that hell's den be hurled?
Why should we, in the midst of the past
He o'er us like cold night-clouds cast?
Why must the tiger front his lair,
With startling mouth, for our prepare?
Why drown in seas of blood and tears
The peace of three-and-thirty years?"

"Let the dark deeds of sword and flame,
The tales of other times proclaim;
Henceforth let war's accursed blaze
Gleam only in departed days;
Then shall earth's moan to heights sublime,
As onward sweeps the cry of time:
And leave behind, far—distant far,
The evil days—the days of war."

From John Beaton's "Harp of the Tyne."

AT JESUS' FEET.

The late Rev. W. Jay one day attended the funeral of a young female, who thus addressed him:—

"I have a little," said she, "to relate, at my presence. I have been reading the Bible, and I imagine this is my sheet anchor. He has said, 'he that comes to me I will in no wise cast out!' I know I am a sinner, and I expect that I shall be lost for ever. But Poor and unworthy as I am, He will not turn me; it would be beneath His greatness as well as goodness; I am a sinner, and yet as you know often said—

"'In joy enough, my all in all,
At thy dear feet to lie;
Thou art my Jesus, my very all,
And none can higher fly.'"

HELPING THE PREACHER.

A PREACHER once said to an old lady who had another wonder to him that she was permitted to find she could not do any more good.

"You are doing a great deal of good, you help preach every Sunday."

She was surprised, and inquired how it could be.

"In the first place," said he, "you go to church every Sunday, and that helps me; in the second place you are always wide awake, and you always right up into my face, and that helps me; in the place, I very often see the tears running down your and that helps me very much."

THE SEDUCER.

LIFE is a possession of the highest value to man, but only ready and most valuable so long as its possessor capable of enjoying its pleasures, and of performing legitimate duties and obligations. Hence, he who ready of and most valuable wards another whereby the accomplishment of the duties and purposes of prevented, and the enjoyment of its pleasures rendered impossible, is *in effect, the destroyer of his life.* Let these principles be applied to the case of the seducer of female innocence—the destroyer of female virtue, the robbing of her honour a daughter of British, laid her upon a career of crime, and of misery, and her to be a life of misery, disease, poverty, degradation, and sad anguish, which hurries her through the world, early and shallow, and ends in a premature death, a career performing the duties, enjoying the legitimate pleasures occupying that position in society, for which was designed.

Is such a man less the murderer of his victim, he who in a moment of unpreventable passion, by dagger, or pistol, or poison, takes the life of his victim? Is not the cruelty, in the case supposed, even greater than in that in which murder is ordinarily effected?

*From No. 3 of "Beacon Lights for British Youth." Pubb by Simpkin and Co. Price 1d. Also, Nos. 1 and 2 of the same. Are were read by every father and son in the land. No. 1 is the *Sad, sad story of a forsaken father and son.* No. 2 is the son *Mr. John Barning, Every Hall, Sydenham, near London.*

BOOKS FOR PRESENTS.

With 100 Engravings. The Yearly Part of *British Workman* for 1859 In illustrated paper covers Edinburgh PARLOUR EDITION, on superior paper bound in cloth, 3s. 6d.

With 600 Illustrations. A Complete Edition of the *British Workman* for 1859 Price 1s. 6d., gilt edges, 2s. The Five Yearly Parts may also be had separately, in illustrated paper covers, price 3s. 6d. each.

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A Voice from the Vintage By Mrs. Ellis Authoress of the "Women of England." &c. Tinted Edition Price 1s., post free. This valuable work by Mrs. Ellis is worthy of being read by every mother and daughter in the land.

Morning Dew Drops. By Mrs C L. Balfour Price 1s. 6d., gilt edges, 4s. 6d. This is one of the most valuable contributions to the cause of Temperance yet issued.

A PATTERN BIRD.

...re therefore—Harmless as Doves—Matt x. 16.

...IVES, submit yourselves unto your own ...bands, as it is fit in the Lord.

...USBANDS, love your wives, and be not ...er against them.

...HILDREN, obey your parents in all ...ngs; for this is well pleasing unto the ...rd.

...FATHERS, provoke not your children to ...ger, lest they be discouraged.

...SERVANTS, obey in all things your ...asters, according to the flesh; not with ...e-service, as men-pleasers; but in singleness ...heart, fearing God.

COLOSSIANS iii. 18, 19, 20, 21, and 22.

GOOD SERVANTS, GOOD WIVES, AND HAPPY HOMES.

CHAPTER III.

...n impatience felt by Mrs. Warne to hear her neighbor's history, caused her to embrace the first opportunity ...presented. Mrs. Fletcher's household affairs ...re conducted with the utmost regularity; as in the ...management of her furniture she had a place for everything, and kept everything in its place, so in the arrangement of her time, every day had its peculiar duties, which ...re observed with an uniformity only interrupted by unavoidable causes. It was on an afternoon usually ...emed to the repair of the family linen, that Mrs. ...Warne, with a little basket on her arm, entered the ...dwelling of her neighbour, whom, according to expectation, she found seated at her sewing. "I am come," ...he said, "to avail myself of your kind offer, if you are ...sufficiently at leisure, for I'm all impatience to hear your ...early history. You see I have brought my work with me ...as you wished."

"Your visit is quite convenient," replied Mrs. Fletcher, ...this is the most leisure afternoon. I have just begun ...piece of work which will employ me some time, and as it ...is not require close attention, it will leave me quite at ...liberty to pursue my story. What I have to relate will ...have no doubt furnish both amusement and instruction.

Mistaken Kindness.

My mother was a good-meaning woman, and possessed ...many excellences. She considered herself decidedly ...religious, though her intentions were sincere, I have ...reason to think that her views were very defective. She ...was naturally good-tempered, and easy to a fault. As I ...was her only child, I was greatly indulged. In her eyes ...I was superior to most other girls, and this led to the ...notion that I should some day become a lady. From ...the age of six years I went regularly to school. I learned ...to read, write, and cipher, and acquired some knowledge ...of geography and history, insomuch that my fond mother ...thought me a prodigy of learning, and often did she ...boast to her friends my wonderful performances. In other ...matters, however, I made but little out. With my sewing ...I was hard enough to find fault. My stitches were ...puckered, or my hems were crooked, or my stitches were ...too long; sometimes a sleeve was put in wrong side ...foremost. Nor did I succeed much better in household ...duties. I had never any of it to do, for my mother was so ...proud that my learning would secure my advancement ...in life, and so sure that rest and amusement must be necessary to my health after the duties and confinement of ...school, that it led to her doing everything herself. I ...had, during my early years, lived at the N. and, naturally ...enough, felt no love for house matters. I should have ...been spoiled altogether if my mother had not taken pains ...to moderate the *fear of God*. It was, however, a sad ...mistake that I was not instructed in domestic duties, that ...I was never set to wash or clean, to make a bed, or mend ...a stocking, or prepare a meal. Indeed my mother would ...have been but an imperfect teacher. Whether it arose ...from the fretfulness of temper, or defective training in early ...life, I cannot say, but my recollections are one that she ...was not a clever housewife. There was a want of ...order, and cleanliness, in her way of doing ...everything that was done in a slovenly manner pos...sible. In my education, and the affairs of the house, my ...father was interested. He was a traveller for a commercial house, and generally from home. When he returned from his journey, he was always pleased with my ...progress, and the flattering reports he received of my progress ...at school. These days of ease, however, were not to ...continue long. My father was killed on one of his ...journeys, in consequence of his horse taking fright, ...and his death caused a sad reverse in our circumstances. ...My father, indeed, been assured for a considerable sum. ...[illegible] pocket, the usual pecuniary aid to ...be paid within the limited time, the policy was forfeited in consequence, and my mother was reduced to poverty. After a time her friends urged her to obtain some situation for myself in which I might earn my living, and relieve her of my support. Unpleasing as the advice was, necessity at length compelled her to adopt it, but she had yet to learn that her daughter's qualifications were not valued by others as they were by herself. She was astonished to find that writing, arithmetic, geography and netting, were so little thought of by those to whom she applied, and so much importance attached to a kind of knowledge she had never taught me, namely, knowledge of house-work. It was after applying to one lady in my behalf, and when she had been describing in glowing terms my many attainments, that she overcome the matrons, by saying, "You mistake the kind of person I want. It is not a governess, or some one to write my letters, or keep my accounts, but a servant, and I must have one that understands a servant's duties, which I fear your daughter does not."

My First Piano.

In a little time a situation offered. After much anxious thought on my mother's part, and many tears in the prospect of our separation, an engagement was made. But unexpected events were at hand. Before the time arrived when I was to go to my place, my mother became dangerously ill, and it had to be given up that I might be her nurse; but so little did I understand a nurse's duties, so ignorant was I of what ought to be done, and how to do it, that but for the kindness of neighbours, my mother's case would have been pitiable. When she appeared convalescent, a sudden change took place; she sank rapidly, and ere long, I was left a desolate orphan. What would have become of me I cannot tell, if a distant relation had not pitied my case, and offered to be my friend and protector, with the promise of a home in his own dwelling. His wife was in ill health, and needed an assistant. I thank God that the arrangement would suit both. As she agreed to the proposal, and there was no time for delay, my removal took place immediately. I left my home, leaving the house where I had spent so many happy days, and on my way to my new home, I cried until I had no more power to weep. Mr. Symonds, for that was the name of my new protector, evidently felt for me, and tried by kind and soothing words to raise and cheer my spirits. By the time I reached his dwelling, he had succeeded in inspiring me with some degree of cheerfulness, but the sight of his wife at once destroyed it all. A glance sufficed to show me that her temper was as sharp as his was kind. Her eyes were keen and piercing, like the eyes of a hawk, her features acute, and expressive of impatience and irritability, and although occasionally lighted by a gleam of sunshine, more generally they bore an aspect that seem to foretell the gathering of a thunderstorm.

My Mistress.

When I was introduced to her, although *she spoke kindly*, yet she examined me from head to foot with a keen and searching glance, that it seemed to reach my very heart. It was followed, too, by a look, as I thought, of disappointment and displeasure, as if the result of her scrutiny was unfavourable; and I felt an inward tremor,—an apprehension of evils to come which almost overpowered me. I was not a little alarmed, too, by the orderliness of the house, so cleanly and precise was it throughout. The floors were so white that it seemed an unpardonable liberty to walk over them. Then as for the chairs and tables, they might have served for mirrors; everything, too, was arranged with so much order, that an apology seemed to be necessary for any disturbance of its position. Now although I had always been neat and cleanly in my own person, yet I had never been accustomed to all this particularity in house matters, and the very sight of it

OUR "NAVVIES" IN AFRICA.

An interesting letter from a gentleman at the Cape of Good Hope, to the Editor of one of the London papers, contains the following paragraph:—

> Amongst the recent arrivals, we have received several hundreds of "navvies," who have come to labour on the railway for Mr. Pickering, the contractor. They are a robust, hardy set of people, and add new features to our already mixed community, in those strangers to be restrained from making too free with the Cape wine, and from other evil ways, their presence and industrious habits may exercise a beneficial influence upon our native population.
>
> *Cape Town, Nov 1866, 1869.*

We purpose sending out a few hundred copies of this paper, as a gift to Mr Pickering, for distribution amongst his men, and we cannot but express the hope that the "navvies" will, by their orderly and sober conduct, do credit to "Old England." Some of Miss Marsh's friends, who are named in her "English Hearts and English Hands," are probably now at Cape Town. To them we feel we may appeal and say, "REMEMBER the good advice given you at Beckenham. Set an example to your comrades, such as will never cause you to feel ashamed of ourselves should you ever meet your good friend at the Vicarage again!" May we also ask the English residents at the Cape, and more especially the Missionaries, to take an interest in promoting the welfare of the "navvies?" There is no class of working-men that will more amply repay the philanthropist for his pains than these "sons of the spade and barrow." Our esteemed friend, Mr. Josiah Hunt, of Alwandsbury, has recently fully proved the truth of this assertion. He erected a little coffee-shop close to the military works, near Bristol, and by supplying good coffee and cocoa, at a low price, secured the grateful thanks of the men, and drew many of them away from the habits of drunkenness, too generally attending railway work. If any of our friends in Africa desire to know *how* to do good amongst railway-men, we recommend them to peruse "*English Hearts and English Hands*," and the equally interesting work by a Young Lady, entitled "*The Ways of the Line*." In case copies of these books have not yet reached Africa, we shall send out by next mail six of each, addressed to Mr. Pickering's Manager, to whom any of our friends can apply for the loan of them.

A SHREWSBURY "NAVVY."

A RAILWAY MAN, anywhere, always looks to me now like an old friend; and, if there be an opportunity of conversing with him, some mutual interest in persons or places, is sure to be elicited. Some time since, I went one evening to see a timber erecting in the West of Cornwall. A rough-looking, weather-beaten navvy passed carrying home his 'tommy' from the shop. A few questions about the 'dredock,' as he called it, were answered with weary earnness. Sympathy with the truck-shop grievance met with a more willing response. "And where did you come from?" at last, I said.

"Pro' S'rosbury, ma'am; but you wun-na know the place."

"Shrewsbury? Oh yes. I have often been there."

"No? han yo' rly, though? I dunna never see a body hear away as h'en there. And old Severn, too! And the black and white houses down by the Welsh bridge, d'yo' know them? I use ter live in one o' 'em lovely?"

"Yes; I know where you mean. I went over the Welsh bridge a very short time since." The man looked at me intently for a minute, then dropping his bundle, he threw his arms around one of the scaffold poles of the viaduct, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Ah, and I hanna se'n it this five-and-twenty year! and I dunna know who'er my poor old mother's live or dead!" *From "Ways of the Line."* [The esteemed authoress of this most interesting little book has done good service to the working-classes, and we trust that many ladies will follow her good example. In exact like that of the "Shrewsbury Navvy," how much good might be done by the kind offer to pen letters to the relatives of such of the poor men as have never been taught to write.]

PENNY BANKS.

WE cannot too strongly recommend the friends of the working-classes to promote the establishment of Penny Banks. In many towns they are doing extensive good. Those who desire information as to the management of these Banks for small savings, will do well to procure the pamphlet on "Penny Banks," published by Messrs. Groombridge and Co., Paternoster Row, which may be had, post free, for twelve stamps; or the one, by the Rev. J. E. Clarke, M.A., of Derby, published by Messrs. Bell and Dalby, 186, Fleet Street, which may be had from them, post free, for six stamps.

TO SHAKE OFF TROUBLE.—Set about doing good to some body; put on your hat, and go and visit the poor; inquire into their wants and sufferings; go into the dark out the desolate and oppressed, and tell them of the consolation of religion. I have often tried this, and found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.—HOWARD.

"HASTE TO THE RESCUE."

THE efforts which are now being made for promoting the social and religious welfare of the masses, call for the thanksgiving of all classes of society.

Amongst the agencies now working for the public good, we hail that of Mr. Wightman's valuable book, "Haste to the Rescue."* This book, we believe, will, by the Divine blessing, produce a great change in the homes of the working-classes, in many of the more dissipated of them. Mr. Wightman has solved the difficult question, "How are we to get the Working Classes to hear the Gospel?" and we rejoice to learn that the example of this benevolent authoress is being followed in other parishes. We recommend the book to the notice of every minister and master in the land.

The recent extraordinary movement in London of preaching in the large theatres, has been attended with results far beyond those looked for by the most sanguine. Tens of ten hundreds of thousands have recently heard the Gospel preached, who have rarely crossed (some who never crossed), the threshold of either church or chapel.

* "Haste to the Rescue," published by Messrs. Nisbet & Co., Berners street, London. Price 3s. 6d. post free.

A POOR LITTLE MOUSE.

A BEAUTIFUL incident about a little mouse is related by Alexander Wilson, the great ornithologist, he writes:—"One of my boys caught a mouse in school a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it that same evening; and all the while, the paintings of its little heart showed that it was in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl; but happening to spill a few drops of water where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked up in my face with such an expression of supplicating terror as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torture are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of the poor mouse; and insignificant as the object was, I felt at the moment the sweet sensation that mercy leaves on the mind, when she triumphs over cruelty."

The promises of the Bible, like the beams of the sun, shine as freely in at the windows of the poor man's cottage as the rich man's palace. A mountain of gold heaped as high as heaven, would be no such treasure as our promise of God our Heavenly Father.

CANVASSING COMMITTEES.

WE have again to express our warmest thanks for important help which many of our friends are affording by the formation of Canvassing Committees. Disinterested and voluntary labour which many women are giving, after the toils of the day are over, is beyond all praise. In illustration of what may be done by a Canvassing Committee, we may state, that one recently formed by a few warm-hearted sons of Saltaire, have within one month procured upwards of one thousand new subscribers to the *British Work-*

THE BOOK-HAWKER.

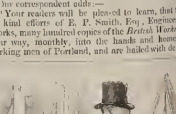
IT gives us peculiar pleasure to be able to write most cheerfully of the progress of the various Book-hawking Associations. The Book-hawkers are carrying food for the mind to farm-houses and cottages, where hitherto good literature has in too many cases been unknown. We have reason to believe that in thousands of cases the visits of the Book-hawkers are welcomed. In Derbyshire the 'Pack' had speedily to give way for the neat hawking truck, and we understand that now the help of a pony is required.

Those who desire to further book-hawking operations will do well to peruse the pamphlets recently issued by the Rev. H. de Bunsen, M.A., and the Rev. J. Ridley, M.A., which may be had, post free, by enclosing four stamps to the depôt of the Church of England Book-hawking Association, 8, Paternoster Row, London.

A WIFE'S PRAYER.

IT there is anything comes nearer to the imploration of Ruth to Naomi, than the subjoined, we have not seen it:—

"Lord! bless and preserve that dear person whom Thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him, a sharer in all his sorrows, a meet helper in all the accidents and changes in the world; make me suitable for ever in his eyes, and for ever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest love and friendship, and make him to him in all sweetness, charity and compliance. Keep me from all ungentleness, all discontentedness, and unreasonableness of passion and humour; and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to Thy blessed Word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the heavenly inheritance of God throughout this life, and for ever—Amen."



DINNER-HOUR EMPLOYMEN

A CLERGYMAN was recently walking along the breakwater, now in course of construction, at the Port of Portland, in Dorsetshire. It was the dinner-hour, many hundreds of workmen in different parts of the establishment were enjoying their midday meal as usual. After walking for about a mile, the attention of the clergyman was drawn to a grouped seven hundred seated on some wood-work, reading. Each man had a portion in his turn, and the book that was being read was the Bible. This, it appeared, was their daily practice, and the dinner-hour was a time they seemed to look forward to with delight. The clergyman asked questions about the part they were reading, and was pleased to find that they not only understood it, but it was more important, *valued* it as the Word of God to their souls. Working men! love to God cements duty, and makes every burden light. How it enlightens, and strengthens for all earth's trials, giving peace and securing a life of unspeakable joy hereafter. "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," is the injunction of Sacred Scripture.

Our correspondent adds:—

"Your readers will be pleased to learn, that through the kind efforts of E. P. Smith, Esq., Engineer of the Works, many hundred copies of the *British Workman* are sent out, monthly, into the hands and homes of the working men of Portland, and are hailed with delight.

LONDON: Published monthly, at the Office, No. 9, PATERNOSTER ROW; also by W. TWEEDIE, 337, Strand; and A. W. BENNETT, [illegible] Street Without.

No. 64. April, 1860. Price One Penny. Registered for transmission abroad.

BRITISH WORKMAN

THE POOR BARBER WHOM KING GEORGE KNIGHTED.

In the year 1760, just one hundred years ago, Dick Arkwright, a poor barber, lived in a cellar, in the good old town of Bolton, in Lancashire. There was a little sign-board over the entrance with the words, "The Subterranean Barber who Shaves for a Penny."

Dick's sign-board caused some sair the town, and he's customers became so angry, that the rival barbers of the town reduced their charge. The Preston man, however (Dick was born in Preston in 1792), was determined not to be outdone. He at once announced his intention to give "a clean shave for a *halfpenny*," and altered his sign-board accordingly. One day, a jolly cobbler, with a very black-looking chin, sat down to be shaved. Dick pulled a long face, and before commencing operations, complained that the edge of his razor would be "sae spoiled, and that the "halfpenny" would not pay for the wear and tear! The cobbler-shower, pointed towards the sign-board, and insisted upon having his "clean shave for a halfpenny." Happily for the "cotton lords" of England, Dick, with right good-humour, expressed himself content. The operation was performed, the halfpenny was paid, and a hearty "thank you" given in exchange. The cobbler was so much pleased with the poor barber, that he became an admiring friend, and latterly, introduced a man to him who had invented a machine of some kind. This introduction of the cobbler's friend to the poor barber, was the cause, in the mysterious leadings of Divine Providence, of laying the foundation of the gigantic cotton trade of England. In his leisure hours, the barber began to make models of machine. He became so absorbed in his experiments, that his business fell off, and one day his wife, in a rage, scared all his models, and crushed them to pieces!

The barber, however, was not to persevering a character to be stopped. He gave up his barber's shop, and commenced as an instrument dealer in hair. The author of "*Self-Help*," says:—

"In revolving about the country, Arkwright became acquainted with a person named Kay, a clockmaker at Warrington, whom it is supposed first informed him of the principle of spinning by rollers. The idea once conceived, he possession of his mind, and he proceeded to devise the process by which it was to be accomplished, Kay being able to tell him nothing on this point. Arkwright now abandoned his business of hair-collecting, and devoted himself to the perfecting of his machine, a model of which, constructed by him, was soon completed. He set up in the parlour of the Free Grammar School at Preston. Being a burgess of the town, he voted at the contested elections at which General Burgoyne was returned; but such was his poverty, and such the tattered state of his dress, that a number of persons subscribed a sum sufficient to hire him put in a state fit to appear in the polls-room! The exhibition of his machine in a town where so many work-people lived by the exercise of manual labour, proved a dangerous experiment, there were continuous growlings heard outside from time to time, and Arkwright, remembering the fate of poor Hargreave's spinning-jenny, which had been pulled to pieces only a short time before by a Blackburn mob—wisely determined on packing up his model and removing to a place of dangerous locality. He went, accordingly, to Nottingham, where he applied to some of the local bankers for pecuniary assistance, and the Messrs. Wright ventured to advance him a sum of money, on condition of sharing in the profits of the invention. The machine, however, not being perfected so soon as they had anticipated, the bankers recommended Arkwright to Messrs Strutt and Need, the former of whom was the ingenious inventor and patentee of the stocking-frame. He was quick to perceive the merits of the invention, and a partnership was entered into with Arkwright, whose road to fortune was now clear. The patent was taken out in the name of Richard Arkwright, of Nottingham, clockmaker." A cotton-mill was erected at Nottingham, driven by horses, and another was soon after built, on a much larger scale, at Cromford, in Derbyshire, turned by a water-wheel, from which circumstance, the spinning-machine came to be called the *water-frame*.

When success began to appear more certain, then the Lancashire manufacturers fell upon the inventor's patent, to pull it to pieces. Arkwright was now denounced as *the enemy of the working-people*, and one of his mills was destroyed by a riot in the presence of a strong force of police and military! The Lancashire men refused to buy his materials, though they were confessedly the best in the market. Then they refused to pay patent-right for the use of the machines, and attempted to crush him in the courts of law. To the disgust of right-minded people, Arkwright's patent was upset. But though beaten, he was not subdued. He established large mills in other parts of Lancashire, in Derbyshire, and at Newcastle in Scotland. The mills at Cromford also came into his own hands, and in a few years he had the satisfaction of seeing a control of the trade, that the prices were fixed by him, and he governed the main operations of the other cotton-spinners.

Arkwright was a tremendous worker, and a man of marvellous energy, ardour, and application in business. At one period of his life he regularly slept in the severe and continuous labours involved by the organization and conduct of his numerous manufactories, from four in the morning till nine at night. *At fifty years of age* he set to work to learn English grammar, and improve himself in writing and orthography!

In the year 1786, the "Poor Barber" was riding in his carriage, as the High Sheriff of the County of Derby! He was now regarded as a benefactor of his country, and as a tribute of honour to his great merit, he took, in the presence of King George III. and his Court, commanded to rise as "Sir Richard Arkwright!" So long as England's greatness continues, the name of Arkwright will be had in grateful remembrance. Let his remarkable history teach workers two things:—1. To *persevere* in improving their leisure hours. 2. That the introduction of improved machinery is in the end a *boon*, and not a *bane* to the working-man. The substitution of machinery for manual labour in the cotton manufactures has given employment to *thousands* where, probably, only *hundreds* would otherwise have been employed.

JOHN JARVIS, THE HATTER;

OR,

HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS.

(Concluded from page 250.)

Mrs. Jarvis did not raise her eyes to the face of her husband, as he entered. The sight of that once loved countenance, distorted and disfigured, even made her heartsick when she looked upon it.

The frugal meal passed in silence and restraint. Mrs. Jarvis felt troubled and oppressed, for the prospect before her seemed to grow more and more gloomy. All the morning she had suffered from a steady pain in her breast, and from a lassitude that she could not overcome. Her pale, thin, care-worn face told a sad tale of suffering, privation, disappointment, and want of exercise. What was to become of her children if she should fall under such feelings of hopelessness, to have one sitting beside her who could take much of her burdens from her, were to will it—who could cast back the light to her heart of early years—soured in some degree her feelings, and obscured her perceptions. She did not note, that since she had passed upon her husband, the change, if marked, would have caused her heart to leap in her bosom.

As soon as Jarvis had retired from the table, he took his hat, and kissing the youngest child, the only one there who seemed to regard him, passed quickly from the house. As the door closed after him, his wife heaved a long sigh, and then rising, mechanically, proceeded to clear up the table. Of how many crushed affections and disappointed hopes did that one deep, tremulous sigh speak!

Jarvis returned to his work, and applied himself steadily during the afternoon. Whenever a force for liquor returned upon him, he quenched it as a copious draught of water, and then kept himself as free from excitement as possible. At night he returned, not in the same troubled and uneasy silence prevailed the little family at the supper table. The meal was scanty, for Mrs. Jarvis had scarcely enough of money to buy a poor supply of food. After the children had been put to bed, Mrs. Jarvis sat down, as usual, to spend the evening tired as she was, and much as her breast pained her, in sewing. A deep sigh heaved involuntarily her bosom as she did so. It was not enough for her husband, and smote upon his heart. He knew that her health was feeble, and that constant labour fatigued her exceedingly.

"I couldn't see anything, Jane," he said; "you look tired; rest for one evening."

Mrs. Jarvis neither looked up nor replied. There was something in the tone and manner of her husband's voice that stirred her feelings; something that softened her heart towards him. But she dared not trust herself to speak, nor let her eye meet his, for she did not wish to utter a harsh or repulsive word, nor was she willing to speak kindly to him, for she did not feel kindly, and kind words and tones, unaccompanied by the kind feeling from which, encouraged him in his evil ways; and so she continued to ply her needle, without appearing to regard his presence. Her husband did not know whether she was afraid to trust her labours; for under existing circumstances, he was particularly desirous of not provoking her to use words that he had spoken to her. While sitting alone in his chair and walked three or four times backwards and forwards across the room, he had resolved, if she was such a public-house, and there spend the evening—as his wife supposed. But, much to her surprise, he retired to their chamber, in the adjoining room. With still greater the expectation of seeing him return, his loud breathing caught her quick ear, he was asleep!

Catching up her work, she rose suddenly to her feet, she passed, with a hasty step, into the chamber. He had undressed himself, was in bed, and sound asleep. She held the candle close to his face; it was redder than usual, and somewhat paler. As she bent over him, his breath came full in her face; it was not loaded with the disgusting fumes of liquor, which sickened her. Her heart beat quicker—the moisture dimmed her eye—her whole frame trembled—then looking upwards, she uttered a single prayer for his reformation, and, with quiet's from the room, sat down by her little table, and again bent over her work. Now she remembered that he had said, "I'ith something to tell you to-morrow—I mean not sere to-night, Jane; you look tired; rest for one evening"—and her heart was agitated with a new hope; but that hope, like the dove sent out of the ark, found nothing upon which to rest, and trembled back again into a feeling of despondency. What had she to hope for? Surely not that her husband would reform! She had seen too many efforts at reformation, commenced under better auspices than could possibly now surround him, and all had failed. At each succeeding failure, his state became worse than before. It was past twelve o'clock when she laid by her work, from exhaustion and pain, and sought a few hours of troubled repose.

On the morrow morning, the trembling hand of Jarvis, as he lifted his mouse to his lips at the breakfast table, made his wife's heart sink again to despair. She had felt a hope, almost unconsciously. She remembered that the stupefying hand was steady—now it was unnerved. This was conclusive to her mind. The morning, notwithstanding his appearance, he had been drinking. But few words passed during the meal, for neither felt much inclined to converse.

After breakfast, Jarvis returned to the shop, and worked steadily until dinner-time, and then again until evening. As on the night before, he did not go out, but retired early to bed. And this was continued all the week. The change was a mystery to his poor wife, who dared not even to hope for any real change for the better. On Saturday, towards night, he laid by his work, put on his coat and hat, and went into the front shop.

"So you have really worked a week, a sober man, Jobn?" Mr. Lankford said.

"Indeed I have," he replied, "for last Sunday morning, no kind of intoxicating liquor has passed my lips."

"And I hope never will again, John."

"It never shall! If I do, I will not depart from this resolution."

"Will you have strength to keep it," the old man said, earnestly. Then, after a pause—

"How much have you earned this week, John?"

"Here's the foreman's account of my work, sir. It comes to forty-eight shillings."

"Still a fast workman.

Every word of God is pure; He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him.—Proverbs xxx. 5.

You will recover yourself, and your family will again be happy, if you persevere." "Oh, sir, they shall be happy! *I will persevere!*"

"Surely you have, for so doing, the strongest considerations."

Jarvis paused, and then Jarvis said, while the colour mounted to his cheek—

"If you are willing, Mr. Lankford, I should like you to deduct only one-half of what I owe for those two fires I took from you this week's wages. My family are in want of a great many things, and I am particularly desirous of having my children at school."

"Say nothing of that, John. Let it be forgotten with your past misdeeds. Here are your wages—forty-eight shillings—and if I can be so much pleased to reckon with you as does not to pay them, then you feel no ordinary degree of satisfaction."

Mr. Jarvis received the large sum for him to possess, and hurried away to a grocery. Here he bought, for twenty-four shillings, a barrel of flour, and expended eight shillings more of his wages in sugar, coffee, tea, molasses, &c. Near to the store was the market-house. There he repaired, and bought meat and various kinds of vegetables, with butter, &c. These he carried to the store, and gave directions to have all sent home to him. He had now eight shillings left out of his wages, and he carried some Monday morning, and with these in his pocket he returned home. As he drew near the house, his heart fluttered in anticipation of the delightful surprise that would pass upon all beneath its humble roof. He had never, in his life, experienced feelings of such real joy.

He entered cheerfully, and with a smile upon his face, with the quick step that had marked his entrance for several days. It was not quite dark, and his wife sat sewing by the window. She was thinking of the many comforts that had to go home that evening, and with the money she was to get for them, she expected to buy the Sunday dinner. There was barely enough left to buy the shoes for supper; and unless she received her pay for this piece of work, she had no means of getting the required sustenance for herself and children—and, with a sinking heart, herself and children. The individual for whom it was intended was not a prompt paymaster, and usually procrastinated under Mrs. Jarvis's repeated calls for money. To add to the circumstances of concern and trouble of mind, she felt almost ready to give up, from the excessive pain in her breast, and the weakness of her whole frame. As her husband came in, she turned upon him an anxious and troubled countenance; and then bent down over her work, and pulled the stitches out. As the twilight fell dimly around she drew nearer and nearer to the window, and at last stood up, and leaned close up to the panes of glass, as if her life-blood almost ceased, in order to catch the few feeble rays of light that were still visible. But she could not finish the garment upon which she was engaged. Her husband had gone out into the room, and she took her place by the table, not so much as glancing towards her husband, who had seated himself, and was leaning, with his head resting on his hand. Half an hour passed in silence, and then Mrs. Jarvis rose up, having taken the last stitch in the garment she was working, and placed it on the mantle-piece. In a few minutes she came out, with her bonnet and shawl on, and the pair of pantaloons that she had just finished, in her hand.

"Where are you going, Jane?" her husband asked, in a tone of surprise, that seemed to her ear mingled with disappointment.

"I am going to carry home my work."

"But I would'nt go now, Jane. Wait until after supper."

"No, John. I cannot wait until after supper. The work will be wanted. It should have been home two hours ago."

And she glided from the room before he could make up his mind to detain her, by telling the good news that was troubling on his tongue for utterance.

A walk of a few minutes brought her to the door of a tailor's shop, around the front of which hung garments exposed for sale. This shop she entered, and delivered the pair of pantaloons to a man who stood behind the counter. His face relaxed into a smile as he took them, and made a remark to her, as he did so.

"They'll do," he at length said, tossing them aside, and resuming his employment of cutting out a garment.

Poor Mrs. Jarvis paused, thoughtfully, for a moment. But necessity conquered the painful reluctance, and she said,

"Can you pay me for this pair to-night, Mr. Willets?"

"No. I've got more money to pay on Monday than I know where to get, and cannot let a shilling go out."

"But, Mr. Willets, I—"

"I don't want to hear any of your reasons, Mrs. Jarvis. You can't have the money to-night; and, say how, I don't see fit to pay out any money to-day. The fact is," and he looked angrily at the poor woman, "I don't like to stop this pestering me for money every whip-stitch, and you are another job. I don't like it."

Mrs. Jarvis turned slowly away, and had nearly reached the door, when the thought of her children caused her to pause, and to have them with her food, was a thought that she could not bear. Thus far she had been able to keep them from hunger, and still to keep them from the pangs had she received all day long, unusual industry, although suffering much from pain and debility.

"I cannot go, Mr. Willets, without the money," she said, suddenly turning, and speaking in an excited tone.

"You will go, I'm thinking, madam," was the reply, while the tailor glanced angrily at her, and compressed his lips firmly.

"O, sir," changing her tone, "pay me what you owe me; I want it very much."

"O, yes. So you all say. But I am used to such make-believers. You get no money out of me to-night, madam. That's a settled point. I'm angry now—so you had better go home at once; if you don't I'll never give you another stitch of work."

Mrs. Jarvis did not pause to hear the concluding words.

"What shall I do?" was the almost despairing question she thus asked herself, as she hurried towards her home. On entering the house, she saw at a glance, that there was no one to whom she could tell her troubles and disappointment, with even the least feeble hope of a word of comfort. Mechanically she prepared the table, and serve up the last portion of food that remained. A loaf of bread, and a little piece of cold meat made up her little store. As they were all about drawing up to the table, there was a loud knock at the door, and Mrs. Jarvis hastened to open it.

"Does Mr. Jarvis live here?" asked a rough voice.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Well, here is a barrel of flour and some groceries for him. Shall I bring them in here, ma'am?"

"Is a mistake, sir. They are not intended for us. We have bought no barrel of flour lately."

"Is not this Mr. Jarvis's?" "—Yes."

"And mistake it can't be."

"Then this is the place, that was the direction given me."

"Yes, this is the place—bring them in," spoke up Jarvis, in an unusually cheerful tone.

The man of course obeyed. First he rolled in the barrel of flour; then came a number of packages, evidently of groceries; and, finally, one or two pieces of meat, and sundry lots of vegetables.

Jane stood looking on with a stupid and bewildered air. When the man had departed, she turned to her husband, and said—

"John, where did these things come from?"

"I bought them, Jane."

"You bought them?"

"Yes, I bought them."

"And pay for them, what did you buy them with?"

"With the shilling you gave me on Monday."

"John! what do you mean?"

"It is true, Jane. With that shilling I went and joined the Temperance Society, and then went to see at Mr. Lankford's. Here is the result of one week's abstinence from the cup!" handing her all that remained, after making the purchases.

"Oh, John, John," cried Jane, bursting into tears, "do only persevere, and we shall be happy yet!"

"In the strength of Him, Jane, who has promised to help us when we call upon Him, I will not disappoint the hopes I have raised in your heart, my dear wife."

The almost heart-broken wife and mother leaned her head upon the shoulder of her husband, and clung to him with the fondness of a child. Hopeless as she felt would not be disappointed, while the tears poured from her eyes like rain. But true feelings we cannot stamp as false. They were the heart's outpouring of joy and gratitude, and to him we leave the pleasing task, with only the remark, that Mrs. Jarvis's newly-awakened joys and sorrows were not unknown to Heaven. Hope, though only a sober husband, but a Bible-reader; a regular attendant at the House of God; and, olumnately, "a new creature," by simple faith in Christ Jesus.

CANVASSING COMMITTEES.

We have received several very interesting letters relative to the Canvassing Committees which have been formed in schools for extending the circulation of the "British Workman." The following is an extract:—

At Secretary of the Committee which, for the Twenty Chess Sunday School Canvassing Committee, I am requested to inform you of the success of the Committee for 1859, was effected a year, three boys having nobly come forward and offered to canvass the parts of the Sunday School Scholars. Twenty Chess Bibles were obtained from you, and a Committee was formed. A Yearly Fund of the "Religious Tract" for 1859, was effected, a Prize to the boy who obtained the greatest number of subscribers, the Committee, and the Subscribers, and the Subscribers, and the result is that nearly four hundred new Subscribers are now supplied by the boys with the "British Workman" and some of the boys had so exerted themselves that instead of one prize, we were obliged to give two prizes, and the boy actually obtained eight pts, where he obtained thirteen subscribers, and so on.

A similar movement has been commenced by the same and every succeeding year, and we hope it will be so, and will prove an incentive to further diligence, but promote the interests of Christian Knowledge and Sunday School Work.

A second letter from the same writer states:—

"The girls have obtained about two hundred and fifty new Subscribers, and the boys have obtained about one hundred and thirty-three. We have named the subject to other Sunday-school teachers, and they are willing to follow our lead in the same manner. Please forward me a supply of bills for them."

Lists of supply of the Tracts and Hymns (see Canvassing Bills) *may be had (post free) on application, by letter, to the Editor, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cruelty to Animals.—We rejoice to find a strong desire among our readers to join in the work of humanity which is so frequently practised by subscribing man and boys on the trial question. Warrior Sagacity, and Heroic Dog, which should communicate with "George Middleton, Esq., Secretary to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 24 Pall Mall, London." There ought to be an "ANTIDOTE" of the valuable Society in every town. Many cruelties are thus endured by poor horses and cattle would be thereby lessened. We commend this subject to the consideration of our readers. Those who desire to further this desirable object will find encouragement with the above-mentioned Society.

The Twenty-eight Suggestions.—We very heartily thank those Ladies who have done so much for the Suggestions, and, enclosing copies of the "*Twenty-eight Suggestions*" to the *Editor of the "British Workman," 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*, we shall be glad to send a copy (post free) to any of our readers.

Recovered Manuscripts.—We have some MSS. which we have to return them. The loss of time which some of our correspondents occasioned by asking for their letters to be returned, has been most serious.

Many articles are rejected from the want of a stamp.

Bookseller.—To any Bookseller who may send to the address, and that of his London Agent, we will forward Posting Bills, and Circulars.

CABS NUMBERED
10,000
AND UPWARDS,
(*Free Covered*),
AND SENT OUT ON
THE LORD'S DAY.
London Cabmen's Lord's Day Rest Association. Office, 265, High Holborn, W.C.

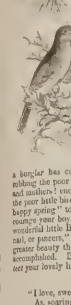
BOOKS FOR PRESENTS.

With 300 Engravings. The Vicar's Part of the "British Workman" for 1855,—1859, in illustrated paper cover, 1s. 6d., gilt edges, 2s. The Five Yearly Parts may also be had separately, in illustrated paper covers, price 1s. 6d. each.

Widow Green & her Three Nieces. By Mrs. Ellis. Addressed to her Friends in the Cottage and the Palace. Price 1s., post free.

Illustrated Songs and Hymns for the Little Ones. Compiled by Uncle John, with numerous Woodcuts. Sixpence. 1 to 12, may be had, *post free*, Sixpence each.

A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.



OST earnestly would we urge those of our readers who are parents, to train up their "little ones" in the practice of kindness to the dumb creation. As the result of careful observation, we believe that in a large majority of cases of those unhappy individuals, who as murderers have ended their days on the scaffold, they were not in early life properly *restrained by their parents* from acts of cruelty. Many a boy, as a boy, has commenced his training, when a child by robbing the poor little bird of its beautiful nest. Fathers and mothers! encourage your children to love and protect the poor little birds, and make them, as far as you can, "happy spring" to the sweet songsters of the air. Encourage your boys and girls to *admire* the skill of the wonderful little Builders, who, without tools, hammer, nail, or pincers," construct these little warm houses with greater beauty than the most skillful mechanic has ever accomplished. British Workmen! be it yours to *protect* your lovely little fellow-labourers from injury!

"I love, sweet bird, to hear thee sing,
As, soaring high on buoyant wing,
Thou fill'st the air in tuneful glee
With song of grateful melody.
Would that I, too, like thee could rise
Far upward!—near the glorious skies!
From thrall of earth, escaping free,
I'd sing more blithe, e'en than thee."

GOOD SERVANTS, GOOD WIVES, AND HAPPY HOMES.

CHAPTER III. (*Continued.*)

Hints Kindly Given.

On the following morning I was not a little alarmed by seeing Mrs. Mortimer come into the kitchen, at the time when I was washing up—that until daily task! After silently observing for a few minutes the way in which I proceeded, she said, in a tone of kindness which sent to my heart—"Now, Lizzy, I think you are a right and a wrong way of doing everything, and, if I mistake not, you would like to learn how to do all things in the best manner possible?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I should," I replied, "but I've never been taught any kind of house-work;—there, Mrs. Symonds is so clever that I get frightened, and I feel as if I could not do right from a fear of doing wrong."

"Well, then, I will direct you the right way of doing the work you have to perform, and you will what I tell you, and after a few trials there is no doubt but you will succeed."

Power of Kindness.

With this she proceeded to instruct me how to hold my cloth, so that way no bubbles, and rinse, and wipe the earthenware,—how to guard against breakage, and other dangers, and all this was done in a way so kind and condescending, that I learned more from this short lesson than from all the scolding of the preceding month. I wondered all the time how it was that so fine a lady should know anything about house-work, but I have since learned that ignorance on this subject is no mark of a true lady, although many young people foolishly think so. When I had finished, Mrs. Mortimer said, "Now as I have shewn you the right method, you must carefully follow my directions. I hope you will never need to have the lesson repeated." Meaning that I, it was a lesson for life, and a proof how powerfully kindness affects the heart.

"How old are you," asked Mrs. Mortimer.

"I shall be fifteen next July," was my reply.

"How was it that your mother suffered you to grow up in these times in such ignorance of all useful things?"

"My mother kept me at school, ma'am, for she said it would be the making of me in future life, but I fear she was mistaken."

"Not in having you taught to read and write, for these are proper requirements for all, but in learning you most of other things which it is a disgrace to a female not to know."

"Please, ma'am," I ventured to ask, "is there any harm in reading and romancing?"

"Certainly not," was the reply, "but why do you ask?"

"Because, ma'am, Mrs. Symonds told me it was a vile thing I had been allowed to spend my time in that way."

"Can you darn a stocking neatly?" inquired Mrs. Mortimer.

I blushed and ate amazed out something about sewing as up.

"O, that is and!" This was said with a grave look, and an emphatic shake of the head. "But you can make a shirt I suppose?"

Speak the Truth.

I had been taught always to speak the truth, however much it might make against myself, and therefore, humbling as it was, I was obliged to own that I could not.

"Worse still! But you must at least have been taught to hem, fell, and stitch?"

These questions came upon me unawares. I trembled like a leaf. At length a gush of tears came to my relief. After some hesitation, I replied, "My schoolmistress tried to teach me, but I could never please her, and as I did not like sewing, my mother would not have me troubled with it."

"You will now see the reason why Mrs. Symonds spoke as she did about your crutchetting. Such employment is all very well as an amusement, or to fill up a vacant hour, but ought never to take the place of things which are of daily and indispensable use. I really pity you, poor child! Here you are, cast upon the world, yet as ignorant as a baby of everything of a domestic nature. You can neither darn a stocking, nor make a shirt, nor wash a dish, nor sweep a floor, not to mention many other things of equal importance, with which you ought to be acquainted, and I fear Mrs. Symonds will never have patience to teach you."

Mistaken Notions.

O, how little I felt myself to be at this moment! But a few weeks before, I thought myself half a lady; now all my fine notions were overturned, and my heart was ready to break with vexation and sorrow. Mrs. Mortimer saw my distress, and, with a soothing voice, she said, "No doubt you feel deeply grieved by this discovery of your defects, it is very mortifying, but you must not be cast down, or think your case hopeless; attention and application can effect wonders. He who solved to do your best, and with proper instruction you may yet become clever."

"Indeed, ma'am I am willing," was my reply, "but—but—Mrs. Symonds makes me so afraid, that I scarcely know what I m doing. Then she snatches the brush, or cloth, out of my hands, and does the work herself, yet scolds me all the time for not doing it. Oh, what shall I do? What will become of me?" My tears burst forth, and my heart was distressed by my unhappy condition.

"I will see what can be done," replied Mrs. Mortimer. "I think you have been very much misunderstood. I am sorry for you. I will have some conversation with your mistress, and if I can assist you in any way, I shall be glad to do it."

The kind manner in which this was said quite raised my spirits, and I resolved to shew her that I was anxious to do my best; but, alas! I made sad blunders after all. By a kind of fatality, everything seemed to come the wrong end first. However I tried, I failed in giving satisfaction to my mistress. When I had made things, as I thought, very clean and tidy, she would find out a score of defects, and then clean them over again herself, lecturing me all the time for my dulness.

Mrs. Mortimer's Departure.

The day before Mrs. Mortimer's departure, I was called into the parlour. I saw at once, on entering, that it was for a special purpose, and my heart fluttered began to rise. "We want to have a little talk with you, Lizzy," said Mr. Symonds. I stood like a criminal going to receive sentence, without power to utter a word. Mrs. Mortimer saw my situation, and kindly broke the silence. "I have been advising with Mrs. Symonds, Lizzy," she said, "about your future welfare, and we have agreed upon a plan which I now wish to mention to you. You must be aware that you are not at all qualified to render your present situation comfortable, and we think it is a pity that you have been brought up, but, perhaps, the severe lessons you have received were necessary to open your eyes, to make you feel acutely sensible of your defects, and to stimulate you to strive to overcome the disadvantages under which you labour. I have offered to receive you for a year into my house, and place you under the care of my assistant. I shall be glad for her to have a little help, and no she is a very clever person, and equally kind and prudent, you can scarcely fail, if you are attentive, and obedient to her instructions, to become all we wish. When you are sufficiently trained, I trust you will return with pleasure to your friends here, and shew your gratitude for their kindness in taking you under their protection. What say you, Lizzy, to this plan, will it suit you?"

Trying to Learn.

I could have jumped for joy, but I did not wish to grieve my mistress by appearing glad to leave her, so I replied, "You are very kind, ma'am. Indeed, *I will try to learn* the best I can, and I hope I shall be grateful for all the kindness shewn me!"

"That's right, Lizzy," said Mr. Symonds; "You will be a good girl, I'm sure. Do your best to get on. You will have a kind friend in Mrs. Mortimer, who she thinks you fit to return, we shall be glad to receive you again. You must still consider my house your home."

This kind manner in which this was said caused my eyes to overflow. Even Mrs. Symonds seemed to relent, for with a much kinder tone than usual, she added, "In Mrs. Mortimer's house you will have advantages such as you could hardly find elsewhere. Only follow her maid's example and instructions, and it will profit you far more than all the lady-notions your mother put into your head!" I was then dismissed with sundry directions relative to the preparations necessary for my journey; my heart bounding with joy at the prospect before me.

But,—here I must suspend my narrative. The clock reminds me that it is time to prepare for tea. I like to have everything in readiness against the arrival of my husband and my children."

"Bless me! can it be near tea-time?" exclaimed Mrs. Warne, with surprise, "I've been so delighted with your history that I never thought how time was passing away. How sorry I am that you are obliged to break off when I'm all impatience to learn how you got on in your new situation."

"I shall be quite willing," replied Mrs. Fletcher, "to resume my narrative on my first leisure afternoon. From what I have said you will see what an injustice is done to girls when their mothers neglect to train them for domestic life. Lamentable for a time were the consequences in my own case, and probably these consequences would have followed me all my days, if Providence had not so mercifully roused up for me a friend in the time of my necessity."

"Mrs. Warne took her departure with evident reluctance, saying "Thank you, thank you for your kindness. I shall often think of what I've just heard. You must allow me to come again, and hear the remainder of your history the first opportunity."

SAVED BY HIS CHILDREN.

Two men entered into an agreement to rob one of their neighbours. Everything was planned. They were to enter his house at midnight, break open his chest and drawers, and carry off all the silver and gold they could find.

"He is at home and we are safe," said they to each other by way of encouragement in the evil they were about to perform. "He will never miss a little gold, while the possession will make us happy. Besides, what right has one man to all the world's goods?"

Thus they talked together. One of these men had a wife and children, but the other had none in the world to care for but himself. The man who had children went home and joined his family, after agreeing upon a place of meeting with the other at the darkest hour of the coming night."

"Dear father," said one of the children, climbing upon his knee, "I am glad you have come home."

The presence of the child troubled the man, and he tried to push him away, but he laid his face against his cheek, and said in a sweet and gentle voice—

"I love you, father!"

Involuntarily the man drew his innocent and loving one to his bosom, and kissed him.

There were two older children in the man's dwelling, a boy and a girl. They were poor, and these children worked hard to keep up the daily supply of bread, made deficient more through idleness in the father than lack of employment. These children came home soon after their father's return, and brought their earnings for the day.

"Oh, father," said the boy, "such a dreadful thing has happened! Henry Lee's father was arrested to-day for robbery; they took him out of our shop when Henry was there, and carried him off to prison. I was sad when I saw Henry weeping, and hang his head for shame of his own father. Only think of that!"

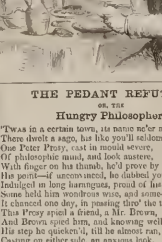
"Ashamed of his father," thought he. "And will my children hang their heads also, in shame? No, no, that shall never be!"

At the hour of midnight the man who had no children to throw around him a sphere of better influence, was sitting at the place of rendezvous, waiting for him whose children had saved him. But he waited long in vain. Then he said—

"I will do the whole myself and get the entire reward."

And he did according to his word. When the other man went forth to his labour on the next day, he learned that his accomplice had been taken in the act of robbery, and was already in prison.

"Thank Heaven for virtuous children!" said he with fervour. "They have saved me. Never will I do an act that will cause them to blush for their father."



THE PEDANT REFUTED;

OR, THE Hungry Philosopher.

'Twas in a certain town, its name no'er mind,
There dwelt a sage, he like you'll seldom find,
One Peter Proxy, cast in mould severe,
Of philosophic mind, and look austere,
With finger on his thumb, he'd prove by rule
His point—if unconvinced, he dabbed you fool,—
Indulged in long harangues, proud of his lore;
Pious held him wondrous wise, and some—a bore.
It chanced one day, in passing thro' the town,
Thus Proxy spied a friend, a Mr. Brown,
And Brown spied him, and knowing well the man
His step he quicken'd, till he almost ran,
Casting on either side, an anxious look,
To find some friendly alley, lane, or nook,
By which t'escape,—no wish had he to waste
His time with Proxy's logic,—hence his haste.
"Poor all in vain, for soon with brief "good day,"
And eager clutch, friend Proxy seized his prey.
Brown urges business, and of haste makes show,
And, wriggling contrariously, attempts to go,
But in his collar, fast was Proxy's hand,
So Brown reluctantly is forced to stand.
"They tell me, Brown," says Proxy, "I'm it true?
That you have joined that low fanatic crew—
Tectotallers they're called, unmeaning word,
Their principles and name alike absurd.
Inform me pray, by what delusive arts,
A head like yours, and such superior parts
Have been misled, so monstrously beguil'd
To join a timid, irrational and wild?"
"Conscience and Scripture," Brown commenced to say,
"Conscience," cried Proxy, "Conscience—now I pray,
Show what connexion you can make appear
Betwixt your conscience and a pot of beer?—
Excuse my freedom, Brown, indeed you dream;
Conscience and Scripture both denounce your scheme,
For sparkling wine and ale which you condemn,
Are creatures sent of God as gifts to men,
To cheer the heart, to solace when in woe,
And give the feelings a more genial glow."
"There I object," says Brown,—"my hear me out,"
Continues Proxy, "I'll remove each doubt;
These creatures good, were made for some intent,
If not in drink, then wherefore were they sent?—
That Holy Book which you so much revere
Establishes my case, as you shall hear.
Paul, speaking specially of drink and food,
Says most distinctly 'every creature good,
And may, with thankfulness, be freely used:'
Then further adds, 'that nought may be refused.'"
With watch in hand, and half a sacred ear,
Says Brown, "Indeed, too long I've kept friend Proxy,
You know my house, Spring Cottage, Fountain Hill?
To-morrow dine with me, then if you will
We'll talk this further o'er—farewell till then."
"Adieu," cries Proxy, "till we meet again."
The morrow come, a keen attendant they,
To Fountain Hill, now Proxy wends his way.
A good stiff walk, three miles or so from town,
Ov'ercill and dale, thick weeds, and brambles brown;
And as he trudged, and mused, with learned mien,
He felt the mountain air both clear and keen
Gave to his appetite, unwonted force
And then his musings took another course;
For, as he walks, before his mind appear,
Delightful images of Brown's good cheer,—
He rubs his hands, and as his fancy warms,
He mimic cuts, in empty air pericrams.
As the' his fingers, branchlike held knife and fork,
And he were deep in gastronomic work
The house at length is reached. A loud rat-tat!
And rudely Mary wrks to hear who's that
He's ushered in, and oh, with what delight
He sees the table spread, the cloth so white;
A cheerful blaze, the room, to act the sage,
The fumes of roasted meats the dwelling fill.
The dinner's served, and Proxy quite intent,
He chat draws to, and Brown's good cheer,—
Brown smiling, then addressed his hungry guest,
"A trance to form, you'll eat I hope with zest
First of this dish, I'll make you your share."
"What is it," Proxy asked, "its name declare?"
With simple look, Brown answers Proxy pat:—
"Why, if you want to know, it's just stewed rat."
"Stewed rat!" cried Proxy, starting from his place,
His nose curled up, and horror in his face!
"Some other when? why abstinence is bad,
But this is worse, outrageous—Brown, you're mad!"
Brown answers meekly, "Proxy, calm your rage,
And as you hear the name, to act the sage,
And as you preach, illustrate your discourse
By acting out, the precepts you enforce."
Receive the pleas which Brown, humbly offers,
A rat's the work of God, a child well knows;
But if stewed rat does not your fancy take,—
Here are boiled toads, and there a frizzled snake,
So set to, Proxy, say what dish you choose?
The Scripture says that nought you may refuse."
Now Proxy saw the sting, and felt,—
His puzzled look, his trouble who can tell?—
"Now eat, my friend, and should you wish," says Brown,
"Some drink, we will have a delicious tipple down,
Of water from the sea, behold a jug!
And here's of ditch-water, a well-filled mug!"
There, speechless, stood poor Proxy, left upright,
His eloquence—his logic, failed him quite!—
"Eat, Proxy, eat, or else with cauldron say,
Those toads were made, you know, but yesterday?"
Oh, and alternative, retract or eat,—
To feast on reptiles, or confess defeat.
With snakes and toads his learned mouth defile,
Or eat his words, a thing almost as vile?
He pondered long—he stretched his puzzled head,
He paused prefex'd—at length he stammering said:
"This contest farther, Brown, I'll not prolong,
For once in all my life, I see I'm wrong."
"Than now," cries Brown, "Proxy's great relief.
"Here, Marry, move these things, and bring the beef."
A. L. S.

PRIZES FOR WRITING.

It has frequently been a source of regret to us to find a clever, but frequent working-man prevented procuring "a good place," simply from inability to write properly. We are anxious to promote a spirit of emulation amongst our readers to become *good* writers, and now offer a Prize of the Value of the "British Workman," beautifully engraving, for the best written copy of the 12th chapter of Romans. The competition to be open to all "Working-men and Boys." The specimens to be sent in not later than the 1st of May; addressed to "The Editor of the 'British Workman,' No. 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and marked *outside*, "Competition for Writing."

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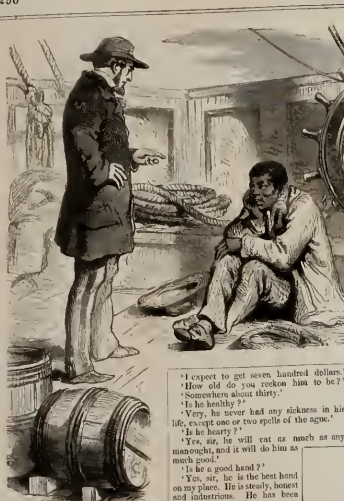
ORDERS to be addressed to Mr. S. W. PARTRIDGE, Paternoster Row, London. E. C.

THE LORD IS NIGH UNTO THEM THAT ARE OF A BROKEN HEART; AND SAVETH SUCH AS BE OF A CONTRITE SPIRIT.
PSALM XXXIV. 18.



OLD MOSES;

OR, THE PRAYING NEGRO.

Mr. B. was a great merchant in Baltimore. One morning as he was passing over the vessels that lay at the wharf, he stopped upon the deck of one, at the stern of which he saw a negro sitting whose dejected countenance gave sure indication of distress. He accosted him with—

'Hey! my man, what is the matter?'

The negro lifted up his eyes, and looking at Mr. B. replied—

'Ah massa, I'se in great trouble.'

'What about?'

'Kase I'se fotched up here to be sold.'

'What for? what have you been doing? have you been stealing? or did you run away?' or what?'

'No, no, massa, none o'dat; its bekase I don't mine de sales.'

'What kind of orders?'

'Well, massa stranger, I will tell you. Mass William werry strick man, and werry nice man too, and eery body on the place got to mine him, and I break tree de rule, but I didn't tend to break de rule too; I forgot myself, an I got too high.'

'It is for getting drunk then is it?'

'O no, sah, not dat neither.'

Then tell me what you are to be sold for.'

'For prayin, sah.'

'For praying; that is a strange tale. Will not your master permit you to pray?'

O yes, sah, he let me pray easy, but I helbers too kind.'

'And why do you halloo in your prayers?'

'Kase de Spirit comes on me, an I gets happy tom I knows it; den I groan; kase trol myself den, I knows nuthing bout massa's rule.'

'And do you suppose your master will really sell you for that?'

'O yes, no help for me now, all de men in the world couldn't help me now; kase wen massa William say one ting he no do anoder.'

'What is your name?'

'Moses, sah.'

'What is your master's name?'

'Massa name Col. William C——.'

'Where does he live?'

'Down on de Easin Shoah.'

'Is he a good master, and treats you well?'

'O yes, no better massa in de world.'

'Stand up and let me look at you.' And Moses stood up and presented a robust frame, and as Mr. B. stripped up his sleeve his arm gave evidence of unusual muscular strength.

'Where is your master?'

'Yonder he is, jis cousin to de warf.'

As Mr. B. started for the shore he heard Moses give a heavy sigh, followed by a deep groan. Moses was not at all pleased with the present phase of affairs. He was strongly impressed with the idea that B. was a trader and intended to buy him, and it was this that made him so unwilling to communicate to Mr. B. the desired information. Mr. B. reached the wharf just as Col. C. did. He introduced himself, and said—

'I understand you want to sell that negro man yonder on board the schooner.'

Col. C. replied that he did.

'What do you ask for him?'

'I expect to get seven hundred dollars.'

'How old do you reckon him to be?'

'Somewhere about thirty.'

'Is he healthy?'

'Very, he never had any sickness in his life, except one or two spells of the ague.'

'Is he hearty?'

'Yes, sir, he will eat as much as any manoughf, and it will do him as much good.'

'Is he a good hand?'

'Yes, sir, he is the best hand on my place. He is steady, honest and industrious. He has been my foreman for the last ten years, and a more trusty negro I never knew.'

'Why do you wish to sell him?'

'Because he disobeyed my orders.'

'As I said, he is my foreman, and that he might be available at any moment I might want him, I built his hut within a hundred yards of my own house, and I have never rung the bell at any time in the night or morning that his hors did not answer in five minutes after. But two years ago he got religion, and commenced what he terms family prayer—that is, prayer in his hut every night and morning; and when he began his prayer it was impossible to tell when he would stop especially if (as he termed it) he got happy. Then he would sing and pray and halloo for an hour or two together, that you might hear him nearly a mile off.—And he would pray for me and my wife and my children; and our whole family connection to the third generation; and sometimes when we would have visitors, Moses' prayers would interrupt the conversation and destroy the enjoyment of the whole company. The women would cry and the children would cry, and it would get me almost frantic; and even after I had retired it would sometimes be near daylight before I could go to sleep, for it appeared to me that I could hear Moses pray for three hours after he had finished. I been as long as I could and then forbid his praying any more, and Moses promised obedience, but he soon transgressed; and my rule is never to whip, but whenever a negro proves incorrigible I sell him. This keeps them in better subjection, and is less trouble than whipping.—And I pardoned Moses twice for disobedience in praying so loud, but the third time I knew I must sell him, or every negro on the farm would soon be perfectly regardless of all my orders.'

'You spoke of Moses' but, I suppose from that he has a family?'

'Yes, he has a woman and three children, or will I suppose he calls her now, for soon after he got religion he asked me if they might be married, and I presume they were.'

'What will you take for her and the children?'

'If you want them for your own use I will take 700 dollars; but I shall not sell Moses nor them to go out of the State.'

'I wish them all for my own use, and will give you the 1400 dollars.'

Mr. B. and Col. C. then went to B.'s store, drew up the writings and closed the sale, after which they returned to the vessel, and Mr. B. approached the negro, who sat with his eyes fixed upon the deck, wrapt in meditation of the most awful forebodings, said—

'Well, Moses, I have bought you.'

Moses made a very low bow, and every muscle of his face worked with emotion as he replied—

'Is you, massa? where is I gwine, massa? is I gwine to Georgia?'

'No,' said Mr. B. 'I am a merchant here in the city; yonder is my store, and I want you to attend on the store, and I have purchased your wife and children, too, that you may not be separated.'

'Dress God for dat; and massa kin I go to meetin sometimes?'

'Yes, Moses, you can go to church three times on the Sabbath and every night in the week, and you can pray as often as you choose, and as loud as you choose, and as long as you choose; and every time you pray whether it be at home or in the church, I want you to pray for me, my wife, and all my children; for if you are a good man your prayers will do us no harm, and we need them very much; and if you wish to, you may pray for everybody of my family in the State. It will not injure them.'

While Mr. B. was dealing out these privileges to Moses, the negro's eyes danced in their socket, and his full heart laughed outright for gladness, exposing two rows of as even clean ivories as any African can boast; and his heart's response was, 'bless God, bless God all de time, and bless you too, massa; Moses neber tinks bout he gwine to have all dese commodations; dis make me tink bout Joseph in de Egypt.' And after Moses had poured a few blessings upon Col. C. and bidding him a warm adieu, and requested him to give his love and farewell to his mistress, the children and all the servants, he followed Mr. B. to the store, to enter upon the functions of his new office.

The return of the schooner brought to Moses his wife and children.

Early the next spring, as Mr. B. was one day standing at the store door, he saw a man

ONE OF THE "STANDARD" DRINKING FOUNTAINS IN SALFORD.

keeping upon the wharf from the deck of a vessel and walk hurriedly towards the store. He soon recognised him as Col. C. They exchanged salutations, and to the Colonel's inquiry after Moses, Mr. B. replied that he was up stairs measuring grain, and invited him to walk up and see him. Soon Mr. B.'s attention was arrested by a very confused noise above. He listened and heard an unusual shuffling of feet, some one sobbing violently, and some one talking very hurriedly; and when he reflected upon Col. C.'s singular movements and the peculiar expression of his countenance he became alarmed and determined to go up and see what was transpiring.

When he reached the head of the stairs he was startled by seeing Moses in the middle of the floor down upon one knee, with his arm around the Colonel's waist and talking most rapidly, while the Col. stood weeping audibly. So soon as the Colonel could sufficiently control his feelings he told Mr. B. that he had never been able to free himself from the influence of Moses' prayers, and that during the past year he and his wife and his children had been converted to God.

Moses responded, 'Bress God, massa C., doe I way up hes, I neber forgit you in my prayers; I oller put de ole massa side de new Jerusalem, dis make Moses think about Joseph in de Egypt again.'

The Col. then stated to Mr. B. that his object in coming to Baltimore was to buy Moses and his family back again. But Mr. B. assured him that was out of the question, for he could not part with him; and he intended to maintain Moses and his wife at forty, and his children at thirty-five years of age.

Moses was not far wrong in his reference to Joseph. For when Joseph was sold to Egypt, God overruled it to his good, and he obtained blessings that were far beyond his expectations; so with Moses. Joseph eventually proved the instrument, in God's hands, of saving the lives of those who sold him. Moses proved the instrument, in God's hands, of saving the man's soul who sold him.

Old Moses is still living. He has since obtained his freedom, and at present occupies a comfortable house of his own, and is doing well for both worlds. F.

[We hope that the day is not far distant when America will wipe her hands of the foul blot of Slavery. Russia is nobly giving liberty to her serfs; and may we not reasonably anticipate that the final which boasts of her "*Liberty*" will, ere long, burst the fetters which hold several millions of our coloured brethren in degrading bondage. We like "Old Moses" will, when blessed with the advantages of education, make "worthy citizens and loyal subjects!"]

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

By the courtesy of the Town Clerk of Salford we are enabled to insert an engraving of the neat "Standard" Drinking Fountain, erected by the municipal authorities of that town. We rejoice to be able to state that the Drinking Fountain movement is making pleasing progress. In our next number we hope to give our readers a brief report of what

TO A DYING INFANT.

Sleep, little baby! Sleep!
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.

Yes—with the quiet dead,
Baby, thy rest shall be!
Oh! many a weary night
Weary of life and light
Would fain lie down with thee.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,
A thing all health and glee;
But never then were thou
So beautiful as now,
Baby, thou seem'st to me!

Thine upturn'd eyes glazed over,
Like harebells wet with dew;
Already veil'd and hid
By the convulsed lid,
Their pupils, darkly blue.

Mount up, immortal essence!
Young spirit, haste, depart!—
And is this death?—Dread thing!
If such thy visiting,
How beautiful then art!

Oh! I could gaze for ever
Upon thy waxen face;
So passionless, so pure!—
The little shrine was sum
An Angel's dwelling-place.

Thou wert my first-born blessing,
It almost broke my heart,
When then were forced to go!
And yet, for thee, I know,
'Twas better to depart.

God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb, untasked, untried;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And then art sanctified!

I look around and see
The evil ways of men;
And, oh! Beloved child!
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

The little arms that clasp'd me,
The innocent lips that press'd,—
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore,
I lulled them on my breast?

Now, like a dew-drop shrived
Within a crystal stone,
Thou art safe in Heav'n my dove!
Safe with the Source of Love,
The Everlasting One.

And when the hour arrives,
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await
The first at Heaven's gate,
To meet and welcome me."

C. NOYLES.

(By the Editor of the "British Workman.")

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY MONTHLY.

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BRITISH WORKMAN.

ADAM CLARKE THE LEARNED DOCTOR.

One fine summer's morning, a sturdy boy, bareheaded and barefooted, was riding a horse across the sands of a bay in the North of Ireland, to give him a bathe in the bright sea that sparkled in the morning's sunshine. The boy rode bravely, and stimulated by the leaping waves, urged his steed onward; suddenly he felt the horse was beyond his depth; the current set strong; the boy strove to return to land; the horse seemed unable to breast the tide; a great wave broke over the horse and rider, and seemed to clasp the boy in its strong coil, and drag him down—down; there was a struggle, and then a deep, deathly calm. The retreating waters bearing their prey were met by the rolling volume of a still mighter wave that bore the boy on its crest, and threw him high on the sands. There he lay insensible, while

the tide continued ebbing; and the horse released from its rider, conserved to return unhurt. Brightly the sun shone on the prostrate form of the man apparently drowned. But length its warmth penetrated him. A sudden pang darted through his heart, and thrills all his nerves with intense pain—he groaned, he always declared, than while he was drowning;—and at length he opens his eyes, and his thoughts gradually return to him as he lies helpless; he sees the sun, the ocean—the horse, his companion in danger. After many efforts and much suffering, he gains the shore, and succeeds in crawl along towards his home. He reaches it completely exhausted, and for many days feels the bodily effects of that remarkable fire. Other—the mental effects remained with him for life. He was ever conscious of a signal deliverance from the very jaws of death. He felt that his life was given him, as it to him, and it deepened the natural thoughtfulness of his character. A special Providence seems to have been fully satisfied over this little boy. Future years shewed that God had a great work for him to do in the world.

Adam Clarke, for such was the name of this youth, he, who afterwards became one of the greatest scholars of Europe, was in his childhood only in the long list of distinguished men, who have become the great naturalists, Sheridan the great wit, and Burns the great poet, he was called in childhood "a dull boy." The simple truth was, his earliest view of development in proportion to their strength, and the childhood of Adam Clarke supplies a valuable lesson to those who have charge, or their patient preceptors, who visit as a fault in the child, what is merely a process of nature. The poor little Adam was thrown into a state of fear by the harsh treatment and reproaches, he began to think that he never could learn; strange to say, the passion of anger broke out in terror of dreams. On one occasion when he was required before the schoolmaster, and as usual was unable to repeat his lesson, he burst into tears, and said, "I cannot learn, I am a dull boy." He had now reason to expect all the severity of the rod. But the master, getting a little moderate, perhaps moved by the tears, contented himself with saying, "Go, sir, and take up your grammar. If you don't speedily get that lesson, I shall pull your ears as long as Jowler's (a great dog belonging to the premises), and you shall be *a beggar till the day of your death!*" A taunting schoolfellow mocked the boy, and called him all sorts of dunking names. The poor Adam to himself, "shall I ever be a dunce and the butt of those fellows' insults." He felt as though something broke within him. He reached up the book, and, in his great joy, learned the lesson he had been labouring at all day, in a few minutes, and ever saying it, learned another, to the amazement of the master and the whole school, and from that time forth, no one had either had reason to scold him, or laugh at him for dullness. His mind had awoke from its slumber, and from that period it was even more active and strong, than his stalwart outward frame. A burning desire for knowledge and possession of the youth's mind, and with persevering energy, early and late, did he labour to be a scholar. And he had his reward—the reward of a mind of gratitude.

Books were not so cheap of access ninety years ago, when Adam was a schoolboy, as they are now. He travelled many miles to get the sight of a book, which he could gaze upon with rapture. He was, at one period, most anxious to see a celebrated book on astrology, which he was told was possessed by some of the gipsies.

Learning that a wandering party of that singular people had pitched their camp at a distance of some miles, he sallied forth in quest of them. After many fatiguating talk, he told them what he had come for. The conversation which followed was highly satisfactory, for he thought he had great joy that he had found a book of part of the book, a sight of which he had so long desired. The gipsies were not disposed to part with these precious skyblue leaves, but gave him full permission to read them on the spot, and make whatever extracts he pleased. Adam made full proof of his opportunity; and day by day, so long as the wandering haunted that part of the country, he might have been seen in their out-of-the-way retreat, with nibbette and ink-book, industriously culling all the information he wished.

Adam was placed with a draper to learn the business, but his heart was bent upon books rather than bales. One day his master set him to measure a piece of cloth for a customer. It was a few inches short of the required measure, and Adam was directed to "stretch the cloth, so as to make it long enough." Adam's conscience refused to let him do what he regarded as a dishonest thing, and the draper sent Adam home with the message that he would never make a man of business!

Adam joined the followers of John Wesley, and felt himself called by God to preach the Gospel. After a long struggle, the permission at last was given, and Adam Clarke set out by order of Mr. Wesley, to go to Kingswood Wesleyan School, near Bristol, with his one desire strong in his heart to preach and be spent in the service of God. He was poor indeed in the world's goods—a scanty wardrobe—a scanty purse—and, in the phrase of a friend, was all he possessed when he set out on the 17th of August, 1782, in a vessel bound from London-derry to England. He narrowly escaped being wrecked by a presaging, who let him go, thinking him an Irish priest. When he reached Liverpool, hearts were opened to him in sympathy; at the first inquiry he was welcomed, they were so interested with his conversation that they would not take any money for his board and lodging, and in his journey by coach to Bristol, he met with repulses to a fugitive, gay young man who was inclined to make sport of religion, caused him to be invited inside the coach, to converse with the young man, and as they said, "do them good," a civility that was followed by his being invited to dine with them at Lichfield. At Birmingham the relatives of the minister whom he had impressed him in Ireland, were equally kind in helping the wayfarer, and it was well they were, for dark days were to follow. When Adam Clarke reached Bristol, his little stock of money had dwindled to one shilling and sevenpence-halfpenny. A penny loaf and a half-penny worth of apples had been his food for one day, and he had tied he entered the kitchen of an inn in Broadmead, opposite the chapel, and had a supper of bread and cheese and water, for which he paid sixpence, his bed cost him another sixpence, and of his remaining coppers the chamberlaid charged him sixpence for taking care of his boots. When he rose next morning, breakfast was out of the question, and he set off up the hill to Kingswood with three halfpence as his whole fortune. As he was not expected, his coming was a surprise, but not a pleasure. The house was full, the Head Master who questioned the friendless stranger finding he was a classical scholar already, wanted to know why he came there, and advised his going back to Bristol, until the sentiments of Mr. Wesley from Cornwall. This is the state of supplement's business was impossible and he was at length permitted to have a bed at the end of the old chapel, and a seat at the table, but the sensitive spirit of Adam Clarke was deeply wounded by the coldness of those around him, so felt what it was to be a stranger in a strange land. But the cloud passed away with the return of Mr. Wesley, who received the young Irishman with great kindness, and sent him on his work as a preacher of the Gospel. From this time forth, no life could possibly be more abundant in labours. Studying, travelling, and preaching, from morning till night, Adam carter was one ever-ranging mind of toil, and for many years, of privations. That a man thus occupied in preaching should find time for carrying on his studies in various departments of knowledge, seems little short of miraculous, and yet so it was, as the wonderful results he has left in his various works testify. In most Libraries in the World, the Commentary on the Sacred Scriptures, and other works by Adam Clarke, are to be found.

When the labours of the day were over, he used to amuse himself with his little ones, who quickly assembled at his well-known call of "Come all ahunting!" Then was heard the merry shouts, along with the rush to claim the first kiss or obtain the best seat upon his knee. (See engraving). Sometimes he would dispose of them on his shoulders, one hanging on each shoulder, one clasping his waist, one seated on each foot, and with a shouting and laughing he would, thus furnished, be the happiest of the group. The sports of the evening finished, each alternately kneeled at their mother's knee, for prayer, and, at the close of her repose, Mr. Clarke, who not was preaching, invariably carried them himself up to bed, put or playfully threw them in, and tucked them up for the night. Then, before retiring himself, he always visited each bed, to see if all was right. To his well-known voice, pretty early in the morning, they would start up, and commence their day in a mass bundle of clothes (which almost from infancy it had been taught to fold up), and dress with all possible expedition; for, from children's early habits of prompt usage of time by dilatory habits, any more than slovenly neglect through affected attempts at expedition.

All prosper that he took in hand on, he became very much blessed—not only in his ministrations, but in his family connexions. The University of Aberdeen conferred honor equally on Adam Clarke, when it gave him his degree of LL.D. In 1806 the Senate of King's College created him Doctor of Laws. The Royal Irish Academy made him an Associate in Member in 1824. The Eclectic, Geological, Royal Asiatic, and Antiquarian Societies also placed his name on their lists of honorary members in 1826. Perhaps Blomfield, Ryder, and Marsh became his attached friends.

There came a period in his history when he was required by the government of his country to take the supervision of the Record-office, for literary investigation; and when he was honoured with the friendship of the Duke of Sussex, the uncle of our beloved Queen; and the most influential of the land, in mind and station, combined to honour Dr. Adam Clarke. On one occasion, the Duke of Sussex introduced him to two Indian Gentlemen, saying, "Here is my friend, Dr. Adam Clarke, who will speak Persian and Arabic with any of you."

Dr. Clarke had no superior, and few equals, as a great biblical and oriental scholar. But amid all his literary triumphs and his honours, the friendship of the Duke was the sum and substance of his life and labours.

The worthy Doctor died suddenly at Bayswater, whither he had gone to preach. Sunday morning, the 26th, 1832—having laboured fifty years, without intermission, and remaining fully the sublime, yet simple prayer, he set out with his Bible, "Speak to Thee, Die to Thee, and be with Thee to all eternity."

(We are chiefly indebted to Dr Etheridge's "Life of Dr. Adam Clarke," for the above particulars.)

THE VALUE OF ONE TRACT.

"The North Devon Local Mission was about to be disbanded at Barnstaple. The regiment consisted of one thousand men, spread over a district extending almost almost every parish of the north division of the county. Mr. Mills, with whom I had become acquainted through the Barnstaple Temperance Society, had, at the last opportunity there is for distributing religious tracts in all the dark villages around. The regiment will give us a chance and adequate, I am only get them into myself to the men." I said. 'How can it be done?' To which he answered, 'I have not serve enough to give the tracts to the soldiers, but I will give them to you, and you will circulate them.' 'Agreed.' The tracts were obtained, and I set about my work. The men were assembled in the parish church, waiting for the signal to deliver up their arms. I made my way to the presence, where I was well received, and said, 'Friends, will you take home a beautiful little book to your families?' They joyfully received them. I next came to the band. I took the only Refuge from the Wrath to Come, and offered it to the leader. He looked at me, and said, 'I understand that you go about converting people: can you convert me?' I replied, 'It is not in my power to convert people, but if it were, the first person I would convert, sir, would be Sergeant Reynolds.' 'Well,' said he, 'that is plain enough.' 'Yes' I added, 'and it is sincere too. Now, this tract may convert you, sir; and it was written by that great man, Mr. Hervey, who wrote, "Meditations among the Tombs." 'Ah,' said he, 'I have read that book, and I will take your tract and read it too.' This was just what I wanted, for immediately all the musicians took tracts. I proceeded next to the grenadiers, who were all pleased, until I came to one very proud kind of fellow. He took the tract and held it up, swung it, as it, and asked, 'Are you going to convert me?' I said, 'Don't swear at the tract; you cannot hurt the tract; but swearing will hurt your soul.' 'Well,' said he, 'I have heard him,' said the grenadier, 'and I will swear at him.' They let me go, and I left them in the tent. The tent did so: he swore fearfully, and I wept. The tent moved the feelings of the other men, and they said, 'Let him go: he means to do us good.' So I distributed my thousand tracts, and left them in the care of Him who said, 'My word shall not return unto Me void.' Many years after I had taken leave of these soldiers, I returned from India to my native country, and visited Ilfracombe. I was invited to preach in the open air, a few miles distant. Preparations were made, and I went, and during the time that I was preaching, I saw a tall, gray-headed man, with a crooked, weeping, and I saw a tall, gray-headed man, who looked like his son, standing by his side, and weeping also. At the conclusion of the service, they both came up to me, and the father said, 'Do you recollect giving tracts to the local militia at Barnstaple some years ago?' 'Yes, I recollect.' 'Do you recollect the distribution?' 'Yes, I recollect every one of the grenadiers swore at me till he made me weep.' 'Stop,' said he, 'oh, I was that man.' 'Oh, sir, I was wicked act. But I hope it has led me to repentance, and that God has forgiven me. And now let me ask, will you forgive me?' The tears overcame me, and we parted with a prayer that we might meet in heaven. Is not this encouragement? May we not well say, *One tract may save a soul!*"—Rev. Richard Ryder.

"AH, SIR, THE SABBATH'S NO REST-DAY FOR ME.

As a tract distributor was one Sabbath morning pursuing his accustomed round, he was met by a man in working garb, and with arms exposed, who, with horrid oath, stopped a tract, and, in some kind of humour. The parties were not unknown to each other. Slipping a tract into his hand, the distributor said, with a look of kindness, "Sabbath is the Lord's-day, given to be a day of rest, when we should *cease from labour*, for the sake both of body and soul." "Ah, sir," was the reply, "the Sabbath's no rest-day for me, I wish it were; but I'm made to labour that others may take their pleasures." This was said with a bitterness of feeling that showed he felt deeply on the subject.

William's case was an affecting one, but then it was only one among thousands under the same lash. He was a poor man, and not of an author. His master was the keeper of noted livery-stables, where horses and carriages being let for hire, the Sabbath was usually the busiest day of the week! Let us follow William and view him busily engaged at his employ as seen by the tract distributor, of whose observations we avail ourselves. There he is, hastily engaged, with hurried action, and face reeking with perspiration, making preparation for a party of Sunday excursionists, cursing and swearing, driven on by an unfeeling by, full of fun and merriment, all impatience to be off, the men every now and then uttering an oath because the carriage was not ready at the time appointed. The yard is a scene of noise, bustle, and profaneness. Here are hale-a-score of men, all hard at work, preparing carriages, fitting on harness, putting on horses, harnessing them and thither, to meet the impatient wishes first of one party, then of another, all alike bent on pleasure, and Sabbath breaking. Ah! how little do those pleasure-seekers think of the injustice and cruelty of their conduct towards those poor men, who are compelled to *toil for their amusement*, and who are deprived of that day of rest which God has given as a merciful provision both for the bodies and souls of men.

Those professed kind-hearted pleasure-seekers, who are so loud in their necessity of Sabbath-day recreations for the labouring-classes, seem to overlook the stubborn fact. If they would themselves take the place of poor William, they would find, that, in the world, they would simply compel one labourer to toil, for another labourer's pleasure, their system of benevolence proves kind to one, but only of gross partiality, but of great injustice, gross cruelty, and gross oppression.

The case of William Brown, already referred to, is one in point. For several weeks he had been out of employ. After much privation and suffering, and many disappointments, a situation was at length offered him, but it was connected with a stipulation that he must work on the Lord's day, as often and as many hours as might be required. This was a serious objection; he had always observed that day as a day of rest—for some time he hesitated; he hoped some other situation would present itself, but each day renewed his disappointments, and added to the sufferings of his famishing family. What was to be done? His resources were exhausted, a little remained stored them in the face. Had William been a decided Christian, he might have claimed Divine interposition and support; but that principle was wanting, he could alone preserve him in the day of trial—faith in God. Hence he reasoned, not as a Christian, but simply as a husband, and a father. "If I don't take the place," he said, "we must be put into the workhouse. 'Tis a sad thing to have to slave on the Sabbath, when other do so,—or starve. 'Tis sad—very sad—but the law, merely God will forgive what I can't help." The law strove to overcome the principles of conscience.

The following Sabbath saw William employed in the manner already described. Men soon become familiarized with sin, and William felt its influence.

"We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

So it has been with poor William. He had not long in his situation many months, ere the unhappy effect of his Sabbath-day employment was felt by his family, as it induced. The Sabbath toil alike unfitted and engrossed him for all the duties appropriate to that Sacred day. He felt as if he could not attend Divine worship, while he was profaning the Sabbath; the same influence dered him neglectful of the religious interests of his family, for Sabbath-day Christian Family Example. The sacred day was no longer, as formerly, a day of domestic enjoyment. Most of his associates in labour were men of dissipated habits, and his companionship greatly to become infected with their vices, and, as a matter of course, his wife and children felt the bitter consequences. At times, anxious and distressing thoughts crossed his mind, when he is led to utter a bitter curse against the selfishness of those who for their pleasure, deprive him of the sweet comforts of the rest of the Sabbath, and is too common in such cases, he has recourse to the cup of intoxication to drown the reproaches of his conscience. William, miserable in himself, and his family poor, less so, is becoming the martyr of vice, the sad victim of Sabbath profanation.

British Workmen! when you indulge in Sabbath-day excursions and partaken of pleasure, think of the sad injuries imposing upon others—think of the injustice—*the wrong others* of the day of rest;—think of the many consequences that may follow, as in the case of William Brown. Remember the rule of Christ, "Whatsoever ye would others should do unto you."

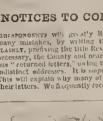
Uncle Dan.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently, it is better *far*	1 *John*, iv. 18.
To rule by love than fear;	*Nehemiah*, 17.
Speak gently, let not harsh words mar	1 *Jo*. iv. 9, 18.
The good we might do here.	1 *John*, iv. 17.
Speak gently, love should whisper low	*Proverb*. xiii. 3
The thoughts we fain would hide;	*Ecclesiastes* 1
Gently let truthful accents flow,	1 *Thess*. ii. 7.
Affection's voice is kind.	*Psalm* cxii. 5.
Speak gently *to the young*, for they	*Eph*. vi. 4.
Will have enough to bear;	2 *Tim*. iv. 2.
Pass lightly o'er the path they may,	*Matt*. xxiv. 12.
'Tis full of anxious care.	*Jer*. v. 7.
Speak gently to the *aged one*,	1 *Tim*. v. 1.
Grieve not the care-worn heart;	*Ch*. xx. 29.
The sands of life are nearly run,	*Eccles*. xii. 6.
Let such in peace depart.	*Gen*. xlv. 31.
Speak gently, kindly to *the poor*,	*Psalm* xxxiv. 14.
Let no harsh tones be heard;	*Prov*. xxxi. 8.
They have enough they must endure,	2 *Chron*. x. 7.
Without an unkind word.	*Ecclesiastes* 1
Speak gently to *the erring*, know	2 *Tim*. iii. 24, 25.
Thy brother may repent;	*Eph*. iv. 32 to 33
Perchance unkindness made them err,	*Luke* vi. 35.
O win them back again.	*Matt*. xxiii. 15.
Speak gently, for *to him the Lord*,	1 *Pet*. ii. 21 to 25
Whose accents meek and mild,	*Matt*. xi. 29.
Because Him in the *poor* we hold,	*John* vi. (5, 69)
Thy generous H y Child.	*Luke* ii. 24.
Wash'd in His blood, watch and be trile,	1 *Pet*. i. 18, 19.
Thy family of heaven	1 *John* v. 1.
Flee from all anger, wrath and trifle,	*Eph*. iv. 31.
Forgive, as they're forgiven.	*Eph*. iv. 32.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents will greatly Britain our labour, and prevent many mistakes, by writing their names and addresses distinctly, preferably in a separate note, and by writing on one side of the paper. We have other necessary, by Country and nearest Post Town. We have other reasons for preferred letters. It is impossible to distinguish some of their handwriting. It is impossible to distinguish some of their handwriting. This will explain why many of our letters are not answered. We do generally read the letters without any editorial.



NOTICE. New Office.

Letter addressed to Mr. S. W. Partridge, Publisher, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. Letters for Editor to be addressed, to the care of Mr. Partridge.

Drinking Fountains.—Our List so long, that we are compelled, for want of space to postpone its insertion. We shall be glad to receive Subscriptions, Circulars, and Bills to any our friends who desire to extend the circulation.

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SIX DAYS SHALT THOU LABOUR.

EXODUS xx. 9.

> Every wise woman buildeth her house: but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands.—Proverbs xiv. 1.

GOOD SERVANTS, GOOD WIVES, AND HAPPY HOMES.

CHAPTER IV.

THE narrative of Mrs. Fletcher had made a strong impression on the mind of her neighbour; it had led her to review her own early history, to reflect seriously on her deficiencies, and in a superior manner in which she was training up her children for future life. It had caused her to view her own cottage in contrast with Mrs. Fletcher's, in a way she had never done before; and the mom she thought on these subjects the more she became dissatisfied with herself. A strong wish was felt to begin a new course of life, and this rendered her anxious to hear the remainder of her neighbour's story, that she might learn how she had acquired her present excellence. The longed-for time at length arrived, and the two neighbours might have been seen, one day, seated and employed in much the same manner as on a former occasion.

"I'm all impatience," said Mrs. Warne, "to hear how you got on at Mrs. Mortimer's. I've been thinking over some of my own defects since last week, and I'm expecting to hear something to-day that will teach me how to amend them."

"I shall be thankful," replied Mrs. Fletcher, "if my little history be made serviceable to you. It is the hope of this which has induced me to relate it. I resume my story with my journey to the town of D——, where Mrs. Mortimer resided. Such a long journey I had never taken before, and the thought of it naturally proved exciting. From Mr. Symonds I parted with regret, he had, from the first, treated me with great kindness, but as for my mistress, I have no doubt the separation afforded her and myself equal satisfaction. She regarded me as an incumbrance, and I should only think of her with terror. After a good deal of bustle and preparation, my new mistress and myself were ready for our departure, and in due time had taken our seats in the "Highflyer" coach. I ought rather to say, my mistress was seated inside, whereas I travelled on the top, and was safely packed between two passengers on the roof behind. For some time I was in a state of bewilderment; the past, present, and future, rose up before me; regrets, and hopes, and fears, successively occupied my mind; I was, however, relieved not a little by the thought that I should no longer have to encounter the keen, withering look of Mrs. Symonds, and that my new "Highflyer" coach, I ought rather to say, my mistress seated inside, whereas I travelled on the top, and was safely packed between two passengers on the roof behind. For some time I was in a state of bewilderment; the past, present, and future, rose up before me; regrets, and hopes, and fears, successively occupied my mind; I was, however, relieved not a little by the thought that I should no longer have to encounter the keen, withering look of Mrs. Symonds, and that my new mistress would prove kind and patient as my late one was severe and irritable. By the time we had accomplished the first-half of our journey, my spirits began to rally, my thoughts lost a portion of their gloom; the novelty—the cheering influence of a fine morning,—the novelty of the conveyance,—for I had never been on a coach before,—the passing scenery, and the conversation of my fellow-passengers, all gradually operated on my troubled mind, and served to chase away the sadness which had oppressed me. I began to feel a cheerfulness and elasticity of spirit to which I had long been a stranger.

Stage-Coach Incident.

At length I ventured to raise my eyes to examine my fellow-passengers. Just before me was a fine-looking lad, but, much like a farmer, whose features might have been taken as a guaranty for honesty and good-temper. On my left was a neatly-dressed female, who, from her manner, I judged to be a lady. It was easy to see that she was an active, thrifty, intelligent woman. On my right sat an elderly gentleman, who, from the rather cross style of his dress, seemed to belong to a by-gone age. Until now they had been unnoticed by me; I had been lost in my own reflections. I had recovered, however, begun to look around me, and I was startled by a question from my neighbour opposite. "Why, my lass, they look't varm; and; maybe they're leaving whoomin, an' going out to service?"

"I have no home," I replied, "but I'm going to live with the lady who is in the coach."

"No whoome but thee! then th' faather an' mother are dead, are they?—that's sad, for there are no friends like faather an' mother."

My tears showed how much I felt his remark. He was evidently affected by my distress. After a pause, he said, "Thee mun not be cast down, lass; th' Lord is good. God promises to be a faather to the fatherless, an' if thee be a good lass, an' fear Him, He will be a faather to thee, an' help thee in every time of need. I hope thee's been well-trained for service, or else it will mak' sadly against thee?"

"I fear not," I replied, "I was kept at school until my mother died."

"But you were not always at school," said the orderly-looking woman at my left; "when school-hours were over, your mother, surely, employed you in the house, and taught you to assist her?"

"No, ma'am," I answered; "she used to say I must be tired, and so she let me play, or read, or do as I liked. Besides, she often told me, if I got on well at school, I should be saved the house drudgery when I became a woman, and therefore it was no use learning."

"So your mother thought to make a lady of you, and you were to do nothing but read novels, and net, and crochet, or things quite as unsuitable, thus laying you open to temptation, or bringing upon you poverty and misery. A worse blunder your mother could not have made." This was said with a severity of manner which awakened all my former fears. During these remarks the antagonistic-looking gentleman on my right had two or three times cried "humph," in a way resembling an asthmatic grunt. This, I afterwards discovered, was his usual mode of expressing contempt or displeasure. He now joined in the conversation.

An Old Man's Opinion.

"I know not what's to become of the world in another fifty years, if things go on as they're now doing—humph! There will be no end, sure enough, of all domestic comfort. Happy homes!—humph! they will exist only in history, or in poetic songs. Mistresses and mamas, mothers and daughters, seem alike resolved to disown and despise the good old habits of their grandmothers!—humph! When I was young, why, least thought of no degree to take their part in the duties of the family; yes, and, if necessary, could make a bed, or prepare a dinner, or superintend the house-keeping, with ease and grace. But now—humph! girls toss up their heads at these things, with contempt, and think of nothing but what are called accomplishments. Dancing, forsooth, and if a little painting, and music, and French,—and in most cases it's precious little,—formed the chief essentials for future life. Accomplishments!—humph! The most accomplished woman is the one who best understands how to rule her household with discretion, and to make home happy! I tell you, young man, that I would rather let him marry a modern accomplished belle—humph! but if he wants to make home a scene of comfort, he must look out for one who possesses good old-fashioned mother qualifications. I once saw a tombstone bearing this inscription:

> "She always made home happy."

In these few words were expressed woman's greatest duty, and her highest praise. But when I talk to young people about these things, I am regarded as a fossil, a bigot, and I am getting out of date—humph! that my notions are antiquated—humph! that people must keep pace with the times—humph! But I have seen how, even when they become wives, and mistresses, and mothers, Hapless is the lot of the man, however, who becomes united to a woman destitute of these qualifications. Modern accomplishments will be a poor substitute for these—humph!"

"You are very right," said the matron on my left; "which would have been abundant cause for repentance. I once lived with a lady of this class, but it was quite enough. I have no wish to live with another."

"Maybe, dee'll tell us something about it?" and my neighbour in front.

Interesting Testimony.

"I have no objection," was the reply; "perhaps the story may amuse; it is not very romantic, and the sum which has been said, and I will try and make it as short as I can. You must know, then, that my father was a respectable farmer, living on his own freehold, and all his children were taught to work, and to work hard, so that before I was fifteen years of age I was not only able to take a part in the various duties of the house, but was considered in many things almost equal to my mother; and that is much to say, for she was a clever woman. Household, I could wash, bake, brew, make with a cheese, cure, salt, and make a shirt with any one; and as I had attained my full growth, and enjoyed good health, these matters were considered of importance.

"Dear me," interrupted the jolly man in front of me, "thee a wuer clever lass; I guess thee had't to wut long for suitors."

"Humbug, as if pleased with the compliment, she proceeded, "When I was about eighteen years of age, I had a wish to obtain a situation in some respectable family, for as we lived in a lonely place, and had but few neighbours, I thought I should in this way get to see a little more of the world. My mother opposed, but my father insisted that if my wish to leave home, he immediately sought to engage me, and my parents approving, for they understood the evil consequences of a modern fine lady, the matter was soon settled. I found my mistress easy and good-tempered, but without the least notion of domestic management. She had been brought up in a fashionable school, where she only left about two years before her marriage. This period which ought to have been employed in domestic preparation for the duties, was spent in visiting, attending places of amusement, reading novels, or at the pianoforte.

An "Accomplished" Mistress.

In almost everything she was quite as helpless as a child—cross or undress herself without assistance—and in house-matters, she was as ignorant as a kitten. She neither knew how things should be done, nor the time and labour they required; her orders were often, therefore, most absurd and unreasonable; and as she had no idea of the trouble she occasioned, my strength and patience were both heavily taxed, day by day. Perhaps when I was busily engaged in preparing dinner, her bell would ring, and what do you suppose she'd to take up her pocket-handkerchief which she had let fall, when by stitching out her hand from the sofa on which she was reclined, she might have saved herself a herself. Most of her requirements were of a similar thoughtless character; her bell was perpetually ringing; it was tingle, tingle, tingle, all the day long; and as her attic-room was on the second floor, I can scarcely tell you the fatigue I endured, or how much my temper was tried, especially as being the only servant, my regular work was quite sufficient to occupy my time."

"An' she wur one o' your foine ladies wur she?" again interrupted my neighbour in front. "I suppose she'd a big fortune, an' so her husband had married t' fortune, an' ta'en her into t' bargain?"

"You are quite mistaken," was the reply, "she was the daughter of a shopkeeper, who lived up to the full extent of his income, but because he was a professional man, his daughters adopted high, lofty notions, disguised themselves in forms of quality, and looked upon tradespeople with contempt, and upon servants as a kind of low-caste mortals, only born to serve, and whose feelings and rights were unworthy of regard. As my father was a respectable farmer, I was treated, however, with a little more respect."

The whole of this conversation was so applicable to my own case, that it entirely engaged my attention, and doubtless produced a more strange impression than the best advice that could have been given. For this reason I am able to repeat it with general accuracy. It commined nearly as I shall relate.

"I have no doubt," it was replied, "that my master saw cause enough to regret his unwise choice when it was too late; he tried, however, to make the best of his bad bargain, but his wife was a daily trial to him; she had all the energy of a child, with scarcely any more judgment, and never appeared content unless she was humoured in all her whims."

"I and thank ye gat away as soon ye cud, an' returned whoome again? I know I wud, if I cud quite varn soon."

Notice to Leave.

"I got tired enough, but I was resolved to remain to the end of the year; my pride had something to do with that. I have not, however, spared the most part of my story. Before I had been there nine months, my mistress became a mother. This place was bad enough before, but now it became much worse; there seemed no end to my rooms, and to attend to them and children. The house was kept in a continual flurry. On the least alarmed of herself, or the child; doctor, nurse, husband, and myself, were sure to be summoned. If the baby cried, she was certain it was about to have a fit, or it was very ill, and about to die; yet the trouble of everything was always visited upon others, she would hear no part of it herself; there was always some reason really why she could not,—she was too much excited,—or she was too ill, or her head was so bad, she was sure I could bear it no longer, I had no rest night nor day; my health began to decline, so I gave my master notice to leave."

"Eh! I'm gloten'd that ye stood it out so long; ye mun have more patience than some women I know."

"I cannot say much for the patience, however, the was of little avail. My master was so distressed at the idea of my leaving, and entreated me so earnestly to remain, for, poor man! he was always at the end, that, though I was quite concerned, and consented to continue; but I could only endure the toils and vexations of my place six months longer; and then I left, with a good of a character I resolved never to enter the service of another."

During this narration, the old gentleman on my right was leaning on his stick, with his head bent downwards, listening with great attention, occasionally uttering an emphatic "humph!" When I had ended, he exclaimed, "I think not, indeed! Why, a girl might as well be transported! Ah! talk of the improvement of the times; humph! What are all the new-fangled notions, and grand accomplishments of modern times when contrasted with the qualifications young ladies formerly possessed? Humph! Why, a lady of Hebrew one of those accomplished young ladies has been married twelve months, it's thrown aside. She's out of practice, or the instrument is out of tune, and she has no desire to tune it. Drawing! humph! just the same; not a white letter. French! humph! not one in ten speaks it so as to be understood, or even to improve themselves when they have left school. Fancy-work! humph! look at the tapestry of former days: at the sale of Lady Mary's effects, female skill and industry were conspicuous in the pretty trifles with which young ladies now fill up, and waste their time. How small is the old message usually derived from all these accomplishments united when our females become wives and mothers."

A Fish Out of Water

"Ye'm about right," said the man in front of me. "Ye wut mar t' mind t' a sweetheart o' mine. He wur a plain, rough-spoken man, such as I am; but he managed to get on t' th' world, so that he had his pockets humbling, and then married t' lady. He went on varry comfortably while his childer wur little, an' he cud go on his own way; but, as they grew up, he found that t' lady wur of quite another mind, and set up for ladies and gentlemen; and, mark! fine airs they gave them-selves; but they began too late, t' ketch t' th' right ways of t' world. They wur neither one thing nor t'other. (Omy body mud see they wur but upstarts. You may soon ken a thorough-bred lady or gentleman; they're different to all others. They chew some of your fly-up airs; they can afford to be condescending and kind to those beneath 'em. But as for your upstarts, they're so jealous of their rank, they can never know thoy're above t' other folk. Well, the lasses must needs go to a grand London boarding-school to be finished, forsooth, they could marry write like t' t' own name; an' back they came at the end o' a year, finished indeed, but it wur t' all sorts o' pride an' vanity. Well, the lasses wur t' th' different to t' rest 'till they'd werretted him out o' t' old house where he'd gotten all his brass. So they persuaded him to buy a grand mansion, built by Squire Dashwood, omy he'd dash'd away all his fortune before t' house wur finished. Then it had to be fitted up, an' t' wur to dress t' th' first style. Ye know t' ways o' t' world. When he came whoame at night, he didn't know where t' wur t' sit, or what to do wi' his sen. The woman, t' wur wur all too fine for him. He couldn't loll, as he was used, over t'-covered chairs and couches. He looked no place but th' kitchen, but he wur tell'd he mun n't go t' th' fire. Eh! how he longt' to cour down again t' th' old chimney nook, and smoke his pipe, and stretch his legs o' th' top o' t' grate, an' enjoy his sen as he did before he wur rich. He wur just like a fish out o' water. He could neither mak' his sen at whoame t' his own house, nor wi' t' company his childer mixed mont fitted d'ye see; so he an'd to steal away to a little alehouse t' village, where he'd a snug room to his sen, an' he an' t' landlord smoked their pipe together, while at whoame they wur kicking up all sorts o' rackets. Well, to cut my tale short, after a time, the two lasses got married to two dashing sparks, who wed them for t' sake o' their brass, an' it ended as ye may easily guess. They'd no right notions about anything. They went on hand over hand, spending brass as if they'd t' Bank o' England to go to, an' t'sen's sarvants cheating 'em o' every side. At that one o' them ran away to France wi' a married man, an' a sad end she came to. The husband o' t' other, after he'd spent all he could, committed a forgery, an' went off t' America, to avoid being hung; an' now his wife is the poorest an' most wretched slattern ye ever saw; for her father's dead, an' t' brothers ha' shut all t' property, an' that o'mun other folks besides, an' as she knows nothing, an' can do nothing, she's forced to live on charity. So much for upstairs fine ladies."

The Journey's End.

He had scarcely finished before the coach stopped. I had reached the end of my journey before I was aware. What I had heard had so completely engaged my attention, that I had thought of nothing else. It had impanted a lesson so suitable and impressive, that I was led to resolve, whatever my lot might be, I would strive to the uttermost to correct the errors of my education.

The stoppage of the coach called my attention to the scene around me. My companions on either side had to leave the conveyance as well as myself. When I got down, my neighbour in front bade me "good-bye," with such a hearty shake of the hand as made my fingers tingle for some time after, saying, "Thee wut mar lass, if ye'der lady be th' mistress, th' lasses look on t' th' right sort. Be sura an' do th' best to please her. Don't be afear'd of a bit o' work. It keeps th' blood in t' th' horn. Strive to do everything t' th' best way, an' then if thee lives t' thee for t' God, an' enjoy His blessing, thee will be sure to get on." The other two passengers, before we parted, also gave me a kind word of advice and encouragement.

I now perceived that a neat-looking female was in waiting to receive my mistress, to whom her sale arrival seemed to give real satisfaction. After orders had been given about forwarding the luggage, Mrs. Mortimer called me to her, and introduced me to her attendant, saying, "This is the young person, Martha, whom I have brought to be your companion; I hope she has been helpful to each other." Then turning to me, she added, "I have no doubt, Lizzy, if you attend to Martha's exemplary instructions, that you will acquire a fitness for my service."

As the clock now struck, Mrs. Fletcher paused, saying, "I must here bring to a close my story. Perhaps you will begin to think me tedious, but I hope you will derive advantage from some parts of my experience."

"Indeed I have already," replied her neighbour; "I shall be very loth for you to break off; but do allow me to come again as soon as you can. I have received much instruction from what you have related, and I shall receive much more as you proceed; for, if I do not mistake greatly, you are now coming to the most interesting and profitable part of your history."

"You are quite correct in your supposition; and if what I have yet to relate produces the results I anticipate, I shall have a great pleasure in pursuing my story the first leisure afternoon; for the present, good-bye."

> As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place.—Proverbs xxvii. 8.

> In the LORD is strong confidence: and His children shall have a place of refuge.—Pro. xiv. 26.

WIDOW GREEN & HER THREE NIECES.

BY MRS. ELLIS,

(AUTHORESS OF "WOMEN OF ENGLAND," ETC.)

IN THE COTTAGE AND THE KITCHEN.

"It is an interesting, an excellent little book to place in the hands of young women young in service, and it reminds us of some admirable of young women young in service, and it reminds us of some admirable Tracts. More, which, in their day, were a Revelation from the Spirit of God. Mrs. Ellis is a writer of the great instrument of good. Mrs. Ellis is a writer of the great instrument of good. Mrs. Ellis is a writer of the great instrument of good

MR. ALDERMAN ATKINSON, LATE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN.

A LORD MAYOR'S TESTIMONY.

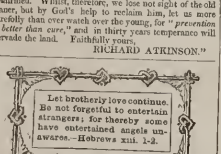
NUMEROUS letters which we receive give pleasing evidence that many whom God has placed in "high places" are seeking to use their influence for the *good* of the working-classes. The following extract from a letter received from Mr. Alderman Atkinson, will give pleasure to many:

"Seeing the evil effects that drinking habits produced among the industrious classes,—wretched homes—starving children—neglected wives,—and a total loss of moral feeling and obligations, and knowing that without example, precept would do little, I became, many years ago, a total abstainer, in order that *precept* and *example* might harmonize, and that I might with consistency, point out to those who were addicted to drink, the evil they were doing to themselves and their families. Since then, I have witnessed many pleasing results amongst the working-classes from the adoption of this simple, but valuable practice. Self-respect has been regained,—good and comfortable clothing procured in place of rags—a well-furnished house, the abode of cheerfulness and contentment, in lieu of those that heretofore had been nearly empty; children, who had formerly felt terror at the approach of their parent; now welcoming him with love and respect, and on his part, the bright sparkle of affection beaming in his eyes, and words of endearment issuing from his lips—the very lips, that not long before uttered imprecations when entering his home. This great change, this wonderful revolution, produced, under God's blessing, simply by abstaining from intoxicating liquors! The man's income was the same as when he drank, yet how different his position!

The constant excuse which we hear from people belonging to every grade of society, when asked to join the temperance movement, that "position and associations render *it impossible* for" them to join a temperance society," or that "their health might suffer," such excuses are completely futile. Since I became an abstainer, my health has *materially improved*, although I had all my life previously been a temperate man. As for doubting my friends, that is all imagination. Friends, whose friendship depends upon the "social glass, are not real friends. For myself, I can say, I am not aware of having *lost* a single friend by becoming a total abstainer, but I am aware of having *gained* many friends, I could have been placed in a more trying position for a temperate man than I was, whilst holding the office of Lord Mayor of the City of Dublin, a novel position for a total abstainer, yet I forsook not the principle, and I am not aware that any one found the slightest fault with me for adhering to it.

I would urge you to exert your influence in the necessity of keeping alcoholic liquors from their *children*. The opposite for intoxicating drinks is not natural; an *apprenticeship* must be served before it is acquired, and the habit confirmed. Whilst, therefore, we lose not sight of the old sinner, but by God's help to reclaim him, let us more carefully than ever watch over the young, for "*prevention is better than cure*," and in thirty years temperance will pervade the land. Faithfully yours,

RICHARD ATKINSON."



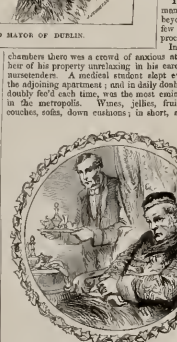
RICH POOR, AND POOR RICH.

SOME years ago, I had occasion to visit two invalids who were about the same age, and who were suffering at the same time from the same malady—acute disease of the liver. Their worldly position and circumstances were widely different — the one, a gentleman of large fortune, commanded all that wealth could reach; the other, a poor, solitary widow, occupied a little room, where the furniture was of the most humble and homely description, whose the luxuries of life were not to be found, while its mere comforts and conveniences were on the most limited scale.

The rich man had all the attendance that money could purchase, all that expectants could supply with officious assiduity, and all that science and art could contribute, to relieve, if possible, his sufferings, or minister to his ease.

The poor woman had nothing beyond what a few shillings could procure.

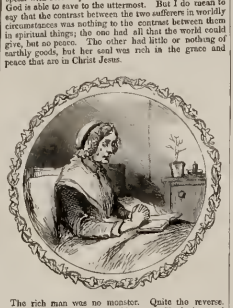
In the rich man's chambers there was a crowd of anxious attendants—the hear of his property unclaiming in his ears—nurses and nursetenders. A medical student slept every night in the adjoining apartment; and in daily double attendance, doubly fee'd each time, was the most eminent physician in the metropolis. Wines, jellies, fruits, preserves, couches, sofas, down cushions; in short, all that could tempt the appetite, or give ease to the wearied body, was there in boundless profusion.



In the poor woman's lodging were no delicacies, no luxuries. Her few shillings, closely economized, provided the mere necessaries of life; and there was, of course, no crowd of expectants, and attendants, and medical assistants; she was alone from day to day.

My usual routine was, at first, to visit this poor woman in the morning, and the rich man in the evening. I was soon led to alter this arrangement, and waited on the rich man in the morning, and the poor woman at the close of the day; for her hours were all happiness, and I could bear away with me some of her joys.

I do not mean to say that the rich man was utterly lost. I had no decided evidence of that. No man can speak with certainty of a fellow-creature's doom, while God is able to save to the uttermost. But I do mean to say that the contrast between the two sufferers in worldly circumstances was nothing to the contrast between them in spiritual things; the one had all that the world could give, but no peace. The other had little or nothing of earthly goods, but her soul was rich in the grace and peace that are in Christ Jesus.



The rich man was no monster. Quite the reverse. He had been a highly honourable man. He had earned his own vast fortune by industry and integrity; he stood high in public estimation, and deservedly. At an early stage, in his mercantile course, he had, owing to misfortune, been compelled to compound with his creditors. He resumed business, and prospered. He invited his creditors to an entertainment, and on each man's plate lay a draft for the full balance due to him originally, before the composition was effected. He was noibly generous to his relations and humble friends, and, without ostentation, ready to join in every work of charity. If any man, according to the scale of the world, was ever entitled to serenity of mind and a peaceful death-bed, this was the man. Yet he was not happy. The mind suffered with the body—heaved with agitation, and anxiety, and apprehension, and had no rest. Occasionally it wandered, and the incoherent mutterings of the moment related to wild thoughts, fragments of memory all of a worldly nature, or to conceptions which could exist only in a disordered intellect. In the calmest hours there was, at least, but a manly endurance of pain, and a tacit acquiescence in the statements of the Gospel. And so passed away the rich man, leaving no strong assurance behind—giving to his spiritually-minded friends no testimony whatever of an interest in the Redeemer's work. This was, at least, a comfortless and sad issue.

On the other hand, the poor widow seemed to grow daily in peace and full assurance, as her course was on. She had no doubts, no fears, no anxieties. On one occasion, towards the end of her career, I found her sitting up in bed, busied with pen and paper. I casually asked if she were sketching out a will. She said, no; she had nothing to leave, and had no friends or relatives in the country. Her only son was settled in India, and in comfortable circumstances. But she was endeavouring to arrange her funeral expenses, and calculate her rent, and for all this she conceived she had enough, reckoning that her life on earth would only endure one week longer. A few days after, towards the close of the week, I found her lying down, very languid, but very happy. She said her hour was come, she was about to remove and meet her Lord, and be with Him for ever. She expressed her full reliance, as a poor sinner, on the complete atonement of her Saviour, and through His sole mediation, her perfect acceptance with God. She thanked me for my visits, our many happy meetings, and bid me farewell. In the evening, I called again to see if all was over. She still lived; but her eyes were closed. At the sound of my voice they opened, she stretched out her hand, and when I took it in mine, her spirit fled to the better world.

Never did I witness greater peace, greater simplicity of faith, or greater serenity. Death had no sting, the grave no victory. 'Twas a calm, unclouded transition to glory.

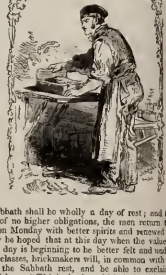
Dear reader, suffer one word of observation. We often utter the ejaculation, when we hear of such a death—"May I too die the death of the righteous!" Do, ask yourself, Am I righteous? Am I entitled to a peaceful death—to that victory over death? Death comes whether we will or not; but he may be overcome by us, sinners as we are. Jesus is wisdom, r ghteousness, sanctification, redemption, to them that believe on Him as their sole ground of acceptance with God. Granted that you may never once have a share in the esteem of the world; you may have no worldly esteem, and honour, and wealth. These things can comfort you on the death-bed; the whole world cannot purchase you one moment's ease of heart. So will it be to the ease with our rich friend. Dear, dear, at best your past life has been but a series of sins. You never lied, or stole, or betrayed your trust, or dishonoured your word, or met with immediate punishment? But for what have you lived? — for the world and yourself, or for Jesus? Do you remember the world is at enmity with God; if we love the world, we are God's enemies, and it will love us as at least we deserve. Now lay hold upon eternal life in Christ; be poor as you are, and helpless, and undone, so the world rejects none; and His peace shall be your portion now, and His presence, His "rod and staff," to go with you through the dark valley at last, triumphant regions of the blessed, where your first utterance will be "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord." Give no sleep to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids—no rest to your soul till you have found this Jesus, and in Him that gives for temporal and eternal happiness which can never be destroyed.

C.

From the "Dublin Tracts" Published in Press Row, No. 9, Paternoster Row. May be had through all Booksellers.

BRICKMAKERS.

THE Israelites in Egypt were brickmakers and builders. Exodus i. 13. Our brickmakers are not slaves, but are labourers in a very useful calling, are duly paid wages, and like all Englishmen have a remedy at the hands of justice if unlawfully treated. The overseership I know of is where the kiln is used on the spot, and the men are kept at work either treading the clay, or carrying in bricks on that day. This is actually what like Pharaoh to the Israelites, when he ordered them go to sacrifice unto the Lord their God, kept them at their work. In many brick-kilns, there is no work done—no labourer is to be seen on the Lord's-day. The master or manager



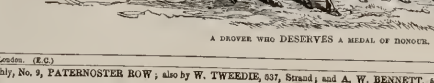
the Sabbath shall be wholly a day of rest; and the week of no higher obligation, the men return to work on Monday with better spirits and renewed strength. It may be hoped that at this day when the value of the Lord's day is beginning to be better felt and sought by all classes, brickmakers will, in common with others, enjoy the Sabbath rest, and be able to exclaim, "Thankfulness, "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it."

A CLERGYMAN.

A WORD FOR THE DROVERS.

MANY of the London Drovers are clever, intelligent, kind-hearted men. We recently saw one near New Cross. He was at the head of a number of fine fat cattle, commonly called "Long-horns," and was humming a lively tune. Occasionally we saw his long wand speaking a few kind words to the creatures, who were following him like lambs. A dog brought up the rear, but he was neither "bite" nor "biting," but like his master, seemed to imbibe the law of kindness. It was a beautiful sight!

The "Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" is doing a great and noble work in protecting those who practice *cruelty* to animals, but we venture to suggest that the occasional bestowal of "Medals of Honour," to those who set examples of *kindness* would have a wide-spread influence for good. We feel assured that the public sentiment is such as would *hail* an effort like this giving "Honour to whom honour" is due.



A DROVER WHO DESERVES A MEDAL OF HONOUR.

GEORGE WATSON, Printer, 5, Elroy Street, Hatton Garden, London. (E.C.)

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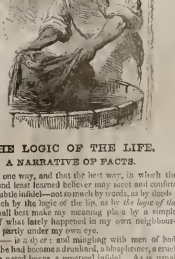
BRITISH WORKMAN

THE DYING DAUGHTER.

Dr. Elliott, who was well acquainted with Colonel Allen, a celebrated infidel in America, visited him at a time when his daughter was sick and near to death. He was introduced to the library, when the Colonel read to him some of his writings, with much self-complacency, and asked, "Is not that well done?" While they were thus employed, a messenger entered, and informed Colonel Allen that his daughter was dying, and desired to speak with him.

He immediately went to her chamber, accompanied by Dr. Elliott, who was desirous of witnessing the interview. The wife of Colonel Alston was a pious woman, and had instructed her daughter in the principles of Christianity. As soon as her father appeared at her bedside she said to him, "I am about to die; shall I believe in the principles you have taught me? or shall I believe in what my *mother has taught me?*" He became extremely agitated; his chin quivered, his whole frame shook; and after waiting a few moments, he replied, "Believe what *your mother* has taught you."

A death-bed is a fearful tester. Men, who whilst in health and *strength*, loudly boast of their sceptical principles, and *infidelity* reliance, are generally the first, on approach of death, or even sickness, to shudder with fear! Even of Hobbes, the redoubtable infidel, it is recorded that he could not bear to be left *alone*, and used to awake in great terror if his candle went out during the night. He never could endure any discourse about death! Infidelity has no *consolation* for its unhappy followers in the testing hour!



THE LOGIC OF THE LIFE.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

THERE is one way, and that the best way, in which the simplest and least learned believer may assist and confound the most subtle infidel—not so much by words, as by deeds; not so much by the logic of the lip, as by *the logic of the life*. I shall best make my meaning plain by a simple account of what lately happened in my own neighbourhood, and partly under my own eye.

John ——, a sober, and industrious man of bad character, he had become a drunkard, a blasphemer, a cruel husband, a noted boaster, a practised infidel. As is usual in such cases, his house was the home of wretchedness, unfurnished and deserted; his wife was in rags, his cupboard empty, and debt and shame were his constant companions.

About three years ago, through the efforts of an assistant of mine, his wife was induced to open her house for a cottage lecture; and the husband, after some, began to steal into the back part of the dwelling during the little services, and to lend a half-unwilling ear to what was going on. It pleased Him "who dwell in the blind by a way that they know not," to reach his conscience in this manner. He became very uneasy, and in spite of his mean clothes, began to attend church. For a time his aspect of mind was greater than can be told. But at last that Saviour who came "to bind up the broken-hearted," and who died on the cross to save sinners, enabled himself to him as He doth not to the world, giving him "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

The calm morning after a stormy night is not a greater change than that which followed in the life and lot of happy John. All things became new. His house was more tidy, and one piece of furniture after another was purchased, till the whole face of his cottage was changed. His wife and himself, decently dressed, were in their places at church whenever the Sabbath-speaking bell bade them to the House of Prayer, and ere long they were seen side by side with the people of God.

A light that put on a candlestick could not be hid. So striking a change in one who had been so notorious, called forth much notice. It became a wonder to many. Some admired, others mocked, and many persecuted him. His former infidel companions were more especially mad against him. They jeered him, they laughed him, entered him, swore at him, and did all in their power to drive or drive him from his Saviour. But deeply sensible of his own utter helplessness, he clung to the strength of God, and these "out of weakness being made strong," his enemies only served to prove his faith, exercise his patience, and increase his watchfulness. The heat of temptation, which lays in the dust the plant which our heavenly Father hath not planted, only makes the sweeter every "tree of righteousness" which He has planted in the garden of His grace.

John had most to bear at his daily labour in the dyehouse. It was his hard lot to work among a band of low infidels, and they had it nearly all their own way. For a time, indeed, two men bitterly troubled the poor saint; but after a while, even those, worn out by annoyance and ashamed of the cross, deserted both him and their profession of infidelity, becoming apostates, the vilest of the vile. The humble confessor was thus left alone, like a sheep in the midst of wolves; but he was not alone, for "the Lord stood by him." He was enabled to walk blamelessly and unrebukably before them. Sometimes he reasoned with them, at other times he entreated them, but most commonly he sat in his Master had done when beset by his accusers, "he answered not a word." His meekness was the more lovely, because he had been aforetime a terror to his companions, nor was there one of them who would have dared to provoke him. But now the gentleness of the lamb restrained the strength of the lion.

The quiet influence of Jesus's consistent walk could not fail to be felt. His life was harder to answer than his tongue. A beautiful proof of this occurred one day, and shall form the point of my little narrative. His fellow-workmen had been people as hard-hearting Christians as the worst of all creeds [illegible] and swearing, and [illegible] furiously tried—what they called—to make him "a man of more moral world." John had [illegible] bear in the place, "Well, I am a [illegible] man, and I like to [illegible] the tree be the fruit of it. Come, then, let us [illegible] what your [illegible] is worth. [illegible] life was [illegible] in a great [illegible] and he, poor [illegible] apostate, [illegible] dejected, [illegible] trembling [illegible] then [illegible] When they [illegible] to Christians, they [illegible] husbands, and [illegible] wives. [illegible] workmen, and [illegible] to oblige. Well, [illegible] Where are they now? What have you to show for your [illegible] How changed the [illegible] But not for the better. They seem downcast and [illegible] to some a civil word; their months are [illegible] of profaneness; they are drunk every week, their [illegible] are nearly naked; their wives look [illegible] and [illegible] to do so. There is no [illegible] in them."

"Now, I have [illegible] you; and what has it done for me? I [illegible] what I was before; you all too [illegible] one of you that could [illegible] to me [illegible] or fight in [illegible] I have [illegible] discontented, and unhappy [illegible] I had thought I had [illegible] What has religion made [illegible] I was not afraid to put [illegible] among [illegible] Can you say [illegible] I am [illegible] and a [illegible] I really beat my wife [illegible] I do? Do you [illegible] any one that has [illegible] to me? Do you [illegible] my neighbours if [illegible] the letter, Go and ask my wife; she can tell you. Go and see my house; let that bear witness. Go, ask my children, if I am what Christianity has done for me, *there* is what infidelity has done for Tom and Jem."

He stopped. The appeal was not to be withstood. For that time, at least, the scoffers had not a word to answer. They were overpowered by the eloquence of example.

My brethren of the world, [illegible] follow this beautiful pattern. "With meekness [illegible] to deliver the spirit of fretful pain." "Be ye also patient." "Witness a good confession." Stand fast, like Daniel before the [illegible] of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, [illegible] "Stand fast in the Lord." [illegible] you can find [illegible] Christian logic of which Paul speaks, "Ye are our epistle, written in our hearts, known and read of all men." [illegible] a logic of which, [illegible] a master-piece, logic so simple that a child can read it, so conclusive that a philosopher cannot [illegible] the logic John made use of—*the logic of the life.*—*Rev. Hugh Stowell, M.A.*

ONLY A PENNY.

THE true secret of frugality is to lay up small savings. Most people don't think it worth while to save money they have not a sum worth saving. Be not with a penny. Now, this very thing, small as it may first seem to save a penny. At the very outset, I tell you, it is a good sum would buy one good book, or best piece of household furniture, or meal with a good dinner, or a number of interesting books, and it would be a great gain to every time you looked at what you had bought out of your penny savings. Now, if you were to be spend it, but to put it into the Savings Bank, in two years you would have between £8 and £9, which would be a very valuable sum—that might help you in many ways.

THE VILLAGE CARPENTER.

"Mere philosophy," says Bunsen, "is wanted for the correct appreciation of the life and work of the Lord. Let us take a man in the humble walks of life—a village carpenter to be exact—and see the various services he rents, to see how work and worship, how duty and not foul to be struck with the course is disproportion between the two. The man employs his day's labour in planing, sawing, and making, and hammering, and nailing. Can form of his work—you, yet in truth what does he receive in his return for his work? First of all, on getting up in the morning he dresses himself, and he has food. If man's none of the numerous articles of clothing of which he makes consists. Now, in order to get all this, he must have a house, simple as it is, an enormous amount of labour, industry, and locomotion, and many inventions ingenious, must have been employed. Shearers and spinners produced cotton, Indians indigo, Egyptians and Indians, Brazilians hides; and all these materials must have been transported to various towns, where they were manufactured, of which each, been worked up, spun, woven, and dyed. Then he builds, lasts. In order to procure him the hatchet he cut every morning, that must have been produced by labour, hammered, roasted, fruits of the soil must have been prepared with the assistance of an immeasurable multitude of people; the wheat must have been cut down, ground into flour, kneaded and prepared; iron, steel, wood, and stone must have been converted by industry into instruments of labour; some men must have employed animal force, others water power, others steam, which, all taken simply, presupposes a mass of labour, whether we have regard to space or time, of an amount almost beyond the power of calculation. In the course of the day, this man will have occasion to use sugar, oil, and various other materials and utensils. He sends his son to school to learn to read and write, although limited, nevertheless implies anterior study and research, and an extent of knowledge which exceeds the imagination. He goes out. He finds the streets paved and lighted. A neighbour goes to have with him. He finds advocates to plead his cause, judges to maintain his rights, officers of justice to put the sentence into execution; all which implies an acquired knowledge, and, consequently, intelligence and means of diffusion. He goes to church. It is a stupendous monument, and the book which he carries thither is a monument, perhaps still more stupendous, of human intelligence. He is taught morals, he has his mind enlightened—his will elevated; and in order to this, we must suppose that another man had previously frequented schools and libraries, consulting all the sources of human learning, and which so employed, had been able to live without occupying himself directly with the wants of the body. If our artisan undertakes a journey, he finds that, in order to save his time and exertion, other men have removed and levelled the soil, filled up valleys, hewed down mountains, united the banks of rivers, diminished friction, placed wheels carriages on blocks of sandstone or bands of iron, and brought the forces of animals and the power of steam into subjection to human wants. It is, indeed, impossible not to be struck with the measureless disproportion which exists between the enjoyments which this man derives from society, and what he could obtain from his own unassisted exertions. I venture to say that in a single day he consumes more than he could himself produce in ten centuries.—*Bastiat.*

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—We have daily a conflict to endure, we have to battle with the world, the flesh, and the devil. Good Bishop Wilson said, "We should take care of the *beginning* of sin, nobody is exceedingly wicked all at once; the devil is too cunning to sterile men with temptations so great and frightful crimes at first; but if he can tempt them to leave off their prayers, to take God's name in vain, to drink, to swear, to hear filthy discourse, and to speak of the vices of others with pleasure, he will soon tempt them to crimes of a more damning nature." Oh, how careful to "Watch and pray!" We are no longer upheld than we are sustained by the power of Divine Grace.

"Weaker than a bruised reed,
Thy help we every moment need."

DON'T ROB YOUR BROTHER.

"I REALLY can't see, Mr. Birt, why you should not take a trip out of town on Sunday by the railway, you can go to church in the country if you're so mighty particular." This said by a very fluent-looking gentleman, named Mrs. Spry, who was noted in her neighbourhood for her love of taunting about.

"No," replied Mr. Birt. "I like to have my Sabbath, and I'm not going to commit a robbery."

"Dear me, who said you were? Robbery, indeed, what do you mean?" said Mrs. Spry, spreading out her hands in amazement.

"Why, I mean this—the porters, and drivers, and guards on the railway, have as good a right to their Sabbath as I have to mine, and if I travel on that day, I help to rob them of their SABBATH."

"Well, to be sure, what a very queer light you look at it in," stammered Mrs. Spry, not willing to own herself convinced, "I'm as honest as most folks, I don't think you need to be so very particular about nothing."

"Why, you see, Mrs. Spry, it's robbery all ways—I rob God, and I rob my own soul, when I rob my man of his equal rights in the Public Worship of God. It is not doing as I would be done by, and I call it robbery." *n.*

A FEW PRACTICAL HINTS.

NEVER let a tradesman call a second time for the amount due. If you keep him waiting, and calling again and again, you rob yourself, and the poor man will rob him of his money as of his time, for time to him is money. Is it not practical dishonesty to do so?

Never be ashamed to "do unto others" by sending him a letter which it is a labour to decipher. If you cannot write rapidly and plainly, write less, and write distinctly. To waste the time of another through your carelessness—is it not positive unkindness?

It would seem as if some persons had forgotten the very meaning of the word "Bye" in the words you, you should renew your acquaintance with them, and trace them carefully until you have overcome your bad habit.

Do not burden to-day with sorrows and cares and anxieties. How much trouble have those evils cost us which never happened!

When anger mount ten before you speak—when very angry, one hundred.

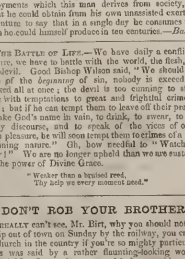
Never spend money before you have it.

Never contract another till you know what he can say for himself.

I have heard a friend say, observed Dr. Mather, that there is a gentleman mentioned in the 18th Chapter of the Acts, to whom he was more indebted than any other man in the world. This is he whom our translation calls, the Town-clerk of Ephesus, whose counsel it was to "do nothing rashly." Upon any proposal of consequence, it was usual for him to say, "We will first advise with the Town-clerk of Ephesus."

Never engage in anything on which you cannot look for the blessing of God. To act independently of Him is practical atheism. To do IT is what should be your constant aim.

The Christian is not his own—he is "bought with a price," and, therefore, in all things, he should seek to glorify God.—*Leaflets.*



"GOOD FOR TRADE."

THE remark is often heard, "Oh, it's good for trade." To nothing perhaps does this more more, trinkling than the progress of Temperance amongst we How remarkable the influence of provident so are habits upon the trade of Clothe and Wa We rejoice to know that in many of the one cottage homes throughout our land neat clo to be seen. If every working-man would save from useless expenditure in drink and tobacco, soon have a good clock and a good watch to ca

FORGET AND FORGIVE

WHEN streams of unkindness, as bitter as
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue
And Mockery is writhing in torment, and
By the hands of Ingratitude wrung,—
In the heat of injustice, unwept and unk
While the anguish is lastering, yet
None, none but an angel of God can dedi
"I now can forgive and forget."

But, if the bad spirit is chased from the
And the lips are in penitence steep'd,
With the wrongs so repented the wrath w
Thus, and not yet unjustly provoked, ha
For the best compensation is paid for all
When the cheek with contrition is wet,
And every wrong done is forgiven still
At once to forgive and forget.

To forget! It is hard for a man with a m
However his heart may forgive,
To blot out all spells and charms behind,
And but for the future to live;
Then how shall it be? for at every turn
Recollections will rise in the soul
And the ashes of injury smoulder and bu
Though we strive to forgive and forget

Oh, hearken! my tongue shall the riddle
And what shall it profit the heart,
While to thyself I had conscience reveal,
And slew thee how evil thou art?
Remember our failings, its faults, and thy
How vast is that infinite debt!
Yet mercy hath seven by seventy times
Been swift to forgive and forget!

Blood not on insults or injuries oil,
For thou art forgiven and free!
Count not their sum till the total is toil,
For thou art unkind and unrue:
And if all the Angels in Heaven have forgi
Now Mercy with Justice is met;
Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of
And learn to forgive and forget?

Yes, yes, let a man, when his enemy wro
Be quick to receive him a friend;
For this on his head in kindness he hoap
Hot coals—to refine and amend;
And learn thus are Christian more eager
As a nurse on her innocent yet,
Over lips that, once bitter, to sweetness
And whisper, "Forgive and forget."

PACKETS BY POST.

☞ THE Publication Office forwards packets of the "British Workman" to any part of the United Kingdom, the Channel Shetland and Orkney Isles, PER POST, as under:—

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDE

NOTICE.—*In consequence of the very serious Ill-health of the Editor, entitled in the Journal of Journals, Correspondence, owing to the receipt of numerous much-valued Communications:* A BENEFACTOR: *it has become necessary to adopt the rule of* PRE-PAYMENT. *It is, therefore hoped that no Correspondent will be offended on being asked to settle trifling much a shilling from which has been found by the publication of* WORKMAN.

CANVASSING CONTRIBUTORS.—Again do we return our the numerous thanks for the aid we are so willingly rendered our circulation. As there are tens of thousands of Cottage homes where the British Workman is not yet found, we hope that our warm-hearted friends will shew their practical love to Jesus. We have to-day received a good supply of the House-to-House Canvassing Bills, on the reverse side of which TERMS BLANK are given, and a few words of Christian interest relative to the wonderful influence exerted by those engaging the creative appetite for the drinking drink engaged persons of intemperate habits. Can any of our readers from experience or by the personal knowledge of the Bath? We will not publish names in the Journal. FREE FOR WRITING.—While preparing this month's press, the postman has left us letters in the rate of 7 per day! We cannot answer them all before July or August.

DISTRIBUTE FORTHWITH.—We are in a great: The sp increasing so widely, and our list of subscribers is so rap we know not how to find space for it, without displa of permanent interest. We ask the indulgence of a

GOOD SERVANTS, GOOD WIVES, AND HAPPY HOMES.

CHAPTER V.

"I TOOK I've come at the right time," said Mrs. Warne, with quite a little hesitation, uncertain whether she should feel her neighbour at liberty to "make herself at home and consider of your room." "I wish much to know how you get on at Mrs. Mortimer's."

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Fletcher, when I last broke off my story, I was at Mrs. Mortimer, I was delighted with its appearance. It was not large, but its situation was beautiful, and its interior, although comfortable, neatness and good taste. Its interior, although comfortable, nothing grand, displayed throughout, neatness, elegance, and comfort. The kitchen, which of course I first, painfully reminded me of the one I had left, for it presented the same appearance of comfort and order, and brought back again some of my former feelings. It was with no little anxiety I now began to look for the individual under whom I was placed, to be, as the finance destiny, for about a month.

A good fellow-servant.

Her countenance banished much of my fear; it expressed every with that of my late mistress; its expression was great, but kind and amiable. Her dress was neat and plain, but perfectly neat and cleanly. She seemed a person of few words, but when she spoke, it was to purpose, apart from levity and carelessness. I felt at once that she was a good servant, and a faithful and affectionate friend. I

THE TROOPER'S STABLE. BY TAYLER.

RAREY, THE HORSE'S FRIEND.

S we take a lively interest in promoting kindness amongst animals, we rejoice to find that various crowned heads, and military authorities, are engaging the services of Mr. Rarey to instruct soldiers in his art of managing horses. The praises of Mr. Rarey's wonderful discovery deserve to be carolled throughout the wide world. He has *proved* by his exploits, that even the most stubborn animals can be controlled without blows, spurs, and curses, which many men have unhappily hitherto deemed necessary in the management of horses. Let both soldiers and civilians try the POWER OF KINDNESS on their noble horses, and they will have a rich reward.

A NOBLE NAVVY.

A WORKING-MAN, apparently *in great destitution*, applied a few days ago to the foreman of a large building now being erected in London, for employment. Though a mechanic, he was so distressed that he offered to work as a *labourer*, if a situation could not be found for him to work at his trade. The foreman, consulting with the clerk of the works (who happened to be in conversation with him), considerately said, "Perhaps the poor fellow is in great want, and a day's work or so may save him from the temptation to steal." And he accordingly set him to work. With great kindness the foreman asked if he had breakfasted; the poor fellow tremulously replied, "No, Sir," when the foreman promised to supply him with money to get some dinner when dinner-time came.

A "Navvy" overheard the poor fellow's statement of his destitution, and with a noble generosity—when he *thought no one saw or heard him*—fetched a small linen bag which contained his own dinner, and handing it to the stranger, thus addressed him: "Here, I'll give ye some *vittal*—take that—and to-night ye shall go home with *I*, and have a lodge, and I 'spose if ye should be in work, and *I* was on tramp, *ye'd give I some vittal too*."

The foreman overheard this, and with the tears starting in his eyes, said, "I'll love that man as long as I live." *N. R.*

WATER IN THE WORKSHOP.

IF employers would provide a constant supply of *good* water in their work-rooms, they would find habits of temperance promoted amongst their men, even amongst those who have the credit of being "hard-drinkers." We rejoice to learn, that in some factories the principals have provided a goodly number of Lipscombe's excellent Filters, and that these are kept constantly supplied with water by one of the hands specially appointed for this purpose. We believe that such employers will be repaid "a hundred-fold" for their outlay, and secure the hearty thanks of their hands. In addition to Drinking Fountains in the streets, the working-classes greatly need a plentiful supply of good water *always at hand*.

THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE.

"THE Arabians never heat their horses; they never cut their tails; they treat them gently; they speak to them, and seem to hold a discourse; they use them as friends; they never attempt to increase their speed by the whip, nor spur them, but in cases of great necessity. They never fix them to a stake in the fields, but suffer them to pasture at large around their habitations; and they come running the moment that they hear the sound of their master's voice. In consequence of such treatment, these animals become docile and tractable in the highest degree. They resort at night to their tents, and lie down in the midst of the children, without ever hurting them in the slightest manner. The little boys and girls are often seen upon the body or neck of the mare, while the beasts continue inoffensive and harmless, permitting them to play with and caress them without injury."—*From Dick's Philosophy of Religion.*

LOUIS XVIII. was once taking an airing in the environs of Melun, escorted by a detachment of lancers. A journeyman miller, mounted on an old horse that his master had bought at a fair, was also travelling along the same road. At the instant when the train passed, this horse gently shook off his rider and his sack of flour, and went prancing to take his place in the midst of the lancers, much to the amusement of all the assemblage, with the exception of the poor miller.

THE *Whitehaven Herald* says:—"Whilst a chestnut horse, the property of Mr. Wm. Hamilton, of Catherine Street Mill, was coming down Rosemary Lane with a load of alabaster, a number of children were at play; one of them about three or four years old, ran before the horse, and the sagacious creature, instead of passing over it, lifted it up with its teeth, and placed it on the side of the road! The child's mother was close by at the time, and her feelings may be better imagined than described. The name of the sagacious animal is 'Captain.'"

THE PORTER'S PROMOTION.

AN officer in Her Majesty's service, who has taken a deep interest in extending the circulation of our paper, has kindly forwarded us a gratifying letter in which he states:—

"As I consider it the duty of the readers of the *British Workman* to give the Editor all the encouragement they can, I send the following anecdote, which is, in all respects, perfectly true, except as to the names *of places and persons*, which are *substituted* for the real ones.

"On the fifteenth of this month, after taking my ticket for a journey by ra Birmingham to Liverpool, I went to take my se carriage, which, to my surprise, was opened for a man who had been a porter on the line for some y whom I had never before seen in anything but a attire. He was looking very smart, in a handsom coat, and he certainly had the appearance of bei much better off in the world than he had been in times. Having known him as a school-boy, and as a man (not a very steady one), in my own village,

two situations, neither of which he had been able for want of sobriety, I was surprised at the chang appearance, and I said,

"'What, Johnson! Have you got promotio

"'Yes, sir,' he replied, with a most cheerful have got a much better place than I had.'

"'Well,' 'I'm glad of it, and I hope the C new give you more pay.'

"'Oh, yes, sir, five shillings a-week more.'

"'That's right,' I added,—'you now see vantage of being steady, and conducting yourse

"'Indeed, I do, sir,' he said, 'I have never *single glass* since you gave me those papers at th Station, and *I hope I never shall.*'

Those papers were two or three of the early of the *British Workman!* It is now some yea they were given to him, so that I trust he under God's blessing, from that scourge of s —INTEMPERANCE. Oh that all my countrym pressed and tempted by others to take 'only *glass*,' would adopt my friend Johnson's mo say, '*I hope I never shall.*'"

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY MONTHLY. THE

BAND OF HOPE REVIEW

AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

(*By the Editor of the "British Workman."*)

THIS ILLUSTRATED PAPER FOR THE YOUNG, is de under God's blessing, to train up the little ones in of sobriety;—obedience to parents;—the observ the Sabbath;—the practice of kindness to animal *above all*, a love of the SACRED SCRIPTURES.

THE DRINKING TROUGHS

for Cattle at the Chichester Station (erected b Directors, at the suggestion of the Rev. W. B. Be are *excellent*. Mr. Fitzgerald, the Station-mast "On our cattle-market days they are made use hundreds of live-stock—they are of *very great use*. hope to hear of these Troughs being erected at other stations. They are constructed very cheap remove simply a feed-pipe from the elevated which at present supplies the locomotives with

GEORGE WATSON, Printer, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London. (E.C.)

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BRITISH WORKMAN

HAVE A GARDEN!

Sweet taste the fruits, and sweet smell the flowers that are grown in our "*own*" garden! We are delighted to feel an increasing desire amongst working-men to have *their own* little cottage gardens. They cannot devote their leisure-hours to a better purpose than to the cultivation of fruits, vegetables, and flowers. Whenever men take an interest in flowers, the better husbands and the better fathers do they, as a rule, become.

We feel very *hopeful* of the working-men who delights in his garden, and who strives to infuse the same spirit into his children. Gardens often help to pay rent! Liberal landlords, who, like the Duke of Bedford, build model-cottages with good gardens for their labourers; and diligent, earnest-hearted clergymen, who, like the Rev. Henry de Bunsen, of Lilleshall, in Shropshire, promote the cultivation of flowers amongst their parishioners, are doing a great *national service*.

In cities and large towns, working-men *cannot* (with few exceptions) have the privilege of possessing gardens, but thousands of them *can* have their flower-pots outside their windows! A few thousands of these HOUSEHOLD GARDENS will give a charm to the streets of our crowded cities. We have been delighted to witness in some of the pent-up courts of London these tokens of domestic comfort, affording pleasure and profit to the wife and the little ones, whilst 'father' is busy at his daily toil. Flowers teach many important lessons both to young and old; they are Nature's lesson-books, from which our Divine Master designs we should learn many great and important truths.

A WORD FOR THE POOR BAKERS.

"I have met," says a Manchester surgeon, "with more than twice as many cases of hernia amongst bakers as amount all other artisans put together, the number of men in each class being equal."

We are anxious to enlist the sympathies of our readers on behalf of the journeymen bakers, more particularly those of London, whose hours of labour are truly fearful. The celebrated Dr. Ure, whose noble and untiring efforts for promoting public health, entitle him to the thanks of the nation, says—"The journeymen bakers of London are almost without exception overworked, and from 18 to 20 hours of continuous occupation, with perhaps a nap of from an hour to two, on a board, forms a part of the rule with the large majority of the trade. Some journeymen who work for the more respectable bakers have shorter hours of labour; but those who work for the under-priced shops would be fortunate indeed if they could even have four hours in the twenty-four for sleep. I often happen towards the end of the week that the poor fellows are employed without rest or sleep for more than 48 hours on a stretch!"

We have hesitated to call attention to this subject before, being not fully satisfied of the actual condition of these over-worked men. But now, after having had interviews with master bakers, journeymen bakers, and the wives of bakers, we have no hesitation in stating that the condition of a large portion of this particular class of our countrymen is truly awful. The public are having their daily bread produced by the nightly sacrifice of the health and lives of these fellow-creatures. We will not hereby our readers by the tales of suffering we have heard. We desire to apply ourselves to the more pleasing and practical question of seeking to lessen the evil. Is there no way in which this can be done?

We ask for practical suggestions from practical men as to how the bakers can be relieved. We shall be obliged by all letters being as briefly expressed, and as clearly written as possible.

THE VALUE OF PICTURES.

"The British Workman has been much prized by the squires, although they cannot read it, for, they can see and the pictures. A man told me a few days ago, that he had studied some of these pictures for more than an hour together!" "Ah!" said he, "how I longed to be able to read the reading!" If he remains under my visitation, I hope his desire will be realised."—Report of the Missionary to the Gipsies.

Cast
thy burden upon
THE LORD,
and He shall sustain thee:
He shall never suffer the
RIGHTEOUS
to be moved.
Ps. lv. 22.

THE BRITISH UPAS TREE.

Times is about the Drinking System a prodigality of mischief—a seduction, a virulence, and a fermenting fecundity in the reproduction of vice, which is without a parallel. Yet—strange historic contrast on the old side—from which declares that Wine is a mocker!—though of all earthly causes most to be feared, it has of all been most fondled. The Nation has nursed the serpent in its bosom, and warmed it into life, until it has stung us to the heart. To change the figure, the fabled Upas tree of the East, being with its heavy and fatal exhalations that plain of death, is an appropriate type of the Liquor Traffic. It is the legal Upas which spreads its leprous pestilence, and down of death, from Parliament, to the whole pestiferial atmosphere virtue must wither, and patriotism decay.—Westminster Review.

DINNER-HOUR WELL SPENT.

In the month of February last, Sir John Bowring, late Governor of Hong-Kong, visited some of the large manufactories in Sheffield. Amongst others, he went over the Green Lane Works, belonging to Henry B. Mosley, Esq., the Mayor of the Borough of Sheffield; on going through which, he was surprised at seeing a youth with a book on his knee reading intently. This was about the time when the workmen were gone to dinner. Sir John Bowring spoke to the youth, took the book and found it to be The Bible. Turning to his guide, he said, "Of all the beautiful sights I have seen in this manufactory, none have so pleased me more than that young man studying the sacred Scriptures during his dinner-hour."

WHO IS THE TRUE HERO?

The other day, whilst passing in a group of workmen, who were conversing together about the late heavy fight, I overheard the remark, "Tom's a Hero, a Hero of the first-class. He should be put at the side of our Nelson and Wellington. He has honoured his country, and ought to be nationally rewarded." The plaudit which followed, and the eager attention which all were giving to the subject, showed how fully it possessed their minds. What I heard and saw, led me to reflect on the facility with which the public mind may be led astray, and how often the influence of a single word or sentiment produces a kind of general mania, alike subversive of sound reflection and moral principle; so that many things, which if viewed statistically and dispassionately, would excite disgust and condemnation, become so disguised by a disguised vision, and present themselves under such false colours, that they obtain those votes they ought to be denounced in the strongest language of censure.

The question then arose, who is the true Hero? I thought this was a question interesting to every British workman, and closely connected with the elevation of his character; it is critical, however, from what I have just heard, that this is a subject on which very false ideas exist, and, as far as they prevail, they must degrade and brutalise, rather than elevate and dignify. Courage is a quality which all men are disposed to admire. Cowardice as certainly calls forth contempt. The former is regarded as giving dignity, the latter as meriting only scorn and reproach. Courage has been uniformly admired and applauded by all nations, and in all ages of the world, who should attempt to eulogize and recommend cowardice would be regarded as a pollution by the universal verdict of mankind. The value of courage, however, ought to be determined by the nature of its object, and the circumstances under which it is exercised. A pugilist, who engages in the prize-fight may display great pluck; and an astonishing degree of endurance, of skill, and suffering, he may excite wonder by his powers of endurance, and dogged determination to conquer, and those who are sufficiently inhuman to delight in seeing two men try which can most successfully bruise and maim each other, may cry "hawal hawa!" and half think up at heroes; but the moral courage exceed that of the wild beast? The wild ferocity of the lion, or tiger, is just as much entitled to praise. Their courage is concerted with no moral principle, nor has it any beneficial object, or tendency; and only calls forth applause from those who delight in cruelty.

The case is of a very different nature; it is the result of exalted principle, and for the sake of some worthy and important object, which demands self-sacrificing and danger in whatever form they may be presented. The courage, for instance, which is drawn forth by a strong impression of the wrongs of patriotism and freedom, and which to protect its country's rights, and secure its country's freedom, can brave the horrors of the dungeon, or the ignominy of the scaffold, is truly noble; the applause it draws forth rests on the judgment of the thinking,—it implies esteem mingled with respect; it merits special praise, and ought to have been, and has received the highest commendations of history, have been renowned in poetic song, and have been held up as the ornaments of the world, and models to successive generations.

At the side of the patriot, who has courageously suffered for the vindication of his country's rights, we may place those intrepid spirits who from the impulse of humanity have perilled their own lives in order to save the lives of others. The heroine of Nightingale, who regardless of the delicacy of her frame, and the timidity of her sex, boldly encountered the dangers of the ocean, the camp, and the hospital,—serving herself with courage sufficient to look upon the ghastly repulsive sights, and cause of misery connected with the Crimean war; a Grace Darling, who dared to brave the fury of a storm which even manly hearts were afraid to encounter, to rescue the perishing from the wreck. The heroines who immortalized themselves by the unflinching bravery they displayed during the siege of Lucknow, for the preservation of their husbands and their children; even the noble Livingstone, who, at the conflagration of the Sailor's Home, so recently imperilled their own lives to rescue the inmates from the flames, may justly be held up to the admiration of mankind. Such courage has language that speaks to every heart. It is a language understood by all. In every special case and among all classes, the homage paid to it is the same. We alike admire the act, and respect the actor. Place at the side of such a workman the prize-fighter, the association is in the highest degree revolting. He may, indeed, obtain a little temporary applause from men whose every praise is censure, but he is sure to sink down into his native insignificance, and, if remembered at all, is most he simply for his brutal courage.

There are objects, however, more elevated than even patriotism, or humanity; and if courage be exercised in their behalf from a just impression of their value and importance, then its achievements are endowed with a glory proportionate to corresponding pre-eminence of character. In fact, the excellence of courage is always proportioned to the nature of the cause in which it is exercised. There are moral Heroes, men who for the sake of great moral principles and interests have braved reproach, ignominy, imprisonment, torture, and death; and thus not merely in reference to themselves, but to others also. In this class we must include the large number of martyrs who years ago have suffered for conscience'-sake, and whose heroic bravery has been acquired, not by gymnastic training, but by the influence of Christian principles upon the heart. Nor has it been confined to men only; it has been nobly displayed by the delicate maiden, and by the aged matron, who, even by the child of tender years. All hail! ye brave spirits, who form the glorious host of our race, and whose deeds of holy heroism have raised you to honourable fame, and to the presences of God himself.

British workmen, your heroes are of a very different kind; renowned; they have been written in the history of ages, they have been signalized again and again by deeds of noble daring in the cause of freedom, science, and humanity, and have been displayed too on occasions which have stamped immortality on the act; let me entreat you, then, not to be misled by false principles, or a little temporary and irrational excitement, so as to mistake mere brutal daring and endurance for true bravery, or to suppose that any display of courage can exalt your character but that which is the result of principle, and directed to some worthy object. Let the energy of your character be displayed in that way which will elevate and dignify it; which will shew you to be true patriots, the friends of humanity, and the defenders of all that is good; so shall the name of the British workman be honourable everywhere, and you shall form the most effective bulwarks of our land. Uncle David.

Pity the poor over-taxed Bakers!

WAS HE A COWARD?

"Hiss-ss!—sh, hiss-ss—he's a coward; Nobby Dick hit him, and he's sneaking off." "He won't fight—hiss-ss, he's a coward!" added the man they called Nobby Dick, who had pushed out of the public-house where he had been drinking, and struck at Will Turner, a sober bricklayer, who was going home after a hard day's work.

Now, no man likes to be called a coward, but Will knew that it was bravery rather to bear wrong, than to do wrong; still, he did not like being called a "coward."

"It was the last time ever any one in the village called Will by such a name.

That night, when he had spent all his money, Dick reeled home. He lived in a thatched cottage on Farnham Common. Will lived near him. Dick had a wife, and one poor feeble child that had long been ill. Nothing frightened the child so much as his father coming home tipsy. The sound of his foot and surly voice, would set the little fellow sobbing as if his heart would break. The poor mother, fearing the fright would almost kill her child, went up into a loft over the two lower rooms of the cottage, and, knowing there was no fire or candle in the house, left her drunken husband to get to his bed.

For a time all seemed safe, and the mother and child were both asleep on their straw pallets in the loft. But Dick was a smoker, and, not long after he came in, he groped his way to a lucifer-box in the cupboard, lighted his pipe, threw himself on the bed, and let the match, still alight, fall into a working that hung on a nail beside the cupboard. The bag took fire; the draught from the fireplace blew the flame out in the open window, and it ran up and caught the thatch, where for a little while it smouldered. Will's old mother lived with him. She often lay awake at night, and her bed faced the window of her room. As she was quietly laying and looking at the stars, she saw a bright light, and, thinking it was fire, she called her son. He rose instantly, and saw Dick's cottage in a blaze. Away he rushed, dragging on his clothes so he ran shouting along. There was a well before Dick's door; Will drew a bucket out pot out the fire. Will called, and called in vain. Before the other neighbours, slowly running up, came to help, Will had burst in, and dragged the drunken man from the blazing room. The drink had so stupefied him that he lay for a minute on the ground, and took no notice.

"Where's your wife and child?" cried Will, shaking him.

"In the loft," stammered the drunkard.

"Then they are lost," said one old man, who was drawing a bucket of water up the well.

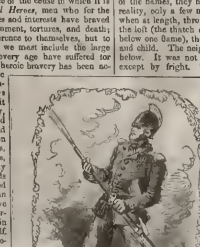
Will said not a word; he had dragged off a blanket when he tore Dick from his bed. This blanket he thoroughly wetted, and, throwing it round him, rushed into the blazing cottage.

The neighbours all thought he had gone to his death. They could not shout, for horror had paralised the tongue. Dick sat up, sob, looking wildly on the fire, began to understand the scene. Amid the roaring and crackling of the flames, they heard a woman scream. Though, in reality, only a few seconds had passed, it seemed an age, when at length, through a crap in the wall, that lighted the loft (the thatch all in a blaze around, and the house below one flame), they saw Will appear with the woman and child. The neighbours rushed and held a blanket below. It was not far, and they both fell uninjured, except by fright. Then following the fire, the blaze gave way and the blaze and sparks leaped out so bright and fast, that for some time it could not be seen as he lay spent on the ground. His hands and arms, and face scorched badly.

The neighbours raised him up and carried him home, as carefully as they protected the woman and child that his bravery had saved from a dreadful death.

It was some time before Will was quite well of his burns. Dick, who had prided himself on being the best boxer in the country, hung his head with shame at the events of that night. He changed from that time; and when his eyes were opened to see his sin in its true light, he said to a religious lady in the district, in a tone she never forgot—

"And I called him a coward. He's a brave fellow; and I feel I was a boasting scamp. Oh! to think I ever called him—a coward!" C. L. B.



One of the Brave Men of Liverpool.

"GIVE THEM DRINK."

Give drink to the thirsting body—
But not the cup that will bring
A flush to the cheek, and a throb to the brow,
And a sharp and fiery sting.
That will rack with fierce disease
When its maddening glow is past,
And drive the fevered soul years farther
To a drunkard's grave at last.

Give drink to the thirsting body—
The drink that God has given
In the cool, clear streams, and the springing well,
To each creature under heaven.
Give drink to the thirsting body
Wearing the dust of the world alone,
The cup that will cheer, and only cheer,
The wearied and thirsting one.

Give drink to the thirsting mind
Where the streams of Learning flow,
And Science has poured her golden light
On the vale of the lone heart.
There let the mind roam on,
And drink from the sparkling rill,
And find its power with each new supply
Grow stronger and stronger still.

Give drink to the thirsting soul,—
But not from the opiate well
That Satan has filled, as he ever does,
To the burning depths of hell.
Bread not, nor help to bound,
That such is the drunkard's name,
For none can pass through the gates of heaven
Defiled by this badge of shame.

Give drink to the thirsting soul,
Nay, it is the Saviour who is give;
The stream where the mind may wash and be clean,
Where the fainting may drink and live.
But Jesus can give it
To Him bid the soul draw nigh;
He will not leave it unsaved, unblest,
As the drunkard's cup of Life is he.
He will quench the burning thirst,
He will wash the crimson stain;
He will bring the soul to the world above,
Where it never shall thirst again. C. S. P.

Commit
thy way unto the
LORD:
trust also in Him; and He
shall bring it to pass. And
shall bring forth
thy righteousness
as the light.
Ps. xxxvii. 5, 6.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Prize for Writing.—We have received specimens of writing from about two thousand competitors. They are from all kinds of stations—Ministers, Masters, Shoemakers, Sailors, Soldiers, Sailors, Farm-labourers, Carpenters, &c., &c. The examination has proved a long and not very easy matter. Some specimens are not from workmen—men or boys, and have had to be rejected. In our next number we hope to publish the well.

Honour-to-Honour Canvassing.—We could fill a volume with gladdening letters received from our numerous friends who are enrolling our circulation, and preparing by canvassing for subscribers. To publish a few extracts,—

"I canvassed for twenty houses, and obtained sixty-one subscribers to the 'British Workman,' besides orders for a little volume and a Bible." "I got twenty-five Arrears paid up, and obtained sixty houses, obtained sixty subscribers, and orders for twenty-five copies of the 'Cottager.'"

"I received your letter and parcel, and at once distributed the canvassing bills. Today I called for the money, and paid for twelve dozen of subscribers, which I found I had obtained orders for 105 copies."—J. C., Inverary.

"As a country lad, I hung your paper most lovingly neatly, and many have thanked me most heartily for bringing it into their cottages. I have had my second quarter's subscribers for efforts, having obtained 600 subscribers, amongst whom are twenty-eight Pauper Lunatics."—J. Alexander.

☞ A supply of the House-to-House Canvassing Bills, and of the "26 Suggestions for extending the circulation of the British Workman," will be had, post free, on application to the Editor, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Cornwall.—We replied to letter from a Hendrabitha correspondent, in the number of a recent tour in Cornwall, she had pleasing evidences of the spread, and influence of Sabbath-keeping Scholars of that country. We wish for some time to hear from Mrs. Newlyn, who regularly leave their Sabbath-keeping Scholars at home, and go to the Church of Sabbath in Divine worship, and with their families, is very gratifying. The account of a most amiable and kind hearted Sailor, who "cherished of visiting the poor Land's End." should we be able to be supplied with copies of the "Sailor's Friend," we shall be glad to make use of them in our visits of Sabbath-keeping Fishermen."

Notice.—In consequence of the very serious loss of time and labour, occasioned to the Secretary of Accounts, Correspondence, &c., we have resolved to the Secretary of Accounts, Correspondence, &c., owing to the receipt of numerous small sums, and the consequent necessity of a large clerical staff to keep the sum of Prepaid Pay-Payment. It is therefore hoped, that our friends will not be offended at being asked to comply with a business regulation which THE PUBLISHER has found to be of ABSOLUTE NECESSITY.

PACKETS BY POST.

☞ The Publisher will forward packets of the "British Workman" Tracts, Sheets, and Sermons, to Kingdom, the Channel Islands, the Shetland and Orkney Is. , post paid, as under:—

4 copies for 6d., or for one year 2s.				
8 " " 1s., " " 4s.				
12 " " 1s., " " 6s.				Must be paid in Advance.
20 " " 1s. 6d., " " 10s.				
30 " " 2s. 6d., " " 15s.				
40 " " 3s. 6d., " " 20s.				
60 " " 4s. 3d., " " 30s.				

☞ Orders to be addressed to Mr. S. W. Partridge, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

GOOD SERVANTS, GOOD WIVES, AND HAPPY HOMES.

CHAPTER VI.

On opening the door, and looking out, Mrs. Fletcher and her neighbour beheld a number of persons bearing the body of a man, apparently lifeless, on a kind of hurdle; they halted at the door of Betsey Dorling, and asked it was David himself whom they were bearing home, and the shriek which had been heard had been uttered by his wife on being apprised of the condition of her unhappy husband.

Regardless of the wants and misery of his family, David had been drinking all the week, while his wife were scarcely fainting from want of food; so true it is that our drunkenness destroys every moral principle and every social attachment. By the continued excess in drink he had been debilitated, his brain had become affected to an extent bordering on frenzy. Liquor excited to an extent bordering on madness, and it so generally rendered him quarrelsome and vicious; it made him be had been more than usually so; even the landlord of the "Brown Bear," whose best customer he was, had found it necessary to eject him from his house; and he had proceeded to commit a serious scuffle, in which David received a blow that stout him staggering and senseless against the door-post, by which, as he fell, a frightful wound was inflicted on his head.

Great was the distress of the unhappy wife as she beheld her husband borne into the house, covered with blood, and exhibiting all the wild and degrading vices and frightfulness of one who had died in a state of beastly intoxication. Yet her grief was more severe by the state of his soul than that of his body. A surgeon was speedily in attendance, who, after a hasty examination, pronounced him still living, and that he might be restored, if the wound, he feared, would not cause death, some inflammation should ensue. On asking Mrs. Dorling for several things necessary for dressing the wound, and observing her grief of her husband, she was obliged to make known her destitute condition. "Alas, sir, I cannot supply them. Money I have none, and have been stripped of everything that my husband done and suffered. You see our destitute condition with pawn or sell. Neither I nor my children have tasted of the bread for two days." This sad statement strongly excited the sympathy of several neighbours whom curiosity had collected together to ascertain the cause of Mrs. Dorling's calamity, and who quickly conveyed to their own dwellings sufficient a supply of food for poor Betsey and her family, and of medicine, for the use of her husband, by the surgeon, Fletcher, to obtain the whole necessary for his patient, without they would be sure to obtain them there.

Many persons if applied to under such circumstances would be all ready to give, and would turn over the contents of half-a-dozen drawers before they discovered the articles required. It was not so with Mrs. Fletcher, she was always prepared for any emergency, determined to arrange everything with order and method, so that she could at any time lay her hand at once on the article wanted. In the course of a few minutes she had collected together the almost needful, and was rendering good whatever the deemed needful, and was rendering good and both to the surgeon and the almost broken-hearted wife of the drunkard, and spoke thus:—

"O this is very kind of you," said the latter, "I cannot reward you, but the Lord will."

"There is always a present reward in attempting to do good, replied Mrs. Fletcher, "but other matters claim attention just now. Whilst the surgeon is attending to your husband, you must attend to yourself and your children. Here is one neighbour who has brought a pint of tea, and another a plate of bread and butter, and a third a loaf and a few rashers—these will well suit you the last after your long fast. David's case, if he does well, will be a tedious one, and will require all your energy, both of body and mind, to do it properly. The more you have to do you should immediately attend to yourself, I will render what assistance the surgeon may require, and see! how kindly your neighbours are attending to the children."

"Thank God! thank God!" exclaimed Mrs. Darling, "He does not forsake me in my sore necessities. I've been sorely tried, I had well-nigh cast away my confidence, my heart was ready to break, but this kindness is like healing balm."

After long continued efforts on the part of the surgeon, the wretched man began to recover consciousness, just for some time he appeared to have lost his senses, the stupidness of wine had taken place. "What is the matter? Where am I? O my head!" were his first utterances. By little and little the consciousness of his situation was brought to his mind, and to produce great frequently and enough. This was indicated by various expressions of bitter self-reproach, such as "What a fool I've been! I was time enough to be a wretch? O this cursed liquor! Ruined, ruined!"

For the space of the life of the wretched sufferer hung in a state of fearful suspense; like a taper quivering in the wind, it seemed each moment about to expire. During this time of trial his wife must have sunk under the pressure of her woes, but for the kind and energetic assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher. By applying to the parish authorities for relief, by soliciting the aid of benevolent friends in her behalf, and by their own personal efforts, they had largely contributed to the alleviation of her distress, and the supply of her wants, nor were they less serviceable in administering spiritual consolation.

Contrary to expectation, a favourable change took place in the condition of the sufferer; the fever began to subside, and as it declined, consciousness gradually returned. As recovery continued the delirious scene had to rest upon his mind a fearful recollection of extreme suffering, and of something horrible seen and felt, just as he escaped and you, whom I have seen and injured, you have been my deliverer," and he grasped her hand with an agony of feeling. Supposing that he was yet under the influence of delirium, she gently urged him not to speak. "No," he replied, "I must speak. Betsey, I can never repay you. O what a friend you have been to me! I ought to have had an escape I have had." It was so long since she had heard from her husband the language of kindness, that poor Betsey was well-nigh overcome by the feelings it excited; yet scarcely understanding the import of his words, she ventured to ask, "What escape do you refer to?"

"How strange that you should ask that," he replied, "when you know so well all about it. When I left home last Sunday morning, I didn't tell you where I was going, for I knew well what you would say, but, Bland, Booth, and I, had agreed to go to C——, and have a Sunday's spree. During the day we encouraged each other in all sorts of fun, and folly, and wickedness; and as we went from one public-house to another to see who was going on, and to spring a fresh lark, we were all sadly intoxicated before we thought of returning. On our way home we were so wicked, I—— commenced, somehow or other, I lost my companions, and as I was looking round for them, I beheld to my amazement tremendous flames in the distance shooting like a sea of fire; they were evidently rolling towards me, and they approached with fearful rapidity; I was filled with terror, and tried to escape, but strength failed which every time the flames seemed to be nearing me. I gave myself up for lost. I shrieked out in the bitterness of my despair. Sensations I prayed—but then I cursed and blasphemed, but just at the last extremity I saw you; you know all that followed; you sheltered me a rock, which in my confusion and delirium I took for one that overshadowed me, I had not seen, and you led me through an opening in the rock into a place of safety. O what an escape! Ah, Betsey, but for you I must have perished in the flames, and surely they were the flames of the bottomless pit. My flesh seems to burn even now at the recollection."

As Betsey listened she was possessed of a good understanding, and a quick perception, she readily interpreted the narrative of her husband, and was filled with joy that he had escaped the visionary scene which delirium had partly induced had been altogether a reality. "You have had, indeed, a most merciful escape, you have been very near destruction; but God has shewn mercy, and has delivered you from the flames. But we will talk more about it when you are in better condition."

In a few days the delusions which had been so fearfully excited the brain were all dispersed, and what was still more pleasing, the infuriating power of sin, by which he was long deceived and enslaved appeared to be broken. Although, from his extreme feebleness, his utterances were few, yet they spoke of his sin and of his sorrow often directed to his past life and its sad effects. One evening when he had been long occupied with such a train of thought, he said, "Betsey, I have had such a dream, a dreadful dream, when I saw the flames purging me so terribly, but if so, it must have been sent by God. I can never forget it. O! how I felt the fire—the flames—the heat—the smoke, and swell, and crackle! I seem now to hear the crackle, withering influence. How horrible was the despair! I felt, I felt, I felt, I cannot describe it! I was the despair! I felt, I felt, I felt, I cannot describe it! I was the despair! I felt, I felt, I felt, I cannot describe it! I

TRAVELLERS' RESTS.

A BENEVOLENT movement has been commenced by Dr. Kendrick, of Warrington, which will be hailed by many. We refer to the erection of substantial stone seats, or TRAVELLERS' RESTS, at the sides of highways much frequented by pedestrians. We hope shortly to be able to publish some further information about these 'Rests.'

These TRAVELLERS' RESTS are 'helps by the way' to the 'sons and daughters of labour,' and we hope that their erection will speedily become general.

HOME LESSON FROM BIRDS.

How many and how beautiful are the lessons that man may learn from the lowly birds—those sweet songsters of the grove! Look at the fine thrush, singing to his mate, whilst she is hatching her eggs. If every workingman would thus make 'home' melodious with 'kind words' and 'sounds of harmony,' what a happy land Old England might be!

The Thrush birds are expeditious little builders. Mr. Macgillivray, says :—"On Thursday morning the 15th of June, 1837, a pair began to build in an apple tree in my garden. On Friday afternoon the nest was finished, and on Saturday morning, the 17th, the first egg was laid in it, although the plaster in the inside was very wet. On Wednesday the 21st, the female began to sit on five eggs, and on Monday the 17th of July, the young ones flew out of their nest."

"As for the note of the Thrush, *that man* can have no music in his soul who does not love to listen to it in the tranquil summer evening, and look for the place of the vocalist. Presently you will discover the delightful bird, pouring forth his lay from the top of some neighbouring tree; you will see his throat swelling with his love-songs, and hear it you may, if you choose to linger, till sable night casts her dark mantle on all around, and wraps the face of nature in her shroud. Beginning with the dawn of day the Mavis has continued his clear and liquid notes at intervals, till now that evening has come, when he must sing his evening hymn, and remind you of your own orisons to the Great Creator."—*Morris.*

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

ONE cheerless morning in the first week of last December, the writer was in the city of Oxford, standing in a shop, in the Corn Market. There was so much thick sleety rain falling, that though it was eight o'clock, the day seemed scarcely to have dawned. A young gentleman with a mild, thoughtful, sedate countenance, accompanied by another gentleman of mature years, suddenly emerged from a covered passage, and with a quick step passed along the pavement in front of the shop. "Our clerk is five minutes wrong this morning," said the master of the shop, looking attentively at the two as they passed. "How so?" inquired the writer—observing the look. "Oh! that is the Prince of Wales going to his morning prayers. He never misses, and he is never late; we might all set our watches by him, he is so punctual!"

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

WE are desirous of sending a specimen number to every Sunday School in the land. Will our readers kindly help us by sending the names and addresses of Superintendents; stating the denomination of each School?

THE REFORMED SAILOR.

OBSERVE that aged sailor, and the interesting little girl who is leading him by the hand. His furrowed, hard, weather-beaten countenance denotes a long acquaintance with storms and hardships. Although gentle as a lamb, so that a child can control him, it is not long ago that he was a rough, swearing, drunken reprobate, so surly and morose as to be an object of dread. The astonishing change that has come over him is to be ascribed, instrumentally, to the lovely little girl who is leading him by the hand, and who is accompanying him to the House of God.

Little Jane, who is well-known to the writer, was returning from school one Sabbath, in the afternoon, with her heart much affected by the address of her teacher, and by the consideration of her ungodly father's condition, which she would do to pray that God would enable her to speak to him on the subject.

On reaching home, to her great joy, she found him not only sober but in a much kinder mood than usual. Going to him affectionately, and placing her hands upon his knees, looking at him at the same time with an expression of countenance so full of love and kindness and pity, as quite affected the old man's heart, she said, "Shall I tell you, father, what my teacher has been saying to me this afternoon?"

"What did she say?"

"She told us that there are many families in this town, who live in houses *without roofs.*"

"Houses without roofs. I knew of none. What did she mean?"

"She said it is houses in which there is no *family prayer* to God, are without roofs, for they are open to all manner of evil; and what is still worse, she told us that the families that call not upon God's name, will be at last cast into hell. This has made me very unhappy, because, as you know, father, we have no family prayer. I have heard you pray."

"Father, begin to pray—pray for me—pray now."

The heart of the old man, which had often shown itself to be fearless amidst the violence of the tempest, and the rage of the battle, now quailed under the affecting appeal of his daughter. He was conscience smitten.

It was the *turning-point.* From that hour, the father and daughter were often engaged in prayer together. Prayer cannot be offered up in vain. After a time, the old sailor found mercy at the hands of Him who came into the world to save sinners, even the chief. Father and daughter are now joined to the Lord in one spirit, and may be seen every Sabbath wending their way, hand in hand, to the House of God, while ever and anon, the old man keeps looking down with delight upon his interesting daughter, whom he calls his little "angel of mercy."

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BRITISH WORKMAN.

THE KEY and THE CROW-BAR.

Squire Gillings, of Hilton Hall, had lost the key of his strong iron chest; sadly has it tried his temper, nor is it much to be wondered at, considering what it contains. In the first place, the title deeds of the Hall are there, for he bought the whole estate about five years ago, and then he had money on mortgage, and the securities

are in the chest; hardly could they be in a safer place. The squire always keeps more gold by him than I think he ought to keep, but he knows best. Suppose thieves should break in and steal.

True, they might have reason trouble with the iron chest, but I should scarcely like to risk it. Everybody says the squire is a happy man, because he is a rich man, and perhaps I should think so too, if he had not died not say. "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much: but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep." Eccles. v. 12. And again, "Better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith," Prov. xv. 16.

Three times has Squire Gillings ransacked his writing-desk, his purse, and his drawers, up-stairs and down, for the missing key, but all in vain; and now he is vexed, for the steward and the lawyer are to be with him in an hour to look over some important writings which are in the chest. At no time is the squire's temper any of the best, but those who are with him will out of the way just now, for he is not in a mood to pardon a fault, or to be very nice in reproving it, either in his words or his deeds. Alfred Gillings has been chosen by his kind-hearted lady, called the footman a fool, and kicked the old pointer dog because he lay in his way on the mat at the bottom of the stairs. That is a true saying, "When a man is out of temper with himself, he is out of temper with all the world."

Hitherto all is in a complete hubbub, for though the steward and the lawyer are come, the squire has not yet found the key of the iron chest. What will be the end of it? Have a care, Squire Gillings, or your riches will anchor you to the earth when you ought to be setting your affections on heaven. Remember what the text says, "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon," Matt. vi. 24.

Mighty is the arm of Martin, the broad-chested village blacksmith, and he lifts up his big hammer and brings it down again with a thundering stroke on his resounding anvil. No wonder that Martin has been sent for by the squire. There he stands in the hall in his shirt-sleeves, with a crow-bar in one hand and his hammer in the other, not knowing which will be wanted. See what an arm he has! why it would fell an ox, and look at his broad shoulders! Squire Gillings may make himself easy about his iron chest being opened: but a sad pity it seems to have it attacked to pieces.

Squire Gillings, the steward, and the lawyer have laid their heads together to know whether they could not manage, in some way, to do without breaking open the iron chest; but the time has been all lost, for the squire is certain the writings which are wanted are in the chest, and the steward and lawyer are equally certain that the least delay in the business on hand will be attended with great loss. There is no use hesitating, for the iron chest must be broken open.

"Well, Martin," says the squire to the blacksmith, "this is a bad affair about my iron chest. You have got your tools with you, I see. I would rather that you forced it with your bar, than broke it to pieces with your hammer. Do you think you will be able to manage it?"

"Yes, sir," replies the blacksmith, "may be I shall; it must be a curious kind of a chest if I can't get into it one way or other. Sam Martin is not the man to turn his back before a job like this."

"Come along, then," says the squire, leading the way up the staircase to his private room, followed by the steward, the lawyer, and the hot-brained blacksmith, whose clanking tread is distinctly heard every step he takes. I warrant we shall soon hear the clanging sound of the sledge-hammer resounding through the hall.

And now the fair form of Martin is wrenching away with the crow-bar at the iron chest, and all his might; but the chest is fitted up in a closet, and he cannot get at it as he would. So bits of the sharp end of the crow-bar can be forced into any part of the chest that it slips away every time he makes a wrench. There he is, however, at it still, doing his best, bathed in perspiration.

But see! Here comes the footman with another smith, of the name of Wilson, for whom the squire's lady has sent. Alfred Gillings, slender, pale-faced stripling, with an arm more like that of a boy than of a man. He bows open an iron chest! Why, Martin will laugh at him. Wilson knows what he is about as a whitesmith.

Wilson has taken from the pocket of his leather jacket a large bunch of keys, and is trying to find one that will fit the lock of the iron chest. He is now applying a skeleton key, which requires great skill in its management. Well done, Wilson! He has given the key a sudden jerk, and the iron chest is open.

Now it is not only when an iron chest has to be opened, but also when the human heart has to be reached, that skilful and gentle methods often succeed better than force and violence. Kindness and love will unlock a heart which anger and severe usage have sealed and bolted and barred.

And now the scene is changed. Let us leave the Hall and go down to the village blacksmith's shop: but before we go, a short but sad tale must be told.

John Martin, the blacksmith, had a daughter. She was his only child; beside her he had neither son nor daughter. She was the joy of his heart, and the very picture of her deceased mother.

Alas! in this world we never know what we have to mourn over. Martin married against his father's consent; and he, in his anger, vowed that she should never cross his threshold again. Poor Alice is now come to ask her father's forgiveness, but he will have nothing to say to her. The squire has been the sturdy, sterndy threatening the blacksmith, and playing the very crow-bar with him. "Martin," said the squire, "I have heard that your daughter is very poorly. Alice is now come to ask her father's forgiveness, but he will have nothing to say to her. The squire has been the sturdy, sterndy threatening the blacksmith, and playing the very crow-bar with him. "Martin," said the squire, "I have heard that your daughter is very poorly. Poor Alice is now come to ask her father's forgiveness, but he will have nothing to say to her. But now the squire's lady is gone to see her, and I have threatened him; it was his desire for the happiness of his daughter, and Martin must pass it over. She asks this as a favour, and she knows that he will do it for her. She tells Martin that she is sorry for him, that it must be a bitter thing to a fond father, to have his daughter disobey him. "Martin," says the squire, "

The blacksmith begins to turn his brush quicker, and his heart swells in his bosom. He hardly knows which way to look, or where to put himself. Hallelujah people!

"God knows that we are all sinful creatures. There is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not, and when we repent and ask for forgiveness, "deal with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities," but, in His goodness and mercy, sent His own Son to die for us and to pray for us, and bidden us to be bitter and unforgiving one towards another."

The blacksmith's mouth is stopped, for he knows too well, through all his life, that he has done many things he ought to have done, and done those things which he ought not to have done. The squire's lady proceeds—

"Your father, Mr. Martin, is a good girl, though she has, in this instance, acted wrong. She ought to have been guided by her father, who was her best earthly friend; and I say it is a pity that anger of her not to have waited till you gave your consent; but you are not of an unforgiving disposition, I know you are not. Everyone loved Alice, and she was a good child. When I have seen you on Sunday at Divine service together, I have thought to myself, I wish every father had as good a child, and every daughter as loving a father."

Poor Martin is now in a pitiable case, for Madam's kind words are tugging at his heart; his face turns pale, and his lip quivers.

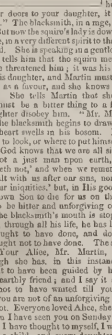
"If poor Alice has sinned," continues the squire's lady, "she has suffered, and I am sorry for her. I have seen her, and indeed she is not fit for me to bring her up down on her knees to beg her father's forgiveness. I asked her if you had ever treated her unkindly, Mr. Martin. "No! no! no!" said she, "I know I never a better father in the world—I could die for him!"

Martin is at last mastered. Yes! the strong blacksmith has cried out, with a convulsive sobbing, "Let me!" and now he is seated, hiding his face with his hands, and weeping like a child.

Let us now fancy that repentant Alice and her forgiving father are in each other's arms, and that the squire's lady, with a happy heart, is walking back to the Hall. Try, reader, to get a lesson from what has taken place, to be forgiving, and never give way to anger and violence.

Let love above your actions,
And take reason for your guide;
And never use a crow-bar
When a key can do the deed. c. s.

Trout Magazine.



THE BURGOMAS OF SOLERNE had, during the warm contests for the mastership of the school, expressed the cause of *Lours of Bavaria*, and thereby incurred the displeasure of the *House of Austria. Duke Leopold* advanced with a powerful army, besieged their town and threatened its extirpation. A violent fall of rain however, rendered useless the only means of communication between different parts of the camp: the duke took a prisoner a number of men upon it, who, in order to steady it against the impetuous force of the torrent, had landed it with great heaps of stones. This precaution, however, proved ineffectual; the bridge gave way, and the prisoner perishing in the stream. The burghers, at this disastrous moment, forgot their quarrels, flocked to their bonds, and at the imminent danger of their own lives, hastened to the relief of their perishing antagonist; they saved the greatest number of them, fed them, cheered them, and sent them back to the camp. The duke, being upon, attended by thirty knights, came to the walls, and desired to be admitted on friendly terms. On being honourably received, he granted a barrier to the burghers as a token of perfect reconciliation, and declared that their generosity had completely vanquished his resentment. None of his wars ever terminated so much to his advantage."

PREJUDICE.

No. I.—MACHINERY.

ONE of the most sensible men I ever know in my life was a working man. I cannot say that he was in the common acceptation of the word a prosperous man. He began life poor, and he left it poor in that world's goods. But I thought him rich in the best sense; for though he had many cares, both personal and relative, he had many blessings. He married a good woman early in life, and had a large family. His trade, that of a glove-cutter, was not well paid—but he may be said to have *lived* all the days of his life, he did not *drag* out a miserable, or drink away any of his time. He looked for his best companions and his chief happiness at home, and there he found them. His children were noted in habits of industry, intelligence, and piety, and accustomed to a home of love and comfort, they arose in life to call their parents blessed.

There is nothing to tell of this good man, for living, thinking, working, reading, and praying was his history—but many, myself among others, liked his society, and have remembered many of his thoughtful sayings. One evening in particular, I remember that our conversation was of a very pleasant character, he had observed them well, had lived his long life among them, and deeply sympathized with and respected them; therefore I listened attentively and shall always remember them down. After an interval of years whenever I have fested them, I find they tally precisely with my own experience and observation.

I remember saying (I was young and rash then), "Oh, the poor have no friends!"

"If by the poor you mean the working classes," replied my friend (whom I will call Mr. Sagely), "they are like the rest of the world, they have some friends, but they have one great enemy."

"Oh, the rich," I replied.

Sagely, "the working classes are the worst enemies to the working classes." This sentiment startled me to my hands. "How do you mean that out?" I rejoined.

"Plainly enough. They take up with a number of prejudices, like that you just utter, which are not only unfounded, but are the ruin of the poor, and these prejudices hurt them in many ways."

"What do you mean by the word 'prejudice?'"

"Why, taking up an opinion without duly and carefully examining it, because it agrees with some hasty feeling, and then blindly holding on to it, because it has once been taken up. It is a sort of judging, giving a verdict without evidence or consideration, and the worst of it is, people act as if these hasty judgments were correct. For instance, I have heard people prejudice the working classes hard, and many yet have, to the introduction of machinery. They might as well argue on a bench, and try to stop the tide coming in, as to try to stop machinery. Improvements will come, and none can stop them."

"But," I interposed, "perhaps they do not think that these improvements are good."

"They can't deny that if fifty yards of cloth are made as cheaply as ten used once to be made, that is an itself a great improvement, and it is only in one light. They say, 'How will such machinery affect me?'—and this selfish idea shuts out all other considerations, and so impelled by that, many people, the working classes have often formed combinations, and taken part in riots that have brought upon them more misery and ruin than work can describe. In the onward progress of society, some must from time to time suffer, when any great change in the industrial pursuits of the country take place, but it is wrong to make ourselves, and thereby, as the people find they produce good, and not evil.

"When the railways were first established in England, it was said by prejudiced people, that coachmen and innkeepers, and all the workers, who were employed by that class, would be ruined, and that our breed of horses, for which England was famous, would be ruined already away,—instead of that, railways up to this time (1850), have employed at least three people for every one that were employed before, and a hundred times more than any thing like so many horses bred formerly, and the trade of the country is fully doubled; to say nothing of the travelling, and the increased wealth. When first machinery was introduced into the weaving business, there were dreadful riots and bloodshed, but though one machine may have put a hundred human hands out of hands, yet the demand for human labour has steadily increased, to say nothing of the benefits that have come to other ways to the people.

"What other ways?" said I.

"Why, the rich and noble in every age, had enough not merely for their comfort, but luxuries. If cotton was three shillings a-yard, they would have sufficient for their clothing, but the labouring classes could not get cotton at a price so low as that, it was three pence or fourpence a-yard, the working man's family is clothed better by far, than they ever could be but for machinery, in the same way, the rich had plenty of comfort and convenience; if they are multiplied cheaply, they are brought within the reach of the people, and society is the better for it.

It is only savage nations who use no machinery, and they are all poor. The savage has his wretched wigwam, his bow and arrow, or his boomerang, and he thinks himself rich if he can procure food for his family. Or, to go higher, the Hindoo keeps to his old process of weaving cloth or muslin, and has to be content with a few handfuls of rice for food, and a bit of cloth to cover him. There is, I believe, no country in the world where the working people have been comfortably clothed and fed, without the aid of machinery.

Man is a tool-making creature. God gave him that skill, and the better he makes his implements, the more they conduce to save his bone and muscle, prolong his life and promote his prosperity."

In the ten years, since these remarks, the increase has been much greater.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

"REAL Religion is a living principle. Any one may make a show, and be called a Christian, and unite himself to a sect, and be admired; but, for a man to enter into the sanctuary to hold secret communion with God; to retire into his closet, and transact all his affairs with God between himself and his God, like Enoch, yea, to smite upon his breast in the language of the publican, having no confidence in the flesh, and triumphing only in Christ Jesus; these are the life and acts of a new creature."—CECIL.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WELSH "BRITISH WORKMAN."—*Having received numerous requests from all classes in Wales, from the first week in the Year, to issue an edition of the British Workman in Welsh (Y Gwirdhar Cymreig), we unanimously with the Publication, we have at length commenced to make it a regular issue, monthly, commencing in January, 1861, PUBLISHING ONE EDITION THE NEXT THREE MONTHS, subscribers to be entered as soon as expressed, for the year 1861. Persons desirous to be enrolled as subscribers are requested to forward their names to the Publisher, Mr. S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row, London, stating the number of copies they will take for the twelve months.*

CHAPTER FOR SAILORS—The Rev. R. H. BAYNES, M.A., Chaplain, Seaford House, Well Street, Hackney, Middlesex, writes—"Could you kindly make me a grant of 'British Workmen' for Gratuitous Distribution at Meetings for Seamen, amongst Sailors, and Visitors of the Sailor's Home. I have found it very useful in the cause of true Christian, and good and sound religious principles, and would be most thankful for any such Tracts you can kindly make." Yes, Sir, we will do it with all our heart. We can have delivered to the Sailors, and to all of Mr Baynes on behalf of the Sailors' Home, by the Sailors' Friend Society. We believe that good seed will spring up and grow, and when we reflect that he is making him a blessing to many Sailors, we feel that he is entitled to the prayers and sympathy of Christians of all denominations. We have afforded in great pleasure to be able to add "grants" of copies of the 'British Workman' and the 'Band of Hope' Work on the SAILORS' HOME, but our "Gratuitous Fund" is now so limited, we regret that this, and numerous other important applications cannot be responded to until further voluntary contributions are received. Mr. Bayne's address, Seaford House, Well Street, Hackney, N.E., will be glad to receive any contributions.

We shall be glad to hear of any Sailors' Homes, grants, and, and free, a supply of Illustrated Circulars, suitable for Sailors' Letters, or for distribution amongst Sailors, and Tracts, to be given during their stay at watering-places, by the Sailors' Friend Society, and Sailors' Friends, by the Sailors' Friends, and Applicables for bills to be made to the Editor, 9, Paternoster Row, London.

PRIZES FOR WRITING.—By the kind and valuable assistance of a Gentleman in H. M. Service, the 200 specimens have been received (print in a very beautiful manner) for a free work placed in awarding the prize to

FRANCIS CHAMBERLAIN, Joiner, Kilham, Driffield.

The following Competitors stand next on the list. The Committees are so nearly equal to each other and to the class, that, if possible, we shall be glad to have a second prize, "Bible" bound in plain cloth. We have much pleasure in giving *Extra* prizes:—

MOSES BELLOW, Joiner, Friars Gardens, Scarfer.

JAMES BLAIR, Farm Labourer, Balfunning, Balfron, Stirlingshire.

CHRISTOPHER MOSES, Brick and Tile Maker, North Grimsby, Lincolnshire.

JOSHUA WARDINGTON, Blacksmith, 18, Victoria Place, Prince Edwin Street, Everton.

ALEXANDER DUNCE, Joiner, Farm of Garlaweh, near Buckpyle, Stirlingshire.

JONATHAN CROMLAND, Miner, Jump, near Barnsley, (written in German text).

ARCHIBALD GUTHRIE, Shoemaker, Kilsyth, Stirlingshire.

PETER MCKEACH, Ploughman, Killearn, Stirlingshire.

Many other competitors, including several who have lost either the right or left hand; young females, weavers, mill-workers, &c., have sent in creditable specimens of their skill, but there is a little more than one or two competitors, giving several prizes for the best specimen of writing.

HE importance of working-men improving themselves in writing is becoming daily more and more apparent. We want to find as many intelligent and trustworthy men who can make a trade of a clerk or delivery note, to be ready to be taken on, and they their name is a little lighted, but also written out orders, advertisements, &c. If any of our readers will inspect the marriage registers, either in town or country, they will find a great number of marriages where the wives have husbands and wives who cannot even *write their own name!*

We are pleased to learn that many young men are taking to heart the matter, and are setting themselves to diligently to improving his handwriting, that his master has raised, and that he is not great and willing, that his master has raised, and that he is not great and willing, that his master has raised, and that he is not great and willing

THE FLOWER-POT GARDEN.

"God made the country, and man made the town," is the thoughtful saying of the great Christian poet, Cowper. And the love of country sights and scenes is so strong, that it continues with most people throughout life, though they may have lived but little in great cities, far away from the pleasant fields, and flowery gardens which they knew in childhood.

But there is no reason whatever, that people living in London, or other great towns, should be deprived of all enjoyment of flowers, a very little ingenuity would enable every industrious, sober working man, to adorn his dwelling with a few of these "smiles of God's goodness."

The writer well remembers a poor little cripple boy, who was fond of flowers. He parents lived in two top rooms of a house situated in a close, paved court, yet the windows of these two garrets were really beautiful to look at.

In a row of hacking bottles, the little boy grew some lovely tank and white hyacinths. The flowers were so large and thick, that he had to make little supports for them of scarlet bonnet-wire; as soon as these were over, he had some cucumbers growing in cocoa-nut shells. These he also gave him some slips of geraniums, which he placed them carefully in a wooden box, under some broken tiles, that attracted the light, and kept out the cold, the broken pots hung just enough to give air to the plant by and by, they grew so strong, that they had to be transplanted, and during the whole summer, there were the bright, rich geraniums, with their fine broad green leaves, lively flowering pelargoniums, and the little cucumbers, what this poor boy did, surely might be done by any man or woman?

The great drawback to such kind of gardening, is to give the plants as much light and air as possible—to water them regularly, cut off the dead and damaged leaves, and keep them as clean as possible, for leaves are the breathing apparatus of the plants. One reason why some people fail to have healthy flowers, is, that they let dust and soot choke up the leaves, and the plant withers. As a rule, plants thrive much better in the common clay garden-pots, than they do in glazed pots or ware, because the former are porous, and the plant gets air through them, and the glazed pots are close and hard, so that the cheap kinds of flower-pots are the best. Something must be known of plants and flowers, in order to be successful in cultivating them. Crocuses, yellow and purple, will grow in the early spring, in the window of almost any room. The bulbs may be moved about from year, in a year, and I have seen an old tin saucepan, or cover, cleaned, with holes punched in it, made quite a beautiful object, by the pretty leafs of the crocus springing through, in the holes. All that hyacinths want, is water and light. It is very nice to have a pretty set of hyacinth glasses along the ledge of the window, and they are now to be had very cheap, but any bottles with a wide neck will do, to support the root in, and allow the fibres to extend into the water.

Auriculas are very handy—and every one knows what a rich purple flower this is, with a golden eye, and a sort of mealy silver-green leaf, and a fine, magnificent, but fragrant, and low nearly individual—a slight wooden box to fit the window, or a few pots, and a penny-worth of seed. Some people sow the seed early before planting it. It should not be sown thick, but in a great fault; as soon as it comes up, and is an inch higher than the pot or box, is strong of damp, and many seeds choke the young plants. This sweet plant raised in April will bloom the whole summer.

There there are several climbing plants that need but little care—the nasturtium, the canariensis, the convolvulus—may be planted in pots that can be suspended by a strong cord, like a basket, and they will run up the side of the window, and make a lovely garland round it, shading it from the sun, being a most pleasant object to the eye. When it is remembered how a few cents, or at most, a few pence, may be exchange for plants, will beautify a room, it is a pity that this great ornament of flowers should ever be neglected. Nothing can come to be beautiful, cheap, and pleasing. If a clean window, and a bright, well-swept hearth and brick fire, will make a room cheerful in winter—flowers make it lovely in summer. And the man who has his garden full of geraniums, his mignonette, and climbing plants, blooming round his window—can feel, that even in the town, he is not shut out from the sweet sights and scents of the country, or from intercourse with the works of God.

THERE is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower,
In every herb on which you tread
Are written words, which rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fairest scene,
To hope, and holiness, and God.—*Allan Cunningham.*

In all places, then, and in all seasons
Flowers expand their light and sound-like wings,
Teaching us by the most persuasive reasons,
How skin they are to human things.
And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand,
Emblems of our great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.—*Longfellow.*

A FRIEND once asked Professor Franke how it came to pass that he maintained such constant peace of mind. The benevolent and godly man replied, "By stirring up my mind a hundred times a-day. Wherever I am, whatever I do, I say, *Blessed Jesus, have I truly a share in Thy redemption? Are my sins forgiven? Am I guided by Thy Spirit? Thane I am, wash me again and again.* By this constant converse with Jesus I have enjoyed serenity of mind and a settled peace in my soul."

GOOD SERVANTS, GOOD WIVES, AND HAPPY HOMES.

CHAPTER VII.

OUR last record of Mrs. Warne, was her hasty retirement from the house of David Darling. On her return home, she sat for a time absorbed in thought, the spirit of heaven had been gradually entering her mind, disclosing to her the necessity of a change of heart, and exciting an earnest desire to become a new creature in Christ Jesus. She had seen what grace had effected in her pious neighbours, and she longed to share their blessedness, and to possess the like spiritual grace and power. Her heart was attracted by the loveliness of piety, rather than oppressed or alarmed by a sense of guilt and danger; it was "gently pressed of the Lord." The scene she had just witnessed in the house of David Darling had caused her to feel the necessity of an immediate surrender of her heart to God. The views and impressions she had received in her youth were revived in all their original freshness, and contributed greatly to promote her present purpose, and also to guide her steps into the path of peace.

The value of early instruction in the great truths of Scripture cannot be too highly estimated; it may, in many cases, be like seed cast into the earth,—it may seem to be lost—years may pass away, and to the eye it may appear, that when the heathen soil comes to be broken up by affliction, and by better experience of the evil of sin, and the vanity of the world, that it is to be found to yield no fruit, and ultimately to bear the peaceable fruits of righteousness." Or, though like a feeble light, it may become so enveloped by mists of worldliness and sin, as to be hid, and apparently extinguished, yet, when many and painful trials have dispersed the clouds, which alike deceive the judgment and cloud the heart, it will break forth, reflecting, as the sinner has real condition, and opening to his view the true method of escape.

On the day referred to, in the retirement of her chamber, secluded from every eye but that which is everywhere present, did Mrs. Warne enter into communion with God, that benefaction has been of the fruitful sort.

This act was followed by that self-satisfaction which always attends the performance of duty, but there was something more, there was also a glow of Heavenly peace, foretaking the presage of brighter and better days. This change in her, although less prominent in its features than what many experience, was not the less real or decisive.

In the work of conversion there is uniformity of effect, but great variety in the methods employed in producing it. The Spirit acts on principles of operation, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." Sometimes He may be in the wind, the earthquake, or the fire; at other times, in the still, small voice. Perhaps His ordinary method is to illuminate the mind suddenly, so that conviction flashing upon the conscience, the self-condemned sinner starts as from the brink of ruin, crying, "God be merciful to me." But, occasionally He reveals Himself more gently, discovering himself gradually upon the mind, and hope sheds her balmy influence on every rising apprehension. Sometimes the change resembles a house, the re-building of which cannot be commenced at noon, when suddenly a flood of light enters every dark room; in some other cases, it is more like a dwelling into which the light is admitted by the dawn, and then there is a regular increase from the first blush of morning to the perfect day. The case which has been narrated, was of the latter description.

In the views which Mrs. Warne had derived from her neighbour, Mrs. Fletcher, a change of heart, and a reformation of conduct were combined in such a form of domestic cause and effect; a review, therefore, of her feelings in this particular naturally engaged her attention. She had previously been considering the conduct of her husband as a decided, good sort of a wife, but the example, both of Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Darling, had convinced her that she was much the reverse of a good wife, in the right sense of the term. Having carried without proper affection, the great stimulant to exertion was wanting, even if she had correctly understood what was required of her, which she did not. The key to a woman's whole being is to be found in her affections. Most remarkable is the sudden development of character, which, at first, sets an absolutely opposite complexion of her soul. The moment woman loses her individuality in her earnest, engrossing, and self-sacrificing devotion to another, she hidden spring of feeling are unsealed, and energies and capabilities of which she was before unconscious, become revealed. Many women never have an ordinary sense of the word. They pass along unsought by those who might engage their affections, and at length they consent to make themselves a home, and a wife, but have no true esteem. Here is the true cause of a large portion of the misery that prevails in domestic life. A blight must rest on the marriage that is unsanctified by love. Where love is wanting, there will be wanting the tender sympathy,—the earnest desire to please,—the self-sacrificing devotion,—the watchful care,—the tenderness and protection of every want and wish, which true affection engenders, and which imparts to the wife a value exceeding that of rubies, and invest her with true nobility of character.

It is not to be supposed that a change like that which has been described can be concealed from those nearest to us, especially spouse. "The heart is known by its fruits." Yet it is possible to repress the expression of the views and feelings which are consequent upon it, and which partly in reference to our former conduct. It is true the pride of our nature always revolts at admissions of errors and delusions, and renders us unwilling to be confessed, which tend to lead to the examination of others, but this is a feeling which converting grace is sure to subdue, it first constrains us to make full confession of our sins to God, and then induces, whenever it is necessary, a similar acknowledgment of our faults to men. Mrs. Warne was now convinced how much she had failed in manifesting without a proper affection for him whom she promised so solemnly to love, honour, and obey; and in the habitual carelessness and indifference to the welfare and comfort which had followed as the natural consequence, and which had produced, as might have been anticipated, a corresponding indifference on his part, so that though they had passed on without any very serious broils, yet there was wanting that cement of affection which binds hearts together, and forms the basis of all domestic union, comfort and happiness. She felt that the fault was primarily her own, for her husband had in the outset, entertained for her a sincere attachment, which if it had been properly reciprocated and cherished, would have rendered him a kind and devoted husband. Let not the female who has engaged the affection of another, if she consents to accept him as her husband, presume too much upon his attachment: his affections must be *retained*, nor will that in general be difficult if their love be mutual, because every expression of affection on his part will be promptly and cheerfully met by corresponding acts of endearment on her. But if she be wanting in love, if she consents to give her hand when her heart is alien, the coldness and indifference which will inevitably appear—the want of those numerous little endearing acts which love inspires, will soon betray the fearful secret; the husband will feel that he has been imposed upon, and grossly wronged; indignation, and a sense of injury, will specially destroy affection, and bitter disappointment, misunderstanding, and strife will follow.

Mrs. Warne had realized this to a considerable extent, and she felt anxious to repair, as far as possible, the error she had committed; and, if it could be effected, to recover the lost affections of her husband. She resolved, therefore, to avail herself of the first opportunity of acknowledgment, and to make, and of making known to him her future intentions. An opportunity was soon presented. A brief illness prevented her husband for a few days from attending to his employment, and confined him to his dwelling. On no occasion are woman's ministrations more precious than on that of sickness. It is universally acknowledged that there is no nurse like a female. It would seem as if the tenderness of her nature especially qualified her for the duties of the chamber of suffering; and when have inspires the heart, how patient and gentle, how kind and sympathizing are her attentions! How often while solacing by her affection in the hour of anguish, has the sufferer been led to exclaim,

"—What I most prove in woman
Is her affections."

During the illness of her husband, Mrs. Warne exerted herself for his relief and comfort in a manner she had never done before. In this she was aided by the instructive example both of Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Darling. The manner, too, of her husband's attentions was changed. In place of her former careless indifference, there was now a kindness of expression,—a sympathy,—an anticipation of his wants and wishes, which her husband had never witnessed before, and the lack of which had caused bitter disappointment and regret. He was evidently surprised and delighted. It was after some attention of the kind, which had excited within him a strong glow of new and happy feeling, that he remarked, "Hannah, this is kind, this is wife-like."

"Perhaps you are ready to add," she replied, "this is something new and unexpected."

"Why,—yes,—you have guessed correctly."

"Then I will venture to guess again. Have you not often thought me sadly wanting in such-like attentions, and has it not repeatedly vexed you?"

"Yes,—with enough: it has been a source of frequent annoyance and irritation, and has often caused me to wish I had never married, I felt assured I had married a woman without a heart. But why do you ask me these questions?"

"Various circumstances have occurred of late which have convinced me that I've done you great injustice. I now see that I've not returned your love in the way I ought to have done, nor have I consented to your wishes as I ought to have done. I am sincerely desirous, however, to do better for the future. God has lately caused me to see many things in a new light, and especially to see many duties as I have been waiting for some time past for an opportunity to tell you all about it, and how much I regret my past deficiencies and neglect. Matthew, if you can but overlook and forget all that's past, I hope, by God's help, to make you happier for the future."

Matthew, for some time previous had observed, with no little pleasure, a great alteration in the conduct of his wife, but he was not led to expect such a full acknowledgment of past error as that she had now made. He listened with astonishment—he could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses—he was deeply affected. "This is indeed unlooked-for," he said, "I never expected to hear from your own lips anything like this; it has made me already one of the happiest of men. I may now wish to enjoy what I have so much wished to do, a home in my own home." As he spoke, he actually sobbed from the violence of his emotion. His wife was quite overcome by this burst of feeling, and with eyes overflowing with tears, she threw her arms round his neck, exclaiming, "Can you—will you forgive me all the past?"

"Freely and fully," was the reply, "if we may but live happily for the future." After a pause he added, "Hannah, as you have dealt so frankly with me, it is my duty to do the same. I will, therefore, tell you what I have not mentioned before. I married, or many do, because I had got tired of the loneliness and discomfort of a bachelor's life. I had seen something, and heard more of the sweets and enjoyments connected with a home of one's own, I was desirous, therefore, to have my own fireside, where, in the company of an affectionate wife, I might find a solace for my daily toils, and enjoy the little luxuries and comforts which females only can administer, and which my own sex so much love to enjoy. This may seem a selfish motive for changing my condition, but then I was quite disposed to reciprocate every act of affection, and to fulfill all a husband's duties, if I had not been married, however, many months before I discovered that I had erred in the choice of a wife; that you had given your heart away, but not your heart; consequently I failed to realize the affectionate sympathies and attentions on which I had so confidently calculated. I found you cold and indifferent; I considered, too, your domestic concernment easily defective; the house seldom or ever displayed that aspect of neatness or comfort I wished it to present, it formed a sad contrast with my neighbour Fletcher's. When I returned home at night, there never appeared to be either preparation or welcome; I was left to take things just as they chanced to happen to be. It is true many houses where things were much worse, but I wanted mine to be properly in order, and the disappointment I experienced, caused me to feel grieved and irritated. I found fault,—you resented it; my temper became soured, you retaliated by increasing neglect and indifference; my conduct had no attractions, and I spent as much of my time as possible elsewhere. You seemed to have no pleasure in my society, and therefore I sought the society of others, regarded your conduct as a justification of my own, and believing there was no remedy,—no hope of amendment, I endeavoured to make a virtue of necessity, and submit to my lot as I best could."

"It is all too true," replied Mrs. Warne, with passionate emotion, "I have been a very bad wife; I pray, I hope I may be born better, Matthew, if you had tried a different line of conduct,—if you had been more open and candid. Instead of keeping all to yourself, you should have kindly counted out my faults, and then have reasoned over the matter with me.—But all this is past; I am willing to take all the blame, I feel you will never more have the same cause for complaint. In domestic matters, I have yet much to learn, I have, however, received some valuable lessons of late, and in time I hope I may become a better wife."

"Yes, I had done so before the commencement of this illness, and with no little delight. I was led to hope it might be the beginning of better days. But I should like to know how this happy change has been brought about."

"Most gladly will I tell you the whole story," Mrs. Warne then entered into a detail of the visits she had paid Mrs. Fletcher,—of the benefits she had derived from the narrative of her life,—of the instructive scenes she had witnessed at the Darlings—the serious impressions which had been made upon her own mind by what she had seen, and the blessed feelings she had now realized, by the assurance of her acceptance with God. All this was stated with so much artless simplicity and Christian feeling, that her husband was evidently much affected. He was not a religious man, neither was he averse to religion, it had been to him a matter of thoughtless indifference, he felt, therefore, no repugnance to the statement given by his wife of her conversion; he rather considered it as a pledge of domestic happiness, for he had seen the fruits of piety in Mrs. Fletcher, and under circumstances still more impressive, in Mrs. Darling, and he could not but be aware that these were the fruits that make homes happy.

The whole terminated in a mutual resolution, that from that time they would beneficently endeavour to promote each other's happiness to the utmost of their power. Never before had they experienced happiness equal to that hour. Now it was they began to taste the bliss of domestic life. The same was held by hitherto kept apart in a state of cold reserve and alienation, which had operated like a hard frost, congealing all the better feelings and affections of the nature, all the better feelings and affections which appeared to be extinct, began to flow in a manner which gave the pledge both of increase and perpetuity.

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CITY MISSION FRUITS.

In the Annual Report of the London City Mission for 1860, we are glad to find amongst the several items of "increased fruits," the following paragraph:—

"The first of the items in which the increase is marked this year is under the head of 'Drunkards reclaimed.' The 1,102 drunkards thus delivered from the fatal evil of drunk are 306 above the number of the previous year, although that was the largest number which had been before reported by the missionaries. Any increased check on this monster evil of our country and our metropolis is a cause of great thankfulness; and the Committee trust that the liberal grant which has been made to them of late of that *most useful publication in the restoraing of drunkards among the* WORKING CLASSES, *the 'British Workman,'* has had its influence in bringing about the increased result. The Fountain movement of the past year has also, no doubt, had its results, in supplying pure water to those who previously for want of it were driven to the use of intoxicating and adulterated drinks. The Committee, feeling the vast importance of this movement, allowed one of their missionaries to devote a large part of some months of the year to organizing the Metropolitan Association. As his reward, the first fountain standard was erected in his district, and since then 59 fountains have been erected, or are in the course of erection, in the metropolis. Apart from the benefit immediately designed of supplying pure water to the people, some of the fountains are works of art, tending to improve the public taste for that which is artistic and beautiful in design; and with others a religious benefit has also been aimed at, by the designs being of Scriptural subjects, as of Moses striking the rock, or our Saviour with the woman of Samaria, or by the inscription on them of suitable verses from the Scriptures, as in the former case, 'He brought forth water for them out of the rock,' and in the latter case, 'Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.' Thus thousands of the people, while they have allayed their thirst, have at the same time read words by which their souls may be profited." We trust that the example of the City Mission Committee in promoting the erection of Drinking Fountains in the Metropolis, will be followed by other Religious and Benevolent Societies throughout the country. The Secretary of the Metropolitan Drinking Fountains' Association, 11, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London, will gladly afford information to those who may correspond with him.

* In another part of the Report it is stated that copies of the "British Workman" *are often taken where a tract is refused.*

THE EXCHANGE.—"Millions of money for an inch of time!" was the dying exclamation of Queen Elizabeth. "Turn back and save me, and I'll give you £30,000!" cried a passenger of the ill-fated Arctic, as one of the boats was moving away. The boat turned back; but, before it reached him, he had sunk to rise no more!

"What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

IN New York there has been formed a young Men's Early Rising Association, all the members of which are pledged to be up at a certain hour. It originated with about half-a-dozen men, who having kept up this habit for some years, were surprised at its beneficial effects, and at the marked success in his of their associates.

"The hand of the diligent shall be made fat."

DRUNK ON DUTY.

It is sometimes said that the friends of temperance suggestie the evils of drunkenness, and make statements that needlessly alarm the public. A remarkable fact has proved to all England that it is impossible to overwrite too strongly a condemnation of drunkenness. On Wednesday the 30th of May, some hundreds of people were returning by an excursion train from the North of England. They had been enjoying a holiday with their friends, and with hearts cheered and warmed by the pleasant trip, they were coming back to their duties and their toil;—when, just as they all considered their journey over, as they had folded up their wraps, and gathered their parcels, and began to think of looking out for their friends that came to meet them, the train dashed into the King's cross terminus at full speed, leaped the barrier of the platform at the end, and breaking out beyond the entrance, crossed the common road, and was only brought to a stop by the engine burying itself in a heap of earth, that had been thrown up from a deep shaft sunk in the New Road. But for that mound of earth the engine and rear carriages might have fallen into the shaft, and the loss of life been as extensive as the deaths would have been horrible!

And now for the cause, or one of the causes, of the calamity, by which at least twenty-six people have been maimed, bruised, frightened, probably in some cases, impaired for beyond what immediately appears. THE GUARDS WAS DRUNK! He has been convicted; and is now suffering imprisonment. It was said that he was found lad down in his van, and it was proved he had not applied the break that would have checked the speed at which the train of thirty-nine carriages came into the station. He owned to drinking three or more glasses of ale, and a glass of gin (given to him) at Peterborough. So, here was all this precious freight of human life, entrusted to the care of a drunken man! Can anything be more damning to the public, than the fact that when they travel by a mode of conveyance needing the utmost skill, caution, and punctuality, to ensure safety; and in which the least carelessness may cause a sudden death, or a life-long injury to hundreds, that they should be in the charge of a guard who is drunk? The gentleman who gave the guard the glass of gin at Peterborough ought to share the punishment of the drunkard. Many a man who has been convicted of manslaughter, is less guilty than this person, and whose life is, the sufferings of the maimed and injured by that train ought to lie heavy on his conscience.—"As a mad man who casteth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, Am I not in sport?"—PROVERBS XXVI. 18, 19.

This is not the first, by many cases, in which a train

DRINKING FOUNTAIN IN THE MARKET-PLACE, OLDHAM.

"OUR" DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

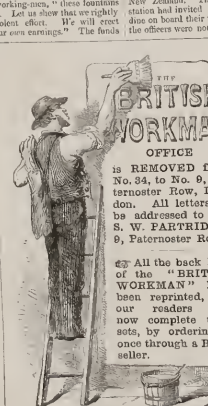
THERE is a feeling of independence about the workingmen in some parts of the country which we should like to see more generally diffused. Look at Oldham, for instance. When the Drinking Fountain Movement was first heard of there, it was proposed by several kind-hearted friends to raise contributions from the public for the erection of several of these "wells by the way." "No," said some of the working-men, "these fountains are specially for our benefit. Let us show that we rightly value Mr. Melly's benevolent effort. We will erect the *first* fountain, out of our own earnings." The funds were promptly subscribed, and the beautiful fountain, shewn in our engraving, now graces the market-place of Oldham—a memorial honourable to the town, and to the donors, who constitute what is called the "King Street Co-operative Society." We hope that the example of our friends in Oldham will have a stimulating influence upon their brethren in other towns.

THE KNOWLEDGE.—The excellent John Newton, on being asked his opinion on some topic, replied,—"When I was young, I was sure of many things; there are only two things of which I am sure of now; one is, that I am a miserable sinner, and the other is, that Jesus Christ is an all-sufficient Saviour." This is the sum of all saving knowledge, and he is well-taught who gets these lessons by heart.

"WHEREFORE He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him."

REBUKED BY NEW ZEALANDERS.

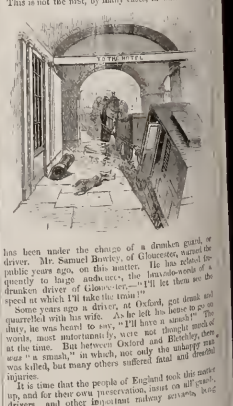
ONE essential benefit resulting from missionary operations in distant lands, is the blessed effect which is often produced upon the minds of professing Christians in those countries. Often has it been the case that those who remain wholly unaffected by the exhibition of Christian principle at home have been deeply struck by it abroad. An instance of this kind occurred a few years ago in New Zealand. The officers of a king's ship on that station had invited some of the neighbouring chiefs to dine on board their vessel. Having sat down to dinner, the officers were not a little surprised to observe their guests, who are not generally considered *bad teachers*, declining to partake of any of the provisions. Fearing that they suspected something was wrong, that the food was poisoned, or some want of courtesy towards them had been exhibited, the officers became quite uncomfortable. At length, however, the matter was explained. The eldest chief present arose from his seat, and in a reverent and dignified manner, which was participated in by his brother chiefs, offered up a suitable prayer to Almighty God for a blessing upon the food set before them. This had been the occasion which had so disconcerted all parties. The officer who related this circumstance declared that he had never been so abashed in his life, as when these lately savage New Zealanders thus silently rebuked the ungodliness of a company of professedly Christian Englishmen! England may learn lessons from New Zealand.



☞ All the back Nos. of the "BRITISH WORKMAN" have been reprinted, and our readers can now complete their sets, by ordering at once through a Bookseller.

OUR "RAILWAY NAVVIES."

AMONGST the Competitors for the Prize for the best specimens of Writing, we are much pleased to find "A Railway Navvy." Although he has not gained a prize, we cannot refrain from encouraging him to *persevere* in the effort he is now making to improve his *handwriting*, and also add to his store of *book-learning*. We feel a deep interest in the welfare of "Our Navvies," and shall be at all times glad to receive suggestions, whereby the welfare, temporal and spiritual, of these hard-handed "Sons of Toil" may be promoted. Miss Marsh, in her "English Hearts and English Hands," and Miss Tregelles, in her delightful book, "The Ways of the Line," have done much to awaken public interest on behalf of our hee-long-neglected "Navvies." We strongly recommend these books to the notice of our readers.



has been under the charge of a drunken guard, or driver. Mr. Samuel Bowley, of Gloucester, warned the public years ago, on this matter. He has related frequently to large audiences the lamentable needs of a drunken driver of Gloucester,—"I'll let them see the speed at which I'll take the train!"

Some years ago a driver, at Oxford, got drunk and quarrelled with his wife. As he left his home to go on duty, he was heard to say, "I'll have a smash!" The words, most unfortunately, were not thought much of at the time. But between Oxford and Bletchley, they *was* "a smash," in which, not only the unhappy man was killed, but many others suffered fatal and dreadful injuries.

It is time that the people of England took their matters up, and for their own preservation, insist on all guards, drivers, and other functional railway servants being strictly sober men.

No. 69. September, 1860. Price One Penny. Registered for transmission abroad.

BRITISH WORKMAN.

JOHN RENNIE,
THE GREAT ENGINEER.

"How do your children employ their leisure time?" is a question we would ask of every parent, and more especially every mother. Between the ages of seven

and fourteen, it is customary for children to go to school to the daytime. In the hours of instruction are over at five in the summer, and half-past four in the winter. Supposing that the walk home and the evening meal take an hour, and that boy or girl go to bed at eight in winter, and nine in summer, there are two or three good hours of leisure. How are they employed? Some, in many cases, in playing in the street, and in others in idling about, doing mischief, and making home uncomfortable. Now, if thereafter a mechanic's child of fourteen, she will like to have the company of her children in the evenings—she will talk to them about their school, and hear what they can tell her of their school, and hear what they can tell her of their school, and hear what they can do a bit of needlework, and she and her little girls can do a bit of needlework, and the child who is the best reader can read aloud out of the evening book. Perhaps, if they have this evening, some interesting book, Perhaps, if they have this evening, There is no better evening employment than a parent affords to a diligent, ingenious boy.

The writer stayed, last April, for two evenings with a friend in Exeter. She has a little boy of between seven and eight years old. The child has not long learned to write, but he is so fond of it, that he employed himself with a pencil and a book made of the backs of old letters, in copying little anecdotes, and verses from printed lists, which he could read, though of course spelled them, and spelled them, and spelled them, and he seems to have employed the hours out of school to good purpose. One evening, the little boy, and young Rennie gone on his way to school broke down, and young Rennie had to go round by a more crowded route. There is no doubt that he thoughtfulness of his mother had the satisfaction (in which he afterwards became so happy) of instruction (in which he began to instruct him, and to thrashing-association being at work in a building on his way to school, he took an opportunity of looking at it, and of an evening he would both amuse and instruct himself drawing figures and sketches. His mother, and the female members of the family encouraging the youth by their praises. No doubt it was a happy home when the latter grandfather was alive. And these early attempts of his were an earnest of his future success.

Afterwards, John Rennie went to school at Dunbar. All prizes will by his studies, and when the school-master was promoted to a larger school, young Rennie for a time took the management of the Dunbar school. Without very great help from his teachers, he made himself a proficient in drawing machinery and practical architecture. His was in his leisure time. He therefore had an opportunity, in leisure hours, to learn on scientific subjects, and always laid up what he heard in his mind. and as after life, he found the benefit of his hours of leisure. John Rennie commenced his career as a workman under Mr. Andrew Meikle, a mechanic of his native parish. His first work was erecting mills, and he was soon pronounced to be a man who was diligent.

When he was nineteen years of age, he set out for London, making the journey by slow degrees, for he visited Holy Lochs at Liverpool, and visited some months in Birmingham, at the works of Messrs. Boulton and Watt—then the largest construction of steam-engines and the machinery connected with them. All this he was used in the development of his active mind, and when afterwards he succeeded in establishing himself in London, he was soon universally employed in the great Barnington farm in all kinds of machinery in which steam is used.

But Rennie's great fame as an engineer is due to the fine stone and iron bridges he constructed. He adorned his native Scotland with many elegant and durable bridges, but in 1811 he was commissioned with the construction of a bridge over the Thames. He completed the work in six years, and when Waterloo Bridge, with its nine elliptical arches, and half a mile long, was completed, it was considered a masterpiece. Southwark, the Iron Bridge, is another of his works. It spans the Thames with three arches, the centre being a span of 240 feet. There is scarcely a great port in the kingdom where this distinguished engineer has not left monuments of his genius, either in docks, or piers, or harbours. The wonderful breakwater in Plymouth Sound, that checks the wild rolling of the waves of the Atlantic, and affords a protection to that magnificent harbour, so that the ships can ride at anchor in safety, is one of the most splendid and useful works ever completed. It resembles the character of the engineer—perseverance, and great ability.

The valuable life of this distinguished man was brought to a close in 1821. He left the design for the present London Bridge, the erection of which was entrusted to his sons, who completed it in 1831, and one of them received the honour of knighthood, and became Sir John Rennie.

The descendants of Rennie, sons and grandsons, have inherited his talents, and are celebrated as engineers, not only the great public works of this land are a benefit to his country, but the example of his studious youth, and his wise employment of leisure time, is a valuable legacy to his countrymen. "Each man's life is a book, which is a sign that on every day the young may ponder, but mothers, remembering the childhood of the great and good, must remember that as the home is, to a great extent the child is.

STRAY LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN OBSERVER.

I was seated alone in an omnibus in the Fulham Road, that was waiting for passengers at its starting-place—a large lavern, out of which issued pretty loud talking of, a young man come, and took a seat in the omnibus. He was well-dressed, and genteel in his appearance; but my keen metrical sort, was not deceived by the villanous smell of strong drink that diffused its odious fumes through the heated omnibus on his entrance. However, even nuisance like these was the lot of the driver, so our vehicle started; but had scarcely got into its usual pace when some people in the road shouted "stop!" and the driver pulled up. The conductor had been much annoyed at perceiving two females at some distance, one in whom was making energetic signs with her parasol for him to stop. "Make haste, then," shouted the man in reply to the wave of the parasol. "We're behind time already—make haste!" It was obvious that this command could not be obeyed; for though one female was young, healthy, and active, the other was in the last stage of age and tottering old woman coming with "trembling steps and slow" towards the omnibus. In vain the kind arm of the youthful conductress supported her forward; she made such ridiculous efforts that the impatient or punctual conductor begin to shout to the driver to proceed, when the before-pointed young man interrupted him saying, "Oh, you'll soon make up the lost time; stop a bit for the poor old soul. I've a grandmother nearly as old," he added, as if speaking to himself. A few seconds brought the aged Christian looking companion to the door of the omnibus, and here the arms of the conductor were needed absolutely to lift the old lady in. She sunk down on the seat as if quite exhausted. An instant after, and the light step and buoyant form of the young lady had entered, and her first care was to let down a window curtain to shield then honest feelings of her aged companion's bonnet. There was something in the look that beamed from the dim eye in return for these attentions, that more than thanks more eloquently than words could, and it was indeed the only utterance which for some minutes after the exertion of reaching the omnibus the poor old creature was able to make.

If the appearance of the two was dissimilar in respect to age, it was equally so in every other particular. The younger was plain and fashionably dressed, with that air and manner which denotes a person moving in superior and intelligent society. The elder was very scrupulously neat; but her garb was a blue striped gown, a scanty white cotton shawl, a coarse straw bonnet with a narrow piece of blue ribbon crossed over it; strong shoes, both large and heavy, for the feeble little bony feet that they enclosed—it was evidently a working-class garb—yet not with such propriety, so nearly adjusted to the aged frame, of the little shrunken creature, that it looked better than many a dress of greater pretension. Indeed the ancient face, with its countless wrinkles, spoke of that

"You have do with Paul."

GOOD SERVANTS, GOOD WIVES AND HAPPY HOMES.

CHAPTER VIII.

DURING the time that the work of reformation was thus delightfully progressing, as described in the foregoing chapter, two neighbouring houses were exhibiting events of a strikingly contrasted character. The young character of Dolly Botham has been already noticed. Natures and habits like hers seldom improve with years; her temper seemed to become increasingly violent, and her tongue more aggravating, when the interests of her family, and the decline of her own personal appearance, more particularly called for their subjection. An incident one day occurred which seemed to set both on fire, and caused them to blaze with ungovernable fury. By some little inadvertence on the part of her husband, she discovered that two shillings of the wages, he had received on the previous Saturday night, had been withheld from her, and spent at the public-house. This was nothing new, but then former acts of kindness and generosity

"How many Court Martials make free."

COURT MARTIALS.

SOMETIME ago, when in conversation with an intelligent soldier who had passed many years in India; and had seen not a few fearful applications of the 'Cat-o'-nine-tails; on inquiring, "With how many of the cases of flogging had *drunk* to do?" The soldier with a smile replied, "Oh, with *every* case, sir. I never knew a soldier flogged, except through drunk in some way or other; or for stealing so as to get drunk! Many a time have I had to help roll barrels of grog up the hill to one of the canteens in India, and it was a common joke to say, 'I say, Bill, I wonder *how many* COURT MARTIALS *there are inside here!*'"

HOW TO AVOID QUARRELS.

J. CLARKE, of Frome, was asked by a friend how he always kept himself from being involved in quarrels, to which he replied, "By letting the angry person have all the quarrel to himself." This afterwards became a proverb in the town. When a quarrel was rising, they would say, "Come, let us remember old Mr. Clarke, and leave the angry man to quarrel with himself." If the reader will always follow this rule, he will save himself a great deal of trouble, and perhaps many hard knocks. Remember, it always takes *two* to make a quarrel.

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

ENGLAND'S throne and the noble fabric of the British Constitution are built upon the principles of the Bible; and as it nothing, think you, that, upon the day when the crown of these kingdoms was placed upon our Sovereign's brow, she was solemnly presented with a copy of the Holy Scriptures, in the presence of the Nobles, the Prelates, and the Commons of the land; and that these words of weighty import were addressed to her at the same time? "Our gracious Queen, we present you with this Book, the most valuable thing that this world affords. Here is wisdom. This is the Royal Law. These are the lively Oracles of God. Blessed is he that

reaileth, and they that hear the words of this Book, and that keep and do the things contained in it. For these are the words of eternal life, able to make you wise and happy in this world, any wise unto salvation, and so, happy for evermore through faith which is in Christ Jesus."*

We must not count it a light thing that, at the coronation of our gracious Queen, whom may God preserve, this solemn act was done: that this precious Book was given; and that those wise and weighty words were spoken. Better let us pray that the Word of God, which was thus solemnly presented to our beloved Queen, at the most solemn moment of her life, may be so written in her heart by the Holy Spirit "that she may always incline to God's will, and walk in His way; and let us pray further that that Word may have free course, and be glorified during her reign.

* Coronation Service.

DON'T SWEAR!

A LABOURING man who was extremely addicted to profane swearing, was one day at work with a yoke of oxen near his house. The oxen not working to suit him, he began to whip them severely, at the same time uttering volleys of most blasphemous oaths. The oxen breaking loose from their harness ran away, while the man in a passion turned them, and coming up with them at the house, began to whip them again, and as severe as horridly as before. He little boy who was at this time just old enough to begin to talk, began to prattle his profane oaths ever after him. No sooner did the father hear this, than his feelings were powerfully wrought upon. He paused for a moment, dropped his whip, and sat down and wept bitterly. A flood of keen reflections at once rushed upon his convicted conscience, which produced such an effect, that he found no rest to his mind, day or night, until he found peace where forgiveness can *alone* be had—at the footstool of mercy. "The lip of truth shall be established for ever."

SLANDERING is like opening a door, by which the faults of the slanderer himself are more exposed than they otherwise would be; while the errors or indiscretions of those who show no disposition to undervalue or backbite others, are easily passed by and forgotten.—*Dilwyn.*

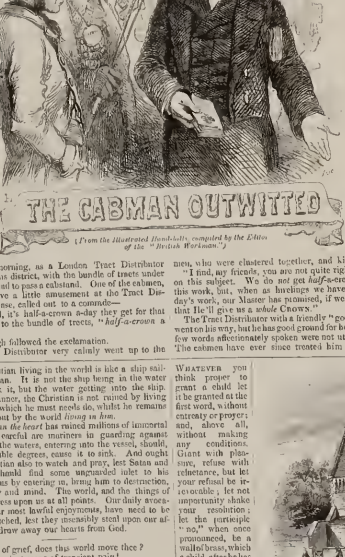
SWEEP AND CLERGYMAN.

"PASSING down a street one day," says a clergyman, "a sooty, sooty, chimney-sweep crossed my path. I had often noticed this class of persons, and as I had heard their shrill cries, and marked their dirty dress, and the sooty implements of their calling, I had thought *their* lot was among the least favoured of our race. Pity and curiosity now prompted me, as this chimney-sweep was passing, to address him in a few kind words. After a salutation, I said, 'My friend, this must be a hard life that you live?' 'O no,' said he, and his eye kindled as he spoke, 'it's not a hard life; it will soon be over, and then we shall have rest.' I was silent for a moment; but recovering from my astonishment, I replied, 'Yes, indeed, we shall have rest in Heaven, if we love and serve the Saviour on earth. Do you love Him?' 'I do not wish to presume, said he, 'but I trust I do love the Saviour!' What was my gratification to learn that he was a professor of religion, and had been for years a member of a Christian church. When I told him who I was, a minister of Christ, and one of his brethren, he was full of joy. After dropping a few words of advice and congratulation, I passed on, and thought, 'Oh, happy man! happier in hope of Heaven than the kings of earth without it. Is not such a hope like a never-failing anchor to the soul?'"

CHRIST no where says, Ye shall know the tree by its leaves and flowers, or ye shall know men by their talk, or ye shall know them by the good story they tell of their experiences, or ye shall know them by the manner and air of their speaking, and emphasis and pathos of expression, or by their speaking fluently, or by making a very great show by abundance of talk, or by many tears and affectionate expressions, or by the affections ye feel in your hearts toward them; but—"by their *fruits* shall ye know them."—*Edwards.*

BY attending to order, we avoid idleness that fruitful source of crimes and evil. Acting upon a plan, meeting everything in its own place, we constantly find innocent and useful employment for our time.—*Blair.*

"Be thou faithful unto death."



"I will give thee a crown of life."

(From the Illustrated Handbills, compiled by the Editor of the "British Workman.")

THE CABMAN OUTWITTED

ONE Sunday morning, as a London Tract Distributor was going in his district, with the bundle of tracts under his arm. He had to pass a cabstand. One of the cabmen, thinking to have a little amusement at the Tract Distributor's expense, called out to him,

"I say, Bill, it's half-a-crown a-day they get for that job," pointing to the bundle of tracts, "*half-a-crown* a day, Bill!"

A loud laugh followed the exclamation.

The Tract Distributor very calmly went up to the men, who were clustered together, and kindly said—

"I find, my friends, you are not quite rightly informed on this subject. We do *not* get *half-a-crown* a-day for this work, but, when we have finished our day's work, our Master has promised, if we are faithful, that He'll give us a *whole* Crown."

The Tract Distributor with a friendly "good morning," went on his way, but he has good ground for hoping that the few words affectionately spoken were not uttered in vain. The cabmen have ever since treated him with respect.

A TRUE Christian living in the world is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not the ship being in the water that will sink it, but the water getting into the ship. So, in like manner, the Christian is not ruined by living in the world, which he must needs do, whilst he remains in the body, but by the world *living in him.*

The world in the heart has ruined millions of immortal souls. How careful are mariners in guarding against leakage, lest the waters, coming into the vessel, should, by imperceptible degrees, cause it to sink. And ought not the Christian also to watch and pray, lest Satan and the world should find some unguarded inlet to his heart, and thus by entering in, bring him to destruction, both of body and mind. The world, and the things of the world, press upon us at all points. Our daily avocations, yea, our most lawful enjoyments, have need to be narrowly watched, lest they insensibly steal upon our affections and draw away our hearts from God.

Child of grief, does this world move thee?
Transient scene of torment pain?
Think! oh think! of worlds above thee,
Countless worlds—a glorious train!

When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch; in our families our *tempers*, and in society our *tongues.*

WHATEVER you think proper to grant a child let it be granted at the first word, without entreaty or prayer: and, above all, without making any conditions. Giant with pleasure, refuse with reluctance, but let your refusal be irrevocable; let not importunity shake your resolution; let the participle "no," when once pronounced, be a walled brass, which a child, after he has tried his strength against it half-a-dozen times, shall never more endeavour to shake.

THOMAS WHITAKER, THE TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

THOMAS WHITAKER.

THERE are hundreds of working-men in this country now having their own "cottages," and "plots of land," who are, in a great measure, indebted for their present happy position in life to the good advice of Thomas Whitaker; who, although originally a factory lad, has proved an invaluable pioneer to the great 'Social Science' movements of the present day. His lectures have, by God's blessing, induced large numbers of men to exchange the public-house for the homestead. Mr. Whitaker is still in the vigour of life, and we feel assured that if he could be prevailed upon to take another tour through the land for the purpose of delivering some of his telling lectures, more particularly the following (to which we have listened with deep interest):—"A LITTLE HIGHER UP—ON THE RIGHT HAND SIDE—NEXT DOOR TO A COMPLETE SHOW—THROUGH AN IRON GATE," he would be doing a material service to the working-classes.

We hope that in many places arrangements will be made to secure a few lectures from Mr. Whitaker. His address is, Temperance Hotel, Sentbro'.

N.B.—We recommend all employers who can do so, to arrange with Mr. Whitaker to address their workmen.

SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Meeting of this valuable organisation is to be held in Glasgow during this month. Lord Brougham and Lord Shaftesbury are expected to be present, and we anticipate that the "Working Men's Meeting," which they will probably address, will prove a rich treat to our Scottish friends. The "Social Science Association" promises to be one of the most hopeful and helpful movements of modern times, more particularly in its influence on the "homes" and "health" of the working-classes.

MR J. B. GOUGH.—This celebrated orator has just left our shores for America. He is followed by the thanks and prayers of tens of thousands to whom his labours have been blessed, and an earnest desire that he will visit us again.

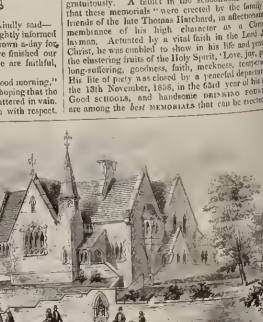
SENSIBLE MEMORIALS.

The late Mr Hatchard, of Piccadilly, did good service to his country, and the world by the numerous excellent publications of a Christian tendency which he issued. Although he has gone to his reward, his works will long survive, and will, we believe, prove a blessing to many.

To commemorate his worth, an Infant School and Drinking Fountain have been erected at Guildford.

The idea was suggested by filial reverence to his father's memory, by the Rev. Goodwin Hatchard, Rector of St. Nicholas. No sooner was the suggestion made, than it was most cheerfully responded to by all sorts and parties, including every one in the employ of the late Mr. Hatchard, and many friends of high and low degree in all parts of the country. C. H. Howell, Esq., Architect, kindly contributed his professional skill gratuitously. A tablet in the schoolroom informs us that these memorials "were erected by the family and friends of the late Thomas Hatchard, in affectionate remembrance of his high character as a Christian, Author, and a vital faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, he was enabled to show in his life and practice, the cheering fruits of the Holy Spirit, 'Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.' His life of piety was closed by a peaceful departure, on the 13th November, 1856, in the 63rd year of his age."

Good schools, and handsome DRINKING FOUNTAINS are among the best MEMORIALS that can be erected.



MEMORIAL SCHOOLS AND FOUNTAIN AT GUILDFORD.

No. 70. ½ October, 1860. Price One Penny. Registered for transmission Abroad.

BRITISH WORKMAN

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS — THE HOLY WAR

JOHN BUNYAN

LISTENING TO THE GOODY WOMEN AT BEDFORD.

BUNYAN'S BIRTH-PLACE, ELSTOW.

THE GAOL ON BEDFORD BRIDGE.

JOHN BUNYAN;

OR

THE WORD IN SEASON.

In every human life there is some one point of supreme importance. Some lesson to be learned from it of the highest value. It is not the mere outward incidents of birth, and training, and circumstances, that convey the most important teaching. When we can look into a man's mind and learn the operations of Grace in his soul, that is the part of his history, that is the most valuable. In the affecting narrative that our Lord gives us of "The

Prodigal Son," the central fact of the whole history is, that he was in his way to his right mind, he said, "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned."

Many interesting accounts are given in the lives of good men of the way in which they have been brought to see themselves as sinners, and to seek Christ as a Saviour. Few incidents of the kind are more lively than that given in the life of the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress"—John Bunyan. No man ever passed through greater spiritual conflicts from his childhood it pleased God to visit him with awful and wonderful dreams; so that though the boy was surrounded by wicked companions, and his parents led the wandering, almost gipsy life of travelling tinkers, yet the soul of the youth was muzzled by terrible convictions of sin and his punishment. In his early manhood he married a good young woman, who sought to win him from evil companions and foolish sports, and in part succeeded. She induced him to sit at his own fireside while she read the Scriptures, and other good books, or talked of her father, who had been a Godly man, also. Listening to her young wife, John Bunyan thought he would try and make himself a Christian, so he began to be strict in outward observances, but found that he must draw nigh to God in prayer, and ask them to lead him to the right way. "It is not in man that walks to direct his (own) steps." So going about trusting in his own righteousness, John Bunyan found no peace or comfort. He had an almanack, but met an enlightened nonconformist. Just at this time as he was pursuing his occupation as a tinker, in the streets of Bedford, one fine summer's day, he stood by a corner near to a place where three women were sitting together, with their work, and talking to each other. How often is it mere foolish gossip, or worse, wicked scandal, that employs the tongues of women, to the injury of their neighbours, and their own souls!—but these three were speaking of good things, how they had been brought to know and love their Saviour; how their sins had been forgiven them, and amid every care and trial,—and poor women's lives are full of these—they had "The peace of God that passeth all understanding shed abroad in their hearts." They spoke, as he afterwards said, as if the joy of their souls continued ready to speak. As he looked and listened, how impressed he was with their words. He saw the light of God's smile reflected on their serene faces, and the blessedness of God's love filling their mouths with praise. This proved a memorable incident in John Bunyan's life. What he had heard were words he was fifty spoken, and they were to his heart, he saw not himself, but Jesus, and went 'just as he was,' to his Saviour, and soon found that peace which he had been blindly seeking in his own way, rather than in God's way.

How from an incident like this, we may learn the value of a few wise, true, plain words! Who would waste time in foolish talking, or vain, idle gossip, when by good discourse, aided by God's blessing, even humble women may be made the means of awakening a soul, and showing a sinner the way of life?

John Bunyan became an illustrious servant of God. As a preacher and writer, he became prominent among the noble list of England's best and greatest—but in all his after-life he never forgot the words he heard from the three poor women of Bedford, or ceased to feel grateful to them and to God, who made them the instrument of leading good to his soul.

THE HARVEST.

Never, perhaps, since the trying years of 1799, 1814, and 1816, has the following prayer been heard in the churches and chapels throughout the land, under feelings of such solemnity, as during the last few weeks:—

"For fair weather.

"O Almighty Lord God, who for the sin of man didst once drown the world, except eight persons, and afterward of Thy great mercy didst promise never to destroy it so again; We humbly beseech Thee, that although we for our iniquities have worthily deserved a plague of rain and waters; yet upon our true repentance, Thou wilt send us such weather as may receive the fruits of the earth in due season and learn both by Thy punishment to amend our lives, and for Thy clemency to give Thee most praise and glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*"

We were in a London congregation on this third Sunday in August, when this prayer was offered—when the corn-fields, in many parts of the country, were desolaged with the loosen stunted fields of rain, and the fearful prospect of a bad harvest, and approaching winter made stout hearts tremble. The minister had not proceeded far in this heartfelt prayer, when his utterance failed him, and the voice of the minister, as one heart, seemed lost in silent, but weeping penitence of spirit before the Lord.

Remember, all of ye, ye who earn a penny or accumulate a pound, Heaven that God would mercifully spare us from famine and disaster. God grant they may be answer, and, if it be His will, that we may not in the time of national trouble be kept into the sin of prosperity shines!

A HARD WINTER.

Working men! There is every prospect of a trying winter. But, if will be hard, and work with many will be scarce. Waste not your money now in drink and smoke, but put by a portion of your wages against the "rainy day." A "German" correspondent urges on the working men to buy a *stock* of such eatables as will keep for a few months, such as rice, oatmeal, flour, &c. The hint is worthy the attention of our readers.

THE PATRIOT BAKER.

"I am certain," said a baker to me one day, "that there is no harm in my Sunday baking. I consider that I am serving the interests of religion by it, and conferring a moral boon on my neighbours. Just think, how many persons would be kept at home, cooking for their families, if I were not to open my bakehouse for their relief. I bake from thirty to forty dinners every Sabbath; by so doing, I set at liberty the same number of persons to attend church, or chapel, who would otherwise be prevented. Then you see, sir, how effectually I am serving the public, and the cause of piety. Instead of being censured, I consider that I am entitled to thanks as a public benefactor."

"Your statement," I replied, "appears very plausible, and your conduct deserving of high commendation. Yet you ought to place your bakehouse door, or your Sabbath morning 'Baking' *pro bono publico*; but as there are many, prying people, who are every Sunday trying to search out your motives, I would advise you to place your conduct beyond suspicion." "Suspicion! suspicion of what? Can anything possibly be planner than that I should be the good?"

"One thing is necessary to place this beyond all doubt;—do it all without *fee or reward*, let it all be *gratis*."

"Why, sir, how perpetuous! Indeed, I shall do no such thing. How unreasonable to expect that I should take all this trouble every Sunday, without being paid for it."

"Then it comes just to this," was my reply, "your main object after all is to serve yourself, and your professed benevolence is but a shabby kind of cover for selfishness."

But so it is with all who plead for Sabbath desecration, under whatever form, or in whatever way; Selfishness is at the bottom of the plea, however artfully disguised and varnished over.

UNCLE DAVID.

JOHN, WITH THE TREACHEROUS MEMORY.

THE REPROVER REPROVED.

A Doctor of Divinity, residing in Edinburgh, who had preached at his own church one Sunday morning, went to Leith in the afternoon to supply at a brother minister, who was sick, and there preached the same sermon as he had delivered in the morning. On the Monday morning the Doctor was called upon by John ——, one of his congregation. The particulars of the interview we give in the Reverend Gentleman's own words:—

"As he was not in the habit of calling, his visit rather surprised me; the more so on Monday morning as it only an hour. I immediately perceived he was rather agitated, confused manner that he wanted to say something, which he knew not how to introduce. To assist him, therefore, I said, 'John, income are of the object of your visit?'

"After some humming and much ridding of the throat, accompanied with many apologies for the expression of the great regret and sorrow he felt that there should have existed such cause for his visit, he said, 'Doctor, did you not preach yesterday morning from such a text?'

"'Yes, John, it is quite true, I did.'

"'After morning service, I went down to Leith to visit my daughter, who was sick, and being there I thought I would step in and hear Mr. E. —— preach, and found you in the pulpit in his stead, and did you not under publish the same sermon you preached in your own church in the morning?'

"'John, I very well observe the object of your early visit, because I preached the same sermon at Leith in the afternoon that I had delivered in the morning at Edinburgh, being too lazy as you suppose, to prepare another for them there; you put it your duty, did you not, to call upon me to reprove me for such conduct?'

"'I did, Doctor; yet not exactly to reprove you, but to warn you against such conduct in future, as I consider it very improper, if not very sinful.

"'I thank you, John, and am willing to believe you my friend, and assure you what you has stated.'

"'I am all you say, Doctor, and more too.'

"'That I am ready to admit, John, yet must tell you that I am more than a little surprised at to what you affirm respecting the sinfulness and impropriety of preaching the sermon a second time, when preached under circumstances such as mine yesterday was, away from home, and to a new congregation. John, that sermon was on an important subject, a subject eminently calculated, aided by the Spirit of God, to instruct and edify, not our church only, but every Christian society.'

"'It was all you say, Doctor. I never heard a sermon I liked better. I was moved a solemn and impressive sermon, so plain that everybody could understand and remember it.'

"Well, John, as to the remembering of it, you have had an advantage above all others, inasmuch as you have heard it twice, and by your remembering or forgetting of this sermon you have now in your power of convincing you say it was so plain and easy to be remembered. The introduction to the sermon was neither lengthy nor farfetched, you are able to tell me how I introduced it?'

"After a good deal of shifting, and changing of his position on his seat, John said,

"'Well no, Doctor, I have pretty much forgotten how you introduced your subject.'

"'Well, John, you cannot have forgotten the divisions of the discourse; they rise naturally out of the text, and were such as every reflecting mind would not fail to see. What was the first?'

"'It too, was lost in forgetfulness.

"'Well, the second, what was it, John?'

"'Well, let us pass to the third; can you tell me it?'

"'Not one of them could be produced.'

"'Well, John, you could not possibly have forgotten the *improvement* made of the subject. You very well remember, I doubt not, the many and various classes of character therein addressed, and the many and important Christian duties inculcated. The improvement, John, was of all the sermon the most awful, solemn and impressive part. *If* you cannot surely have forgotten?'

"'It was, sir, it was, it made a deep impression on my mind, and I could see very well it did on many others also; but, Doctor, I have a *bad memory*, and am sorry to say that I can repeat but little of the improvement either.'

"'John, so far are you from convincing me of the sinfulness and impropriety of preaching a sermon a second time when I go from home, that you have convinced me of the necessity of performing a new duty, I never thought of before, namely the preaching of important sermons *over again* at home.'

"'When you go home, John, you had better reflect upon the object of your visit to me, and while you are doing that I shall reflect whether it is not my duty to preach over my sermon, a *third time*, this same afternoon, with a view to assist your treacherous memory.'

"I need not add that John retired, apparently suffering from most mortified feelings."

Where is that church in which are not to be found many such Johns. All say, "by, by," at the repetition of a sermon, but try them, as John was tried, and you will find that bad memories are the curse not of John alone. But how appalling the consideration of such a state of things! How discouraging to ministers, and how ruinous to immortal souls! How numerous in every church are the 'waynide' hearers!

THE SUFFERING BAKERS.

We have received numerous letters with various suggestions as to the best means of relieving the sufferings of the oppressed journeymen Bakers. The most practical communication we have had is from Mr. Pillsley, the Engineer to the Cold Bath Fields Prison, London, showing that *night work* can be avoided in the manufacture of bread. By the courtesy of Captain Colville, the Governor of this gigantic establishment, we have visited the 'Bakery,' and have found Mr. Pillsley's testimony fully confirmed by Mr. Phelps, one of the most happy-looking bakers we have ever seen. The substance of our conversation was as follows:

"For how many people do you make bread, Mr. Phelps?"

"For about 2000 persons, daily, sir."

"Why, that is the population of a small market town! How many sacks of flour do you use in a week?"

"About fifty sacks of flour every week, sir!"

"Can you make bread for 2000 people without working all night, Mr. Phelps?"

"O, yes, sir. There is no *necessity* whatever for the *fearful night work* that bakers generally undergo. With the aid of the *Bread-machine* (see cut), there is no need for bakers to *stand* as they now do. In a quarter of an hour I get *five sacks* of flour ready for the dough in one *mixing*, a fact that very few bakers would deem possible unless they saw it done! I know by labour experience, the horrors of the old system, and would not go back to it for any consideration."

*** We are thankful to be able to add, that Mr. Pillsley, Mr. Phelps, and the Governor, have written to the Bread Making Machine, on the receipt of a letter with the Journeymen Bakers, may see the machine in operation. Let Mr. Pillsley, will display the machine, and explain the system. Let them procure an "Order" from the Governor. We have long suggestions to insert in future Nos.

THE INVITATION.

AN INSCRIPTION FOR A DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

Ye travel-worn weary ones come to the fountain,
Ye toil-worn, ye sorrow-worn, come to the fountain,
Of the pure gushing streams of love flowing from
Immanuel's with the poison that comes from the still.
"Ye Mariners, come hither, cool and refreshing,
Ye Soldiers, come hither, the cleansing, precious stream—
Then drink, be refreshed, and thank God for the blessing
So richly provided for you and for me.
But there is a Fountain more pure and more precious
'Twas open'd of old for sin and uncleanness;
So pure is that Fountain and so efficacious
That who are guilty they wash and be clean.
Then go to that Fountain—Jesus invites you—
He'll cleanse you from sin in His crimson precious blood,
Salvation He giveth, and him that believeth
Finds pardon and peace and acceptance with God.
Liverpool. J. O. (A WORKING MAN.)

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

British Workman's Almanac for 1861.—We shall shortly illustrated Sketches in the Life of the Kitchens of all the Gravestone in Paradise—The following Tracts are recently reprinted, speaks well for the men of Sheffield, Workman 1000 in the West and Bristol, Tracts, Sermons, Sermons of expressing their gratitude to Mrs. Brown, for the greatest pleasure in the form of a Tract, Sermon, Sermon, Sermon

GOOD SERVANTS, GOOD WIVES, AND HAPPY HOMES.

CHAPTER IX.

We must now pursue the thread of our narrative which was so abruptly broken by the events recorded in the two preceding chapters. The reader will be conducted at once to the abode of Mrs. Fletcher, which we have now converted neighbour are seated *tête-à-tête*, preparatory to the former resuming her history.

"I have been thinking over," remarked Mrs. Warne, "the strange events that have taken place since I last listened to your interesting story."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Fletcher, "events have occurred strikingly contrasted in their character. We have seen the evil of sin, and the riches of Divine grace. And also of the loveliness of true piety. O, how attractive it is when properly exhibited; it commands the esteem and confidence even of many who carelessly neglect it. I wonder I ever proved it to be so. This it was that drew me so often to your house. I saw such a difference between you and most of my other neighbours, that I was always glad of an excuse to come and have a little chat with you; but then I always found you busy, and your industry seemed to reproach me for my own neglect, notwithstanding, I felt I could not help me to come again and again. The neighbours generally said, you were proud and unsociable, because you kept yourself at a distance, and would never gossip with them, or join them in their scandal, but I knew better. I'm sure I can't be sufficiently thankful for the interest you've taken in my welfare."

"It is one of my greatest pleasures to do good to others. It is the great end of life to get good, and do good, and this is what I am trying to keep constantly in view. If I have not associated with my neighbours in the way they may have wished, I hope I have not been backward to render assistance in time of need. In general, their habits and mine are so dissimilar, that it would be impossible for me to make companions of them without compromising my character, and my conscience also. In your own case there was a difference. I saw your defects, but then I always found you ready to listen to useful remarks. I thought I discerned in you seeds of goodness, which if kindly nurtured, might spring up, and, sooner or later, bear precious fruit, and I rejoice to see that I have not been mistaken."

"I may now tell you, that I often visited you when I was very unhappy and dissatisfied with myself; although I said nothing about it, I secretly wished to be like you, and for my house to resemble yours, but I knew not how to set about it. I wanted decision and energy, and I required some one to guide me into the right way. I've come many a time, to your house, with my heart yearning after good things, but I felt a foolish backwardness to make known my feelings; God, however, has mercifully opened my way, and changed my heart, and made me happy, and there is nothing now that I more earnestly desire than to be made a thorough Christian, and to be the instrument of winning my husband over to God. I'm anticipating great advantage, both in spiritual and domestic matters, from the remainder of your history. I've no doubt it will supply many of the lessons which my case requires."

"It was with the expectation that it would prove serviceable that I commenced my story. I will now proceed with it, if I can call to mind where I last broke off."

"Oh! I can assist your recollection, for I took good care to remember,—it was the account of your own conversion."

"Yes, but when we were interrupted you were giving me an outline of your own history. I should like to hear the remainder."

"As far as I remember, I have little or nothing to add to what I recited; when I was thus interrupted, I was telling you the consequences of my having married from convenience rather than affection. This was a great error. It is very sad when an married life there is no love and sympathy,—no union and confidence, it was made so with Matthew and myself; but, thank God, it has been a great change already. My husband evidently regards me with his former affection, he now spends his leisure time at home with me, and I feel anxious to make it as attractive as possible, for I love him now, but I feel the want of early training. I've never been properly instructed in anything. Oh, Mrs. Fletcher, if I could but manage my house as you do yours, how happy I should feel! I'm keeping you, however, from pursuing your story. I long to hear what followed your conversion."

Mrs. Fletcher resumes her story.

"The business stayed," replied Mrs. Fletcher, "I was under the influence of feelings such as I had never known before; my heart was light and joyous; everything around me looked so bright and cheerful that I seemed to be in a new world. I felt myself impelled, too, by a new power, which gave elasticity to my steps, and freedom to my motions. My work was no longer a task,—a burden. I approached it with cheerfulness, and with an assurance that the Lord would help me, and that I should eventually overcome all difficulties. Martha observed the change with delight, but refrained to make any remark until evening, when she said, 'Well, Lizzy, I've no doubt you feel that this day the Lord has helped you. There is no help like His. If you go on improving under His teaching as you have done to-day, you will soon become my pupil.'

"On the following morning, at family prayer, Mrs. Mortimer read the 40th Psalm. When she had concluded, she addressed me in a manner I shall never forget to my dying day. Her words are indelibly impressed on my mind. In her kindest and most impressive tone she said, 'From what I have heard, Lizzy, the commencement of this psalm will be found to describe your own experience. What a mercy that God has delivered you from the horrible pit, and out of the clay, and placed your feet upon the rock. You will readily understand that this means,—a deliverance from guilt, and the bondage of corruption, with the possession of peace, and joy, through the mediation of Him who is the Rock of Ages, the only foundation of a sinner's hope. You will now have vows, and feelings, and aspects, of which previously you knew nothing; these will greatly aid you in temporal as well as spiritual things; I imagine you have proved this already. I observed a singular change in you yesterday for the better, and it was in answer to a remark of mine respecting it, that Martha made she acquainted with what had taken place the previous night. I greatly rejoice on the account, for if you retain the grace you have received, as I trust you will, it will be sure to lead to the happiest results both for this and a future world. You will now have a double motive for well-doing,—the approbation of God, and that of your friends. So long as you retain the former, you can scarcely fail to enjoy the latter. You must remember that the guide and rule of all true Christians is the Bible, you must therefore, read it with diligence, and with regularity, read it as God's word to you; and, if you implicitly follow its precepts, and steadfastly rely upon its promises, then you will enjoy the peace of a good conscience, and ensure continually the support, protection, and blessing of the Almighty.' To such an address, delivered with the most maternal kindness, I could only reply with thanks, and in consequence of the fulness of my heart, they were very inadequately expressed.

"I now began to enjoy life. I felt that the lonely forlorn creature I had done; my spirits became cheerful and buoyant, for I felt happy. I entered upon the work of each day with a determination to do it very best, and I soon began to acquire confidence and ease, and to lose, in consequence, the fear and timidity which had before so greatly embarrassed and distressed me. Weeks and months glided on in the same agreeable manner, during which, my proficiency repeatedly called forth the commendation both of Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, to whom it evidently afforded considerable satisfaction. The assurance that they approved of my efforts, furnished an additional stimulant to my zeal and perseverance, so that at the end of four months, I was able to perform the duties of my situation in a way very to myself, and as Martha sometimes said, as well as if she herself had done them. This I regarded as the highest praise, for I looked upon her as the very model of perfection in every branch of household-work.

"It was during the period I have just referred to, that I was sitting one evening with Martha at our sewing, our minds being from home. When I ventured to remark, 'I have often wondered, Martha, how it was you became so perfect, I should be very glad if you would tell me something about it, it would probably help me to become clever also.'

"'I can scarcely do so,' she replied, 'without entering into my whole history, and this would make a long story, and occupy the whole evening, and, perhaps, not prove very interesting after all, for I have met with no romantic adventures,—I've no marvels to relate.'

"'But I've no doubt you can tell me a great deal that will prove instructive, and if it be not asking too much, I shall be much grateful if you will relate to me such parts of your history, as you think will be useful; your experiences may render me great service.'

"'I fear I have not the skill to make the selection you wish; if I give you the parts you have requested, I must spin the whole yarn, and this will be a long one.'

"'Fine. However, if it will prove to you a service, I will not refuse, although I fear I shall tell my story in a blundering manner, and render it tedious besides. Let me see, it is now seven o'clock, our masters will not return until after ten, I may as well then make the attempt now, and put you at once in possession of the secret by which, as you say, I've been made so very clever.'

"The narrative which followed was long, but it proved to me highly interesting and instructive. It afforded me many useful lessons which I delight to call Martha afterwards to repeat, lessons which I carefully treasured up in my mind, and which have proved of signal benefit to me all through life. A large portion of it I wrote down, and have it now in my possession."

"Oh, how I should like to hear her story!" exclaimed Mrs. Warne. "I dare so it would render me the same service it did to yourself?"

"Probably it might, but it would be a serious interruption to my own story, which seems to grow upon me, and will, I fear, become tedious before I reach the close."

"O, do not withhold it, your narrative has already been productive of the happiest results, and I'm hoping that its completion will perfect the change which has been commenced both in myself and my husband."

"If your request, then, will encourage to give it you, and as far as possible in her own words. It must, however, be received for another sitting. The afternoon is already too far advanced to enter upon a new story, but I shall be glad to embrace the first opportunity for the purpose of meeting your wishes. At present we have both to prepare for our husbands' return."

"I cannot tell how grateful I feel for your kindness," replied Mrs. Warne, "the benefits you have already conferred are more than words can express. I thank God daily that I've had such a neighbour. Let me know when you will again be at liberty?"

Favour
is deceitful, and
beauty is vain: but a
WOMAN
that feareth the LORD, she
shall be praised.
See Proverbs xxxi. 30.
(This chapter of Solomon's contains a graphic picture of a good housewife).

HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

No. I.—How to Manage a Bedroom.

It takes it for granted that your bedroom has a fireplace in it, a chimney, and a window, so that you can have a good through current of air through it.

When you rise from your bed and have washed, dressed, and spent a few minutes in commending yourself to God for the day, uncover your bed, and throw the window wide open, you will then have to get your breakfast, and the bed will have time to cool. An hour's time is not too long to leave the bed open. If you are a wife or a mother, or both, you will have plenty to do getting the breakfast, and washing up after it, before you need go to cover up the bed.

When you return to the bedroom, turn the mattress or bed. Dust carefully all the edges of the bedstead, shake the bed and pillows, and spread the sheets and blanket quite smooth, covering all neatly up with the quilt. In towns it is best to have iron-bedsteads, and no bed-furniture, or only a little white drapery at the head, if it is a tester-bedstead, that can be washed every three weeks or a month.

Then carefully sweep the room, and in summer-time with a wet coarse flannel wash under the bed, to prevent any dust remaining.

Be very careful to empty away all slops; washing out the chamber crockery with clean water, and wiping it dry with a coarse cloth—*used for that and nothing else.*

Then dust thoroughly every chair and table, or chest of drawers, in the room. Mind how you dust them. I have seen some people dust the things with a duster, which only takes the dust from one place to put it on another. To dust properly is to dry-rub—and there need be no shaking about of the duster at all. If your furniture is of plain wood, a damp duster is best. If mahogany, it must be dry-rubbed.

Bedside carpets should be swept once a-week, and the bedroom well scrubbed all over once a-week. Keep the windows open all day, unless it is very rainy weather. Turn the sheet over the coverlid every evening. Fill the water-bottles with filtered water, and let the window be open an inch or two all night. It will do you good and not harm.

If you do all this, you will have a very nice healthy bedroom.

In winter-time, or in long-continued damp weather, it is good to light a fire in the bedroom every week or ten days, it helps to keep it dry, and to ventilate it.

Remember that nearly a third of your life is passed in your bed-room; and you cannot have good health if your bedroom is close, and without proper ventilation. Stagnant air is refreshing, in bad air it is stupifying and sickly.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR SONS?

One of the most hopeful indications of the present day, is the attention paid to the education of the young; but, however perfect our schools and colleges may be, thoughtful parents feel the want of supplementary efforts for the guidance of youth, at the period of life, when the passions and mechanical classes. Much good is doubtless done by Young Men's Christian Associations, public lectures, and Mechanics' Institutions; but one of the most important objects to be accomplished, *is to surround young men in offices and workshops with teachers, companions, and friends who are among the low-minded tastes, too often exhibited in workshop life.* Many intelligent and religious youths (whose parents have spared no pains and no expense in their behalf, beyond the reach of danger), are gradually destroyed by dissipation, into which they were initiated by their fellow-apprentices, or young or grey-headed workmen. It is mournful to think of the thousands of fine young men whose sun sets in disgrace, to the great sorrow of all who knew them. Much is and ought to be able to call attention to practical effort to grapple this evil. Mr. Edward Hayes, of Stoney Stratford, in the County of Bucks, established a few years ago, an agricultural factory, for the training of mechanical engineers, and we understand that a goodly number of his pupils are now occupying respectable positions in engineers. A friend informs us that "The young men are trained in each department of the business. They live together in the house of the Principal, under whose personal superintendence a portion of each day is devoted to the study of the theory of their business. Everything is done to encourage the minds of the youths, and to aid them in their moral and religious progress; Mr. Hayes always acting as their companion and friend, as well as guide and teacher. The result is a colony, industry, and—as a well-conducted home.

The hours of work, as in all large establishments, are strictly kept, special care being taken in the selection of men to be workmen of good character. Mr. Hayes is a practical engineer; for many years he worked in some of our large engineering establishments, thereby acquiring a thorough knowledge at work and workmen, and especially of the dangers and temptations that beset the young."

We trust that the success of this Institution will induce other gentlemen in various parts of the kingdom, to follow the example of Mr. Hayes, and thus give a practical answer to the question to many anxious parents,—"What shall we do with our sons?"

THE WIFE AN' THE WEANS.

(By a Glasgow Porter.)

My hame is aye cheerie wheneer tit I gang;
Auce there I ne'er weary, or think the time lang.
For the blaze o' contentment and peace over roope
An' brightens the smile o' my wife and the weans.*
My wages are sma', but I'm always content,
An' thankfu' to God for the blessings He's sent;
It would daze me sae gud to mourn or complain,
But would only be fretting my wife and the weans.

When my carnin's I get I hamewards repair,
An' as sune as I'm heard to put foot on the stair
I meet a reward for my long hours o' toil,
In the loud loving welcome o' wife an' o' weans.
Then, when I'm set down, I tak ane on my knee,
The ithers come round for the promised bawbee,†
If the tank's been neglected, they're sure to get pann,
For I no'er could encourage an indolent wean.

I've laid down a rule they mum strictly obey,
That forbids needless work on the Lord's holy day,
For the wisest o' kings that on earth did o'er reign
Says, in sign, man but walks as he crept when a wean.
Nae supper mun come, and the hour striking, bell,
Each gets his ain portion and share o' the wark;
Ane brushes the shoon,§ ithers clean the hearthstane,
Whilst their mither sits sewing, or rocking the wean.

If my claes hae been torn, she gets needle and sheare,
She patches the holes and mends mure the tears;
An' to keep her in humour while pinghing her lane,
I read some bit book, or I sing to the wean.
After bairnie we kneel roun' the throne,
Our sins to confess, an' our wants to mak' known,
To Him, who has promised the humble in prayer,
As aft as they meet, he aye will be there.

I care na a snaff what my comrades may think;
They may ta' me a miser because I'll no drink;
I hae nothing to spare when each one gies his ain,
Unless I was robbing the wife an' the weans.
I ne'er tak' a thought o' a fine or new year,
To join pleasure parties or mix in the steer,
For the wealth I would tak' by measure an' trains,
I would mither by out on my wife an' my weans.

For thy factions o' state I care na a fig;
Or for who is in power, be they Tory or Whig;
'Tis the same aye to me what ministry reigns,
The hail o' my care is my wife an' the weans.
When I come to the class o' my earthly career,
An' the grim king o' terrore to me shall appear,
May my peace be nought up, so that nothing remains,
But examint to my God my wife an' the weans.

JAMES MOWCE.

* Young men. † Halfpenny. ‡ Neglected. § Shoes.

"TEN POUNDS BETTER OFF."

Mrs. Bayly*, who has been the means of doing so much good at Kensington, favoured a select company at No. 9, Paternoster Row, on Friday, the 20th of July, with a most interesting account of the work she is engaged in among the poor mothers, and more recently, the working-men in her district. One incident she related will not soon be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear it. One of the women at the sewing meeting, mentioned that a poor drunkard, belonging to a house in the neighbourhood, had been burnt to death while its mother was out at work. "Dear me," said one of the mothers as she heard the sad statement, "Mrs. ——is very unfortunate with her children." Mrs. Bayly heard the remark, and said, gravely, "I do not know how you can choose to speak of such a case of death as that, but here, things shall be called by their right names. I do not call it misfortune, I call it sin. The cry of that poor child's agony has gone up to Heaven—it was a sin to leave it." Many of the women wept as Mrs. Bayly spoke, for she felt constrained to utter heart-searching words with the solemn dignity of parental and generous love of little children, and the sin of neglect. The next morning, a woman called on Mrs. Bayly, and said to her, "Ever since last night, Ma'am, I don't feel as I can go out to work, and leave my children legged. I feel I dare not, and yet I don't know how we're to manage."

"Well, you are quite right in resolving not to go out to work," said Mrs. Bayly, "keep to that. What does your husband earn?"

"Eighteen shillings a-week—but there's a good many of us."

"Well, you must try to manage."

The woman with a sigh, said, "I have never been taught to manage." However, poor soul! she resolved to try her best. No doubt Mrs. Bayly put her some kind advice, seasoned with the counsel of the women who are her helpers in every good work, to encourage the poor mother to persevere. It must have been a great struggle at first; but she succeeded, and kept at home, cleaning her house and, and minding her children—cooking and mending for her family. At the end of a year, Mrs. Bayly asked the woman what the reply was "I do think, ma'am, we are £10 better off, besides the comfort." Yes, there was a positive saving in money. The husband was complacent, the children better, and happier, the house happier, the mother far happier. If poor women would but remember "a penny saved is as good as a penny earned," and think of the food wasted, the things broken and destroyed, and the bad habits and danger incurred by the children, they would see that a wife is as good as a mother's place is at home.

* Authoress of the popular work, "Household Homes, and How to Mend Them." Nisbet & Co., Berners Street. 2s. 6d.

"The Victim." By Mrs. Balfour (in the press). A most admirable story for female. Price Sixpence.

"Scrub;" or, the Workhouse Boy's First Start in Life. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. Price Sixpence. Text 9d.

Illustrated Handbills. Fifty different kinds. Each book may be had in packets of 50, *assorted*, 6d. each. Bound in a volume, *in cloth*, 1s.

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THE HIGHLAND PIPER. FROM A PAINTING BY F. TAYLER.

A SCOTCH LADDIE.

DAVID W——was the son of an itinerant musician who gained his livelihood by wandering through the border counties of Scotland, giving lessons in singing at country villages, and occasionally singing ballads at the doors of the gentlemen's houses which he passed in going from place to place. Poor David had no happy childhood; often without a home, often without bread,—he had no kind mother to comfort him; his step-mother beat and ill-treated him,—his father was a drunken, whisky-loving character, and as subsequent events will show, had but little affection for his son. The poor child was gifted with a melodious voice, and was trained by his father to earn his daily food by singing to any who would give him a few pence in return.

It so happened that one day when they were plying their usual task in front of a large mansion, the lady of the house came out to listen, and was so charmed with the boy's voice, and so much interested in his appearance, that after a few inquiries, she proposed to his father to leave him in her charge, promising to clothe and educate him at her own expense. To this the father willingly agreed, and went on his way, leaving his little boy alone among strangers, nor is it known that he ever made any inquiry after him, neither did his son ever see him again. Davie was now boarded with a respectable old woman in the village, and sent to the parish school. Here his diligence and good conduct were soon remarked, and his humility and honesty gained the good opinion of all who knew him. He often shared in the games and sports of the sons of his benefactress, and as he grew older he was admitted also to share in the lessons of their tutor, an advantage of which he availed himself to good purpose, for after some years, when he was approaching to manhood, the parish school becoming vacant by the death of the master, David was elected in his place.

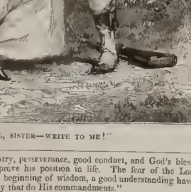
Here his energy and untiring industry came into play. He drew maps and suspended them on the walls of the schoolhouse; he abolished the old system of teaching by rote, and made his scholars both understand and feel interested in the lessons they learnt; in short, the school became so attractive under his rule, that after a few years the schoolhouse had to be considerably enlarged.

In this situation he continued, respected and esteemed by all the neighbourhood, until, entirely on account of the high character to which he had raised his school, he was chosen by the Trustees of Heriot's Hospital, Edinburgh, to superintend one of the large juvenile schools attached to that noble foundation.

He does not yet rest from his labours, but is now the associate of the learned and the good, occupying a post of great honour and trust in society, a living illustration that there is no individual under British rule, however humble his position in life, who may not by industry, perseverance, good conduct, and God's blessing, improve his position in life. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, a good understanding have all they that do His commandments."

B.

"FAREWELL, SISTER—WRITE TO ME!"



DOING GOOD BY STEALTH.

In his younger days, when the late Lord Panmure was only the Hon. William Maule, he often prided himself in bestowing charity on the poor cottars without his person being known, or in the guise of a gaberlunzie. "On one occasion," says the Montrose Standard, "he entered the cot of a poor old woman at Muirdrum, with his wallet slung about him, well filled with oat-meal. On asking charity, he was at once supplied with a handful of Scotia's food, and was invited to rest himself. On entering into conversation with the old women, he found that she was really poor, and soon prevailed her to buy his beggar's meal at half-price. Shortly after he had gone, the old woman began to examine her bargain, when, to her great surprise, she found the meal to contain a goodly mixture of sixpence, shillings, half-crowns, &c. Conceiving the poor beggar-man to have made his 'meal-pock' his cash depository also, she ran after him, bellowing, 'Hoy, hoy, man, ye've left a' yer silver ama' the meal ye sell me;' but the mere she shouted, the faster did the beggar walk on, when she gave up the chase and returned, telling her neighbours of the strange bargain she had made, and seemingly very much alarmed as to its having been honestly come by. At last, one more sagacious than the rest, gave it as her opinion, that the beggar-man was none other than Willie Maule."

"SISTER, WRITE TO ME!"

WHAT touching incidents occur in a soldier's life! Leaving home and native land for a foreign shore, perhaps, never to return, how important that every possible opportunity should be embraced of keeping up home-ties! To every sister who has a brother, or parent who has a son in the army, we would say, "write to him monthly." The receipt of a letter from 'home' has often a deep influence for good upon a soldier's heart. For ONE PENNY, a letter can be sent to a British soldier *in whatever part of the world he is stationed.* We trust the day will come when the British Parliament will extend this "penny postage" boon to *printed* books and papers. If four ounces of *printed* matter might be sent to soldiers (wherever stationed) for a penny, we feel assured that it would be hailed by tens of thousands, and prove a blessing to the army.

We have letters before us from soldiers in India, and other foreign stations, which give pleasing evidence that many of the men are seeking, by the study of the Sacred Scriptures, to be soldiers of Jesus Christ.

OUR SOLDIERS.

We have been much gratified by the receipt of various Letters from Scripture Readers to the Army. The following are extracts from some of them:—

From Mr. T. Chatterton, Sheffield.

"I am happy to inform you that your periodical is well received by the gallant 84th, now in Sheffield, the companions-in-arms of the immortal Havelock! Fourteen men have become interested, men, chiefly from reading the *British Workman*, and many spend their spare time *dreaming* from it, and I am continually asked for the *British Workman*; in fact, it is a *general favourite* in the army, and it would give me great pleasure if I had it in my power to supply one in the hands of *every soldier* in the regiment, through the kindness of Miss Harrison, of Weston House. I have also in the infantry guard-room a complete collection of the *British Workman*, for which they are very thankful, as it is a source of amusement and profit to them. The *British Workman* was highly prized by them in India."

From Mr. Robert McCormack, Soldiers' Institute, Portsmouth.

"The *British Workman* is earnestly sought after by our soldiers, who have been here from time to time. You will recollect, on the return of the troops from the Crimea, I had large grants from you through the late Rev. W. C. Wilson, M.A., for distribution to the men, when in the train from Portsmouth to their destination. I had grants. The men valued the *Workman* very much; and I have reason to hope, from the letters that I received from several men after they arrived in India, &c., that *good* has been done.

"The patients in the hospitals here value the paper very much. The soldiers are much pleased with the clear and beautiful engravings with which the *British Workman* abounds. I have often heard many of the soldiers say (when they could not read), 'Please, sir, give me one of these, for I *can read myself*.' And let us, our soldiers at home, but *many abroad*, feel a deep interest in this publication. It is the most acceptable publication (to add the *Band of Hope*) that I ever had."

"ALL'S AGEN ME"

I was seated at an open window, near the Marylebone stone-yard; and the paupers who break the stones to powder of them sitting, in their dinner-hour, on the curbstone near the entrance. A poor fellow, more beat down than even the paupers, came up to the gate, and seeing a man he knew among them, said, "Joe, I s'pose you remember me." This remark was replied to very kindly, and the two men moving apart from the others, came to the lamppost opposite my window, and the pauper Joe said, "Why, Will, you seems gone from bad to worse, what's up now?"

"Why all's agen me—the world's agen me—and I'm agen myself—for a man told me this very day as he didn't like the look of my face. Ah, it's hard to be 'bliged to say so—but, *all's* agen me."

"Well it is hard," replied the other, "but you should look out sharp for a chance."

"Chance! I never had no chance. What chance had I to grow up with a bright close face, when from a baby I was taught to wag the gin-shop, and roll in the gutter, and tumble about anyhow—why I slept under the cabbage waggons in Covent Garden best part of my young days. I should like to see the fellow that 'ud grow up good-looking upon hunger, and filth and blows. And when I tried to be honest, folks wouldn't believe me, and so I went with fellows as seemed to pay me, and got into trouble, and then the very first time as ever I heard I'd a soul to be saved, was when I'd lost my character, and was as many say fitter for; and since then, Joe, I have tried—I have indeed—but nobody seems inclined to trust me, nobody—I tell you 'All's agen me'"

Here, the pauper, had a bunch of bread and a bit of Dutch cheese in his bag, and he pulled it out, and pulling it against Will's hand, said, "Come lay hold, I am agen you, anyhow, and mind you keeps a good heart, if your spirit goes down, all's down."

I saw Will draw his hand across his eyes, and hunger as he was, something rising in his throat seemed to prevent his swallowing the bread and cheese so kindly offered. The two men passed on and I saw them no more, but the words of the poor man went to my heart. Surely those who have been well trained, and taught by honest parents, ought to *feel* for the outcasts, who lost their character before they were ever told what a good character meant, and who when they strive to redeem the past find so much hardness and suspicion, that they too often say "All's against me."

The blessed Redeemer when He trod this earth, said of one of the vilest sinners, who was about to be stoned to death, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

☞ Should this page ever meet the eye of the poor "sinner of brave-man" referred to, we hope that he will take courage, if he turns to the Lord with full purpose of heart, a say willingly open for him. We recently spent a most agreeable evening with a former employer, who was once a convict. We found him a pious and very happy man, happily engaged in place of benevolence. Having had 'much forgiven, he loveth much.' "If we *confess our sins*, our sins, we *shall find mercy*," are the words of our Heavenly Father.

"ALL'S AGEN ME!"

GEORGE WATSON, Printer, 5, Kirby Street, Hatton Garden, London. (E.C.)

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BRITISH WORKMAN

THE OBSERVING EYE:
AN INCIDENT IN THE EARLY LIFE OF JAMES WATT.

NOTHING is more wonderful in this world than the importance of what seem little things. A few rough grains of seed will produce the food that man and beast depend on as the staff of life. An acorn, that a baby's hand will hold, produces the mighty oak tree, that bears the tempest of a thousand years. And a fire applied to the boiling of water causes it to throw off the vapour called "*steam*," by which great engines are worked. These employ millions of people in manufacturing all the necessaries and comforts of life, in the way of clothing, household furniture, and a myriad of benefits, to say nothing of the travelling by land and sea, with a speed and safety unknown before man learned the power of steam, and how to employ it. The Marquis of Worcester made a sort of steam-engine two hundred years ago, and many learned men in France and England, then and afterwards, wrote about the power of steam, and made many experiments, but the man who may be said to have set free the imprisoned Giant—STEAM! improved, directed,

and applied his varied and marvellous forces to the good of man, and the great benefit of England and the world, was James Watt.

In the town of Greenock, in Scotland, there resided at the beginning of the last century, a family named Watt, who were known and respected for their intelligence and integrity. They were engaged in commerce, and though enjoying a respectable position, were not wealthy. On the 19th of January, 1736, a child was born to the household, who was destined to confer the greatest obligations on mankind. Young Watt's infancy and childhood were not remarkable, but did not seem very likely to be little farther of Watt, it did not seem very likely he would do much in this hard-working world, for he was very feeble, a little pale, quiet, and shy boy. He could not go regularly to school, and his relations feared he would grow up without the advantage that his more robust brothers enjoyed. But he did not understand the little fellow if they thought, because he sat at home ill, he was idle. Often when he seemed to be doing nothing, he mind was busy thinking. His mother had an apparatus, common at that time, for boiling a kettle, or keeping it boiling, with some difficulty on the tea-table, and what she was behind the eyes of the boy, he would watch the steam as it gurgled out of the spout, or made the lid rise up and fall down, and would sit for hours over it. He would listen to the song it sang, and the mystery of the strain would whisper to his ear all kinds of new, strange thoughts. He was a dreamer, who sometimes revealed him, saying, "Why does the hairy sit there blowing at the tea-kettle, as if he was dull?" Ah, the blowering at the tea-kettle, as if he was dull?" Ah, the boy was thinking that he could not then have told, but what he remembered and treasured up for future years. He was thinking of the power of steam as he gazed at the kettle. A great deal of science of the very greatest importance was being revealed to him as he silently pondered it. He was, "wondering, wondering, for child are the vessels for silent meditation. There's too much bells, and too little thought in our daily life. We forget, and young people have to remember, what we have been told, that we have *two* ears, and only one tongue, it was meant we should hear twice as much as we should speak. "Speech is silver—silence is golden," is a capital German proverb.

Years passed over the head of James Watt. He never forgot the lesson of the tea-kettle, he made experiments, he read and studied all that had been written about steam as a motive power. At the age of eighteen, he was sent to London, and apprenticed to a mathematical instrument maker; but after a year's residence and very rapid improvement in a knowledge of the business his health broke down, and he had to return to his native place. As soon as he a little recovered, he went to Glasgow, and was soon the chief of the city, and the proficient of his business—that he was appointed mathematical instrument maker to the College there, and gained the friendship of Dr. Robison and many eminent men. In a few years he was established as a general engineer, but he continued to make experiments on steam.

James Watt was not rich, and he had not then the means of bringing any of his various inventions to perfection. One of his first friends was Dr. Roebuck, who assisted him to take out his first patent in 1769. But after this, pecuniary difficulties prevented Dr. Roebuck from giving further aid to his friend, and years passed in which the want of money impeded Watt, who, however, still persevered in his studies and inventions, and at length accepted an invitation from Birmingham, and entered into partnership with Mr. Boulton there, and began making steam-engines in the year 1775.

Thirty years, less than a hundred years ago this great work commenced, and now every decent working-man's home contains some of the product of this wonderful invention. The bleachfield, the cotton, the capital stuffs and cloths, that make our women and children the best-dressed population in the world; the carpets that lay upon the feet of the poorest of our working-man's home,—such as never have been seen in a poor man's house in France or Germany,—and such as kings and nobles could not have, two or three hundred years ago. All the comforts and conveniences of life have been brought within the reach of the sober, industrious working-man by the operation of the steam-engine. The trade and wealth of the country have been multiplied immensely, and the means of promoting the high pleasures of intellect, has come to the poor man as well as to the rich. While friends and relatives no longer part in grief, fearing they shall see and hear each other no more, they keep up intercourse and love by frequent meetings. All this great improvement—in dress, household conveniences, means of travel, facilities of friendship—is less than all, the great increase in modes and opportunities of labour and diversity of employment, and diffusion of knowledge, have, since the Divine Spirit has been breathing about by simple human agency, directed to the applying of one of the great forces of nature; and the greatest of the many noble "British workmen" who applied themselves to perfect the steam-engine was James Watt! At first a sickly child, always through life a delicate man, but still a man who was preserved by God for creatures by his wisdom and genius for the long period of eighty-three years. He died on the 25th of August, 1819. But his work lives, and will live, and call each succeeding generation to the latest posterity will own him a debt of gratitude.

WORKMEN AND TOBACCO.

It is remarked, that, according to a late parliamentary report, the duty on tobacco for one year, in the United Kingdom, amounts to £5,201,104. In London alone the receipts were £41,177.

If the duty amounts to the above extraordinary sum, the amount paid for tobacco must be enormous.

It is curious to observe that London, which contains about a tenth part of the population, consumes nearly one-half of the quantity used by the whole kingdom. The sum (even of the interest) expended in the smoking of this weed in three years, would be more than sufficient to take the drainage of London to the sea. What famous hospitals and schools might be rounded, the cost of the tobacco used in the metropolis in one year? However, people will have their smoke, and yet, notwithstanding the praises of Byron, Charles Lamb, and others, I cannot help feeling something in the vein of Roug James at the time of writing his famous counterblast, when I see the great increase of the use of the weed amongst *the young*. In low neighbourhoods, the rising "rough" of forty years of age may be seen gravely smoking his pipe; and in the early morning young workmen, from fourteen to sixteen years of age, may be seen taking their pipe with all the vigour of manhood. Admitting that the use of tobacco may be harmless when used in moderation, I cannot but look with dread at its effects on the youth of England; and if the same increase continues, it will not be a matter of surprise to see our schoolboys leaning upon the tobacco-pipe to be as necessary as the slate-pencil. *The Builder.*

The Gospels.—Two Moorish Turks Chiefs once went from the borders of China to St. Petersburg, to examine the arts and manners of Europeans. During their stay, they became acquainted with a German Clergyman, who engaged them to accompany him in preparing a translation of the Gospels into the language of their country. They spent ninety days in the Clergyman's study. At length their task was done, the last correction was made, and the book was closed on the table between them. Still they sat, serious and silent. The Clergyman inquired the cause, and was equally surprised and delighted to hear them tell him they themselves converted to the truths of the Blessed Volume.

"At home," they said, "we studied the sacred writings of the Chinese, and the more we read, the more *obscure* they seemed; the more we read the Gospel, the more *simple and intelligible* it becomes, until at last it seems as if JESUS was talking with us."

THE HOLY BIBLE.

THIS Blessed Book is the richest treasure which you can possess; and if seriously perused, will make you wise unto salvation. It contains the Gospel of our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ as the greatest blessing the GOD ever bestowed upon mankind. It informs you how guilt may be cancelled, God reconciled, and immortality obtained. The fallen state of man by nature, and his recovery by Grace, are the two grand truths to which every section of the Bible points. Pray, then, that your understanding may be enlightened to perceive, and your *heart* opened to embrace them. The more you read the Bible, the more principles, the more you will love it; and the more you love it, the holier and happier you will become. Read it, therefore, *daily*; and make its sacred contents the constant rule of your faith, and its precepts the constant rule of your practice. It will be a sovereign remedy for all the evils of this life; it will diffuse over your path a mild ray, and give a well-founded hope of happiness beyond the grave. *Pray to God every morning and every evening. Never do anything which you cannot pray to God about.* Read as much as possible bad thoughts, bad words, bad actions, bad company, and bad books. Never sell a lie, nor make light of the smallest sin. Be humble, be modest in your general behaviour, respectful to your superiors, kind to your equals, and condescending to your inferiors. Always "do to others as you would have others do to you." Learn to rest contented with the situation in which God has placed you. Day is life formed on the preceding principles, you will gain the affection of the good, the esteem even of the bad, and the blessing of Almighty God.

AN AGED FRIEND.

WHAT BETTER ARE YOU FOR GOOD WAGES?

It was on a Tuesday morning lately, whilst taking my usual walk, that I met with one of my neighbours. His pale-hunt eye, haggard countenance, and disordered dress, at first made me at first not recognising him; a second glance, however, told me who he was, and readily suggested the cause of his present appearance. It was clear he was suffering from the effects of Old Monday. As the opportunity was presented of speaking a word in season, I resolved to avail myself of it; when the following conversation took place—

"What is the matter, William, that you are not at work this morning; are you unwell?"

"I've gotten a bad head, sir, and couldn't get up in time to go to t' shop, so I'm trying what a walk will do to mend it."

"I suppose the matter is, you were drunk last night, and are now feeling the bitter effects. When will you be wise? You know well enough what drunkenness does—how it makes friends, empty pockets, unhappy homes, and bitter remorse."

"Why it was yesterday, an' a few o' us had a bit of a lark, and I had a drop or two too much."

"What, then, have you regular holydays?"

"Why, yes, I always make a holyday of Monday, when I can. You see it would be a sore hardship to work all the week round; for be at it all the day long from Monday morning to Saturday night, and that leaves one end o' th' year to the other; it would be no better than slavery. A well go to t' treadmill at once."

"This, William, in your case is sheer nonsense. You never work, on a regular way, more than ten and a-half hours a-day, and this for six days in the week, with the blessed Sabbath as a rest-day."

"Why as to t' Sabbath it never seems to me to be a *rest-day*. I don't know how it is, but I ought to spend in religious duties, or in the bosom of his family, in the discharge of home duties, you current into a day of rest and dissipation. What in the meantime becomes of your wife and children?"

"O it's t' wife's concern to take care of t' children. I work hard for them other days, and it's a sad case if one can't have a bit o' liberty o' th' Sunday."

"You know, William, that this idle talk, the folly of which I need hardly point out, there is one fact, however, which I wish to remind you of. Some years ago you did not waste your time and money as you do now."

"No, that true. I could n't *afford* it. Wages are nearly double what they us'd to be, so I take it more easy, and indulge in a bit of a spree now and then."

"Then you spend the additional wage you receive, not for the benefit of your family, for they are rather worse off than before for it, but in idleness, intemperance, and pleasure-taking. Now, listen, while I place before you what I know these cost you each year.

52 Mondays—loss of work at 4s. per day	£10	8 0
Monday spendings in drink and folly, 2s.	5	4 0
Sunday excursions, and revelry, 3s. per day	7	16 0
Making a total of.....	£23	8 0

To this add, for broken Tuesdays, £1 12s. more. Here then is £25, which, if rightly expended, would render your family comfortable, and even respectable, but which is utterly wasted, to the detriment of your health, the degradation of your character, and the sacrifice of domestic peace and comfort; whilst your conduct is corrupting your children, and rendering your wife utterly miserable."

"I don't say it's right. I sometimes think I'll alter, but then I always fall into t' old way again."

"And so you always will until you renounce your present companions and break your chains of the public-house. Unless you are resolved on the ruin of your health, and cast away from you the intoxicating cup,—handle not,—taste not. If you touch it you will sure be ensnared."

"I know it is so;—but how shall I do it?"

"I will tell you. Ask help of God,—in the language of one of old, cry "Lord, help me!" Help was never refused, when sincerely sought, nor will it be refused to you. As you pursue your walk, repeat this prayer until you feel you have power to grind up the fetters."

Here ended our conversation. T. H. W.

BRITISH SAILORS IN INDIA.

We have received the following extract from an old Waterloo officer—now retired from the army. He is often heard to say, that "the worst enemies the soldiers or sailors have to contend with are the house-to-house, but their own acquaintances and *so-called* friends, who thoughtlessly tempt them to drink, and, by so doing, bring numbers of otherwise excellent men into trouble and disgrace."

"DEAR SIR, *York, June 18th, 1860.*

"I think I cannot employ half-an-hour better than in sending you an extract from a letter written by a young officer on board H. M. ship 'Cyclops,' to his brother in England, which I have seen lately. The letter is dated

"Butcher's Island, near Bombay, April 25th, 1860.

"I returned the day before yesterday on purpose to witness an entertainment given by our men, and I am happy to say that they managed it so that about £20, which *they express to send to the Plymouth Orphan School.* This speaks very well for the generosity of our men.

"I ought to add that it was the crew of this ship that behaved so remarkably well during the loss of the large ship, the 'Alma,' when on board the ill-fated ship, men, women, and children were lost. The vessel homewards two years since, when all on board the ill-fated ship, men, women, and children were lost (under Providence), by the brave conduct of two officers and a civilian who were returning from India in her.

"One of these officers, in the midst of the particulars of their misfortune, said, 'After two days, suffering on the reef of rocks, where we all were, hungry, thirsty, and almost naked, we had the happiness of seeing the 'Cyclops' steaming up to us, with the engines evidently doing their best—and in less than a minute after she came within reach, we saw the boats lowered from the ship (already filled with water-casks, as it appeared) and the boat's crews pulling towards us *with all their might, had the men been rowing for their own lives, they could not have made more exertion.* We were taken on board the 'Cyclops,' and the kindness shown to us all—men, women, and children (of which there were plenty) by the officers and men of the ship, I shall never forget. *It was beyond all praise.*"

"Now, these same men instead of spending their money in drink and dissipation, sent £20 to an Orphan School at Plymouth."

All hasten to such noble-hearted sailors.

MOTHER, ARE THE CHILDREN SAFE?

THIS is merely a weekly newspaper issued that does not contain an account of some poor child being burnt to death, or scalded, or run over, through the neglect of the mother, who left it in the charge of some little creature not much bigger than itself, and wholly unfit to take proper care of it. I once knew a case where a child was burned to death while the nurse was gossiping at the chandler's shop at the corner of the lane where she lived. Thousands, or, as the called it, "just crept out," and the eldest child, about four years old, must needs try to blow the fire; some sparks flew out, and lodged on the pinafore of the baby, who was soon a complete bundle of fire, and while the nurse was carelessly leaning over the counter, talking about her neighbours' faults and failings, her infant was shrieking its last amid the fiery torment. Never shall I forget the look of that woman, as, called by her neighbours, she hurried to her home, and found the little corpse rolled up on the step of the door—all that was left of the smiling baby she had parted from a quarter of an hour before!

It is beautiful to see how very kind and careful the children of a family are to the youngest pet—but while they ought to be so, it is wrong to ask, or to compel children should be left in charge of a baby, either in a room with a fire, or in a crowded thoroughfare.

What is a poor mother to do? Why, send the children, as soon as they can go, to the infant school, and take care of the baby herself. Life is God's great gift. Make every effort to preserve it.

CONTRAST OF THE IDLE AND THRIFTY WIFE.

(Modernized from a rare old Poem by Thomas Tusser, 1580.)

The idle wife hath till nine of the clock,
The thrifty wife riseth to rise with the cock.

The idle wife trusteth to him, and to her,
The busy wife buateth herself for to stir.

The idle wife one thing or other must crave,
The thrifty wife nothing but needful will have.

The idle wife moveth with gossips to spend,
The busy wife loveth the household to tend.

The idle wife bringeth a shilling to naught,
The thrifty wife augeth, her cupboard full fraught.

The idle wife recketh and careth aside,
The poor wife maketh before it goes wide.

The idle wife craveth in secret to borrow,
The thrifty wife saveth to-day, for to-morrow.

The idle wife pinch not having to eat,
The careful wife dineth with plenty of meat.

The idle wife letteth to Satan the store,
The busy wife getteth, and of little makes more.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TURKISH SATYR.—From the numerous interesting letters received by us relative to these Satyr, we cannot but regret to learn of their establishment in eastern towns. That they will have a wonderful influence in promoting *clean*ness cannot be doubted. The writers, men of influence, have, with laudable enterprise and independence, erected a Turkish Bath at their own cost, and we are told that it is proving a good investment, and likely to be a liberal interest for their money. We purpose giving further particulars in a future number.

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

A SCOTCH MINISTER.—"I have been first and last of any one's personal canvass of Subscribers to the "British Workman," but here orders for 100 copies. I have been from six days at work, and expect another week to finish number."

"MR. H. and myself have canvassed our locality, and I have the satisfaction of stating that we have got a Subscriber at almost every house we called at!"—H. H. TEDDINGTON.

"I have obtained 260 Subscribers to the "British Workman" in two weeks' spare time. Hence the Subscribers, Bills, I think I can get a few more. The effects produced in our village by their distribution feel a pleasing character. Drunkards of many years' standing are beginning to keep away from the public-house."—G. H.

"I am a working-man, and was blessed in the evening with whole years' leisure, when I left you, that she took the "British Workman," for this month. In that time I have obtained twenty-five Subscribers, and have obtained twenty Subscribers; I have this day ordered them through a bookseller."—H. H. YORKE.

NOTICES OF BOOKS, &c.

HYMNS AND TUNES FOR EVERYDOY.—Improved Psalmody for Schools and Congregations. Bound in Cloth, Gilt Lettered, Price 1s. 6d. Contains a selection of words and music from the best authors, designed to bring the standard and popular psalmodies of the and adapt the tunes to the words of the Scottish classics. Any either quickly, price 3d. Contains twenty-four tunes, 32 pages, 1d. Sold by all Bookseller, Tract Warehouse, Tract Depots, or Hatton Garden. This strikes around the Christian public on behalf of the poor Sabbatha Cousins well, we trust, do good service to the cause of Sabbath Observance.

A Voice from the Vistage. By Mrs Ellis, Author of "Women of England." Cloth Gilt. Price 1s. post free. This valuable work by Mrs. Ellis is worthy of being read by every mother and daughter in the world.

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NOTICE

The change in the Publishing Office. Orders should be addressed to MR. Samuel William PARTRIDGE, at the Office of the "British Workman," No. 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

GOOD SERVANTS, GOOD WIVES, AND HAPPY HOMES.

CHAPTER X.

Martha's History.

"I WAS born of respectable parents: my father was a small farmer, moral and industrious; my mother was a woman of great excellence of character, kind, judicious, active and managing. It was said that no farm was better cultivated, and no home better managed than theirs. I had a sister and a brother, the former two, the latter four years elder than myself. We were all brought up to habits of cleanliness, order, and industry, and few families were more united than ours. As I was the youngest I obtained more schooling, and also more diligence than had been allowed either to my sister or brother. I was seldom, therefore, required to take part in the regular work of the house; this was an error on my mother's part, for which, like yourself, I had afterwards to suffer, for it was my misfortune to lose her soon after I had reached my fifteenth year, and before I had acquired any practical domestic experience. The error would have been remedied could I have remained under my sister's care, but this was prevented by an event as painful as it was unexpected. In a cottage not far from our dwelling, lived a widow and two children; she was a woman of artful, designing character, and she contrived to conceal it under the garb of religion, and great professions of benevolence. No sooner was it known that my mother's illness was likely to terminate fatally, than this woman resolved to become her successor, and her plans were carried on with great dexterity and secrecy. Under the pretence of neighbourly kindness, she visited my mother daily, talked piously to her, was profuse in her attentions and offers of assistance, sympathized with my father, and, in a word, by apparent sincerity and disinterestedness, that he was gradually drawn into the web she had woven for him. My sister was at a distance, and sometimes returned to express it to my father, but he treated it as an unreasonable and unfounded prejudice, and so far from listening to her advice, he encouraged the widow's visits, and often returned them.

"After my mother's decease, it soon appeared that my father had been entrapped by his designing neighbour's snare. The interference and expostulations of friends only served to strengthen the infatuation under which he had fallen, and to confirm the decision he had adopted. The result may readily be anticipated. An animely marriage took place, of which the only nuptice we had was an attenuation of my sister's health, and determination that we must prepare to receive our new mother, and our two children, on the following day. Great was our mortification and distress. It was not long before our sister's labour became so much more than we could bear, and proved; the same kind of artifice which had been employed to entrap my father was now employed to remove his children. It needed no great penetration, in the circumstance would have opened his eyes, but such was the secondary his wife had obtained over him, that he readily entered into her designs, and consented to the removal of his children from their rightful home with satisfaction rather than regret.

"My sister was fortunate in no difficulty in providing for themselves; my youth placed me under greater disadvantages, and the best situation my sister could obtain for me was that of nurse girl, in a family in which there were four children. I now felt the consequences of my former indulgence. I had not been broken into regular habits of industry, and my knowledge of domestic duties was very limited. The situation of a nurse girl is not always agreeable, but often injurious. In fine weather, my chief employment was to take charge of the children in their walks for air and exercise; this exposed me to many temptations from an association with other girls employed in the same way, and it also tended to foster a careless lounging habit. My situation in doors was rendered disagreeable and difficult by the excessive indulgence the children received from their mother. My mistress was a kind, easy, well-disposed woman, possessing good principles, and a sound judgment on all matters in which her children were not concerned. With regard to them, her affection seemed to pervert her understanding, and usually dictated a course of conduct the very opposite to what her judgment would have suggested. She seemed as if she never had power to say nay to them, or to put a restraint on their wishes. Their playthings, when they wanted to go to bed, and their meals, obviously injurious, were sure, in the end to prevail. It was seldom she could perceive that they were in fault, and even when some accident or illness, it was hard to shield them from punishment, or to cast the blame on others. This often occasioned me great annoyance, for, as the scapegoat we were all in Scripture, I had to bear the burden of most of their faults. In this situation I remained two years, but I derived no real advantage from it. I was a mere drudge; I acquired no new useful information, and my habits were injured rather than improved.

"My next situation was of a widely different character. A girl of my own age was wanted to attend on three young ladies, in a family of great style and wealth, residing at a short distance from us. I had to be neat and tasteful, opening, and so anxious was I to avail myself of, that I made application for the place without consulting my sister, or making any inquiries about the character of the family. To my great joy, my application was successful, but I was soon told on my return, by some who knew the family, that I had made more haste than good speed, and that I should find before long, it was not all gold that glittered, and so I found it to be.

"I had not been more than a day or two in my new situation, ere I discovered that I had not changed for the better, and that servants who are eager for high wages, and places in great families, often injure themselves early in the end. I found my mistress proud and haughty in the extreme. Her conduct towards her domestics was alike arbitrary and repulsive. It was thought that in this way she sought to hide her own low origin, for she had been raised from a very humble condition by the continental speculations and successes of her husband; but if this was her design, it was a mistake, for her haughtiness provoked a constant reference to it, and often called forth the remark, 'There is no pride so excessive and intolerable as that shown by you upstarts.' My mistress knew that she had servants, for she paid them their wages, and made their duties and constant subject of complaint and abuse, in all companies, at home and abroad; but she had no knowledge either of their character or duties, nor did she in the least degree consider their feelings or comfort. Why should she? they were *but servants*. When she addressed them, it was as to a different and inferior nature, and from the unrevealed character of many of her requirements, it might have been inferred that she viewed them as a sort of household machinery, that might be worked to any extent not absolutely destructive.

"The daughters were true copies of their mother. They were very equally proud and haughty, except towards each other. I had often to bridle my temper to avoid receiving the harsh and humiliating treatment I experienced. Whilst the mother and sisters were absorbed on their favourite cut, or lapdog, I was frequently addressed as if I possessed no sense of propriety or feeling, and they seemed to have no sensitive thoughts as to the amount of labour they imposed. 'Our servants are well paid for all they do,' was on all occasions the self-evident, and in case of any default, the sharp reproof given them. As for my own work, it seemed neither to have cessation nor end.

"My young mistresses had no idea of doing anything without assistance, and, therefore, my services were in unceasing requisition. I had to assist them to dress and undress, to dress their hair, to keep their dresses, wardrobe, and drawers in order, preserve their dresses and been in repair, and answer their bells at all times, and in case of any default, the sharp reproof I received. I possess, I imagine, a natural love of order, confirmed no doubt by my mother's example and training. I could not, therefore, but feel indignant and pitiful at witnessing the disorderly habits of these young ladies. When they quitted their rooms after dressing, it is impossible to describe the scene of confusion they left behind. Every article belonging to their toilet and wardrobe lay scattered about in all directions, in the wildest possible disorder. Their clothes were left in the same state, exhibiting to the poor attendant who had to put them in order, a medley of the most mortifying nature.

"Many quarrels and bickerings occurred between them, and displayed the same disregard of the feelings and labour of their domestics. Often when one of these had spent the whole of the morning in arranging the entrance hall and staircase clean and neat, they would come in from their daily walk, and passing over the mats without rubbing their feet of any portion of the dirty road they brought in with them, would trample over the places just cleaned, leaving a large portion of the mire at every step. No wonder such conduct and language provoked and followed up by others of a similar kind, that they excited sensations of rage and indignation, and produced in their servants a cold and begrudging service.

"My young mistresses had finished their education at a fashionable school in London, but I thought it rather a strange *finish* to learn, I discovered that I could both write and spell much better than them. I suppose the *finish* referred to what are called accomplishments, and a knowledge of the manners, and style of dress, considered fashionable life. At the result, they held in sovereign contempt, everything that was deemed low, or that belonged to common life. This affectation of refinement led them to be ashamed of their parents, and to regard with abhorrence every occupation of a domestic character. They shrank in terror from the vulgar notion that the old grandmother might come down with domestic matters could ever by any possibility devolve upon them. 'Such things,' they said, 'belonged only to *servants*; what were we for but to attend to such concerns?' They professed, therefore, not to know how any familiar or ordinary thing was done, yet, with this affectation of ignorance, they were perpetually making fun. Scarcely anything could be done to suit them; doubtless they thought it a mark of gentility. The consequence was, that good intentions could not enter to be their friends, and changes had become so frequent, that the family had acquired an unenviable kind of notoriety, and it was only by offering very high wages, or a distance, that any domestics could be obtained, except such as were of defective character. When I entered the family, the cook had been in it nearly two and a-half years, but the two housemaids had only been a few days, and they were the fourth couple that had succeeded each other in the short space of six months. The footman had been an entire year, but he was an unprincipled man, who, because he possessed a good appearance, and knew how to dress smartly, had acquired some degree of ascendency over his mistress, and as he understood equally well how to fawn and flatter, and retain scandal, had obtained a large amount of influence over the young ladies, of which he was continually taking advantage for the promotion of his selfish designs.

"As I had entered this family without recommendation, I had to endure the annoyances of my place to the end of the year, but I felt very difficult, during the three months, I had scarcely a single opportunity of attending a place of worship. I must confess to my shame, I did not feel so much concern on that account, as I did for having the Sabbath made the busiest day of the week. Contrary to the rules of ancient piety, it was made by my mistress a day of special display, and to dress for church was the full employment of the morning, and to put their room in order afterwards, taxed my energies to the uttermost until their return. As a party was generally invited for the evening, my services, and those of the other servants, were thus required throughout the whole day, thereby depriving us of all opportunity of public worship. Indeed, I question whether our employers ever adverted to it as a fact, that their servants had souls. Perhaps it would have been the kindness if they had determined for what purposes, for their chief concern seemed to be, to the persons who had been present, their appearance, style of dress, &c., but had never, in any case, an allusion to the truths they had heard, or to the objects of worship.

"As I had suffered rather severely for having followed my own judgment in this instance, I resolved in my next change to seek counsel of my mother, and it fell to the happiest results. By her advice, I entered the service of a gentleman who kept an academy for boys, and whose character was held in general esteem. His wife was amiable and well disposed, but deficient in domestic management. Themselves, three children, and two servants, formed the whole of our family. A well respected my present situation presented a striking contrast to the one I had left, but in nothing more than in the kind treatment I experienced, and the regular order maintained in the family. At the close of the first day, to my great surprise, I was called into the parlour with family prayer; this was an exercise altogether new to me.

"I soon found my new situation to be one of great comfort, the mistress was as kind and easy, and not familiar as that of my former one had been haughty and repulsive. My endeavours to please were so successful, that I could wish. When the dinner arrived, every thing was so arranged as to allow of the whole family to be present in the House of God, to which, as a Christian household should be, it was a kind treasure. What a contrast between the bustle, and dress, and turmoil of the family I had left, and the quiet, orderly and unpretending one I had entered! I felt I was now connected. The lively singing, the prayer, the earnest style of the sermon, and the apparent devotion of the congregation, made a deep impression on my young mind. Still, for some time, I could only say I was pleased, for I was exceedingly dark on religious subjects, the doctrines of the Gospel were all unknown to me, nor did my mind open to receive the truth all at once.

"When I had been in my situation about four months, a gentleman of my master's acquaintance, was announced to be delivered in the place of worship we attended; large congregations were attracted, the sermons were impressive, and I felt myself the most passage of Scripture (2 Thessalonians, i. 7—10.) The third discourse was peculiarly impressive; I had never before heard anything like it. The preacher's delineations of Christ, whom who in the last day will be the objects of Divine displeasure—of the awful secrecy of judgment—the person and manifestation of the Judge—and the horror, condemnation and doom of the wicked, were vivid, and overpowering beyond description, and gave such a present reality to the whole, that it was the entrance light to me, and others, as if we had the whole actually before our eyes. I felt as I had never done before—I felt myself a sinner, I wept!

"Instead of concluding in the usual way, the service was continued as a prayer meeting. My distress attracted the attention of my master, and a few minutes might at hand, who, kneeling down at my side, pleaded with God in my behalf. It was long ere a ray of light could pierce the dense darkness with which I was enveloped. I regarded myself as lost; but at length, to my amazement, a single sentence whispered in my ear, seemed to pierce an entire revolution of my mind. 'The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which is lost.' I was urged to cast myself upon the atonement of Christ, and I accordingly enabled, by the Spirit, to do so, and I felt that I was a new creature in Christ Jesus.

"My master and mistress greatly rejoiced in my conversion, the former undertook to direct, and give me the most kind and judicious advice. Thus was the commencement of my religious life. No doubt the change I had described influenced my domestic character, as the who change has done your own; for soon after, my mistress began to devolve upon me much of the care, in addition to the work I was doing, which was naturally easy, and diminished to exertion, and, therefore, seemed glad of a domestic to whom she could confide the management and government of her household, and thus leave herself at liberty to devote her time entirely to her children. This was a mistake. I was too young and inexperienced. It was placing temptation in my way, and causing me above my proper level; I became considerably elated by it, and began to think that I was something, and that I was not the same as others. But since seen that I was, after all, very defective. When I had completed my second year with this family, my mistress was expecting her second confinement. She watched over me like a mother; she perceived that I was not at all improving in my domestic habits, and that I was beginning to think much of my dress and graduates. At her suggestion, therefore, but contrary to the wishes of my own mind, I at last gave notice to leave. My separation was very unwilling on my part, but when my sister candidly stated the reasons for a change, she saw their propriety and assented. An opening was almost immediately presented in the family of our minister, whose wife had the character of being one of the best of housewives. The situation appeared equally desirable both for my temporal and spiritual interests, and in consequence of the favourable and urgent recommendations of my mistress, I was engaged for it."

"Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing evil. ISAIAH IVI. 2.

"Every one that is proud is an abomination to the Lord: though hand join in hand, he shall not be unpunished. PROV. XVI. 5.

"More hitter then death is the woman whose heart is snares, and her hands as hands; whoso pleaseth God shall escape from her. ECCLES VII. 26.

"Every wise woman buildeth her house; but the foolish one plucketh it down with her hands. PROV. XIV. 1.

HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

NO. II.—HOW TO MANAGE A KITCHEN.

"A CLEAN kitchen makes a clean house," is a saying I have heard, and I think it has a great deal of truth in it. As all the food of a family has to be prepared in the kitchen, and as most working-people have to take their meals, and sit in the kitchen, indeed as the one day room has to be parlour, kitchen and all, to many humble families, it ought to be very clean and neat, or it will not be comfortable or healthy. First of all the window and the fireplace must be kept clean and bright. No room is cheerful with a dirty window and a dusty fireplace.

Every morning the rooms should be carefully swept, and any hearth-rug, mat, or piece of carpet, must be taken out of doors and beat daily. The hearth must be cleaned every day; and the stove brushed. The fire-irons rubbed with a leather; once a-week at least, the grate must be black-leaded, and the fender and stove thoroughly polished, and all well-scoured down once a-week. Cupboards want great care to keep them free from dust,—cool, and neat. Supposing there are two cupboards, one left side of the fireplace, it is well to keep one for stores, as groceries, &c., and one for crockery.

Every thing should be clean that is put in the cupboard—and there should be a piece made to cover different things. So that if you wanted any thing, even in the dark, you could lay your hand upon it.

Have you a dresser?—in the North of England there is a black board under the open dresser for saucepans—these should be kept very clean. Always wash and dry them well directly after using them. Be sure whether you keep the lids bright or not, to keep the inside of every pan or pot used in cooking so clean that it is perfectly dry and sweet. If you neglect this, you may be the cause of poisoning yourself and your household. Many families have been poisoned by food being cooked in dirty pans. Besides, even if food is not made poisonous, it is spoiled by not being clearly cooked. Be very particular about this. It is a good plan to have a jar of soda in some handy place, where you can, whenever you wash up, take a bit and put in the water. It is very cleansing, and the dishes and pans are washed in good hot water, with a bit of soda in, will be sure to shine, and be sweet. All tins should be polished once a-week.

Kitchen towels require good management. It is a very nasty habit to be careless about towels. Tea-things and glass should be wiped with a thin coarse towel kept for that purpose. If you have a plate-rack, and a very good plate, should be washed in hot water, rinsed in cold, and put to drain in the plate-rack; but if you have no rack you must wipe the plate; a good dish-cloth is to be used then with, and a good coarse towel to dry them, and one your dish-cloth and your dish-towel for nothing else.

Have a hand-towel hung up, either on a roller behind the door, or on a nail inside the cupboard door, for children are often careless, and will wipe their hands on any towel they can find. Be sure such a towel is hung and kept in one place, and never allow your tea-cloth or dishtowels to be used for any other than the right purpose.

The care of the bread is of great, and a very great, of kitchen duty. Have a pan with a cover for bread. Common crocks are not dear, and brown jars with covers are best for sugar, and flour, &c. Be careful, very careful, lest you have it in in large quantities, and have a wooden bin, or a place to keep a sack dry and cool. Soap is best cut into square blocks, and put a piece of a good each, the edges pared off and put away to make a boiling when you wash, and the bits of soap put in a common cabbage-net and hung up in your store room or board. Soap that is kept awhile before using, will not waste away nearly so fast as if you use it when soft and new.

You ought to have a cool safe to keep meat and butter in. When your dinner is over, always put away the meat that is left in a clean dish. Never let gravy into a clean basin. Never let the children touch the bones with their fingers, put bits and bones into a bowl, and in hot weather pepper them. Have a dry bowl, and an other bowl for the bits and trimmings of the meat. Every family can have soup or a hash one day in the week. It uses up all the bits. If they are kept cool and clean, and neatly cooked up with an onion, and a little flour, oatmeal, barley, or potatoes, to thicken the liquid, they will make a very nice good dinner.

No bits of bread ought to be left. If the children are really not able to eat all they have taken at one meal, then let their leavings be put by in a clean plate, and given to them to eat up *first*, at their next meal.

But if from any cause there are some crols and crusts, they will make a good pudding. Soak them in water, press the water out, put a bit of butter, a few currants, and a little spice and sugar, and bake it. It is better cold than hot, and all children like it.

A good manager will not have anything wasted. Even a potato or a bit of vegetable, tried up with the clean dripping, in your dripping-pot, will be a comfortable relish, and help out a meal.

If you have no safe, you must have some holes pierced in your cupboard-door, or a bit of perforated tame, and keep your meat under a muslin cover to preserve it from flies. Clean dishes and fresh air, are the best and only cure for keeping meat sweet from spoiling.

Be careful how your bread and your meat are cut. A loaf or a joint well cut go farther and look better than if you are careless. Meat and bread hacked is mostly wasted. Keep a good sharp edge to your knives by cleaning them, and they will cut the bread and meat smoothly. Remember to set your your room or kitchen by opening the window wide after every meal, and have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Publications for the Suppression of Intemperance. With illustrations. Sold in a sealing Packet, *post free*.

REV. C. E. L. WIGHTMAN, M.A., ST. ALKMOND'S, SHREWSBURY.
(From a photograph by Mr. Green.)

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

In an interview which we had with the Rev. C. E. L. Wightman, of Shrewsbury, he made the following expressive remark:—"My wife has solved the problem that I have been trying for years to unravel, viz. *How* are the working-classes to be got to attend a place of worship? I have now, every Sabbath, from 80 to 100 working-men amongst the *most attentive* hearers in my congregation, who seldom, if ever, entered a place of worship until Mrs. Wightman commenced her work amongst them." We think God for the good that has been done in Shrewsbury; and rejoice in the fact that the interesting narrative of Mrs. Wightman's labours (together with Mrs. Ryely's "Ragged Heroes and How to Mend Them;" and "Our Moral Warrior," by the Rev. J. H. Wilson), is producing a wide-spread influence for good. There are none in the nation who more fully appreciate, and move thankfully pray, the honest and earnest-hearted efforts of the clergy and ministers of religion than working-men. If efforts similar to those that the Vicar of St. Alkmond's and his worthy wife have put forth be adopted in every parish in the land, the moral aspect of England would soon be renovated, and she would indeed "be a praise in the earth."

***"Haste to the Rescue." Messrs. Nisbet & Co. 2s. 6d.

A WISE REPLY.

SITTING one day in the parlour of a manufacturer, who had imbibed Hume's sceptical principles, and especially his theory of doubts, and who was always broaching the subject whenever he had an opportunity; he said to me, "Now, what evidence have we of the *reality* of anything around us. We dream in the night-season, and we think in daytime we may be dreaming still. There is nothing on the reality of which we can place any dependence. All, all, everything is ideal, all the world over, for anything that can by any man be shown to the contrary."

"Well, then," I replied, "you can have no objection to our carrying on the dream in which we are now indulging. Dreams are harmless, and we had results can assist. I just now saw you place your money-box, well-filled with sovereigns, in that scrutoire; it happens that at that moment I want, or I dream I do, from £50 to £100. Be kind enough, therefore, just to open the door, and allow me to supply my need. Of course there will be no reality in the thing, but, as a dream, to me it will be very gratifying; I shall receive pleasure, and you sustain no loss."

He was not a little confused by this application of his own principles, and it was soon apparent that he had no wish to dream after this fashion. UNCLE DAVID.

Almanacs for 1861.—The "British Workman's Almanac," with a splendid engraving of a Working-man presenting the first Snow-drop to his wife, by John Gilbert; and the "Band of Hope Almanac," with seven Illustrations. One Penny each.

"Scrub"; or, the Workhouse Boy's First Start in Life. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. Price sixpence. Post free.

Just Published.—"The Victim." By Mrs Balfour. A most affecting narrative for females. Price Sixpence.

SUNDAY TRAPS.

A FRIEND of mine, whilst residing in a populous manufacturing district, was returning home one Sabbath evening, when he was accosted by a man in a state of intoxication, who yet seemed resolved to enter into conversation with him. He acknowledged that his conduct was wrong and foolish, and said that he was making resolutions to reform, and become a new man. He was poor and unhappy because he was a drunkard, and a drunkard because he was a Sabbath-breaker. "Many times," he said, "I leave my house on a Sunday morning, and I resolve that I'll go to a place of Worship, but I will, first, then, the public-houses are open. I get past one or two, and I say, 'Well done, good resolution,' but I come to a third, and there by the door, stands an old companion. Here, Will," he cries, "I'm just going to ha' a glass, thro' man come in, and ha' glass wi' me." He takes me by t' arm, and pulls me in, and then it's all over, I'm in for't for the day. Perhaps I repeat, 'still' may I should keep my family with, and then have to work hard all the week, and struggle at the same time with headach and hunger. I know that I am a big fool, and many a bitter hour it costs me when I'm sober; but when temptation comes again, I'm as silly as ever." His concluding words deserve special notice, and they were spoken with the energy of deep feeling.

"If the great folks want to keep us poor folks sober, they should shut up the *traps* that catch us."

"Yes, the Sunday traps are the ruin of thousands, these form prime nurseries for vice and wretchedness. One-half of the crime and misery that degrade our land are to be ascribed to *Sunday drinking*. UNCLE DAVID.

LORD BROUGHAM on TEMPERANCE.

In his opening address at the recent Social Science Association Meeting in Glasgow, Lord Brougham said:—

"At our last Congress great attention was paid to the important subject of temperance, and especially to the necessity of preparing public opinion for those repressive measures which experience daily proves more and more clearly to be required for lessening the consumption of spirituous liquors. The great source of pauperism and of crime has hitherto only been attacked by palliatives, and although these have had a certain success, yet if there be any means not enjoined to certain objections by which the evil may be completely cured, and to society would be incalculable. No measure of absolute repression can, of course, be recommended until the public mind has been not only prepared, but strongly inclined for it. But the proposal of the grand alliance will deserve a careful consideration,—the plan of enabling a certain proportion of the inhabitants in every district—a proportion considerably above the commercial majority, to give the magistrates authority for placing the district under a general repressive Act, passed with such modifications as, according to the Act's provisions, may be allowed in the peculiar local circumstances. A very extensive adhesion has been given to the proposal in the great districts of Manchester and Birmingham, and this, besides its intrinsic merits, will be quite sufficient to cause a searching examination by our departments, sanitary and of jurisprudence. That it deeply concerns both need not be added. But which of all our departments does it not most deeply concern? Remember the unmeasurable expression of that great philanthropist, our eminent colleague the Recorder of Birmingham, 'Whatever step I take,' says Mr. Hill, 'and into whatever direction I may strike, the drink demon starts up before me and blocks the way.'" This important statement from the lips of Lord Brougham, one of England's greatest Statesmen, merits the most serious and attentive consideration of every lover of his country.

Wise Reply.—"I was sitting in a public room, at Brighton, when an infidel was haranguing the company upon the absurdities of the Christian religion, I could not but be pleased to see how easily his reasoning pride was put to shame. He quoted those passages, 'I and my Father are one.' 'I in them, and Them in me?' and that there are three persons in one God. Finding his auditors not disposed to applaud his blasphemy, he turned to one gentleman, and said, with an oath, 'Do you believe such nonsense?' The gentleman replied, 'Tell me how that candle burns?' 'Why,' answered he, 'the tallow, the cotton, and the atmospheric air produce the light.' 'Then they make one light, do they not?' 'Yes.' 'Will you tell me how they are one in the other, and yet but one light?' 'No, I cannot.' 'But you believe it?' He could not say he could not. The company instantly made the application by smiling at his folly; upon which the conversation was changed. This may remind the young and inexperienced, that if they believe only what they can explain, they may as well part with their senses, being surrounded by the wonderful works of God, 'whose ways are past finding out.'" ASON.

WATER FOR MAN AND BEAST.

At the late agricultural show in Selby, the thoughtful managers erected temporary fountains in various parts of the ground which did good to both man and beast. A correspondent informs us that "these fountains had a marked influence in the prevention of intemperance; and did much to lessen the sufferings of the thirsty cattle." We trust that the excellent example of our Selby friends will be adopted elsewhere. Ought there not to be a *constant* and *copious* supply of good water for both bipeds and quadrupeds in every cattle fair? The erection of Drinking Fountains is progressing more favourably, but we want the poor cattle and dogs to be remembered.

MR. ALDERMAN PALK, SOUTHAMPTON.

A GOOD NAME.

SOLOMON says "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches;" and it will be a happy day for the working-classes of England when every civic authority secures as good a name as the late mayor of Southampton. We have received not a few letters relative to the untiring efforts of this worthy magistrate to secure to every working-man that precious weekly boon—that birthright of every son of toil—the rest of the Sabbath. On behalf of the thousands of colliers, railway-men, and others, who are sighing for the privilege of "hallowed day," we tender to Mr. Alderman Palk our heartfelt thanks. God grant that his useful life may long be spared, and many similar spirited men be elevated to the civic chair in our country. Those who reverence God's laws are most likely to secure respect to our national laws.

THE GROG AFLOAT.

MANY years ago, a ship was likely to founder. All hope was apparently gone. The crew left the pumps and rushed to the spirit casks, intending to drown their sense of danger, and die in a state of unconscious drunkenness. The mate, a bold, fearless man, seized his sword, and standing in the hatchway, ordered the men back to the pumps and threatened to cut down the first man who dared to touch the spirit. The men obeyed, went back to the pumps, and the vessel was saved. A somewhat parallel case occurred a few months ago on the California coast, when Mr. William Reynolds of Carisbalton, (brother of Samuel Garney, Esq., M.P.) achieved a similar feat, without the threatened use of a sword. The ship in which this brave young sailor acted as third mate was overtaken by a fearful storm, and there was every prospect of the vessel foundering and all going down to the bottom. Anticipating the rush of the crew to the spirit cask, Mr. Reynolds seized a hammer, and with great presence of mind, knocked in the bung of the cask, and then poured out the spirits! The vessel was not lost. By sober courage the crew all escaped safe to land.

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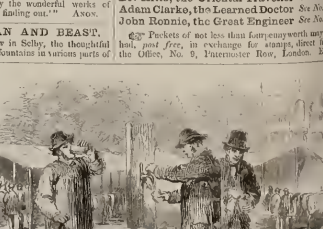
TOIL AND TRUST;

Or, Life-Story of Patty the Workhouse Girl.

BY CLARA LUCY LARCOM.

This reprint of the interesting series of chapters that appeared in the earlier Nos. of the "British Workman," has been issued by request, and we feel assured that it will be found an acceptable Christmas present by many of our readers. For Sunday School Libraries it will be valuable. We commend it to the attention of all Workhouse Visitors, and Poor-Law Guardians.



TEMPORARY DRINKING FOUNTAINS AT THE CATTLE SHOW.

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All the back Nos. of the "British Workman" have been reprinted, and may now be had. See letters of **Celebrated Working-men**, who by profitably employing their Leisure Hours have risen to Eminence.

Celebrated Carpenters	*See No. 7*
Celebrated Shoemakers	*See No. 8*
Celebrated Tailors	*See No. 9*
Celebrated Barbers	*See Nos. 10, 61 & 64*
Celebrated Stonemasons	*See No. 11*
Celebrated Bricklayers	*See No. 12*
Celebrated Blacksmiths	*See No. 13*
Celebrated Gardeners	*See No. 17*
Celebrated Shepherds	*See Nos. 18 & 19*
Celebrated Farmers' Boys	*See Nos. 22 & 58*
Celebrated Colliers and Miners	*See No. 25*
Celebrated Weavers	*See Nos. 28 & 30*
Self-elevated Men	*See Nos. 26, 27 & 29*
John the Scullion and Bishop	*See No. 34*
George Stephenson, the Engineer	*See No. 49*
Dr. Kitto, the Oriental Traveller	*See No. 53*
Adam Clarke, the Learned Doctor	*See No. 65*
John Ronnie, the Great Engineer	*See No. 69*

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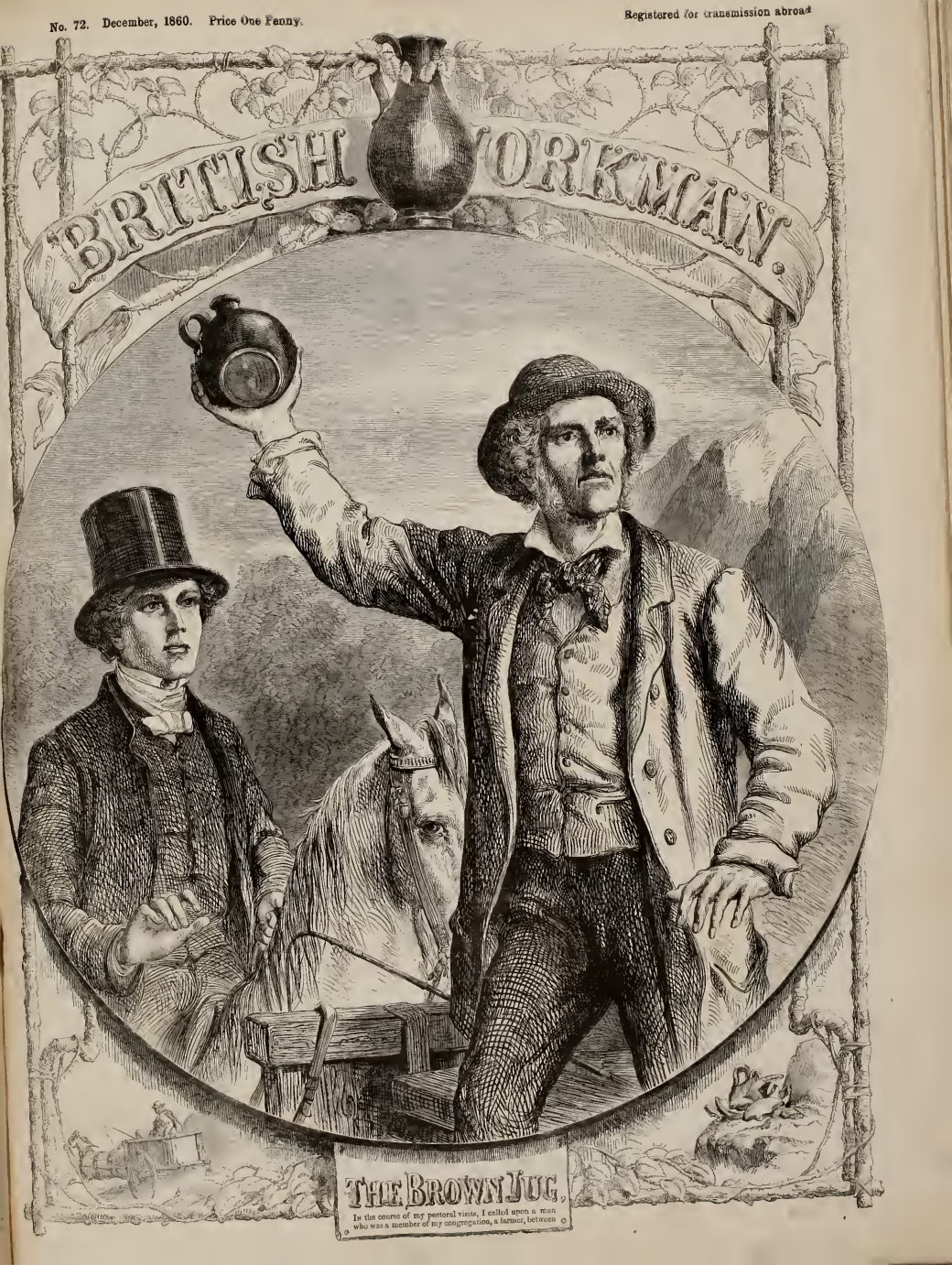

THE BROWN JUG.

In the course of my pastoral visits, I called upon a man who was a member of my congregation, a farmer, between

fifty and sixty years of age, a plain man, accustomed to daily labour. He was not a commercial, and I had no reason to think him a pious man. He was a regular churchman upon the religious exercises of the church; but I had never seen him in any religious assembly at any other time. He was regarded as a respectable man, I believe, in all respects. His wife was from another, whom I had sometimes conversed with, and who had expressed to her anxiety in regard to the religious state of her husband. He had been for so many years in living under the means of grace, without being led to repentance and faith in Christ; that she was afraid the mind had settled down upon some unsatisfactory, or, in a strange stupidity, so that he never would become a Christian. She said she had often talked to him on the subject of his religious state; but his conversation entered into very conversation upon it; indeed, "he would say almost nothing as all about himself." He would not talk about had in any, "religious" opposition, and with apparent willingness; but he seldom made any reply, except to make some general acknowledgment of the importance of the subject. He had a family of children, the most of whom had already arrived at the years of manhood, and none of them outwardly bad any more than the ordinary stupid in sin and in truth. They were a moral and industrious family. The sons were much like their father, with the exception, that they had frequently been out of a home. The family resided about three from my residence, and I had not known them very intimately, except the mother, as the rest of the family were usually out of home in the field, when I called at the house.

Before the time to which I refer, I had never found this man at home; nor had I been able to converse with him at all in reference to his religious duty. Soon after I entered the house, on this occasion, he left the company from the room, and left me alone with him. I immediately addressed him on the subject of religion. He appeared candid and serious. I found that he had been thinking of it, and

PRECIOUS TRUTH.

For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved.

See John iii. 16, 17.

SOLEMN TRUTH.

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

See Galatians vi. 7. 8.

THINK OF THE SAILORS.

T. B. Brooks, Esq., of the London City Mission, thus writes as—

"My dear son, on his way to India, via Cape of Good Hope, happened to have a single copy of your publication, the "British Workman," and so eagerly and constantly was the single copy perused and reperused, to the end of the voyage, Not the whole crew, that is, but, it appeared only the appearance of *an old rag!* It quite passed my dear boy that he had not provided, at least, a hundred copies more, when he saw the eagerness thus single copy, throughout a long voyage, contributed to the interest, and even profitable, entertainment of a whole ship's company."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON AND HALLEY.

Sir Isaac Newton set out in life a clamorous infidel; but on a candid examination of the evidences of Christianity, he found reason to change his opinion. When the celebrated Dr. Edmund Halley was asked his opinion before him, Sir Isaac thus addressed him :—"Dr. Halley, I am always glad to hear you when you speak about astronomy or mathematics, because these are subjects you have studied and well understand; but you should not talk of Christianity, for you have not studied it. I have; and am certain that you know nothing of the matter." This was a just reproof, and one that would be very suitable to be given to the infidels of the present day, for do they not often speak of what they have never studied, and of what they are, in fact, entirely ignorant? Dr. Johnson well observed, that no honest man could be a deist, for a man could be made sufficiently fair examination of the proofs of Christianity. On the name of Hume being mentioned to him, "No, sir," said he; "Hume owned to a clergyman in the Bishopric of Durham, that he had *never read the New Testament with attention!"*

GOOD SERVANTS, GOOD WIVES, AND HAPPY HOMES.

CHAPTER XI.

"I am delighted," said Mrs. Warner, as she entered the house of her neighbour, Mrs. Fletcher, "at having so early an opportunity of hearing the remainder of Martha's story."

"You will be glad then to learn," replied Mrs. Fletcher, "that the absence of my husband and his boy for a few days, will afford me sufficient leisure to finish my narrative before their return from their excursion."

"Yes I do, indeed," said Mrs. Warner, "and yet I have had so much pleasure in listening to it, that I shall greatly regret when your story is brought to a close."

"There are many ways," replied Mrs. Fletcher, "in which persons who are well-disposed may profitably spend a leisure hour. Those who are really wishful to do good and do good need never be at a loss how to improve time. I will now resume Martha's history.

Martha's History, continued.

"My new mistress was one whom I soon learned to regard with equal admiration and respect. To her might be applied the words I once saw inscribed on a tombstone:

"Think what a wife and mistress ought to be:
This was my mistress."

Her very appearance was prepossessing, and at once inspired confidence. Her manners were equally distinguished by simplicity and ease; and she had the happy art of pleasing without effort, for the kindness of her disposition rendered her delight to make others happy. Amiable, lively, buoyant, and a little inclined to sportiveness, she always displayed cheerfulness. In her there was nothing haughty, stiff, or resentful, but on the contrary, a temper cheerfully yielding, and forbearing, which disarmed everything those excellences were based on religion; but her religious was more prominent in private than in public life; it was one of principle, not of impulse, she did not talk much about it; it presented nothing of ostentation, or display, but years of steady practical godliness evinced that here was the true religion of the heart, scripturally obtained, and scripturally preserved.

"When I entered upon my new place, I entertained rather an exalted opinion of my abilities, and imagined that I was almost, if not altogether, fit for any situation, and from the indulged manner in which I had been allowed by my late mistress to pursue my own way, without oversight or interference, I was led to expect a continuance of the same thing. This foolish notion soon brought me into collision with my present mistress, who pleasantly suggested, that she had no intention of relinquishing the management of her own house, or of changing the method in which she had for a week done; unless I was able to show her a better one, but this I soon found to be impossible, for so thoroughly had she been trained in the various branches of domestic duty, that in comparison with her, I found myself a mere novice. As I became acquainted with her household management, I began to feel humbled and ashamed on account of my former vanity; so kind, however, was my mistress in her instructions, and so anxious to convince me that in following them I was advancing my own interests, as much as fulfilling her wishes, that I became in time a willing, and I hope not a bad scholar. The more I saw of her the more she excited my admiration, and the more anxious I felt to profit by her teaching and example.

"Under the inspection and guidance of such a mistress, I enjoyed, as you may well suppose, an unmistakable privilege, for which I have ever since felt grateful to God. The benefits which a kind, judicious, and well-informed mistress may confer upon her dependents beyond all price, nor are they confined to individuals themselves, but, as their relations in life increase and extend, they reach to others also, and these entire families are made happy, I was so far successful in profiting by my advantages, that, by the end of six months, I was able to give considerable satisfaction, I hope, though much to learn, and also much to unlearn, before I could do so, for in consequence of not being properly trained in early life, I had been obliged to do a deal of work I could, awkwardly enough in many cases; besides, I had many bad habits, and, as is always the case, found bad habits were much easier to acquire than to shake off.

"As I was the only domestic in the family, I had, you may be sure, full employment, especially as my mistress would never allow any part of it to be shirked, or put into arrear. I was, therefore, obliged to learn both diligence and dispatch. This was a great advantage to me, nor did I ever regret it, for I found, in after years, those qualities times remarked: "Servants are never injured by having plenty of employment, provided, also, they have a supply of food and rest, it is not with them as a habit of industry, but keeps them out of mischief," quoting, at the same time, Dr. Watts's well-known lines—

"Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do."

"As she said, so I found it to be, for my health and comfort were both kindly cared for, and I was so far from being injured by my employment that I felt every day more vigour and happiness, and my hatiest days were always the shortest. My mistress, in her treatment of her domestics, always observed, most scrupulously, the golden rule; "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." Whenever, therefore, she perceived that the work was likely to be excessive, she would, in a most considerate manner,—and so active and handy a woman in household matters I have never met with since. If prevented from assisting me herself, she would direct her daughters to do it, for they were brought up in strict habits of industry, and, for their age, were remarkably apt and clever. The same kind of assistance was also often rendered me I might enjoy the means of grace, on occasions of public worship. That I should have made progress under such a mistress was no marvel; it would have been highly disgraceful had I not. Whatever attainments I have made, I owe it to the teachings and example of this excellent lady. The period I spent in her service was a most happy one, and one on which I look back with gratitude and delight. It yielded both temporal and spiritual advantage. Although my mistress never compromised her character and authority as such, yet she was not unmindful of the fact that Divine grace had made us one in Christ Jesus. This it was that induced her to watch over my spiritual welfare, and by prayer, to seek me in time such advice as she considered calculated to improve my character, and promote my welfare for both worlds.

"My admiration of this excellent woman prompts me to attempt to sketch her character, although somewhat of a digression from my own history, but I wish to show you fully how I acquired the elements of that which have given me so much credit; afterwards, if I have time, I will read over some of the sayings and counsels of my mistress, as I wrote them down at various seasons.

"I have already described my mistress personally, I wish now to show you what she was relatively. It is difficult to say in which relation she appeared to the advantage,—whether in that of a *wife*, a *mother*, or a *mistress*. I will try briefly to portray her in each.

"With some mothers the love of their children is all-absorbing; their attention and concern are concentrated almost entirely upon them, to the neglect, perhaps the annoyance of others; even the husband is made painfully to feel that he has become an object of inferior consideration and regard,—that his children have supplanted him in the affections of her by whom he had once been the first and best, and that as the result, his own convenences and comforts are to a considerable extent, habitually disregarded. It was not so with my mistress, she was, indeed, a true mother's heart, but still in that heart her husband reigned supreme, and formed, under God, the primary object of her solicitude. Her duties, as a mother, in romantic professions, but in *acts*,—in her constant care of his health, comfort, and welfare,—in her studied endeavours to render home attractive and happy, and in her solicitude to promote his peace of mind and ministerial usefulness. Tenderly did she sympathize with him in the labours of the study and the pulpit,—in the toil and danger connected with long night journeys, and expenses to all the vicissitudes of weather; and assiduously did she prepare all those numerous comforts and indulgences which the ingenuity and anxiety of affection alone can supply. Often might she have been seen in the evening, long after the family had retired to rest, waiting for the return of him for whom her every pulse seemed to beat, earnestly listening for the sound of his horse's feet, or at his own door, with a heart full, smiling face and the kiss of affection, to greet his return, and with every needful preparation in readiness, to recruit his wearied frame or comfort the effects of wet and cold. Nor was her affectionate solicitude at all interrupted by the severe and repeated attacks of illness she was called to endure. When unable personally to minister to her husband's comfort, she still continued, by her judicious arrangements and directions, to provide for it to the utmost of her power. When many would have been peevish and complaining, thinking only of themselves, she remained cheerful, more concerned about the happiness of her family than her own sufferings.

"As a mother, my mistress was no less exemplary, her love to her children was strong and ardent, but it was not a blind passion, it neither rendered her insensible to their faults, nor caused her in any way to connive at them. Her intercourse with her children was always familiar, often playful, yet she never compromised her maternal control and authority. Ever attentive to the health, comfort, and temporal welfare of her children, she was still more concerned for their spiritual welfare. She expressed over them a strict moral discipline, but it was the discipline of affection, not harsh or repulsive, but tender and persuasive. The formation of correct habits, the implanting of right principles, the cultivation of religious tastes and dispositions, were objects she kept steadily in view; while with equal care she endeavored to inspire them with proper views of the evils that encumber the young. Her children, from the age of three months, were habituated to attend the House of God, and I have heard her say, that only in one instance had any mischievous occurrence, when the child was taken out, corrected, and then conducted back again. Seldom have I witnessed a more interesting sight than she and her children presented each Lord's-day morning, as they entered the House of God, generally a few minutes before the commencement of worship, all so neat, orderly, and consistent in their appearance. Unless compelled by illness, my mistress never devolved her maternal duties upon others; they were to her not a toil but a delight. Never have I seen a mother realize the same amount of enjoyment that she did in attending to her children. It was an interesting sight to witness the operation of washing, and of dressing and undressing the infantile part of the family. It was usually conducted with so much playfulness and delight, that what in many families is felt to be an annoyance, was with her a source of merriment, in which the children, to decide, whether mother, or children, were the best pleased.

"Her excellences as a mistress I have already described, although she had no connection with the domestic what has been stated, I ought not to overlook her talents as a nurse, in which I have never seen her equalled. So skilful was she in affording patient and gentle, so kind and sympathising, that it seemed as if the tenderness of her heart caused her to feel a peculiar aptitude and delight in performing the offices of love. This doing this she shrank from no toil; the daylight's dawn, and the evening's shade, found her unwearied at her post; she was as indefatigable as she was tender and sympathizing in her ministrations.

"I have already informed you that I found in my mistress a kind instructress; many of her sayings and counsels I noted down, that I might have them by me for my constant guidance. Like many other notable housewives, she had certain favorite maxims, derived from her mother, which she frequently quoted, and which she had evidently adopted as the rule of her own conduct. But here I must pause a little, and look over my papers."

Here too Mrs. Fletcher paused, remarking that she must defer the continuance of Martha's story to the following day.

PRAYER ANSWERED.

A pious father and mother had five children. Notwithstanding the example, admonition, and prayers of their devoted parents, yet none of them were converted; not one had yielded the heart to God and Christ. To God, in the mysterious providence of God, both the father and mother were suddenly removed by the hand of death. The five children were assembled at the bed-side of the remains to be carried to the grave, and the shades of evening were falling as the grown-up offspring of the godly couple, on returning home, were overjoyed, seated themselves in the parlour of their "old home." A silence which might indeed be *felt* stole over the sorrowing group. The Holy Spirit was powerfully in every heart. The remembrance that their pious departed parents never ceased to rest without family prayer rested upon them all the five children. Still silence reigned, at length, the hour of midnight approached, and the postage tidings of the mourners broke forth into submission under their Maker. Well-known tones of their dear, and one of the sons, with the penitent's spirit, cried "God be merciful to us sinners!" There was joy that night in heaven over one sinner repenting. Christmas Day might was a turning point in the lives of the whole family. All the five from that memorable night gave their willing hearts a "living sacrifice" to the God of their parents.

Reader! are you a parent, weeping over the wanderings of a prodigal child? Pray on, ye fellow-pilgrim, pray on, for "praying breath was never spent in vain."

WHO DEPOSIT IN SAVINGS' BANKS?

A writer in a late number of the *Quarterly Review*, on "Workmen's Earnings and Savings" thus answers the question and illustrates the prosperous condition of England. The miners and iron-workers of Staffordshire make wages that exceed the professional rates, but they are improvident and improvident, as regards the Savings' Banks, the reviewer says :—"It is not so much the highly paid classes of the working people, who deposit money in them, as those who are comparatively moderate incomes. Take the most numerous class of depositors in the Manchester and Salford Savings' Bank, is the class of female domestic servants, whose wages range from £12 to £20 per year. After them rank clerks, shopmen, watchmen, porters, and miners. Of the 20 amount of deposits made in November last less than one-third belonged to the various classes of highly paid operatives, engaged in the cotton and silk manufacture, the mechanics of the locomotive engines, and the building and other employments contingent upon manufacturing prosperity. So, too, in Bradford, we find, in May, 1859, the deposits from small class of female domestic servants, with their moderate wages, furnished 505 depositors of £12,756, or an average of £25 1s. 2d. for each depositor; whereas the much larger and more highly paid class of female factory workers, married and unmarried, furnished only 561 depositors of £12,036, or an average of £21 7s. 7d. each depositor. The same result has been experienced in the manufacturing towns of Scotland. It was noticed as a remarkable fact, some years ago, that in Dundee, 237 accounts stood in the names of female servants, while out of the numerous and well-paid class of female factory workers only 1 had an account at the Savings' Bank."

HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

No. III.—Windows, Doors, and General Details.

"Windows are made to open, and doors to shut," is the remark of that friend of the sick and invalid, of whom, healthy, Miss Florence Nightingale: and she adds, that simple as the fact is, people often forget it. Peopleburn their windows shut when they should very often open them, and allow them to be dirty when they might always to be clear.

Daylight is as needful to health as air. A plant will not flourish unless it has light. Put a geranium in a cellar and its leaves will all fade, its few blooms turn white, and its general health become sickness. So it is with human beings. When God said "Let there be light," He intended a great blessing to the world.

If people let dust gather on the windows until it is caked there, and makes a kind of paste through which the light can hardly penetrate, they not only spoil the look of their dwelling, but they make it unhealthy. Nothing is more nice and cheerful than a bright, clear glass window. In most places if the windows are well cleaned once a month, with water, to which a few pennyworth of soda has been dissolved, then rubbed dry with a russell cloth, and polished off with a bit of washleather, or a clean old rag of a silk handkerchief, until they shine, and then well dusted every day, that is enough. But in cities and manufacturing towns, the windows should be cleaned once a week. The better house is kept very neat habits, who went from the clean, pleasant town of Reading, to keep the house of a relation in a great smoky town in the Midland Counties, said, "The Reading lady had lived in a house where all being once made clean, it seemed to keep so; smoky, grimy dirt she had never seen, so when she came to live in a house of her northern home, she thought the place very dirty, and fancied it had been neglected, but to her dismay she found that constant cleaning was needful, for she said, "as soon as the last window," of the large business house where she lived, "was cleaned, it was time to begin again with the first." But however difficult, the windows were always bright, and the house cheerful.

A clean grate and a neat fireside who can tell how pleasant they are? Paint your grate, and polish every grate in which the fire seemed to smoulder, and ashes tossed out into the dusty fender, and the poker and tongs thrown down anyhow on the floor. Oh, how much is at such a fireside without feeling cross and dull? But see the bright stove well black-leaded, shining like polished ebony;—a small fire in an iron grate which is far more heat than twice the quantity of coals, in a dirty grate. Yes, that is a truth. The polished surface reflects the heat. Now do not say you cannot afford black-lead; remember a little black-lead, and a good deal of brushing is the secret of a bright grate. I once saw a dirty grate; it grate of the poor well, but it had a lot of black-lead, and then before it was dry put a lot of powdered black-lead on her dry brush, and just rub it over, and the grate looked like a dingy, paintly, slatecolored grate. Oh, what no brightness at all, and she had used as much black-lead as would have polished six grates. It is a good plan to have an old sponge, and when you have taken out water, clean off all grease spots. Then mix a little black-lead with water (or if with spirits of turpentine all the better), lay it on with a little small brush, let it dry, and then with a dust of black-lead on your dry brush, give the stove a good hard, thorough brushing. If you mix your first coat with turpentine it will polish with the dry brush alone, and no need of dry powder. This thorough cleaning should be once a week, and then the grate will keep clean by using dry brushing every day. The ashes should be swept up every time the fire is made up, and the hearth cleaned every day. If you do this you will have a wonderfully neat house.

A neat door makes a house look respectable. Sweep your steps and door-front every day, and clean them at least twice a-week, with hearthstone. In Leeds, and many parts of the North, they have a yellow stone that they clean their door-steps and window-sills with, and that looks very nice; but still a good deal of Scotch country folks, have white door-steps. Now use as much hearthstone as you like, and mind to clean-scrub the steps before you put it on. Let the write-house stone, that comes off on the shoes, and the skirts of gowns, and trends into the house, and is very nasty. It is one of those devices for economy which is more than *being* clean. Whitening is to polish tin and metal spoons, and teapots, not to plaster on door-steps.

One more word—however you clean you keep the outside of your house, be sure not to neglect the inside; outside show is a poor substitute for inside comfort.

"Notes on Nursing." By Florence Nightingale.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sunday School Committee.—The Secretary of a Sunday-school in Longton, writes :—"I have received a great deal, from our Sunday-school Committee in connection with your work, the "British Workman," for the Children, with the benefit of their reading it, and I have found it very useful in the Sunday-school of Circulars and Canvassing Bills to any Sunday-school Superintendent or Teacher, who may be desirous of extending the circulation of the "British Workman." Applications to be addressed to Mr. Thomas Hope, Sunday-school Superintendent.

Bookselling. We shall be glad to receive the cards of country Booksellers, with the addresses of their London Agents written thereon, in order that we may forward a packet of posting-bills and circulars, prior to the new year.

Now ready, the Yearly Part *of the "British Workman," for 1860. Price* 1s. 6d. *Also the* Volume, *bound in cloth, containing the Complete Stories for the commencement. Price* 5s.; *gilt edges,* 1s. 6d.

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LOSSES BY SNUFF-TAKING!

THE late EARL STANHOPE in one of his admirable addresses gave the following curious calculation:—

"Every professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a-half. One minute and a-half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of ten. One day out of every ten, amounts to thirty-six days and a-half in a year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, TWO ENTIRE YEARS of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and TWO MORE to blowing it! If the expense of snuff, snuff-boxes, and handkerchiefs be taken into consideration, it will be found that this luxury encroaches as much on the *income* of the snuff-taker as it does on his *time*: and that by the proper application of the TIME and MONEY thus lost to the public, a fund might be constituted for the discharge of the *national debt*."

"NOTHING TO DO?"

"NOTHING to do? " O, pause and look around
At those oppressed with want, and sorrow too!
Look at the wrongs, the sufferings that abound,
Ere yet thou sayst there's nought for thee to do.

"Nothing to do?" Are there no hearts that ache—
No care-worn breasts that heave an anguished sigh—
No burthens that thy hands may lighter make—
No bitter tears thy sympathy might dry?

Are there no hungry that thy hand may feed—
No sick to aid, no naked to be clad?
Are there no blind whose footsteps thou mayst lead—
No mourning heart that thou couldst make less sad?

"Nothing to do?" Hast thou no store of gold—
No wealth of time that thou shouldst well employ?
No hidden talent that thou shouldst unfold—
No gift that thou shouldst use for others' joy?

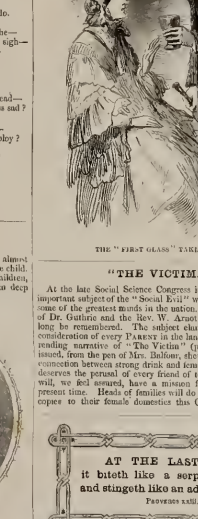
"Nothing to do?" O, look without, within!
Be to thyself and to thy duties true.
Look on the world, its troubles, and its sin,
And own that thou hast *much* indeed to do!

A STRIKING REPROOF.

LADY RAFFLES, when in India, was one day almost overwhelmed with grief for the death of a favourite child. She was unable to bear the sight of her other children, or the light of day. Whilst laid on her couch, in deep misery, she was addressed in terms not to be forgotten, by a poor native woman, who had been employed about the nursery. "I am come, because you have been here many days and slept in your room, and no one dares to come near you. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen? Were you not the envy of everybody? Did say one ever see him or speak of him without admiring him? And instead of letting this child continue in this world till he should be worn out with trouble and sorrow, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? For shame!—leave off weeping, and let me open the window."

KING GEORGE III when walking out one morning, met a lad at the stable door, and asked him, "Well boy, what do you do? what do they pay you?" "I help in the stable," replied the lad; "but I have nothing except victuals and clothes." "Be content," replied the king. "I have no more." All that the richest possess beyond food, raiment, and habitation, they have but the keeping, for the disposing, not the present enjoyment of. A ploughboy who thinks and feels correctly, has enough to make him contented; and if a king have a discontented spirit, he will find some pills for indulging it.

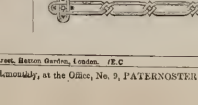
In his majesty's prayer-book, at that part, where the worshippers implore the Almighty to bless and preserve, "Thy servant George, our most gracious king and governor," these words appear to have been struck out, and the three following written with his own hand, "*An unworthy sinner.*"



THE "FIRST GLASS" TAKEN BY "THE VICTIM."

"THE VICTIM."

At the late Social Science Congress in Glasgow, the important subject of the "Social Evil" was discussed by some of the greatest minds in the union. The remarks of Dr. Guthrie and the Rev. W. Arnot will, we trust, long be remembered. The subject claims the serious consideration of every PARENT in the land. The heart-rending narrative of "The Victim" (price 6*d.*), just issued, from the pen of MRS. BALFOUR, shows the intimate connection between strong drink and female infamy. It deserves the perusal of every friend of temperance. It will, we feel assured, have a mission for good at the present time. Heads of families will do well to present copies to their female domestics this Christmas time.



IMPROVE YOUR WRITING.

IT has afforded us much pleasure to receive numerous letters of thanks for the efforts we have made to induce working men to improve their writing. An employer states that one of his workmen has, by practising in the evenings, got to write so well, that he has been able to promote him to a higher position in his establishment, and increased his wages several shillings per week. We are anxious that working men should not only be able to write a decent letter, but also *spell* correctly. Some of our correspondents are sadly defective in this respect. We recommend every working man to purchase a sixpenny dictionary, by reference to which errors in spelling may easily be avoided. Although a person may write well, if he spells incorrectly, he will frequently be debarred

from obtaining a good situation. If our readers who are working men will devote a portion of their winter evenings in improving themselves in *writing* and *spelling*, we feel assured they will some day thank us for the advice.

THE ONE BOOK.

FOND as you are of books, there is only one that you will value at last; and, with your head on your pillow, you will hardly care to be told that a new volume of the great history is published, or a marvellous poem, outpouring all its prodigious wealth. "Now read me the twenty-third Psalm. Let me hear the fourteenth of John." When your strength sinks yet lower—when your interest in all under the sun has faded away, and ebbing life affords not even a parting tear—it will, for a moment, rally the worn faculties to hear the whisper, "My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." "Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me." And when all is over—when to orphan children and desolate kindred the world is grown a great sepulchre, and the most tender friends are vain comforters—when letters of condolence lie unopened, and words of compassion fall like hail-stones on the heart, the first thing that sends a warm ray into the gloom, and brings to the eye tears that are not bitter, is when Jesus himself breaks the silence, and you hear, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

It is recorded of the mother of Philip Doddridge, that she taught him the rudiments of Scripture history from the Dutch tiles round their fireplace; and that for this, her son expressed himself indebted to her for his first serious impressions. John Newton imparted much to early maternal instruction. "Further," said he, "my dear mother, besides the pains she took with me, often commended me, with many prayers and tears, to God; and I doubt not but that I reap the fruits of these prayers to this hour." Philip Henry is said to have often mentioned his thankfulness to God, in having a mother who was to him as Lois and Eunice were to Timothy, acquainting him with the Scriptures from his childhood. Mothers! think of this.

FAITH is said, comes by hearing, but can only be as the speaker is himself endued with it:—do think of exciting it in others, when we have it not in ourselves, is like trying by one enlighted candle to light another. DILLWYN.

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING.

Further Extracts from Letters.

"I have canvassed our village, and have obtained sixty Subscribers. Almost every family is taking one. I shall also canvass our next village, for the 'British Workman' is not known there." F. W., Cheltenham.

"I have canvassed the village, and obtained thirty-three Subscribers. I expect to go on increasing. The publication was scarcely known here." D. W., Preston Brook.

"I borrowed a yearly part, and commenced a canvass in the village I stop at. I got eighteen orders for yearly parts, and one for a complete vol. There are other villages near, that I intend canvassing." J. R., Preston.

"With the fifty canvassing bills you sent me, I have obtained thirty-seven Subscribers." MISS E. W., Tonyfit Park.

A minister in Scotland writes as follows:—"I have canvassed for Subscribers, and have already obtained 174. I have found great pleasure as well as profit in thus encouraging my people to take in such a valuable periodical. My female distributors will perform the monthly work. Rev. T. T.

One who describes himself as "a poor working man, having no authority, and with a very limited influence," says, "I distributed the bills, and on calling for them again shortly, eight gave a favourable response; and I had an order for a 7*s.* 6*d.* vol. as well. If you will send me more bills I will try what I can do with them." J. C., Consett.

TO OUR READERS.

We venture to repeat the special appeal we made to our readers in the December number of last year, on the subject of canvassing for new Subscribers. We then stated our belief that if the attempt would be agreeably surprised to find with what ease and how quickly a few Subscribers to the "British Workman" might be obtained, and we need only refer to the various extracts from letters on this subject, and to those which have appeared in our columns under the head of "Letters to Correspondents," to prove that our belief was not without good foundation. We respectfully request all our readers who feel satisfied that the "British Workman" is calculated to benefit the working classes of whom, compared with the masses are yet outnumbered with utmost in thus attending our circulation. The close of the year is an advantageous season for doing this. We have to thank a numerous host of friends who so promptly responded to our last December appeal, as well as to those who since that period have exerted themselves in a similar way. These kind friends have considerably augmented the list of Subscribers, and thus rendered us essential service. We have yet a heavy debt to clear off, and therefore we trust, that by a simultaneous and energetic effort, our Friends will kindly enable us to commence the new year with an enlarged circulation. Judging from the past, it is evidently in their power to do so. We beg to refer our readers to the "Twenty-eight Suggestions for extending the Circulation of the "British Workman," copies of which, as well as of the cannvassing bills, and illustrated posters for public institutions, &c., may be had gratis, and post free, on application, by letter, to the Editor, 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

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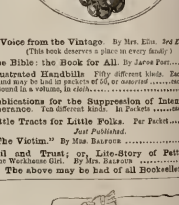

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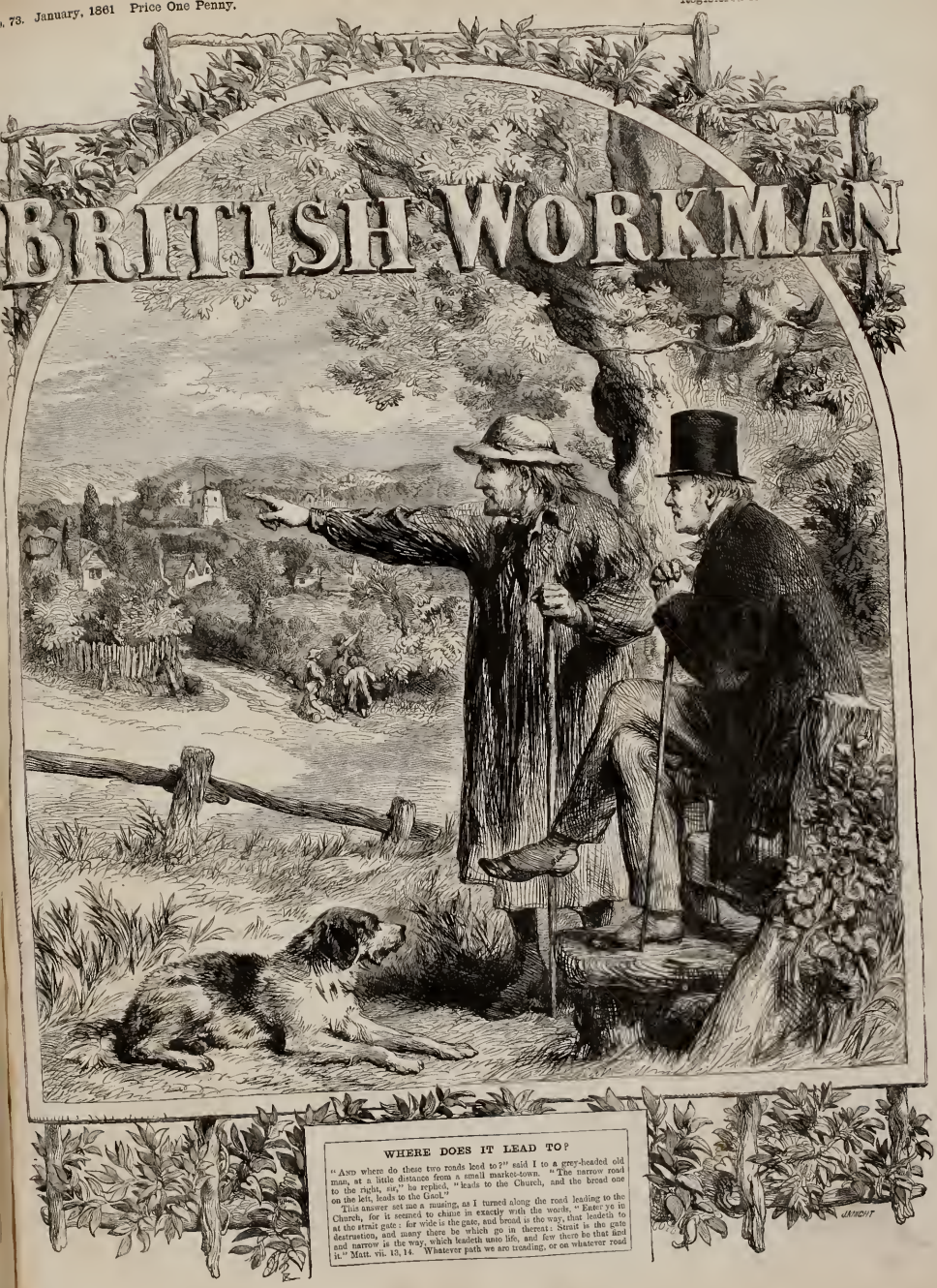
. 73. January, 1861 Price One Penny.

BRITISH WORKMAN



WHERE DOES IT LEAD TO?

"And where do these two roads lead to?" said I to a grey-headed old man, at a little distance from a small market-town. "The narrow road to the right, sir," he replied, "leads to the Church, and the broad one on the left, leads to the Gaol."

This answer set me a musing, as I turned along the road leading to the Church, for it seemed to chime in exactly with the words, "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Strait is the gate and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Matt. vii. 13, 14. Whatever path we are treading, or on whatever road

in prudence, if we have any doubt whether it is *right*, we cannot do better than ask ourselves the question, "Where does it lead to?" The path of life is marked by days, months, and years; every *year* is a *milestone*. On the common highway we know how many miles we have passed, and how many there may yet be to pass before we reach the end of our journey; but on the pathway of life we can only number the years gone by. How many may be before us no one can tell. "Three-score years and ten" are generally the limit of life, and we may even go beyond that general limit, but to thousands of our fellow-beings this hour is the last! Dear reader, think on this subject, and remember, "as the tree falls, there it lies, pointing to the north or the south." To heaven, or to hell. There can only two roads on which men can walk from time to eternity—the broad and the narrow. It is a solemn thought, that from the time we enter on life, we naturally begin to walk away from God, and the farther we go from Him, the greater is our danger of being lost.

If such be the plain and important truth, it is not only wise, but an urgent duty, that we should ask ourselves the question, "Where does the road lead to?" which we are pursuing, and what time more appropriate than at the beginning of the year? Dear friend, let the trifling incident with which we begun this article, and the engraving which illustrates it, help to keep this inquiry upon your mind, and you not only know the way you are travelling, but that you may also know it is *the right* one leading to the right place.

The Lord shall guide thee continually.—ISAIAH lviii. 11.

In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.—PROVERBS iii. 6.

"GIVE ME A CHRISTMAS BOX."

THIS was said by a sturdy-looking young man who stood at a gentleman's door holding out his hand like a beggar. I inquired who the applicant was, as he did not seem in distress, and was told that he was the gate-tender who attended to the lamps in the neighbourhood. A young clever mechanic, earning good wages, and yet there he was putting out his hand, and asking for alms like some penniless vagrant!

I felt a blush rise to my cheek—I was ashamed for him, and the money perhaps that he secured to him gave no shame for himself. I felt ready to say, "draw back your strong honest hand, that is used to noble toil; and do not degrade it by holding it out to receive alms as a thing reluctantly. Be above asking for alms while you can work. Do not degrade your station as a working-man by begging it up with beggars."

And what is the Christmas-box for? "Something to drink," is the general reply.

Yes, the working-man loves his decent labour, and gives up his honest wages to go about begging; and then the money he has got by idleness, he spends in drunkenness. He first degrades himself by the condition of a beggar, and then ends by becoming a drunkard.

"I wish there never was such a day as Christmas-day," said a poor woman once to me, and she had cause to wish it, for her husband not only lost his week's wages, but got drunk, assaulted a policeman, was imprisoned for a month, when he came out could get no work—was a disgraced man; and it took that family a year to recover the effects of one "Holiday-day," in the loss of money; while loss of character, or to all know is far harder to recover. Oh, working-men, be above the meanness of asking alms, and the cruelty of spending time, health, and a good name on strong drink. R.

HINTS TO PARENTS.

Not only love your children, but show that you love them; not merely by fondling and kissing them, but by being always ready to give their wishes. Here is a man who drives his children out of his shop, because they pester him; here is another who is active and busy to give his boy a good work. Now I would gladly learn of these penny-wise and pound-foolish fathers, what work they expect ever to turn out, which shall equal in importance the elder, drier who are now taking their mould for life. Hayes is that child which is forced to seek for companions more reasonable than its father and mother.

You may observe that when a working-man spends his leisure hours *abroad*, it is at the expense of his family. While he is at the beer-house or tavern, he is gone away, seeking out-of-door connexions. The great school of juvenile vice is the streets. Here the urchin, while he "knuckles down at bee," learns to swear, curse, and the putrid obscenity. For one lesson at the fireside, he has a dozen in the kennel. Here are scattered the seeds of falsehood, gambling, theft, and violence. I pray you, as you love your own flesh and blood, make your children clung to the *hearth-stone*. Love home yourself; talk your home deeply among your favourite treasures; set an example in this as in all things, which your offspring may follow. The garden-plant seems to have accomplished its great work, and yet is content to wither, when it has matured the fruit for the next race: learn a lesson, fathers and mothers, from the humble plant.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.—PROV. XVI. 32.

"WHAT WOULD THE POOR DO IF IT WERE NOT FOR THE POOR?"

THOUSANDS of kindnesses are done by those who have but very little to spare, and which would not be done by those who are richer, because they do not know the occasions there may be for their help. Workmen are not only ready but feel a pleasure in helping each other. The following is an admirable illustration of this, and in the workman's language, it is given in a little book entitled "Life Story." The writer thus describes what happened to himself, when travelling in search of work:

"When I became the poor wanderer from place to place, and saw a few books were my only movables, all of which had soon to be sold to supply my wants. Before I got regular employment, I endured much. Under the dark clouds of despair, and suffering very keenly from the sickness of hunger, often did I resolve to end my days, by taking away the few sparks of life that remained; but an unknown voice called out, 'Hold! cease, it is sinful!' Then I felt an anchor of hope." I do not know how I lived, nor what I existed upon. I shall only mention one case of many.

"When leaving Montrose for Brechin, I possessed only one penny. An hour before I left, I felt very hungry, and bought gingerbread. The half of it was all I could take, and I kept the other for a future meal. As I was not far on the way when I met a beggar and some children, all of whom seemed to be more in want of food, I gave them the remainder of my bounty, and on I travelled, till the dark mantle of night enveloped me. How dreary the road was! and I was as "forlorn and weak" as ever Ossian's poetic imaginings, the pains and keenness of which can only be known to those who have felt them. I sank down by the wayside. My spirit and heart failed with my body. While in this almost insensible state, "nature's soft nurse" (dear creature!) came up, threw her gentle arms around me, and carried me to the land of dreams. Then I remained for a short time, after which I found myself again resting upon the hard, hedewed roadside. I felt bewildered, and that dreary road seemed as long; but a man came up, bound for Brechin. I spoke to him. He slackened his pace, and we went on together, arriving early in the morning.

"I found the man, to whom I had a note of introduction, but he, too, had been long idle from want of work. I did not mention my case, but I felt sorry that the poor man had nothing to spare. He gave me the name of a friend in Letterburn, a village seven miles east of Fettercairn, and nine north of Montrose. By that time my limbs could scarcely support me, but I travelled on as well as I could. By the time I arrived, I had been thirty-two hours without food, save the gingerbread.

"Here, too, I found the person upon whom I called nearly as poor as myself, only he and his family were at home. I told my tale, and they were sorry that they were well able. They had the heart, and that helped them to find the way. What would the poor do were it not for the poor? I asked the kind man and his family received me in the spirit of a Christian. The very sight of food was too much for my weak state. As soon as I recovered, I was able to take some of the power of seeing and hearing for a time. Those around me thought great death was not approaching. As soon as I was able, I was conducted to a bed, and I openly told the state I was in, and gave some slight idea of what I had endured. It is said that the real Scotsman would almost starve himself to feed a stranger, and almost sooner starve than beg—ever suffering greatly before he confesses his poverty, however honestly. I confess I was occasioned with this spirit. I would have had many a meal I wanted if I had told how matters stood. On this occasion I tried to strike the wonderful, and real to part of my poverty.

"By the generous kindness of my new friends, I began in a day or two to recover some but from the direful effects of intoxicating liquors. Oh, how wicked Scotland! and there was not a well in Lutherburn. A large number were in state of starvation; but they were in high hopes that night, and the next day, would be better. The cases came from Montrose, and brought a web for all who sought it, and one to spare for "the poor stranger," as they called me. The people and I had brought God's blessing with me.

"The fabrics there were very fine, and of dazzling whiteness. When I got my web and weft, I did not know how to act, the kind was so different from what I had been accustomed to weave; but as soon as my new shopmates observed that I was at a loss, they came out waiting to be asked, rendered every necessary assistance. The kind creatures, both men and women, aided me from the best of motives—simply because I was needing their help. I got on well, and was soon able to do as much, and make as good work as any. At the end of the first week, I was able to remove, at the end of the second I was able to send something home to help my father; and at the end of the third I remained home, healthy and well."

* "Life Story; a Prize Antithesis," published by Hamilton and Wright, Fleetstreet Row; W. Tweddle, 324, Strand. Price 1s. 6d.

TESTIMONY FROM A PRISON.

EDWARD SHEPHERD, Esq., the benevolent Governor of the Wakefield House of Correction, writes us as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—I beg to forward you an extract from our Schoolmaster's Annual Report, presented to the Visiting Justices of this Prison."

EXTRACT.—"The Library Books, with the 'BRITISH WORKMAN,' and 'BANE AND HOPE REVIEW,' have been attentively read, and taken care of, during the year, and appear to be very much used by a very great majority of the prisoners, especially the two latter publications, and many of them have said, that if they had followed the course advocated in those publications, they would not have been in the unhappy position they now were."

Illustrated Handbills. Fifty different kinds. Each kind may be had in packets of 50, assorted, 6d. each. Bound in a volume, in cloth, 1s.

THE ADVANTAGE OF SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

A GENTLEMAN was called upon to visit a dying female. He quickly obeyed the call; and entering the humble cottage where she dwelt, he found it in an adjoining room of a mean value. He listened, and found it was the child of the poor dying woman engaged in prayer. "O Lord, bless my poor mother," cried the little boy, "and prepare her to die. O God, I thank Thee that I have been sent to a Sunday-school, and there have been taught to read my Bible; and when I ask Thee, when my father and mother forsake me, Thou wilt take me up." This comforts me more that my poor mother is going to leave me. May it comfort her, and make her to pray; and may I go there too! O Jesus, pity a poor child; and pity my poor dear mother; and help me to say, 'Thy will be done.'" He ceased, and the visitor opening the door, approached the bedside of the poor woman. "Your child has been praying with you," said he, "I have listened to his prayer." "Yes," she replied, making an effort to rise, "he is a dear child. Thank God he has been sent to a Sunday-school! I cannot read myself, but he can read, and he has got a Bible to me; and I hope I have reason to bless God for it. Yes, I have learned from him that I am a sinner; I have heard from him of Jesus Christ; and I do, yes I do, as a poor sinner put my trust in Him."

Such was the hope with which the sufferer awaited the approach of death; a hope full of immortality; and thus in the Providence of God, this poor child, taught at a Sunday-school, was the means of saving his mother. Multitudes besides have been brought to heaven in the same way. Their children, taught in these institutions, have been the means of their instructions in the things of God, and, instrumentally, their saviours also. A century ago and these institutions were unknown. Ignorance was then almost universal, and every poor man may, if he will, have his children instructed in the most important of all truths, the truths of religion. Sunday-schools are unmindful of their own merits; from a criminal disregard of the interests of their children, both temporal and spiritual, and a heedless, and thoughtless, and selfish, indifference, they either neglect to send their children to a Sunday-school, or send them only in their *infancy*, when too young to be benefitted according to the design of these institutions, and then merely to avoid having the annoyance of them at home.

Sons and daughters of toil, would you have your children to be a comfort in affliction, in old age, in the hour of death, be concerned to have them religiously trained, and be thankful for Sabbath-schools. T. M. W.

PARENTAL EXAMPLE.

A MOTHER relates the following seemingly trifling incident, which forcibly illustrates the importance and power of parental example:—

"As I was about to enter my nursery, to look after my little ones, I observed the youngest, a boy of three years of age, looking over a book, which he had taken from a shelf, resembling a family Bible, used before morning and evening prayer.

"Struck with the unusual gravity of his manner, I watched his movements. With great precision, and apparent devotion, he went through the exercise of reading the Scriptures and kneeling for prayer, in imitation of his father's daily example. And never was manner, voice or gesture, more properly copied. Trifling as was this circumstance, it left a deep impression upon my mind, that to this time, I feel myself mentally exclaiming, 'What manner of persons ought we to be, in all holy conversation and holiness.'

"Never till that moment, had my mind dwelt upon this momentous fact, though so oft repeated, that the future characters of our children, and their ages are usually at a very early period, stamped by parental example; and I now felt what an amazing influence must be exerted over young children by the manner in which their parents conduct family prayer."

GOOD RECEIPT FOR KEEPING SOBER.

In a rural district in the North of England, the following dialogue lately took place, between a Friend and a Shoemaker, who had signed the temperance pledge:—

"Well, William, how are you?"

"Oh pretty well. I had only eighteenpence and an old hen when I signed, and a few old scores, but now I have about ten pounds in my books, and I and my wife and I have lived through the summer without getting into debt; but as I am only thirty weeks old yet (so he styled himself), I cannot go too strong yet."

"How is it that you never signed before?"

"I did sign, but I kept it different now to what I did before, Friend."

"How is that?"

"Why, I gae doon on my knees and pray."

Better informed persons may learn a lesson in this respect, by applying to the source of strength now possessed by William, the Shoemaker.

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IMPORTANT TO ART-WORKMEN.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.—This valuable Institution, now removed to the South Kensington Museum, is intended to be a Museum of a School of Industrial Art, and it is to be conducted in all its branches. The governing body consists of a committee composed of the most eminent architects, artists, and Members of Parliament (among them the President, Sir Charles Eastlake, the Treasurer, Mr. Ker, Beresford Hope, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Cowper, Mr. Scott, Mr. Tite, Mr. Beresford Hope, Mr. Ker, Mr. Cowper, Mr. Scott, Mr. Tite, Mr. Joseph Clarke, Honorary Secretary, assisted by Honorary Secretaries for the chief towns throughout the Kingdom. The Museum is one of the five Institutions which, within the last few years, have been founded for the benefit of our art-workmen; that, in the Metropolis, Museum of Ornamental Art, which, with a view to the decoration of our residences—such as rooms and warehouses—Cabinet Makers, Glass painters, decorators, and others, whose calling

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. WM. FISON, of Birkdale, Secretary to the Lodge Natural Sanitary Association, writes:—"During a late tour in the North of England, I found several remarkable instances of the benefit that had resulted in some future towns from the circulation of the *British Workman*. In Manchester, where I believe the *British Workman* has been circulated more largely than in any other place, the results have been most gratifying. Bodies of workmen have been formed, pledged not to drink, and begin a new course of life. This information I had from some leading Christian men in Manchester. I have just commenced a Circulating Committee for obtaining subscribers at Brighton, and I am now anxious to have others formed in the town. One of the members of my Committee already reports fifty orders for the new year, but I shall not be satisfied until Brighton is interpenetrated, and I hope to see in your admirable publication as the *pioneer* of my favorite Sanitary and Temperance work among our working brothers and sisters. Believe me, yours very truly, MARGARET FISON.

WE beg to call the especial attention of our readers to the above letter, and to the following extract from our Scotch letters. It shall be glad to furnish supplies of Canvassing bills, prints, and tracts, to any friends who may be desirous to follow Mrs. Fison's example. Applications to be addressed to the Editor, 164, the office, Ann St. Birmingham, Sandy St. C.

HOPES-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING.—*Further extracts from Letters*—The success we have met with in Hope-to-House is really astonishing and encouraging to the last degree. I have visited a number of the houses where we had previously left a copy of the *British Workman*, and on Canvassing Bill, we obtained about 40 new subscribers; some tell us of having the *paper frained*, others that they like it, if they could afford something to read, &c.; and what is most gratifying, is, that all this took place in the time (broken, too, and neglected) between 3 and 5 o'clock. We obtained more Bills.—J. D., Hamm.—"After canvassing them through three times near the town, and in the town, I have taken on hundred and fifty names, most of whom will commence the year. We have also received some orders for more bills. I let time in the day I think, I could get three hundred in this town easily.—J. H., Salisbury.—"I have distributed parts of the Cottager's Bible you sent me, and have obtained twenty-four subscribers, and orders for four yearly parts. I have to distribute the number of January. The parish clergyman has promised to obtain a copy of it is sufficient to ensure a subscriber.—J. J., Bromley.—"I am glad to inform you the Circulating Committee Bills have been wanted. The result is as follows:—Instead of last I have now one hundred and ten subscribers, and have obtained orders for six yearly parts.—J. S., Shrewsbury."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LEAFLETS.—A Sunday-school.—"One of our students has promised a reward to her scholars, at the close of 1861, if they will one dozen copies of the *British Workman* during each month of the year."

WEEKLY EDITIONS of the *British Workman*.—We have not received more than half the required number of Subscribers, and work, therefore, for the present abandon the project.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We cannot undertake to return them.

British Workman's Almanac, for 1861, *One Penny*.
Band of Hope Almanac, published yearly, *One Penny*.

Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the LORD: though hand join in hand, he shall not be unpunished.

Rejoice in the LORD alway: and again I say, Rejoice. Let your moderation be known unto all men. The LORD is at hand.

GOOD SERVANTS, GOOD WIVES, & HAPPY HOMES.

CHAPTER XII.

Martha's History, continued.

"I purpose first to present you with some of the favourite maxims of my mistress.

"1. **Cleanliness is next to Godliness.**' My mistress scarcely could admit the existence of such an anomaly as a slattern. Her Christian faith was her self-both in her person and dwelling a very pattern of cleanliness. At any time her house would have borne inspection. Every apartment, from the parlour to the cellar, displayed an uniform character. There were no dirty corners,—no hanging cobwebs,—no by-places for concealment of all bodes; yet my mistress was very opposed to a parade of cleaning operations.

"At all times clean and neat in her own person, my mistress was never in a state in which she could not receive any visitor, and she required in a domestic a like pattern of personal appearance. It was one of her greatest pains to see that her servants should be neat and tidy in their dress. Some girls can never do a dirty job without throwing their whole person into disorder; hands, face, dress, all are begrimed, and they seem to like it, it appears. Such girls are real nuisances in a house; they require more washing than their work is worth. By proper care, it is possible to do a dirty job in a tidy manner, and, therefore, there is no excuse whatever for a dirty, slovenly appearance. A dirty slattern woman, whether a mistress or a servant, is one of the most repulsive objects imaginable.

"2. **Order was Heaven's first law.**—'It is not to be vain,' this excellent woman would say, 'to expect health without temperance, or life without nourishment, or disorder without confusion. Order, then, we could never, therefore, tolerate any irregularity or confusion; she allowed nothing to be done by fits and starts, or in uniformity of time, but the same hours observed throughout her whole domestic law; and so well was it established, so fully understood, that the various duties of the household performed like the regularity of clockwork. Not a wife every day, but almost every hour of each day had its appointed occupation; and it was a great saving of time and of much confusion. Persons unaccustomed to such a system or order would perhaps have thought it tedious, but it was so easy, so natural, so well systematised, and the comfort it imparted, sufficiently showed its advantage. That there is a difficulty connected with the maintenance of such a system of order is fully especially where there are young children—frequent cases of illness, and many interruptions, as was the case in our—sundundays, yet this difficulty is forthcoming and judicious management, my mistress always overcame.

"It is easy to conceive how ill able a person of such habits would be to endure a domestic of opposite character. 'A disorderly servant,' she would say, 'creates endless confusion; she spreads her disorder in her wake; and she would not keep nothing in its place. For want of method, her kitchen is generally a scene of confusion. Convenience is her plea for all her disorders—she cares not for nothing places. Their continual mistake of being properly arranged, and hid in order, are thrown in any how, and she cares nothing for the trouble and mischief it occasions. Such a servant as she keeps nothing in its proper place, so she does nothing at the right time; she is always behind-hand with her work, and never is ready when it ought to be. Perhaps when the meat is done more than enough, the potatoes are to boil, or the pudding is to be made, and so we always hurry, and all is hurry and disorder.'

"3. **Temper is everything.**—On this subject I had one day a long and useful lesson, for I had shown some little pettishness. 'The greater part of the happiness or misery of life,' my mistress would say, 'is helped to temper. Some persons spend the greater part of their days in a state of ferment; they are as inflammable as gunpowder, and a spark, or a word, or a look, is sufficient to set them in a blaze, this is censurable in any one, but especially in those who are in servitude. I have known a servant to be so little control over her temper that she cannot bear reproof, or throws a house into confusion when she happens to be displeased. Whenever such persons she may possess this will be a lost upon the whole. Who would engage a servant of whom it is said, 'She possesses many good qualities, but they are all spoiled by her uncontrolled temper?' Who would be willing to be irritable, that she is perpetually causing some disturbance.

"'A servant, it is true, is subject to many things that try the temper. She may suddenly be called away in the midst of a piece of work which cannot be left without inconvenience;—visitors may be announced just when dinner is ready for the table; and may remain until it is nearly spoiled; she may be sent on an errand at a time when she is hurly engaged; a neighbour may come in with some trifling matter, and may remain until it is rather late; and, the soot may fall from the chimney in the midst of her preparations for dinner; or, perhaps, the dinner may refuse to rise, or, on the washing-day the clothes-line may break, and the linen may have again to be cleansed; these, and a hundred such things, may occur in the best regulated families, and no doubt they are trying, yet how unseemly it is to witness on such occasions a scowl on a servant's brow, a pettish order, a red with anger,—or to hear her muttering her displeasure in coarse and offensive terms, or slamming the doors, and dashing the dishes about, in a most petulent way. How unpleasing too when the bell is rung not to know whether it will be answered pleasantly and promptly, or reluctantly, and with a look which reminds you of a thunderscowl.

"The trials of servants are, however, mere trifles when compared with many their employers have to endure; yet how cogent it would be on the latter to give way to passionate and furious tempers, and then vent them upon their domestics. But much more is it to be desired that a sober or mistress should be feelings occasioned by her lighter trials,—the mere annoyances of an hour, and these not infrequently arising from her own neglect, and want of thought.' The temper of my mistress was consistent with these remarks, although possessed of highly sensitive feelings. I never saw her give way to a pettish, sullen, or resentful disposition; her own trials were borne with Christian meekness, and, from her example, I learned to put a restraint upon my own temper, which is naturally sharp and irritable.

"4. **'Wilful waste leads to certain want.'** In accordance with this maxim, our household was conducted with the strictest regard to economy; there was no pinching, and there was no waste; no expenditure was allowed but what was necessary, and everything was made the most of. No fragments of food were ever thrown away, and no garment was cast aside whilst it admitted of repair; yet with all this economy my mistress had a truly liberal heart. 'The more I can save,' she would say, 'the more I have to give.' These are some of her remarks on this subject. 'Frugality is one of the first properties of a good servant, but unless it be acquired early it is seldom acquired at all. For this reason, servants who surrounded with plenty, furnished at the expense of their employers, should learn to cultivate a habit which they are not sure to find necessary to their future welfare and comfort. Duty and interest alike require them to be careful. For a servant to be wasteful of what belongs to a master or mistress is a crime—to be wasteful of what belongs to herself is *folly*. Some servants when a mistress finds fault, because she finds the soap left in the water, or thrown away, or fragments of bread and meat left to waste, or the cinders not burnt up, are apt to think, her stingy, but the truest liberality may exist with the strictest economy. The Christian mistress is careful because she knows that wastefulness is a sin, and frugality a virtue, and because by these savings she is enabled to give more to relieve the distressed.

"'A servant who is careful of what belongs to her employer, will naturally be careful of her own. Such a servant will be sure to regard all expenditure as waste which exceeds the limits of necessity or prudence;—to think of future as well as present wants;—to look to to be laying by both for herself and others. Many servants are betrayed into a foolish waste of money by the love of dress. This is a common and a costly sin. Many mistresses have had to come to dishonesty, and others to prostitution, while with many more it has proved the occasion of poverty, and been a temptation. How lamentable to see a girl, perhaps of inferior attainments, having a widowed mother, or parents in poverty, and who has nothing but what wages to depend upon, and to spend every farthing with a parade of tinsel, trying to adorn her mistress, and spending her wages before she has earned them. How much better would it be to save and laid by, for an evil day, which may come in distress, or at least a provision for a rainy day. What numbers have been made, amidst scenes of poverty and misery, to grieve their foolish waste and extravagance, and bitterly to rue the want of the money they once foolishly spent in inconsistent dress. It is not by dressing fine, that a servant can recommend herself to a mistress. Character is a respectability, not dress; if the former be wanting, the latter becomes a stigma, and only excites suspicion.

"'These were some of her remarks, which I have frequently reserved her observations on a few other topics which I think may be useful to you.

"'**Thoughtfulness.**—Want of thought is a great fault in a servant, and has been the cause of many a serious loss. Some girls it is true think a great deal, but then it is about anything, and everything but the right thing, and that is their work, and the work of their employers. I had but lately been entering to a mistress when she is obliged to think continually for a servant, and to give directions about the simplest things, lest they should be forgotten, or, perhaps, after all, 'Take care the bread in the oven does not burn. See that the meat is put to the fire in time. Mind to boil the kettle when you go up stairs. Do not forget to salt the bread. Be sure to examine the windows and doors before you retire to bed. Take care that the linen is well-aired.' Such a servant ought to think about herself, and without which she cannot get on comfortably for a single hour.

"'As an example of the evils arising from thoughtlessness, a servant living near my own dwelling was sent one evening for some candles, and was left alone with every one out of the house. She thoughtlessly went without scissors, and as thoughtlessly applied the flame of the candle in her hand to the string which tied the parcel. It was done with the same want of thought she neglected to see that no spark was left behind. On returning to the same closet an hour or two afterwards, the parcel in flames. Under the influence of terror, and acting with her former thoughtlessness, instead of descending the stairs and alarming the family, she opened the parcel and threw it down, falling a distance of near thirty feet. There she lay nearly an hour, hissed and insensible, without any one knowing where she was, the parcel burning and smouldering, and the family remaining ignorant of their danger until the flames broke forth. Had the fire progressed but a few minutes longer, it would have destroyed before the family had retired to rest, it is probable the entire dwelling would have been sacrificed by the girl's want of thought. She was, the poor servant, and strange to say the girl herself escaped without serious injury.

"'**Quietness.**—Some servants seem to have a pleasure when doing their work in making as much noise as possible. If pushed a little, they will throw it by rude and violently up and down stairs, slamming the doors, talking loudly, throwing things about, and other similar mutinous. Such servants are a trial to a mistress, and cause her, whenever a visitor is in the house, to feel much annoyed. It will always be the wish of such servants there are no such things as quietly or possible; she will not therefore attempt to do three or four things at once, or to accomplish an hour's work in half an hour, or to time pushing her intention by the hasty manner in which she throws things about, and the noise and hustle she creates; but on the contrary, she will endeavour to the foreknowledge and arrangement of her duties, to avoid possible discomfort to herself and the family. Noisy, bustling servants are always experiencing what is astonishing to their employers they—from in a hurry by breakages of windows, furniture, glasses, and earthenware, often exceeding the amount of their wages. This is a serious evil, and a shameful waste of a master's property. Such servants would be dear were they willing to serve without wages. Of great importance to acquire the habit of doing work quickly, but quietly and well. I once had a very sharp, quick but quarrelsome and noisy servant. She was a servant, but she was both noisy and careless. She was perpetually committing some blunder through haste and incontinuousness. In one instance, she placed a loaded tray upon a corner of the table, when in consequence of being overbalanced, it gave way, and the whole dinner-service came to the ground, causing a most serious breakage; in another, she left a bucket of water in the middle of the staircase, over which a visitor fell, and received a severe injury. I had another servant, whose habits were both quiet and cleanly, whatever she did was done well, and without noise; but yet she was so slow that she was always behindhand; her work never seemed to be done, for it was constantly in arrear. Had she been left to herself, the order of meals would have entirely changed; we should have had breakfast at dinner-time, dinner when tea should have been ready, and tea would have taken place of supper. Such servants must not expect to retain their places; they can only be borne with from some unhappy necessity.

"'**Gossipping.**—The character and happiness of families are often in the hands of servants, and the amount of mischief which is sometimes done by thoughtlessness, folly, or malice, is incalculable. A little gossip may seem a harmless thing, and it is what, with young girls in service are addicted to, but in this way the secrets of families are often disclosed, little golden gets magnified, trifling occurrences are exaggerated, and become the foundations of much slander and misfortune. There are to be found persons in every neighbourhood, who from a busy inquisitive spirit, and a malicious disposition, are always wishful to pry into the affairs of others, and who are never better pleased than when they can meet with a mantering, gossiping, or a tattling servant, who may live to information. In this way things are frequently made known, which in the hands of mischievous and evil-disposed persons, are perverted, and become the means of much misery

A Lancashire Working-man, who now lives, "rent free," in his "own home."

"MY OWN HOUSE."

What an interesting sight it is when a working-man, after the toils of the day, takes out his "Penny Paper, (instead of going to the beer-shop for 'news') and reads to his wife, occasionally pausing to encourage his children in their useful amusements with their box of bricks and toys! We are very anxious that the hard-working sons of toil should *strive* to have comfortable dwellings, and, where possible, possess their "own homes." By industrious and frugal habits many working-men might live *rent free*. A goodly number of our readers in Lancashire, Warwickshire, and other Midland and N orthern Counties have accomplished this desirable object. We purpose giving an account in an early number, of "How a Lancashire man bought his little freehold!" in the hope that it will induce many of our readers to go and do likewise."

Resolve,—and tell your wife of your good resolution. She will aid it all she can. Her step will be lighter, and her hand will be busier all day, expecting the comfortable evening at home, when you return. Household affairs will have been well attended to. A place for everything, and everything in its place, will, like some good genius, have made even a humble home the scene of neatness, arrangement, and taste. The table will be ready at the fireside,—the loaf will be one of that order which says by its appearance, "You may cut and come again." The cups and saucers will be waiting for supplies. The kettle will be singing; and the children, happy with fresh air and exercise, will be smiling in their glad anticipation of that evening meal when father is at home, and of the pleasant reading afterwards.

Are you not surprised to find how independent of money, peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home! A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but if the love of God be there, a little cottage might hold as much happiness as might stock a magnificent palace.

Home is the residence, not merely of the body, but of the heart; it is a place for the affections to unbind and develop themselves; for children to learn, and love, and play in; for husband and wife to toil smilingly together, and make life a blessing. The object of all ambition should be to be happy at home. If we are not happy there, we cannot be happy elsewhere. It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside. Working-men! Strive to make 'home' the happiest spot on earth! You will have a hundredfold reward.

There is something in that little word "home" which lifts the heart into the throat, and ever excites intense emotion in the British soldier on service. Let, for instance, but the bugle of a light regiment play "Home, sweet home," and you will perceive an uneasiness creep into every chatting circle; and then silence will ensue, and many a head will be turned aside from the watch-fire to listen to that air, which perhaps more than any other, conjures up in the mind's-eye of all of us the comforts of dear Old England.—*Letter from the Camp.*

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THE HEAVENLY HOME.

My rest is in Heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hush'd, my dark spirit,—the worst that can come,
But shortens thy journey, and hastens thee home.
Home, home, sweet home,—Receive me, dear Saviour,
in glory at home.

It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hope in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not pil'd,
I pant for a country by sin undefil'd.
Home, home, sweet home, &c.

The thorn and the thistle around me may grow
I would not lie down upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find it for ever in Jesus's breast.
Home, home, sweet home, &c.

Let doubt, then, or danger my progress oppose,
They only make Heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy, or come sorrow, whate'er may befall,
One hour with my God will make up for it all.
Home, home, sweet home, &c.

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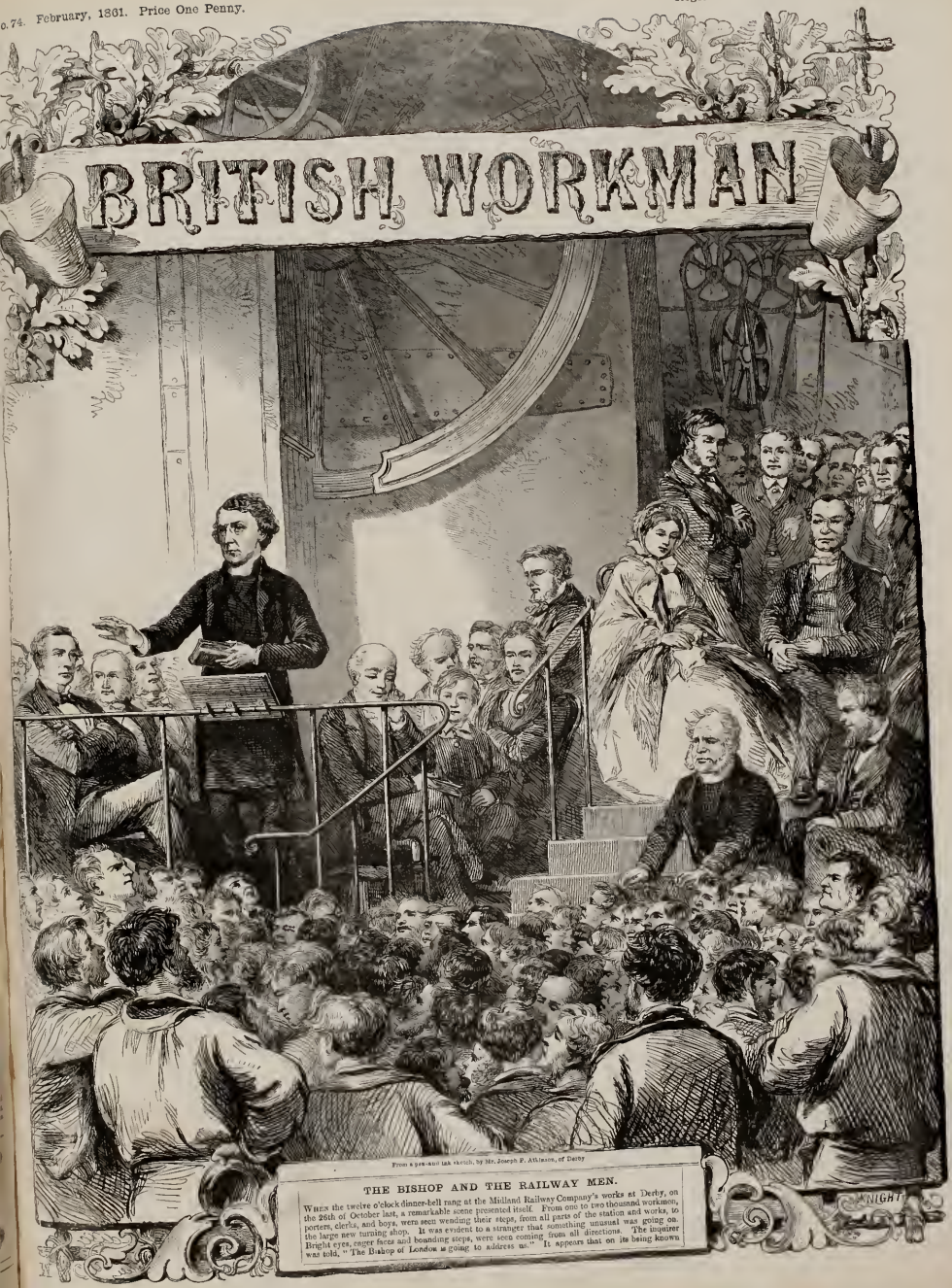

From a pen-and-ink sketch, by Mr. Joseph F. Atkinson, of Derby

THE BISHOP AND THE RAILWAY MEN.

When the twelve o'clock dinner-bell rang at the Midland Railway Company's works at Derby, on the 26th of October last, a remarkable scene presented itself. From one to two thousand workmen, porters, clerks, and boys, were seen wending their steps, from all parts of the station and works, to the large new turning shop. It was evident to a stranger that something unusual was going on. Bright eyes, eager faces and bounding steps, were seen coming from all directions. The inquirer was told, "The Bishop of London is going to address us." It appears that on its being known

that the Bishop was in Derby, a deputation from the men, clad in their working dress, desired an interview with his lordship. This request was instantly and cheerfully complied with, and in response to the earnest appeal of the deputation, the Bishop, with his usual kindness, consented to attend at the dinner hour. The popularity which his lordship has gained by his praiseworthy efforts to bear fit the industrial classes, gave great interest to this novel gathering.

A contemporary states:—

"Shortly after twelve, the Bishop arrived, accompanied by the Right Hon. Lord Scarsdale, of Kedleston Hall, the Rev. E. W. Foley, and some of the directors and managers of departments of the works. The deputation was formed of several of the Clergy and Ministers of other denominations in the town, a few ladies, a large number of the wives of the workmen, and more than 1,000 of the men themselves. Clerks, engineers, boiler makers, pattern makers, moulders, fitters, drivers, porters, and many others were there. The men looked once delightfully imposing and encouraging. It conveyed the deep impression that there barely some of toil, to whom the ministry is so seldom addressed, were so ready, at every fitting opportunity, to listen to the words of eternal life; and it supplies ample encouragement to any who cared about their souls, to know that it is manifest that efforts extended on their behalf would be well received, and by the blessing of God would bring forth fruit.

His lordship commenced the service by giving out the hymn:—

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
With Angels round the Throne. &c

which was heartily sung by the whole congregation. Then followed the Collect for the 2nd Sunday in Advent, and an extemporaneous prayer. The 12th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans was read instead of the Lesson. At the close of the 11th verse, the Bishop ceased reading, and commenced an address in a very admirably suited to the occasion. He spoke with great clearness and simplicity of the connection between the sound doctrine of the Gospel and godly practice, as exhibited in the writings of St. Paul, and of the example which the busy life of the Saviour (himself a workingman), furnished to all working men. He enforced the subsequent responsibility of those who were favoured with great privileges, and called upon his hearers to adorne the doctrine of God, and had, while speaking, them to labour diligently with their hands, provided rest both for their bodies and their souls. By the Christian Sabbath that great blessing was secured, as well as the quiet of a well-ordered home. He exhorted them to maintain religion in their families, and was especially earnest in showing how their duty extended even to be sanctified to the service of the Lord by entertaining throughout the day good thoughts,—by recollecting good texts, which they had read in their morning and evening, and which would be brought back to them with wonderful power by the spirit of Divine grace,—and by the practice of ejaculatory prayer—by which, as he said, they might up of the soul towards God in a few words," which would not fail to bring down His blessing. By a brief contrast of the state of the worldly man, and of a de-the vout believer in Christ, particularly in sickness and in death, this excellent address was brought to a close.

Once more, the Bishop prayed for his people and their families, and having pronounced the Benediction the Doxology was sung by the assembly. The men returned to their several workshops, or clustered in little groups, to make known to each other their feelings of gladness, and from not a few we heard the grateful testimony "I was good for me to be here."

It may be added, that the Bishop expressed his sense of the enjoyment he had assisted in addressing them, and no manner of doubt can be entertained that his visit to this huge hive of national industry will be remembered after many days."

A temporary desk for this occasion was fixed upon the brass rail of the Engine-house; and it is an interesting fact, that the workmen have subsequently subscribed a sum of money, to place in the place where his lordship stood an engraved brass-plate, commemorative of the occasion.

THE SOLITARY GRAVE.

In a grave-yard near my place of abode, is a solitary grave. I often look at it as I pass by. It is not alone there, not because those who selected the place of sepulture, were unwilling to have the deceased occupy a place by the side of other dead, but because he was a stranger, and all alone in this neighbourhood, as far as it respected friends and kindred. He was a good mechanic, and might have been a very useful and useful citizen; but he was a slave to liquor, and liquor effected his ruin, and sing his grave. He actually drank himself to death in a few days. He was not buried thus alone, without a friend to plant the yew-tree upon his grave, or to moisten his pallid cheek with a tear. There is a sympathy in death, as, for there is the dust of the drunkard. There is another grave close by, and in it, too, lies one, at least, who was shackbred by rum. He had a praying mother, who for many long years gone to her resting-place. The son had given himself up to the use of intoxicating drinks, and under the influence of that frenzy which no man can withstand, had endeavoured to put an end to his own mortal existence by suicide. At length he was successful. Deliberately taking up a razor from his mother's Bible, he placed it in his hand, he went to a retired spot on the bank of a stream of water, which run along not far from his dwelling, and inflicted upon himself a mortal wound. Before his body was found, his soul had taken its flight. "Died Alone as a fool dieth." It was run that did it. There are individual instances, but in the aggregate be collected, and what would be the amount?

A JUDGE REPROVED.

A late eminent American judge, who occasionally digressed himself by swearing, and that the most cutting words! He was discussing a fervy with the late John H. Rice. On account of the shallows they could not be brought to land, and they were carried to the shore by the black fervymen. One of these was so tardy, as to suffer the judge's clothes to become wet, and the latter expressed his anger by an imprecation. Dr Rice, with cut saying a word, turned on him his large, searching eye, with a sorrowful expression. "I never so felt a reproof," said the judge, "in my life, and instantly begged his pardon. "*Ask pardon of God*, said Dr. Rice, solemn-y. "I shall never forget it.—I hope *never!*"

THE TOOTH-ACHE.

Goods and bad thoughts are the seeds of good and bad words and deeds they multiply, also, our joys and our sorrows. Every day has its alone and its sinds; and the same work may be made of all our joys and all our evils. Our pleasures are not exempt from inconvenience, nor are our pains unaccompanied with advantage. This ought to be borne in mind more constantly than it is.

No! no! It is not all shadow when we have the tooth-ache. Think on the luxurious feeling when the warm handkerchief is wishfully regarded, as it hung moving at the fire, or, if too hot, to be laid across your cheek, and tied in a becoming bow under your ear! Think of the liberty you enjoy, the cessation from all anxiety, the exemption from all complaints but your own, and the kind attention you receive. No one requires from you the smallest service; no one stirs the fire to make the room warm, another runs to fetch a pillow; a third toasts the bread for your gruel; and a fourth asks if anything can be done to make you easy? Then, how tenderly every one in the house speaks to you; and in what a subdued and soft tone of voice are you asked every ten minutes "How are you now?"

Say what you will of the tooth-ache, but these concomitants, these gentle alleviations, are dear to us all. We are kind and considerate, and position when we get well again; and we know this, and are not always in haste to proclaim our convalescence. No sooner is it known that our malady has subsided, than the handkerchief is withdrawn, and we must set to work again. No one insults us; no one speaks gaily to us; and hardly any one takes notice of us. It is true that our tooth-ache is gone; but it is equally true that with it have disappeared a hundred sources of comfort and complacency.

Let us apply this to our afflictions generally, looking less at our bodily ailments, and more at the spiritual advantages that attend them. God's mercy can make even His judgments a blessing; and by wounding the body, He can heal the soul. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment," may lay a weight of glorem on our minds; but yet it may, by the blessing of our heavenly Father, work for us "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." 2 Cor. iv. 17.—*Old Humphrey.*

A REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

Some years ago, David Sands, and two other members of the Society of Friends, were passing through Wales and England; and as they were passing through a village, consisting of a few scattered houses, David Sands told his fellow-travellers that he was impressed upon his mind to remain in that village to hold a meeting. They directed their course towards a small house; and requested accommodation.

When the people of the house were apprized of the design of their guests, they made every necessary preparation for the meeting. At the hour appointed, several attended, and David Sands arose and addressed the company. He informed his hearers, that it was impressed upon his mind, that "*the Angel of Destruction had the instruments of death* about him, and that the same person had prepared them for his own destruction, and that he intended to put an end to his existence that same night; but on hearing them would be a meeting of the Friends, he thought he would attend; and he also informed them, that at the same hour, instruments of death were mentioned, he was struck with terror, and felt assured that his wicked intention must have been known to some unknown power, by a merciful interposition of Providence. I have the happiness to add, that the horrid deed of suicide was not only prevented, but the person repented of his sin, and became a member of a Christian church.

J. E.

BONAPARTE AND THE DOG.

The night after the battle of Bassano the moon rose cloudless and brilliant over the sanguinary scene. Napoleon who seldom exhibited any hilarity, or even exhibitions of spirits in the hour of victory, rode, accompanied by his staff, over the plain covered with the bodies of the dying and the dead, and silent and thoughtful retired last to his hospital receive.

It was midnight. All the confusion and the uproar of the battle had passed away, and the deep silence of the vast starlit night was only disturbed by the moans of the wounded and dying. Suddenly a dog sprang from beneath the cloak of his dead master, and rushed to Napoleon as if immediately implorinig his aid, and then fushed back again to the mangled corpse, howling in deep tones. Napoleon was deeply moved by the affecting scene, and turned to his officers, with his hand pointed towards the faithful dog, and said with evident emotion, "There, gentlemen, that dog teaches us a lesson of humanity." *Anecdotes.*

THE RECLAIMED SAILOR.

A very profane and profligate sailor, went out one day from his ship into the stream, bent on folly and wickedness. He met a pious little girl, whose feelings he tried to wound by using vile and sinful language. The little girl looked at him earnestly in his face, and warned him of his danger, and with a solemn tone told him he remembered that he must meet her shortly at the bar of God. This unexpected reproof greatly affected him. To use his own words, "it was as a hundred stabbing him, from and all, and sweeping by the board every sail and spar prepared for a wicked cruise." Abashed and confounded, he returned to his ship. He could not banish from his mind the reproof of the little girl. Her look was present to his mind, and her solemn declamation, "You must meet me at the bar of God," deeply affected his heart. The more he thought, the more uncomfortable he felt. In his cabin he knelt and prayed. In a few days his hard heart was subdued, and he publicly avowed, that he became a consistent member of the Church of Christ.

A SEAT FOR THE WEARY.

An invalid, from London, was walking up a hill, in the neighbourhood of Reigate, and was very exhausted, when just as she thought she must turn back, without enjoying the view, there was a nice smooth path, and a comfortable sheltered seat at the side of it. Oh, how pleasant was the rest to the weary, how delightful the view that spread around! "Who erected this nice seat?" was the natural inquiry. "Mr. Freeman Williams, Esq.," was the reply. The grounds that spread behind the path and seats (for there were several at equal distances), belonged to him. How beautiful the wish rose to her lips for the invalid,—"May health and peace be ever his lot, who considers the weakness of the sick, and the weariness of the toil-worn."

HARD WORK AND NO BEER.

Whether hard work can be done as well without intoxicating drink as with it, is still a subject of doubt with many, both employers and employed.

The following fact may be of service to those who desire authentic information on the matter in dispute.

The Rev. Thomas Williams, Rector of a large some time since, at Brymbo, North Wales, where there are large iron works. The day following Mr. Sunderland delivered the wish rose to his lips for the invalid,—"May health and peace be ever his lot, who considers the weakness of the sick, and the weariness of the toil-worn." these works, and entered into conversation with different classes of workmen. At length, he came to a man who was engaged with a large vessel full of melted metal. The man was without any shirt, and the perspiration was pouring down his person in streams. He had attended the lecture on the previous evening, and looking somewhat inclined to smile, he said, "Now, sir, you see the kind of work I have to do; how do you think that work *like this* can be performed without a beer?"

"Well," said Mr. S. "you appear to be *hot already*, but if you take ale or beer, that will make you hotter still."

After a little conversation, the man smiled, and said "Sir, I have done this kind of work for some years with out a drop of any kind of intoxicating drink, and though I may be considered to be going down the hill of life, yet I have done this work with as good speed, and, I believe, with more satisfaction to my employers, than when I was in the habit of taking strong drink."

AN ADMONITION.

One Friday evening last summer, an omnibus was proceeding through Oxford Street, when two slim, dark youths were seen running at the greatest speed along Newman Street, towards Oxford Street, hailing the Omnibus as they ran. The conductor seemed not very willing to stop for them, but a gentleman who sat near the door, said opposite the vehicle of this, said, "Oh, do stop for the poor fellows, they have not a moment to lose. I know them, they are Jews, and they are going to get into the city on time for their Sabbath, which begins at sunset."

While he was speaking the young men, each heavily loaded with parcels, had come panting up, and were busy scrambling to take their seats on the outside of the omnibus. It was raining, and by waiting they might have men one less fall than that they were now seated on, but time seemed everything to them. The man who had least delay that would trench on the strictness of their Sabbath; in which they are commanded to do "no manner of work."

Seeing these lads, with their faces streaming with perspiration, and both trembling with eagerness, naturally suggested the thought, in addition to the fear that these young Jews are thus in earnest. They lay aside the ordinary occupations of toil, on Friday night, and all day on Saturday—the very day when by the common custom of society all trades are the busiest. They must be losers—often great losers—by their faithful adherence to their religion. What an admonition to all who call themselves Christians! Ours is the rule of love. Not the law merely, as given in fire and smoke, on Mount Sinai, but the sweet money of a risen Lord, who, on the first day of the week, broke the fetters of death and the grave. Every Christian Sabbath being a holy commemoration of that great event.

Oh, shall the Christian be idle and indifferent, when he thinks of Christ's love as a motive for keeping holy His day? Will he not do for love what the poor Jew does for law?

OLD HOUSES AND IDLE HANDS.

King Solomon had a way of going through the world with his eyes open. He was observing, and learning, and he seems to have been gifted with second-sight. He saw two things where most other people saw only one. He saw what they gazed and could see only a few, and he saw both a fact and a principle. And, as he travelled up these things in his mind, he always had something to say that was well worth hearing. Solomon could say a great deal in a few words. It would seem that it was his habit to talk very much like a proverb. His opinions were all formed, and he carried about with him his ready made judgment on most matters, and then, as occasion served, the king would let fall a great truth fairly set in a small compass. In this way, and at different times, he spoke many hundred proverbs. Many of them have become the wisest words that ever were written, and have moved the king to write down several, and for those every wise man and every thoughtful

A Tumble-down House.

This strikes one as a queer subject for a king to write about, and yet Solomon has a proverb about the house that tumbled down. I suppose that one day, when the king took his walk into the country, he found a house cursed with a careless tenant. It had been strongly built, and the materials were of the best kind. But the roof was in bad order, and had not been taken care of a tile. No pains have been taken to arrest the wear by timely repairs. Other tiles have followed the example of the first. The fitting by contrast to the weather, and through many a chink in the roof the rain distils and trickles down upon the family. The king took a glance the outside of the house, and he said, "By much slothfulness the building decayeth, and through idleness of the hands the house dropeth through." (Ecclesiastes x. 18.) He saw that it was the need to mind away the rafters or remove the tiling. Only to the house alone. Allow wind and weather to have his way. Take no care. Let the grass a building up, and it will one day come down of itself.

Tradesmen.

If a tradesman would like to become a bankrupt, he need only be careless and forgetful. He need only live fast and eat his chickens before they are hatched. Small neglects will lead to strusts, and poverty, and ruin. Small neglects will lead to forgetfulness of property, and when this is gone, all is gone; and repentance is no more frequently by a succession of trifling neglects this by a single deed of downright dishonesty, or by one act of outrageous imprudence.

In business, simple forgetfulness is reckoned a crime, and is also punished as such. If a man forgets to meet his bill, when it becomes due. It is returned with a frown, and the dishonoured bill reflects upon the tradesman's trustworthiness. If a tradesman forgets to enter the transaction in recorded, and it is there as a blot upon his reputation. Another *forgets* to execute an order within the time agreed upon. The goods are lost sent in, and others taken. For one such forgetfulness he loses a customer, but a repetition of small neglects wears out the patience, and custom is withdrawn. Carelessness sets away one after another, and the reputation decays, standing is lost, and a living is forfeited.

Maidservants.

A maiden enters upon a situation with a fair character. She has worked so as to deserve and reward, fair a character, like a building, will not lost for ever. It wants keeping up; and unless it be sustained, it will go down. Her character is her capital, and she must trade day; and this is not necessary to the ruin of a reputation. General slothfulness, a loose and lounging habit, neglecting to attend the church or chapel on Sunday with other servants, the practice of being a little too late with her work, small neglects—these things undermine the confidence of a mistress, and the servant with this trifles will soon be in the worst of all positions—without a character. She had one, but did not take any trouble to keep it up, and by slothfulness it decays and perishes.

A Year after the Wedding.

A young woman married. During days of courtship, she had been remarkable for her attention and care to her appearance. It was her aim to show herself to her lover neat and tidy. Her hair was always combed, her boots bright, and her dress, from bonnet to shoe, clean and becoming. These are good habits to begin with, and the young man reasons that a house kept with the same care will be as pleasant place.

The house is furnished, and wedded-life begins. If these habits are kept up, well and good. But if the husband is not disappointed, he should be, and will go wrong. If a bride thinks that there is no longer any need to study neatness, and imaginos that, having married a husband, she may let herself go, she will soon cool. *Everything that helps love needs keeping up.* The stock of love that two persons possess on their marriage-day is not limitless. It must be replenished, and those means which nourished mutual affection before marriage are to be preserved in, or love will decay. Each slothfulness, each falling into slovenly habits, by dressing untidily, by gossiping with neighbours, and having a comfortless home for her husband, a point is with will be the commencement of a breach that in the end to the heartbreak. There was a home built up by mutual love; it was fair and goodly to look upon; but "through idleness of the hands the house dropped through," and domestic comfort becomes a ruin.

THE BIBLE.

A man of subtile reasoning, asked
A peasant, if he knew
Of any rational evidence
That proved his Bible true?
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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

We are reluctantly compelled to postpone the Notice of the 1st Twenty Prizes for the Best Specimens of Writing.

> To justice and judgment is more acceptable to the Lord than sacrifice.—Prov. xxi. 3.

GOOD SERVANTS, GOOD WIVES, & HAPPY HOMES.

CHAPTER XIII.

"This has been a busy day with me," said Mrs. Warne, as she accosted her neighbour, who with her usual punctuality was awaiting her arrival. "I was determined not to lose the pleasure of being first to pay work in have had some difficulty to get through my work in time. I have, however, learnt one lesson to-day. I have been taught how much work may be done in a short time when the mind is determined upon it."

"And the lesson will no doubt benefit you in the future," replied Mrs. Fletcher. "Diligence and perseverance will get through almost any difficulty of time, and the only way to secure leisure is to improve time well. I am quite ready to pursue my story so soon as you have arranged your sewing."

"That is done already," said her neighbour, "I'm quite prepared to listen. Do be kind enough to proceed immediately."

"Martha's conduct towards me continued to be of the kindest character. She was at all times anxious to contribute to my comfort, and was ever ready to oblige. Generally speaking, it seemed as if she could not be satisfied until I reached her own standard of ability; and seldom, perhaps, have more together a more zealous teacher, or a more willing pupil; nor is it from vanity, but with thankfulness I state it, that seldom has a greater change been effected in a young person than was seen during the school-days of Martha, and was the obligation conferred upon me by Martha, and my excellent mistress; there was also a third person who is indebted to me, or rather to my teaching, viz. Dinah, the gardener's wife, who always assisted us three days a-week. I have not noticed her prominently, lest it should have seemed that my story, like what is a diamond, though in the rough, a gem of plain manners, and of plainer dialect, but of good common sense, of sterling piety, well drilled in the school of experience, and devotedly attached to her mistress. She took great interest in my welfare, and many a kindly but useful lesson have I received from her.

"When I had completed a year in the service of Mrs. Mortimer," Mrs. Fletcher went on to remark, "I was surprised one morning by her inviting me, then, that she was about to receive a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Symonds. I could not hear this without perturbation. I was too happy in my present situation to contemplate a removal from it without painful emotion, and nothing was more natural than to infer that one object of their visit was to take me back with them on their return, or, at the very least, to subject me to a severe scrutinising eye as my former mistress seemed overpowering, and proved to bring back for a time all my former fears and feelings. Presently, however, I began to reflect on the great improvement I had made under the kind care and instruction of Mrs. Mortimer and Martha, and on the ability I now possessed, and of which I could not but be conscious, to give satisfaction even to Mrs. Symonds, clever and particular as she was. Then, again, I considered how kindly in bad times she had treated me, and how, if I left Mrs. Symonds, to which I was to return so soon as I had acquired the necessary qualifications; it was, therefore, wise, I thought, to expect, and that to be unwilling to do so, would unkindly great ingratitude to those who had so greatly befriended me. The result of these reflections was, that I was enabled to rise above my fears, and after lifting up my heart to God for His guidance and blessing, I felt that I could contemplate a return to the scene of my mental sufferings with considerable composure and confidence. I was thus prepared, on the arrival of our guests, to meet them with a much greater degree of cheerfulness than I had anticipated.

"There was the same keen, hawk-like expression in the eye of Mrs. Symonds, the same sharpness of feature, reminding me how severe and cutting she could be, but her greeting was comparatively kind and encouraging, while that of Mr. Symonds was really frank and cordial. Presently, I was, as I thought, considerably learned from Martha, I formed a principal topic of conversation.

"'Really,' said Mr. Symonds, 'that young person is improved very much, I will take her home!' and then how bright and happy she looks to what she formerly did.'

"At the first glance I could assure her, I was not, her,' observed Mr. Symonds, I had before my mind her former awkward manner, and it seemed as if some miraculous agency must have effected the transformation which has so evidently taken place.'

"'We do not pretend to work miracles here,' said Mrs. Mortimer, with a smile, 'a great change has been effected in Lizzy, certainly, but it has not been effected by a very simple operation, by the influence of kindness and sympathy, which from timidity and sensitiveness upon a mind, which from timidity and sensitiveness, required to be put encouraged and paralyzed.'

"'I was always sure,' remarked Mr. Symonds, 'that there was something in the girl, if it could only be brought out; but, to tell the truth, I was so sharp withal, that she had not patience with Liz y's dulness, so she used to scold, and the girl got frigh ened, and then she blundered more than before.'

"'You're so very knowing,' replied his wife, with a smile, 'that I suppose I must admit the correctness of your statement. At any rate, I am glad to see her so much altered for the better, at least in appearance.'

"'You will find,' said Mrs. Mortimer, 'that the improvement is not merely in appearance. I must inform you that Lizzy has become a Christian, and I believe she has experienced a real change of heart; this, at least, always be expected, has effected a great alteration; she has acquired new thoughts and feelings, and I may add also, a new character. In house matters I have every reason to be satisfied with her progress, and to think, that in a short time she will make a valuable servant.'

"'I'm glad to hear it! I'm glad to hear it,' exclaimed Mr. Symonds, slapping one knee at the same time with his right hand. 'At one time, I almost repented of having taken charge of the girl. I thought it would prove a bad bargain for her and me, and that in trying to do a good turn I had brought the house down about my ears.'

"'It is seldom we have to regret the performance of a benevolent action,' replied Mrs. Mortimer, 'even if we fail in our object, we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that we meant well.'

"'It was a kind action of my husband's,' remarked Mrs. Symonds, 'although, I must say, I thought it had proved ingratitude. He has a tender and benevolent heart, and no doubt meant well both for Lizzy and myself.'

"'If I am not greatly mistaken,' replied Mrs. Mortimer, 'his intentions will be fully realized. Lizzy, I am confident will prove a blessing to you both.'

"When this conversation was reported to me by Martha, it had a most encouraging and animating effect; I resolved not to discredit the good opinion which my mistress had so confidently expressed, and to give full proof to Mrs. Symonds that I was no longer the helpless being she once accounted me. I had various opportunities of doing this during her visit, and it was easy to perceive, that for a time my movements were noticed with a scrutinizing eye. At length she seemed to be fully satisfied, and although it was natural to her to be very sparing of commendation, yet one day she presented me with a seven-pence, saying, 'I'm must take this, Lizzy, as a token of approbation. I think you wonderfully improved. I have little patience with dunces; and I dare say you have thought very hard of me, at times past, but you have become such a different girl from what you were then, that I have no doubt when I come to reside with me again, you will be much better, and think, also, much better of each other.'

"This from Mrs. Symonds was a most extraordinary expression of commendation, and for a moment it almost overpowered me; I was enabled however, to acknowledge this mark of her kindness, and to assure her, that I would do my best to prove her confidence. From this time her manner greatly softened towards me. She was evidently not unmindful of the way in which I was treated by Mrs. Mortimer, and she seemed insensibly to slide into it. Kindness is always more or less effective; upon some natures its influence is most marvellous; it is so with myself. Mrs. Mortimer treated me in a once was upon my affections; I gradually lost sight of the past, and began to feel as if I really could serve and please her, if I could, in this, have the power to be tested so soon as I had been led to expect. My return was postponed to some future time; this arose, as I was to assist Martha in some alterations in the part of Mrs. Mortimer to part with me. I had become useful to her, and she wished me, besides, to acquire more confidence, habits, and abilities, to be more competent, before I entered into the world. To me was the cause of great joy: to Mrs. Symonds it seemed to occasion, as she said, a great disappointment. I have spoke of giving the up at her suit's request. O, how different was this from everything I could have anticipated when I left her dwelling desolate, and in sorrow and sickness! I remember, even now with gratitude to God, for the wonders He had wrought. When Mr. and Mrs. Symonds left us to return home, I felt as if I could have kissed my husband, assured me of a kind welcome when ever Mrs. Mortimer could spare me. O, what a word was that to it went to my ear! It was, indeed, a home to me, to rest in the service of my benefactress, who had condescended to speak so kindly of me.

"For nearly twelve months, I, therefore, I enjoyed the same agreeable course of life; in some respects my advantages were greater, and imparted increased confidence on the part of my dear mistress.

"One morning, a hurried note was received from Mr. Symonds, stating that his wife had been seized from apoplexy, and was then in a precarious state, and particularly anxious to see Mrs. Mortimer; to which was added a request, that, if possible, she would visit them without delay. This was a request, I, of course, was not to decline, and Mrs. Mortimer felt deeply concerned for her nieece's spiritual condition. Preparations were, therefore, immediately commenced for her journey. The occasion of Martha's greater age and experience, she was chosen to accompany her mistress, and I was left with the gardener and his wife, in the house. Martha, I, felt, was not dense and his wife, in the house. Martha, I, felt, was not a little elated by the trust thus reposed in me, and felt resolved to discharge my duty to the best of my ability. After their departure, I was left to my own reflections. After their departure, I was left to my own reflections. The first contained a most unfavourable report of Mrs. Symonds's state; the second expressed some hopes, and the third, the joyful tidings that she had begun to manifest some concern respecting her eternal welfare; the third was still more encouraging and furnished assurance of a speedy return of the sick and lost, both in body and mind; the last appriced me that Mrs. Mortimer might be expected home in a few days, but that Martha would remain with her sick mistress. I felt now I should have an opportunity of shewing my mistress what I can do. I strove to have everything in beautiful order against her return. Martha, I felt, was again under equals her mistress, and I felt, I felt, I felt, I felt, with the feelings of delight to see her mistress, and their expression evidently afforded her pleasure.

"The account of Martha's return, of Mrs. Symonds was of the most pleasing character. You will be glad to learn,' she said, 'that my niece has been greatly softened and subdued, by her sickness; she is a very, she is undoubtedly begun in her heart; her former severity has almost entirely left her, and she seems already quite a changed woman.' Thus, I was, I felt, glad to hear, and, what she added, I must say, was by no means so welcome. 'You will, now, Lizzy, have to have more love days, to become more accustomed to the Lord has prepared you both for each other. You have nothing now to fear, and to Mrs. Symonds I hope you will prove a great blessing. I, for my part, I intend to pay a visit to a friend, to whom it has been long promised, for a week or ten days, during that time Dinah and her husband will take charge of the house. On their departure, you must join Martha, who will remain a few days with you, to make you acquainted with your situation, and then return home to your mistress, and I have full confidence in you, that you will do your duty to Mr. and Mrs. Symonds to the best of your ability.' My feelings were of such a nature as only enabled me to stammer out an assurance that I would do my best.

"The third day after Mrs. Mortimer's return, was fixed for the arrival of Mrs. Symonds. The thought of parting from her was distressing beyond expression, and occasioned me many tears: she had been my greatest earthly friend and benefactress, and I, perhaps had snatched me from a gulf of misery which I could scarcely bear to contemplate, and the remembrance of the kindness I had shown I had spent in her service—especially what reading so her, listening to her observations, and attending her in her visits of mercy—hours never to be forgotten, most overpowered, I felt, my heart, and I could not but, her, and the cause was rightly appreciated. On the morning of separation, she said to me with a smile, 'Yes, I see, Lizzy, that I have succeeded in a cause of sorrow to you, and I think it but just to say, that I part with you with regret. Your conduct throughout has been such as to justify the opinion I at the first had formed of you; your improvement has been in all respects satisfactory, and I refer to your conversion, and its subsequent fruits, with pleasure of a peculiar kind. I have no doubts that you would prefer remaining with me, but Providence evidently calls you away. You must remember that Mr. and Mrs. Symonds were your first friends; they both now stand in need of assistance, such as I am confident you are able to render. I know no one, with the exception of Martha, so likely to render the services they require. You are aware that we are not to live to please our own selves, we are to do good to others, to be willing to make sacrifices, yes, and large sacrifices too, for that purpose; and who has a stronger claim upon your kind services than the friends to whom you owe your? Your path will now be comparatively smooth, and if you continue to cultivate the grace of God which is in you, His blessing will be sure to attend you.' Then putting a sovereign into my hand, she added, 'I give you this, in addition to what I have allowed you so your wages, as an expression of my regard.' I shall wish to hear frequently of the state of Mrs. Symonds' health, you must, therefore, write to me for that purpose. I shall also be glad to receive some information about yourself. I shall not fail to pray for you.'

"My heart was too full to reply, and when, at length the carriage which had been sent for them had been away, and she gave me her last parting nod, I broke out into a succession of convulsive sobs, that poor Dinah began to be alarmed. She tried by kind and soothing words to calm my distress, but in doing so, her references to my mistress served rather to increase than diminish my distress. "Ah, I don't wonder,' she said, 'that you should be so broke at parting wi' such a mistress; ye'll never meet wi' her like again, I fear. Dear lady, she makes every body love her. She is so kind, so considerate, so tender-hearted and benevolent! Then for such a lady, how humble and condescending she is. She talks to us poor folk just as if we were her equals. I'm sure I was like adding fuel to the flame. It was some time before I could recover sufficient composure to prepare for my departure. The near approach of the time when the coach started, which was to be my conveyance, compelled me at length to do violence to my feelings. Here I must break off for the present.' Dear Mrs. Fletcher, 'I have almost tired myself, and perhaps, I have wearied you, by spinning, as the sailors say, such a long yarn.'

"'Not in the slightest degree,' replied her, 'you got on when you arrived at Mr. Symonds.'

"'Well, to-morrow, if all be well, I will resume my story, provided you are at liberty.'"

FACTS WORTH CONSIDERING.

If from being of intemperate habits, the father of a family dies at thirty, instead of fifty, humanly speaking, twenty years of his life are lost to his family, and injury are lost to that family. But there is also the loss of his income. Suppose he had seventeen shillings a-week, and that seven shillings a-week paid for his own food and clothing. This would leave ten shillings a-week for the benefit of his wife and family. Ten shillings a-week for twenty years amounts to £260 in twenty years. If we add interest at three per cent., about the savings' bank rate, it would come to £698 18s. 4d., but suppose we put it into a good home building and investment society, or upon mortgage, and yielded five per cent., it would amount to £859 16s., in twenty years. Suppose, instead of this, we put it into a fund with which to keep poverty from the door—the interest being £50 a-year, or 19s. a-week. Let us for a moment consider what household comforts, in the mother's decline of life, that interest would buy, and there would still be the principal for the family at her death. I and you, if we pay, never can grow from indulgence to intoxicating drink.—*Good Times.*

HE FORGOT NOT HIS MOTHER!

Not long since, when some forty of the boys belonging to the "Children's Aid Society" of New York, were assembling for removal to situations far away, a boy was observed folding with great care the old cap, having been previously given him, and a small piece of faded ribbon. "John," called a friend, "what are you going to do with that greasy cap?" "Why, sir, it is not greasy, it is all here I have to remember my dead mother by, it's part of her dress which I cut off when she lay dying in the grave." The question and the answer were heard by all the boy, and putting the strip under his shirt, next to his breast, he buried his face in his hands, and filled the room with sobs. Man, woman, whoever you are, be solemnly reminded that boy across the ocean.

He may be an orphan. His mother and his father may both be in the grave-yard yonder. Dear child! he has nothing but his own heart, by which to work his way in the world. Speak kindly to him. Perhaps, some day, an orphan may walk the earth, whose name and your shall spell alike.

DON'T FORGET YOUR GIRLS!

A GREAT traveller and writer observes:—"When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I left my boys belonging to one of the Chickasaw nations, in consultation with the chief, to place them at the successive stages of their progress in the arts of civilized life; and, among other things, he informed me that at their school, there were great numbers of boys, who had not sufficiently learned some home intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives; and the consequence was, the boys lost all his interest, both in the wife and children. 'And now,' said he, 'if we would educate but one class of our children, we should educate the *girls*; for when they become mothers, they educate their sons.' This is the point, and it is true. No nation can be civilized, if its mothers are uneducated, or not qualified to discharge the duties of the home-work of education. Parents! give your *daughters*, as well as your sons, the best education in your power.

A LESSON FOR GRUMBLERS.

"I NEVER complained of my condition," said Sadi, a Persian poet, "but once, when my feet were bare. I had not money to buy shoes; but shortly afterwards I met a man without feet, and I became contented with my lot."

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HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

WATER AND WASHING.

NEXT to fresh air, pure water is the greatest blessing we enjoy. How abundantly God bestows His gifts! He makes the wholesome air to circulate all over the world; and to penetrate into every nook and corner of the surface of the earth. Men often take very perverse pains to shut it out; but it is a mercy that "the wind bloweth where it listeth," and often in the very wake of the storm and tempest, health and vigour are brought to man.

Then think of the rivers that flow through the land.—The springs that rise up out of the earth; the little brooks that sparkle as they run past many a cottage door; the rain that falls like blessings showered down. God gives water in such abundance, that no one need be often slight the gift, often neglect to avail ourselves of its advantages. When water is fresh, soft, and pure, it is the best drink for man and beast. The cattle, whose strength we admire, drink there any other beverage to slake their thirst, and liquefy their food. The swift horse, the strong ox, the gentle cow, that purveyor of nourishment in the rich milk she gives, have but one drink—water.

Man has many wholesome drinks, made from the infusion of herbs, or berries, in hot water—as tea, coffee, cocoa. The chemical principle of all these is the same in quality, but differs in degree. They have a property called *tone*, which is refreshing, and helps to repair the waste, or to invigorate the nervous system.

As to nourishment, it is solids, not liquids, that must be relied on to build up the tissues, and repair the waste that is constantly going on. The use of fluids is to liquefy the food; and water, toast-and-water, or tea, coffee, &c., do that best. Water is not so good a beverage for a kind of drinking largely, even of harmless drinks, they often weaken the stomach. The healthiest people are small drinkers. Strength is the rule, as to eating, there is a difference in constitution.

Perhaps my readers may say, there is some water that is very unpleasant to drink. Every one in some parts of the Fen of Lincolnshire, I do not know of any place where there is not tolerable water to be obtained. How is it that people will drink any great quantity of beer, and never ask whether it is dirty or clean, or what nasty drugs are put into it, and yet they are so ready to find fault with water?

If you can procure a few shillings, and have a little worth having, it will not cost you so much as a nine-gallon cask of ale, and it will last you for years. Get a water rain filtering machine, with a little layer of gravel and charcoal, and comes out at the tap quite free from all impurities. I know an ingenious mechanic, who fitted himself a vertical filter, by putting layers of charcoal and gravel in a flower-pot, a sponge at the top, and then the flower-pot fitted into a jar, and the water flow into through the flower-pot filter, was very bright and clear.

But if you cannot get pure water, or purchase a filter, then boil the water, and either let it get cool, or pour it over a bit of toasted bread, your drinking water, or your tea, or a bit of toasted bread, and you will have a very pleasant dinner and supper drink. Boiling takes the freshness, that is the life, out of the water, and it does not drink so brisk, but it kills all insect life, and destroys all impurities, and I know many families who prefer boiled water.

Water is not good, not fit for the inside, but the outside of man. If you look at the skin of your hand or arm through a magnifying glass, you will see that it is full of little holes. It is indeed a network, and the pores, or perspiration, that is constantly coming out, moisture, or perspiration, that carries off a great many impurities. If the network is clogged up by the perspiration drying on the surface, or by the dust and dirt that will collect and lay like a varnish on the skin; then the only way to cleanse the network, and make it cool and pure, is to wash it well with water. Remember the skin is a network, not only over the face and hands, but over the whole body, and it is to be a vigorous health you alcohol wash all over once a-day. Men who have to do dirty work should have the great refreshment of a jug of hot water, ready for them when they come home at night; the good wife will not only have the evening meal ready, but a nice supply of hot water. Miss Nightingale says, "half-a-pint of hot water, well applied, with a good rub with it, as good as a great bath just dipped into, and no rubbing after." Of course the speaker of this is a great enemy, for it certain a little water will, in cleansing the skin, go much farther than a great deal of cold. But a good plunge into plenty of cold water, her pleasant ill is! How refreshing, people feel after it! How the skin will glow! A person that has never had a cold-bath, and a rub after it, has never known what is the greatest luxuries, can be procured for a little money. A dirty skin is a cold skin. Wash off the dirt and then see how warm you will be.

A dirty skin makes people low-spirited. I remember a dirty old man, who used to be very cross and gloomy, and was fond of throwing his stick at everything, who was warm-hearted and kind, and a strange dog that passed him, by accident this old fellow fell into the river one morning, and was with difficulty rescued, and brought to, and warm-bath and scrubbed, and dried, and put to bed, and he really, from that time, seemed a new creature. He was cheerful, took to washing himself, and the children grew cheerful, took to washing himself, and the children grew cheerful, took to washing themselves. He began to talk pleasantly to his neighbours, and went to church with them. John Wesley's maxim, "Cleanliness next to godliness," is very true. It is often the forerunner of godliness. There is a great affinity between a clean skin and a clean mind.

Water has many other uses that I have not named, when there is washing the clothes, and the house, as well as the skin. Oh, do not spare water, but use it freely, always sparing of soap, but clean as *fixed times*, thoroughly; when the husband is one, and the little children at school. Then's the time. Use the *early days* about meat of the very best by night-time. *Use the early days of the week.* No good housewife will wash later than Wednesday. There is no need to have two garments that are needed, but plenty of water to clear and rinse is needed in all. Don't let the clothes get too dirty before they are washed. It is easier to wash two garments that are only moderately soiled, than one very dirty; and you need not need to wear the clothes out with rubbing them so hard. Keep your temper on washing-day—the hardest work women do. But it must be done, and a few rules, punctually observed, will lighten the toil. Begin early on the day, and in the week. Keep at it. Dry and fold quickly and carefully. Try to get done before the goodman gets home.

C. L. B.

Publications for the Suppression of Intemperance. Ten different kinds. 10 Packets ..... each 1 0

The labour of the righteous tendeth to life: the fruit of the wicked to sin. He is in the way of life that keepeth instruction: but he that refuseth reproof erreth.—See Proverbs of Solomon x. 16, 17.

A Royal Gift.—Shortly before the death of the beloved Princess Charlotte, as she was walking with her husband, Prince Leopold, in the pleasure grounds at Claremont, she addressed an old gardener; and among other questions, asked him if he could read. "Yes, Madam," was the reply (for she never suffered her domestics to address her with any higher title). "Have you a Bible?" "No, Madam." "Then, said the Princess, "I'll give you one." She immediately went to the house, and returned with a Bible, which she presented to the delighted old gardener, having written his name in it, adding these four words, "From his *friend*, CHARLOTTE."

Soldiers—We have many letters before us from soldiers and their friends thanking us for the numerous copies of the "British Workman," that have been scattered in the camps and barracks, both at home and abroad. The Rev. H. P. Wright, M.A., Chaplain to the Forces, writing from Canterbury, states:—"The soldiers of this garrison highly value the 'British Workman.' The engravings forcibly convey good instruction, and the lessons of temperance *must influence for good* a body of men, who with many noble qualities, are sadly given to the sin of intemperance." Mr. Brown of Woolwich, writes:—"The 1,000 copies of the 'British Workman' and 'Band of Hope Review' were distributed among the two batteries of artillery which embarked for China. It would have done your heart good to have seen how eagerly they were received. The 'British Workman' is a *special favourite* among soldiers. The reckless ones, who will *not receive a tract*, will always *gladly receive a 'British Workman.'* I always esteem it a very great privilege to have it in my power to distribute the 'British Workman' among our brave soldiers, who do deserve the sympathies and prayers of their countrymen. Poor fellows! they are thoughtless, but they have got *hearts* within them tender and susceptible of good."

'Band of Hope Review.' *One Halfpenny.* The little ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY PAPER, FOR THE YOUNG (by the Editor of the 'British Workman,') is designed under God's blessing, to train up our youth in habits of sobriety; obedience to parents; the observance of the Sabbath; the practice of kindness to animals; and above all, a love of the Sacred SCRIPTURES.

We shall be obliged if our readers will promote the circulation of this little halfpenny paper in families and schools. A packet, containing eight specimen numbers sent, POST FREE, to any address in the United Kingdom on receipt of four postage stamps. Office No. 9, Paternoster Row, London.

France.—Can any of our readers send us the addresses of English Workmen in France? We desire to promote the circulation of our paper amongst them. Four copies can be sent, post free, to France for fourpence, the same as in England; The liberal postal arrangements between France and England, relative to "unpaid papers," cannot be too widely made known amongst those who have relatives in France.

Canvassing Committees.—We have to express our earnest thanks for the important help which many of our Friends are affording by the formation of Canvassing Committees. The disinterested and voluntary labour which many WORKING-MEN are giving, after the toils of the day are over, are beyond all praise. In illustration of what may be done by a few Canvassing Committees, we may state, that those formed by a few warm-hearted men of toil, at Buxton, Old Basin, Newcastle, &c., have added upwards of two thousand new subscribers to the "British Workman." We shall be glad to supply Household Canvassing Bills to any of our readers who desire to further the circulation. Applications to be addressed to the Editor, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

[FROM THE CELEBRATED PAINTING BY MARNING.

THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

1

Upon a time a neighing Steed,
Who grass'd among a num'rous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And spread dissension thro' the plain.
On matters that concern'd the state
The council met in grand debate.
A Colt, whose eyeballs flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stept forth before the rest,
And thus the list'ning throng address'd:
"Alas! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slav'ry and disgrace!
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain?
Consider, friends, your strength and might?
'Tis conquest to assert your right.

2.

How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the ploughshare thro' the soil;
To sweat in harness thro' the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty men my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it! let's reject the rein;
Your shame, your infamy disdain.
Let man the lion first control,
And still the tiger's famish'd growl.

3.

Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name."
A general nod approv'd the couse,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.
When, lo! with grave and solemn pace,
A Steed advance'd before the race,
With age and long experience wise;
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of his train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain:
"When I had health and strength like you,
The toils of servitude I knew.
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increase;
My latter life is rest and peace.

4

I grant to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains.
But doth not he divide the care,
Thro' all the labours of the year?
How many thousand structures rise
To fence us from inclement skies!
For us he hears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay.
He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain,
We share the toil, and share the grain.
Since ev'ry creature was decreed
To *aid each other's mutual need*,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by Heav'n assign'd."
The tumult ceas'd. The Colt submitted;
And, like his ancestors, was hitted.

Gay's Fables.

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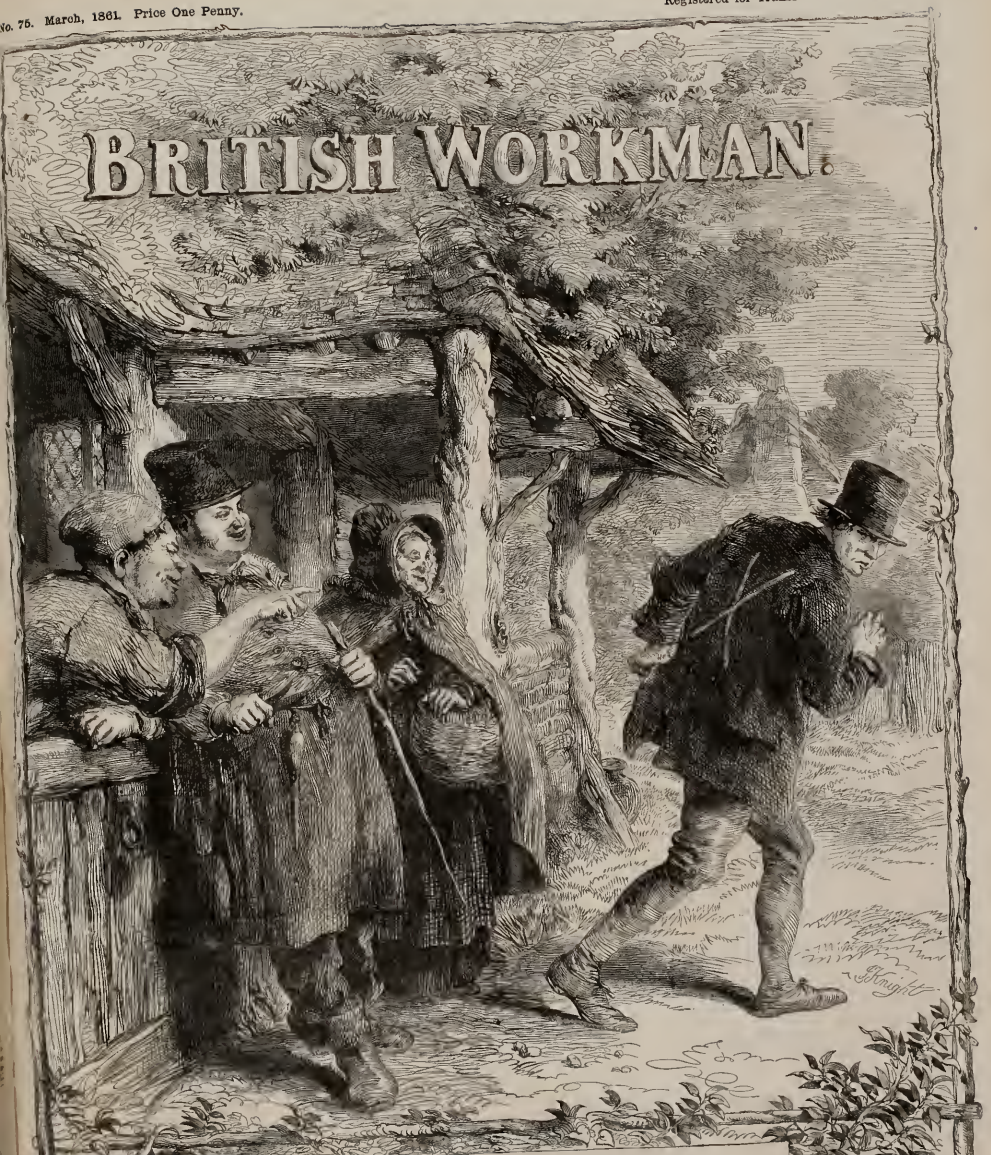

THE HEAVY CROSS; OR, "YOU'VE A CHALK ON YOUR BACK."

Robert Hodgkins had lived in the village, next door to Samuel Hullins, at least a dozen years, and no doubt the two neighbours would have been on good terms together; but, unlucky for the peace of Robert Hodgkins, Samuel Hullins had a pension on account of a bad wound which he received when fighting as a seaman under Admiral Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. Every week when Hodgkins went to pay his rent up at the tanhouse, he muttered and grumbled all the way there and back, because his neighbour could afford to pay his rent so much better than himself. An envious, discontented spirit is one of the worst qualities a man can foster in his bosom; it makes him miserable at home and abroad; it sours his sweetest enjoyments; and plants stinging nettles in all his paths along the journey of life.

For a time Hodgkins growled and grumbled to himself, but afterwards his discontent grew louder, till, at last, it became his favourite topic to lament his own ill luck, and to rail against those whose money came in whether they would or not, and who had nothing else to do but to sit in an easy chair from morning to night, while he worked his heart out to get enough to support himself and his family.

It was on a Monday morning that Hodgkins, who was sadly behind in his rent, walked up to the tanhouse to Mr. Starkey's,

to make some excuse for not paying up what was due, when he met his neighbour Hullins, who was as upright as clockwork in his weekly payments. The very sight of Hullins was as bad as physic to Hodgkins, who, as he nodded his head in reply to Hullins's salutation, looked as early as a bull about to run at a pointer dog.

Hodgkins entered the tenement, and was soon reproved for not paying his rent by his landlord, Mr. Starkey, who told him that his next door neighbour, Samuel Hullins, regularly paid up every quarter. "Yes, yes," replied Hodgkins, "some folks are born with silver spoons in their mouths; Hullins is a lucky fellow, no wonder that he can pay his rent with such a pension as he has got."

"Hullins has a pension it is true," said Mr. Starkey, "but he lives in a pretty heavy cross for it. If you had lost your leg, as he has done, perhaps you would fret more than you do now, notwithstanding you might be that case have a pension."

"Not I," replied Hodgkins, "if I had been lucky enough to lose a leg twenty years ago, it would have been a good day's work for me, if I could have got as much by it as Hullins has contrived to get. You call his a heavy cross, but I laugh at it, and wonder how it light enough to him: the heaviest cross that I know of is being obliged to work like a negro to pay my rent."

Now Mr. Starkey was a shrewd man, and possessed a great deal of humour, and well knowing Hodgkins's disposition to repine, he felt disposed to convince him, if possible, that the lightest cross soon becomes heavy to a discontented spirit.

"I tell you what, Hodgkins," said he, "I am afraid that you are hardly disposed to make the best of things; however, as you think that your neighbour Hullins's cross is so very light, if you will undertake to carry one article lighter, you shall live rent free as long as you abide by the bargain."

"But what sort of a cross is it that you mean to put upon my shoulders?" inquired Hodgkins, fearing that it might be something to which he could not agree. "Why," replied Mr. Starkey, "I have a large lump of chalk, and making a broad cross on Hodgkins's back, that is the cross, and so long as you like to wear it I will not ask you for a farthing for your rent."

Hodgkins at first thought that his landlord was only joking, but being assured that he was quite serious, he told Mr. Starkey that he must look for more rent from him, for that he was willing to wear such a cross as THAT *all the days of his life.*

Away went Hodgkins chuckling within himself at his good luck, and thinking what a fool of a landlord he had got to let him off so easily from paying his rent. Never was he in better humour than when he entered his cottage. Every thing seemed to go on right, he laughed, and joked, and seemed in such high spirits, that his wife, who well knew that he had been paying a visit to the ale-house on a glorious evening, could not at all account for it.

Hodgkins having seated himself with his back to the emphasis, his wife had not time to look on his cost, but no sooner did he turn round to pull up the weights of the cuckoo clock, than she cried out, with a shrill voice: "What Hodgkins, what have you been? There is a cross on your back a foot long; you have been to the public, and some of your drunken companions have played you this trick to make you look like a regular simpleton; come, stand still, and let me rub it off, or every lad in the village will be laughing at you." "Let it alone," said Hodgkins, turning quickly round, "I won't have it rubbed off. Go on mending your stockings, and let my coat alone." "But I won't let it alone," replied his wife, "do you think my husband shall play the fool in that manner? No, that he sha'n't, I'll have every bit of it off before you stir out of the house."

Hodgkins knew very well that his wife was not easily turned when she had once set her mind on any thing, so finding matters for the cottage he hastily made his escape, banging the door after him with all his might. "An ill-tempered vixen!" muttered Hodgkins, "I would have had her if my good luck had she been quiet, but now she shall know nothing about it."

"Hollos, Robert," cried little Tommy, the bricklayer, as Hodgkins turned round the corner, "who has been playing you that trick? why your back is scored all across. Come here, and I will rub it off without hurting you." "Mind your own back, and let mine alone," said Hodgkins rudely, making the best of his way forwards.

"Mr. Hodgkins," cried little Bessie Brown, the baker's daughter, running after him, "if you please there has somebody been making a long score all down your coat; mother will rub it off in a jiffy if you will come back." "Go home and your mother had better mind your red herrings and treacle," replied Hodgkins, sharply, leaving the little girl wondering why he did not stop to have his coat brushed. No one else noticed the cross on Hodgkins's back till he got near the blacksmith's shop, where the hammer and the blacksmith were busy striking, the butcher cutting a piece of elder, to make skewers; and the blacksmith, with his arms across, leaning on the handle of his hammer, and the butcher with his head turned to see," and the butcher, stopping Hodgkins, but before he had spoken a dozen words to him, old Peggy Turton came up to her and cried out, "Hollos, what is that? cried old Peggy, gathering up her apron in her hand, "why, Mr. Hodgkins, your back is quite a fright; but stand still a moment, and I'll soon have it off." When Hodgkins turned round to tell old Peggy to be quiet, the blacksmith roared out to the butcher to "chalk Hodgkins's back." "He looks like a walking finger-post," cried the butcher. "Ay, ay," said the blacksmith, "I warrant ye his wife has done that for him, for spending his wages at the Malt Shovel." There was no chief method of escaping the cheek apron of Peggy Turton, and the laughing and jeering of the butcher and blacksmith, that lost of getting rid of the cross as soon as he could; so calling poor Peggy a meddling old hussy, and the other two a knave of crossing fellows, he turned the first corner he came to, feeling the cross on his back a great deal heavier than he had expected to find it.

Poor Hodgkins seemed to meet with nothing but ill luck, for just before he got to the school all the scholars ran boisterously into the road, ripe and ready for any kind of fun that could be found. Hodgkins was illtempered enough before, but when he saw all the boys hooting and spreading themselves along the road, he was in a terrible taking, expecting every moment to hear a shout from them on account of the cross on his back. That took place directly after, and fifty young urchins, full of frolic and fun, waving their caps, and following Hodgkins, shouted as loud as they could bawl, "Look at his back! look at his back!" Hodgkins was in a fury, and would perhaps have done some mischief to his young tormentors had it not been for the sudden appearance of Mr. Johnson, the schoolmaster, who at that moment came out of the schoolroom. The boys gave over their hallooing, and Hodgkins directly sold Mr. Johnson that they were "as mischievous set of young jackanapes, and everlastingly in mischief." Mr. Johnson, who had heard the uproar among the boys, and caught a glimpse of Hodgkins's back, replied, mildly, that he would never encourage any thing like impudence in his scholars, but that perhaps Hodgkins was not aware of the cause of their mirth; he accordingly told him that he had no large a chalk mark on his back, that it was enough to provoke the merriment of older people than his boys, and advised him by all means, if he wished to avoid being laughed at, to get rid of it as soon as possible. Hodgkins said peevishly that his back was "nothing to nobody," and muttering to himself, walked on, feeling his cross heavier than ever.

The reflections which passed through Hodgkins's mind were not of the most agreeable description. It was, to be sure, a rare thing an idle man like he, every man, woman, and child in the village were to be everlastingly tormenting him, there would be no peace from morning to night. Then again, were he just single, he must carry his cross on his back, and said nothing about it, he knew that his wife would never let him rest. On the whole, the more he considered about it, the more he disposed to think that the bargain was not quite so good a one, as he, at first, had taken it to be.

As Hodgkins neared the cottage, the Malt Shovel, he saw, at a distance, his landlord, Mr. Starkey, and directly after, to his great consternation, his neighbour, Samuel Hullins, came stumping along, with his wooden leg, in company with Harry Stokes the carpenter. Now Harry Stokes was quite the village wit; and Hodgkins dreaded nothing more than to be laughed at by him, in the presence of Samuel Hullins. His first thought was to pull off his coat, but then, what would Mr. Starkey say to that? Nothing would do, he thought, but to take refuge in the Malt Shovel, but soon found the house too hot to hold him; for when those who were drinking there began to laugh at the cross on his back, both the landlord and landlady declared, that no customer of theirs should be made a laughing-stock in their house, while they had the power to hinder it. The landlady ran for the clothes-brush and the landlady a wet sponge, and Hodgkins was obliged to make a hasty retreat, to secure his coat from the sponge and the clothes-brush of his preserving friends.

When Hodgkins left home he intended to go to a neighbouring village, about some work which he had to do, but his temper had been so ruffled by old Fullows, Pattty Stevens, the blacksmith, the butcher, and Peggy Turton, as well as by Mr. Johnson, and his scholars, the company at the Malt Shovel, and the landlord and landlady, that he determined to get home as soon as he could, thinking it better to be railed at by his wife, than to be laughed at by the whole village.

If you have ever seen, on the first of September, a poor wounded partridge, the last of the covey, flying about from place to place, while every sportsman he come near had a shot at him, you may form some notion of the situation of poor Hodgkins as he went back to his cottage; sometimes walking fast that he might not be overtaken, sometimes moving slowly that he might not overtake others. Now in the lane, then in the field; skulking along as though he had been robbing a hen-roost, and was afraid to show his face. The cross by this time had become almost intolerable.

No sooner did he enter his cottage door, than his wife began: "And so you are come back again, are you, to play the fool? Here have been half-a-dozen of your neighbours after me to know if you are not gone out of your mind. If ever there was a madman, you are one; but I'll put that coat in a pail of water, or behind the tub, before I will have such a cross for my husband of mine; come, pull off your coat! I say, pull off yourcoat!"

Had Hodgkins's wife scolded him, he might have been more reasonable, but as it was, she was very like gunpowder thrown into the fire. A violent quarrel took place, words were followed by blows, and dashing, crashing, and thumping resounded in the dwelling of Robert Hodgkins.

The fiercer a fire burns, the sooner will it consume the fuel which supports it; and passionate people, in this manner, exhaust their strength by the violence of their anger. When Hodgkins found that there was no prospect of peace night or day, at home or abroad, either with wife, or amongst neighbours and villagers, so long as he continued to wear his cross, he of his own accord rubbed it from his back.

The next Monday, Hodgkins went up to his landlord betimes, with a week's rent in his hand. "A fine, fine," said Mr. Starkey, shaking his head, "I thought you would soon repent of your bargain. It is a good thing to encourage a contented disposition, and not to envy others, for we necessarily are to repine at the troubles which God has been pleased to lay upon us. Let this little affair be a lesson to us both, for I should soon it, we never commit a greater mistake than when we imagine the trials of others to be lighter and our own heavier than God's.

The French Soldier and the Clergyman.

Ⓖ Many of our readers will not only recognise in the above narrative, the able pen of the late Mr. George Mogridge—now better known as the celebrated "Old Humphrey,"—but will be glad to learn that a considerable number of his *unpublished* MSS. have been placed in our hands for the pages of the "British Workman."

A FRENCH SOLDIER.

In a report of the Nimes Bible Society, may be found an affecting anecdote of one of their subscribers, who was formerly attached to Bonaparte's army. An officer of the society, struck with the modest zeal of this man in the support of the cause, asked him if his attachment to the society did not proceed from the knowledge of the incalculable value of the Bible. "It is so," said he, "and I will inform you how it took place.—Under the late emperor, I was attached to the army; and being taken prisoner, and carried to England, I was confined to one of the prison ships. There, hindlled together with my companions, and deprived of everything that could tend to lessen the miseries of my situation, I abandoned myself to dark despair, and resolved to make away with myself. Under these circumstances, an English clergyman visited us, and addressed us to the following effect:—'My heart bleeds for your losses and privations, nor is it in my power to remedy them; but I can offer consolation for your immortal souls, and this consolation is contained in the Word of God. Read this book, my friends; for I am willing to present every one with a copy of the Bible who desires to possess it!' The tone of kindness with which he spoke, and the condour of this pious man, made such an impression upon me, that I have been seen, I gratefully accepted a Bible, and in it I found abundant consolation amidst all my distress. From that moment the Bible became precious to my soul; out of it I have gathered motives for resignation, and courage to bear up in adversity; and I feel happy in the idea, that it may prove to others what it has proved to me."

THE ONLY REFUGE.

In sorrow, sickness, pain, and earthly strife,
And all the changes of this fleeting life,
How sweet it is peacefully to look up,
And know a Father fills the bitter cup!
To feel his mercy hits the chastening rod,
And drives us from all earthly rest to God.

H. T. LYTE.

OUR RIVER AND CANAL MEN.

There are ten of thousands of persons employed as Boat or Bargemen, Ferrymen, or Smacksmen, who have a peculiar claim upon the Christian sympathy of their countrymen. In many cases these men are separated from "home" for weeks together, whilst others, with their families, are too often crowded into a small and ill-ventilated cabin, not larger than many a tradesman's parlour! Of a large number of them it is to be feared neither read nor write, and are rarely if ever seen at any place of worship. We repeat, however, to bear testimony to the fact, that many persons desire that their *children* should be '*scholars!*' We lately met with an honest-looking man, belonging to the Grand Junction Canal Company, who said "I'm sorry, sir, that I can't read, but my *children can.*" And on our pressing him some "picture papers" for his children, which they taught him to read, he seemed as pleased as if he had found a bank-note. Will those of our readers who are seeking, by God's blessing, to do good in their daily walks and travels, allow us effectively to ask them to remember the boat and bargemen on our rivers and canals!

PRIZES FOR THE BEST WRITING.

We offer Twenty of the first-edged Volumes of the Complete Edition of the *British Workman*, in Quarto, (price 10s. 6d. each, for the best genuine copy of "The Little Ones," which was inserted in No. 34 of the *British Workman*, competition to be amongst men and boys engaged in the 5 twenty trades or occupations—and the prizes to be given for the best handwriting from each trade or occupation.

Blacksmiths.	Railway Porters.	Farm-Servants.
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Gardeners.	Carters.	Miners.
Bricklayers.		

Each competitor must send in his specimen not later than 1st of May, 1861, addressed to "The Editor of the *British Workman*, No. 8, Paternoster Row, London," with the number of the letter his trade or occupation.

We advise this competition to be the blessing which it so obviously has been pleased to make it in some families. We do not necessarily confine the minds of our competitors to what it out will we hope secure this. If any of our present readers or their friends receive a copy of No. 34, they can produce it to the bookseller, for a penny. All the back numbers have been reprinted.

Public-House Missionary.—We always look over the Public House Magazine "with interest, but we fear not far enough, for a random number of that excellent publication, we find, as the case for last December. It is a most remarkable circumstance, that successful Missionary labour, is continued all to the period of every well-wisher of such a Religious property. The Missionary to the Lunatic Asylum has proved that there is no self too barren for the seeds of truth which are sown in the Christian spot, and so with

Act the Blessings of the Gospel are for "whosoever will," Why? Then they are for you believe this, and what does all your doubts and fears?

Forest of Dean.—Have you ever heard of the Forest of Dean? Perhaps not, but it is worth while to listen to what the Order of Free Masons—its having been in the Reading Rooms, Lectures, and Sermons, in order to make it a place for Hardness and Hardship, said to be in the Dean, it is generally by the Miners, who are the Men of the Forest, in its own, and the Foresters a peculiar people—and yet, yet, Hardness and poverty have to be in the Forest, the old Men will usually hardly know it again—a surprise and wonderful change, and yet, yet, the Miners are not singular! But, says, it is perhaps, and this circumstance also, the Miners are not singular, but, yet, yet, the Miners are the increase of morality and the practice of the Sabbath and with morality and the Sabbath, the Miners are the others was be produced yet more effective, by going to the Sunday Schools, and Sunday Schools, and Sunday Schools, periodicals Their dwellings are scattered, and be the Sunday Schools, and Sunday Schools, periodicals, and be the proved to introduce the universally-approved Sunday Schools system into the Forest of Dean, and to be the kind-hearted and liberal friend, dispense of contributing this good work, and the Sunday Schools, periodicals. G. Nicholls, Holy Trinity Parsonage, Mitcheldean, Glos.

A Sad Fact.—During the late severe winter, when so many thousands of persons were either wholly or partially out of employ, the mortality was very great. It was, however, also decrease in consumptions. The mortality last year amounted to 1,000 less than the average of the 5 years. The weather moderated and week became more pleasant, temperance and comfort increased.

Never expect to go to the Throne of grace without having any petitions: look throughs in your way, Satan hides traps, and always tries to hinder it.

Boxing-Day.—We send a Short-hand Reporter to the Boxing-Day Meeting of the Ragged Schools. Was reporting to me? Why, that out of thirty-eight Ragged Schools, only twenty-five sent in the reports, and so that the reports of them were drawing more? Sabbath, the number of these thousands of Ragged Schools, and so that the reports being forced upon us from all parts that infinitely more presents is perfectly impossible. We have, if possible, a portions Reception of the Ladies' National Temperance Union? All who meet in the Ladies' Temperance Union with the Hon. Sec., Mrs. Wm. Dixon, New Station, Brixton.

"Best or no Best: for Working Men."—Correspondent has called our attention to a valuable Sabbath-Keeping Institution, the Working Men's Society. Hounslow, one of the Rev. Wm. Gurney's Ten Months' Expenses, and Sabbaths! It is a society worthy of the workingmen of this country, and deserves to be read aloud in every corner of the land. The society lent out 1,000 volumes, and prove sober to the industrial classes. If they live in sorrow, frequently, "Cast your bread upon the waters, for days you will see it, believe, be the joyful penalty."

A word to Booksellers.—We are glad to find that many Booksellers are ready to receive orders for the "Little Ones," house for subscribers to the "British Workman." If an Bookseller receive orders, and his application (giving the address of the London Agent), to the Editor, 8, Paternoster Row, London E.C.

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> Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us.—EPHESIANS v. 2.

GOOD SERVANTS, GOOD WIVES, & HAPPY HOMES.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER BEING, according to agreement, the two neighbours not together, and were seated, each with a quantity of needlework before her. After a few friendly remarks had been exchanged, Mrs. Fletcher resumed her history.

"The Highflyer' coach was again to be my conveyance. As I approached the inn yard from whence it started, though but hours had sped, yet it seemed as from years widely different from those which oppressed me when I hurried thus on a former occasion. The contrast in my mind and feelings, which tended, in a great measure, to disperse the gloom by which I was depressed, as I was anxious to second the coach, a hand from the top was stretched out to my assistance with a kindness and heartiness of manner which at once arrested my attention. The surprise delight I felt at meeting no former fellow-traveller, the honest broad-faced Yorkshireman. I could but regard it as a singular coincidence that we were both bound for Leeds again together. He appeared to have forgotten me; indeed, I had become so altered in appearance, that a recognition was scarcely possible. A mind bewildered and confused not being likely, when I did therefore, scarcely gently startled, before he said, "Well, looat, is thi' first journey this road?"

"No," I replied. "I have travelled it before, but in the opposite direction, and it was too in your company, so, although you appear to have forgotten me."

"Eh! why? —aye, I remember!" he asked, pausing at each word, as if trying to call it to mind. Looking me steadily in the face, he exclaimed, with a start, "Bless me! why—eyeth, yes—this can't be I poor unhappily lass, without father or mother, that war going out to service, and th'thee—eyeth, but how re-cut thee a bit, and such like?"

"Yes, I remember," I replied, "it seems you have been that a mind, although you had forgotten my features."

"Why, thee be so strangely altered for th' better, that I hardly th'ought I war well knowe thee again. Thee seem'd then so downhearted, an' so unlit to face t' world, that I'd reckon th'ad th'ast sin' to my old woman at home, an' told her to take care and touch our lassa summat better than netting an' crochetting an' such like. But thee must have fallen into guide lands."

"Yes, you told me, that God had promised to be a father to the fatherless, and He has indeed been so to me. I have great cause for thankfulness."

"That's reyeth, that's reyeth. All th'ah thank God for His mercies. I'm fain to hear that thee's far'd so well, and fallen among kind hands."

"Yes, the lady with whom I was inside the coach when I travelled with you before, has been more than a mother to me, and, th'ough her instructions and cares, I hope I am now a very different person from what I then was."

"Thee does well to be thankful, it mud ha' been otherwise. The mud ha' fallen into bad hands, among folk who would ha' cast th'ow's about thee—perhaps summat wo', and, if I don't mistake, thee knew but varra little o't' world."

"It was indeed the case, I was almost broken-hearted."

"Oh, thee look'd th'mal enough; I' as fain to see thee then now look lighter an' cheery. But what's bringing thee this way now? I th'ought thee has t's' lait t' mistress that' been so kind to thee?"

This inquiry led me to give him a brief statement of the circumstances relating to my removal. When I had finished,

"I hee will be sorry, no doubt, to leave such a friend; it will go against t' grain, but t' path o' duty it's said, at t' pinfold sometimes, an' th'ow mun be th'ow'd, and th'ow'd t' old place; no doubt it 'ill end well. Thee mun put th' trust i' God, an' leave t' result wi' Him. Allus, looat, th'ah's reyeth, an' th'ah thee sayd ha' th'ought it for a time, for doing so, thee will found it best t' th' end, even t' this world, an' then there's t' other world beyond; thee knows summat I hope about that?"

"I trust I do. My dear mistress is a very pious lady, and she has been the means, under God, of making me acquainted with the Lord Jesus Christ, and I am now endeavouring to live for that other and better world."

"I mun fain hear it; then we're bound for t' better land, mun it God?"

For a short time he appeared engaged in thought, when with a voice of considerable power he began to sing,

"Lead us, Heavenly father, lead us
O'er this world's tempestuous sea,
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If God our Father be."

When he had finished, I ventured to say, "Then you love the Saviour?"

"Eh! doot I? I've done so many a-year, and so does my wife, and so does the lad, and my three bairns, bless 'em. Why we're a family o' faith an' love, and I fancy there are not mans happier than we be. I've just been to my wife, and I'll be bound she has brought to God. We'll tell o' trouble wi' him. He seemed to lak no kind o' thing to what war good, he often grieved th' wife bad enough, an' had three times been brought home by worst abroad, an' war in several battles; but we followed him wi' our prayers, an' his young breath is never quiet t' rest, we believe th, that after all, the Lord would bring him back, prodigal-like, a true penitent, an' so He has. It's too long a story to tell thee here, but he's now a real Christian, an' wishes to be such comfortable letters as mak' up for all that's past. I've been to bend-quarters to bar his discharge, an' we'll be fallen on home in a week or two,—a tree man. Oh, wont there be some crying wi' my wife, and th' boys when he returns. The tears rose to his eyes as he spoke in the very antipathy. "I wish thee knew my losses," he added, "an t' dear old woman, as I call her, but there's not a more spra's woman for many miles round. But for to reeve thee a bit, such a wife, an' such daughters. There's never any strife at my house; for love unites the whole. Although I say it my sen, an' I know further and nearer mans a cockatrice varra foolish about their lasses, yet I'm sure there are few lasses clever than mine, I mean t' things that most concern 'em, that is t' house matters. Why they wo' wash, an' iron, an' bake, an' churn, an' sitchin, an' spin, an' knit wi' any lasses i't' country;—an' these are t' things that help a woman to make wheam (home) happy. Mun I not sometimes fancied how it would ha' been wy me if I'd happened to ha' gotten for a wife one o' your fine stuckup ladies, that would be dazed at t' sight o' a pan o' t' mun't but how to drve th' seen, an' when they get married, they seem to lose e'en that bit o' knowledge, for fear o' spoiling t' hands o' t' lad, an' t' mother an' mother-in' ye see than to get one o' them. I took good care to know beforehand whether my wife, that now is, wot' lak to mak a wheam comfortable, I'sure ye."

"How did you manage to do that?" I inquired.

"Why I th'ol'd go to see her an fa'd times, when it mud be expected I war th'ow'd to see her up, an' I'd take apple-pye order; no, no, I war craftier than that; so I ask'd to go at all unlikely times, when she'd no thought o' seeing me, an' I'd ha' th'ow'd in t' way t' pan o' t' and tidy,—allus busy wi' summat or other. I saw she could do any mak' o' work; an' besides that, she seem'd allus in good humour, an' I said to mysen, 'Thee's t' mun'm.' Thee mun ha' t' lass for me.' Why many men get married, an' they know no more about t' character o' t' woman as t' cow i' t' field, an' t' cow may be t' best t' mun. How sad they! t' lass for me.' Why many men get married, an' they know no more about t' character o' t' woman as t' cow i' t' field, an' t' cow may be t' best t' mun. How sad they! They meet at set times;—the lassie takes care to put t' best face o' every thing;—t' sweetest o' t' sweet, and t' lad goes home to t' place t' her heat drees;—goes to t' glass half a score o' times to see that t' curls sin all right;—trees to look as sweet as possible, an' goes home wi' t' lass t' church wi' so kind, an' laughs, an' says yes to all he says, an', if t' sticks don't fall across before t' knot gets tied, her lover's gotten a treasure, and t' lass t' a good husband, an' then—the prize turns out, after all, a blank for life."

"You seem to be very knowing in these matters," I remarked with a smile which I could not suppress.

"I mains, sey much for that," was the reply. "But I mak' my observations an' I see how t' thing goes on; some folk wha seem to go through t' world with their eyes shut; I try to keep mine open; an' a man who does so, if he has t' common sense, and knowledge t' ha' got t' world a' t' world as t'e done, will pick up a great deal about men an' things. But the best o' all is, I've gotten to know summat about th' way to heaven."

"But seed thee art getting near t' end o' th' journey. Here t's t' 'Old Cross Keys,' where th' coach stops. I'm glad I've met with thee, and th' pleasure has been much better t' body an' mind than when we met before. Now, remember this, if thee shed ever want a friend to help thee an' comfort thee, write to me, an' I'll do t' best I can for thee; my name is Jesse Fletcher, of M——, ony body knows me there." With the he bade me good-bye, with such a heartiness of manner that I made me feel it for some minutes afterwards.

"Had we been sisters, we could not have experienced greater joy at meeting than we did," said Mary Ann Smythell; it was, however, damped considerably by the thought, that we should soon have to part again, and yet we dared not put permanently the question of our congratulations had subsided, and we were in sight of Mr. Symonds' house, Martha said, "It is time I should tell you something of my mistress, whose health and recovery is not so hopeful as it was a short time ago. It is feared that she will never recover the use of the paralysed side. She is very fretful, and requires much attention, but she is greatly changed in spirit; her impatience and sharpness of temper seem to be gone, and I believe you will feel as much pleasure in serving her, as you formerly felt dislike and dread. You have yet had no experience of the duties of a sick-room, and therefore I will produce my sick-bag and bottle, and get you fully initiated. You will have full employment, but I believe you will be fully equal to the duties you have to perform."

The reception I received from Mrs. Symonds at once evinced how greatly she was changed; holding out her hand, she said, "I'm glad to see you, Martha, I feel so low helpless I'm become; the tables are turned—we are both changed;—you for the better, and I for the worse. The Lord's hand is on me, I feel the rod of help, Lizzy; I am become a very troublesome body, but Martha has been like a mother to me; and her dear mistress—she has been—" Here her feelings overcame her for a long time, presently she added, "Oh, she has been like an angel of mercy to me. I scarcely know how I shall be able to spare Martha, but she tells me you will be able to do for me all I shall need."

I endeavoured to assure her of my wish to do my best.

"Grasping my hand, she said, "I believe you will. The Lord has prepared you for my necessity; but I shall be a great cut trial to you, though not in the same way as formerly. It will not be now," she added, with a melancholy smile, "with being, as you used to say, so very clever."

"Mr. Symonds received me almost like a father; his hearty greeting caused how glad he was at my arrival, and how a surance that I should find in him a friend as well as a master.

(To be continued.)

Widow Green and her Three Nieces.

BY MISS. ELLIS,

Author of "Ten Friends in the College and the Kitchen.

"Here, as I write, is an excellent little book to place in the hands of many young girls to peruse. It reminds us of those admirable Sunday Tracts by Hannah More, which, in their day, were a great component of good. Who it was are speaking of the Widow Green and her Three Nieces, we may add our commendation of the Chicago Journal (the *British Workman*), to which the story first appeared. It is getting up, and in the written matter of its columns it is *excellent*."—*Athenæum, January 31st, 1860.* Price 1s.

HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.—NO. VI.

COOKING AND CONTRIVING.

SOME WISE writer has called man "a cooking animal." All other creatures eat their food as it is given them by nature, and they have a stomach and intestines fitted for digesting, and chewing, and grinding the hard, raw food. But while there are many fruits that man can eat with benefit uncooked, God who gave an intellect to His human creature, meant them to exercise it, by using fire to alter and vary the properties of food, and add to its wholesomeness, durability, and flavour. In the articles that have been given for food, God has done as He has in His other gifts; He has bestowed the raw materials, and left it to man's ingenuity and economy to use them.

I wish every woman could cook. I wish from this time, every cook was taught to cook. Why? I think of the food spoiled and wasted, because women do not know how to cook and manage it properly. I feel very sad, for I know that all waste is sinful, and I know that in a poor man's home it there is waste, their must be want.

I once knew a butcher who lived in a crowded neighbourhood in London, and he told me that about a quarter to twelve o'clock, poor women would come into his shop and buy half-a-pound or a pound of beefsteak, then eightpence a pound; or they would pick out stale chops (at a cheaper rate than it was worth to a poorer but tainted meat at less,) off his waste-board. They went home and fried them. The husband came to dinner, and had to eat the meat, and the poor wife had no money to spare, may potatoes—or any gravy, for the wife did not get the first, or know how to make the last. Now this was very frugal, and a very fine, economizing meal. Still it was better than that provided by some wives in the same neighbourhood, who took a basin to the cook-shop, and bought half-a-pound of sausages, or a pound of lard, and a pennyworth of waxy potatoes, which altogether cost sixpence, and made the very poorest meal for the husband, and children, and the wife and children. And yet I suppose that is better than some other dinners. A spongy new loaf, and a bit of soapy-looking cheese; a well burning, and smoking, and choking with fire. In no reader of the *British Workman* provides in this way for the midday meal. No man can work long, on nonsuch food children can keep their bodies such hard of work. It is bad, a wasteful mudale, no wonder the man makes bad worse, by going to the public-house, and swilling, stale, black, dirty tea, and drinking the drinks crawings of his stomach; and his filthy pipe, with the bit of tobacco, checks the pangs of hunger. And the man gets to look pale, and yellow, his temper grows sour, and sometimes he makes him illness, and then the wife wonders, for she says, "He was once a very strong man." Yes, but strength and health depend on the quality of, and after fresh air, and pure water, good food well-cooked, is the means by which strength is to be kept up, and health preserved.

I think a wife first of all should be convinced, that all buying of bits and ends of meat, chops and steaks, and snake-shaped sausages, is extravagance; and the saw of the frying-pan too often is not wise.

First of all, make a rule to deal at a good, clean butcher's; and remember, the coarser parts of really good meat, are better than the best joints of poor, bad meat. There is nothing so unwholesome as bad, tainted meat. It breeds fever and disease.

Full-grown meats are easiest of digestion, and go the farthest—as beef or mutton. Lamb, veal, and pork all require to be well done, and even then, are not so easily digested, and the two former are not so nourishing. Every joint of meat should have the ends and bits of skin and superfluous fat removed, and be tied into a clear form, and bowl. Then the bones that are left at dinner may be added to those bits, and put away to make soup.

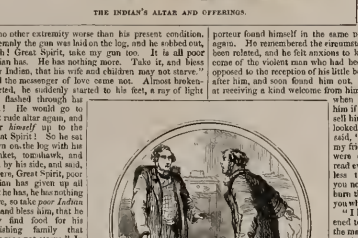
Carve your meat neat, and put the cut

THE INDIAN'S ALTAR AND OFFERINGS.

of no other extremity worse than his present condition. Solemnly the gun was laid on the log, and he sobbed out, "Oh! Great Spirit, take my gun too. It is all poor Indian has. He has nothing more. Take it, and bless poor Indian, that his wife and children may not starve." Still the messenger of love came not. Almost broken-hearted, he suddenly started to his feet, a ray of light had flashed through his soul! He would go to that rude altar again, and offer *himself* up to the Great Spirit! So he sat down on the log with his blanket, tomahawk, and gun by his side, and said, "Here, Great Spirit, poor Indian has given up all that he has, he has nothing more, so take *poor Indian too*, and bless him, that he may find food for his famishing family that they may not starve." In a moment a change comes over the scene, and every thing seems smiling and joyous. His soul is filled with happiness, and as he contemplates, lo! a deer comes bounding towards him from the thicket. He raised his gun and secured him! Thus was his prayer answered. He was ever after successful in hunting, game was abundant, and the Great Spirit had all the praise. Returning to his family he told them all that had happened, and thinking that if he left the blanket, tomahawk, and gun upon the log, they could be of no use to any one, he took them with him, and told the Great Spirit that he would take care of them for Him, and use them subject to His will. The hunting season being over, he returned to his tribe and people; and on hearing for the first time the teaching of a missionary, whilst seated with his red brethren and sisters, and listening attentively to the words of the speaker, as he told them how they must give themselves up to Christ, and remembering how similar had been his own situation when alone in the forest, he could contain himself no longer, but sprang upon his feet and shouted, "Yes, that's me, that's me." He then related to those assembled the above narrative. He was ever after a pious Christian.

He had never learned to read, but could spell out the words contained in his Bible, and could remember large portions of it. When he was at a loss to understand a text, he would go to the Great Spirit, whom he declared made known to him the meaning; and when it had thus been revealed to him, he was prepared to expound it to others.

In the midst of his usefulness in the service of God, who had so manifested Himself to him, he was called from works to rewards. His zeal for the promotion of the Gospel by the teachings of the Holy Spirit terminated only with his life.



The Colporteur and the Tract Burner.

THE TRACT BURNER.

"You need not leave your tracts," said an angry man to the devout and earnest-hearted colporteur; who held out to him a few of these short and simple statements of the truth.

"Don't leave them here, for I give you a fair warning, that I shall at once burn them if you do."

"I hope not," said the colporteur, "and, at any rate, I will leave the tracts with you, praying that God's blessing may accompany them."

On saying this he put down the tracts, and turned to depart, the man still calling out, "I said I would burn them, and I will assuredly keep my word."

A year passed away, and the colporteur found himself in the same part of the country again. He remembered the circumstance which had just been related, and he felt anxious to see the man had become of the violent man who had been so determinedly opposed to the reception of his little books. He inquired after him, and soon found him out. He was surprised at receiving a kind welcome from him, and still more so when he eagerly asked him if he had a Bible to sell him. The colporteur looked astonished, and said, "Why, how is this, my friend? I thought you were determined not to read even the tracts, much less the Bible, and did you not even threaten to burn the tracts I left with you when I was last here?"

"I know that I threatened to burn them," said the man, "and I did so; yet it was one of the very tracts you left me that was the means of producing the change at which you wonder."

"How could the tract do this, if you burned it without reading it?" asked the colporteur.

"I threw them all into the fire as soon as you were gone," replied the man; "and I watched them as they gradually consumed away; but while I was doing this the flame caused the leaf of one of the tracts to curl itself round, and to cast its light as it burned, upon a single sentence, which presented itself before my eyes. It was this sentence that at once struck deep conviction to my heart."

"May I ask what that sentence was?" said the colporteur.

"It was a verse," replied the man, "out of the Bible, and one which I can never forget; it was this, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away;' and as I read it, the thought struck me at once, why I may burn these books as much as I choose, but I cannot burn the Word of God; that must endure for ever; and I may refuse all true nourishment."

The man has since become a devoted and consistent follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, and a faithful professor of that imperishable truth which he once desired to destroy.

Strong Faith.—Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls:

Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation. HABAKKUK iii. 17, 18.

What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?

He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things.—ROM. viii. 31, 32.

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

THE time of year has now arrived when the friends of the working-classes should vigorously resume their efforts for the erection of Drinking Fountains, in order that they may be ready for use during the approaching summer. We are glad to call attention to the massive fountain recently erected by the Directors of the "United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution," in front of their office, on the Middlesex side of London Bridge. The good example which the Directors of this Insurance Office have set, will, we trust, be followed by others. Insurance Offices have a *special* interest in promoting habits of sobriety and industry amongst all classes; for it is a well known fact, that more lives presented for insurance are rejected on account of intemperance than any other cause. We feel additional pleasure in noticing the erection of the above fountain from the fact that the directors of this Institution have so successfully promoted the advantages of life insurance amongst the working-classes, by arranging to receive from them small *weekly*, instead of annual payments.

"Wives, make home attractive."

THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN, ADELAIDE PLACE, LONDON BRIDGE.

HOME DUTIES OF GIRLS.

EVERY year deepens in our mind the conviction, that amid all the varied efforts, now being put forth, with a view to improving the social and religious condition of the indus-trial classes, more attention than ever must be paid to the education in *home duties* of GIRLS—they who are to be the future wives and mothers. In our Ragged and other Schools, boys are well trained in those studies which fit them for business in commercial life, but too often the girls are left altogether untaught those *domestic duties* which to *them*, in after-life, are amongst the *most important* things they ought to know. Is it not a sad fact that many young females become the wives of working-men, who never having been taught either at school or home, many of the simplest matters connected with household economy? We again call the attention of our readers to the valuable little work by Mrs. Ellis, entitled "Widow Green and Her Three Nieces," which of working-men, who never having been taught either at school or home, many of the simplest matters connected with household economy? We again call the attention of our readers to the valuable little work by Mrs. Ellis, entitled "Widow Green and Her Three Nieces," which if all young females *before* entering upon the duties of married life, would adopt the advice given in this little book of Mrs. Ellis's, they would save themselves and others from many sighs and sorrows. Masters and mistresses will find this a valuable present for their domestics. It is especially addressed, by the able authoress, to the friends in the COTTAGE and the KITCHEN." The book may be had (price One Shilling) through any Bookseller.

We desire the names and addresses of all booksellers and periodical dealers, and the names of their Irish agents, or wholesale dealers, to forward their supply of bills. Will they kindly supply this information.

MODEL DWELLINGS.

IT is one of the cheering signs of the present time that so many liberal-hearted landlords are sparing neither pains nor money in improving the dwellings for industrial and labouring-classes on their estates.

Sir Morton Peto has set a noble example in this respect. The village of Somerleyton, near Lowestoft, which has been rebuilt by Sir Morton Peto, is one of the most picturesque villages in the kingdom. Through the courtesy of Mr. Thomas, the able architect, we have much pleasure in presenting our readers with a sketch of this model village, taken from the "well on the green." The Duke of Bedford is also doing a noble work in this respect. He has already erected several hundred model cottages on his estate, and the improvement, not only in the health, but in the morals of the villagers, amply repaid his lordship for his pains, and outlay of capital. We have to thank our friend, Mr. James Howard, of Bedford, for kindly calling our attention to what the Duke of Bedford has done, and we shall feel obliged if our correspondents will keep us well informed of what other landowners are doing.

THE MODEL VILLAGE OF SOMERLEYTON, NEAR LOWESTOFT, THE PROPERTY OF SIR MORTON PETO, M.P.

LONDON: GEORGE WEBSTER, PRINTER, SLADE'S, HORTON GARDENS.

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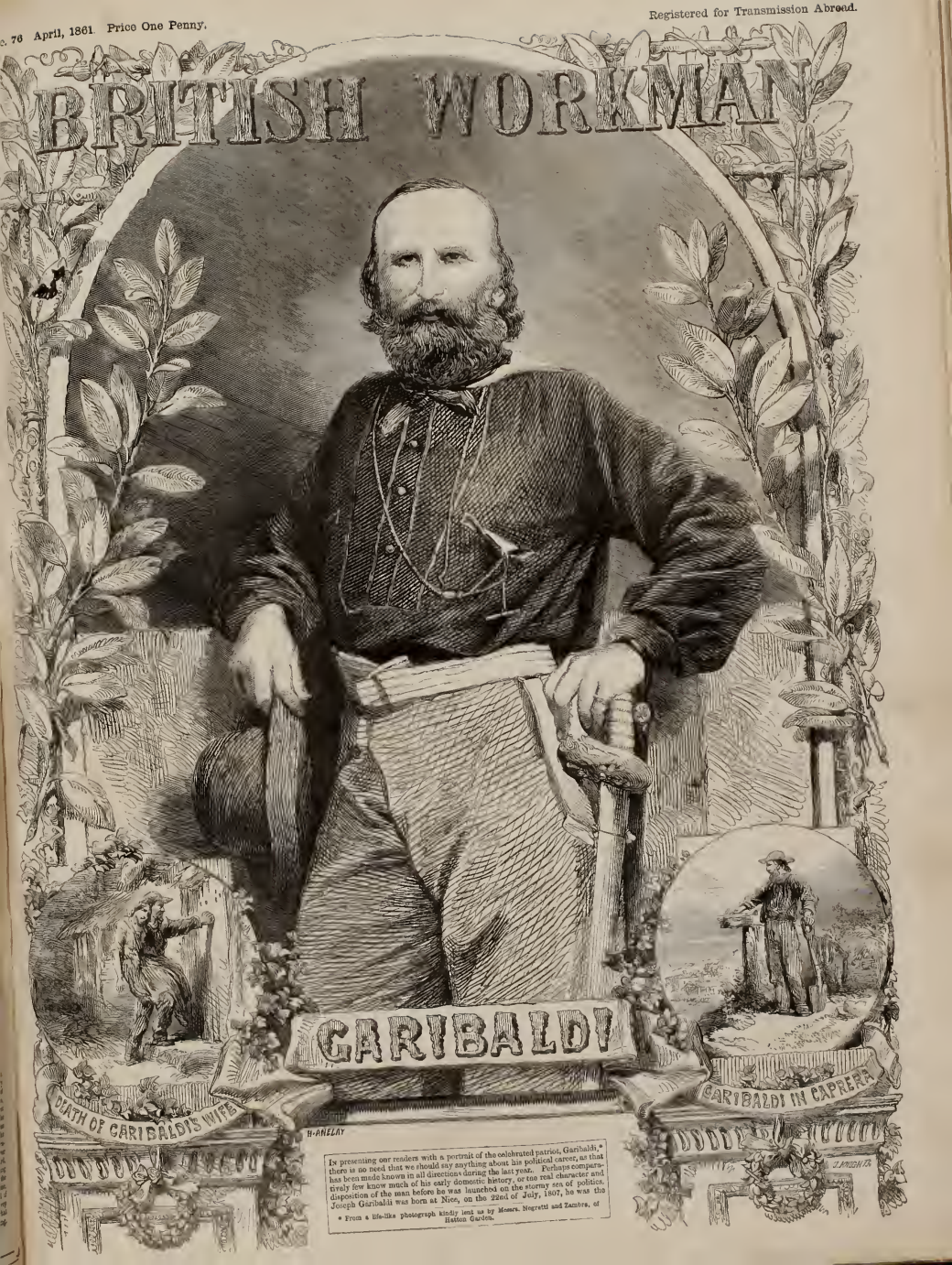
BRITISH WORKMAN



In presenting our readers with a portrait of the celebrated patriot, Garibaldi,* there is no need that we should say anything about his political career, as that has been made known in all directions during the last year. Perhaps comparatively few know much of his early domestic history, or the real character and disposition of the man before he was launched on the stormy sea of politics. Joseph Garibaldi was born at Nice, on the 22nd of July, 1807, he was the

* From a life-like photograph kindly lent us by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, of Hatton Garden.

son and the grandson of men engaged in searing parturients. His grandfather was the owner of a trading-vessel, and his father had been a sailor from his earliest years, and was, when quite young, the commander of a vessel. Garibaldi therefore inherited from his ancestors the bold adventurous nature that distinguishes him.

His father gave him as good an education as he could procure him. The boy was fond of all sorts of active sports and daring amusements. He learned to swim so early in life, that he says he cannot remember a time when he could not swim, and this has enabled him to save many lives, one in particular, that of a poor woman whom he rescued from the waves, when he was a boy only eight years old.

Of his mother, Rosa Ragaindo, he says, "she was a model of a woman. One of the bitters of my life," he adds, "has been not to have been able to render her happy, but on the contrary, to have suffered and endure painful the latter days of her existence. God alone can know the anguish my adventurous career has given her. If there is any good-feeling in my nature, it is from her I received it. I am not superstitious, and yet I will affirm this, that in the most terrible instances of my life, when the ocean roared under the keel, and against the sides of my vessel—when bullets whistled in my ears like the wind of the tempest—when balls showered around me like hail, I constantly saw her on her knees, buried in prayer, look at the feet of the Most High, and for me."

Garibaldi's parents wished him to devote his talents to some peaceable profession, and would have made any sacrifice that he might be a priest, advocate, or physician, but he had probably heard too much of the adventures of a sailor's life, to adopt any but the profession of his ancestors. He made his first voyage to Rome, and continued for some time making excursions in company with his father.

In early manhood he became deeply interested in the perplexed politics of Europe, and was inspired with the decided love for his native land. He was obliged to be an exile in the troubled years of 1831-2, and he passed all his early prime of manhood in South America, aiding the struggles of the republicans.

During the time that Garibaldi was in South America, he married *Anita*, his first wife. She was one of the most remarkable of women for her extraordinary power to endure fatigue and defy danger that ever lived. At least, dozens of times, her life was in the greatest peril in the battles and skirmishes by sea and land, in which her adventurous husband was engaged. A volume would but just suffice to tell the incidents of her heroic career. She was ever ready to ward off danger from her husband, and while still in the prime of life, met her death in sharing his retreat. She died in Garibaldi's arms whilst escaping from pursuing soldiers.

That his naturally kindly disposition resulted from some of the deeds he was engaged in, is not to be expected, and that even to warriors the scenes of warfare are frightful, may be gathered from Garibaldi's own words, when referring to some events of his early life in South America.

"I received orders from General Canavaro to go and chastise the unfortunate country with fire and sword. I was compelled to obey the command, I, who for myself, as for every other creature, who has not ceased to be a man, fever to receive such an order as I had received. May God bless with joy on earth and in paradise that I have never had in my life a day which left so bitter a remembrance as that."

When a child he had wept bitterly at tearing off accidentally the leg of a cricket; in his manhood what scenes has he beheld! Who can wonder that amid the shouts of victory and songs of triumph, he remembers with his simple faith and humble dwelling, pining for peace—as, perhaps, no one does more than those who know the horrors of war?

Garibaldi has, indeed, given a very striking proof of the fact, that though a warrior, he does not delight in war. For when he was at the height of his fame and triumphs in Italy, he published a very remarkable paper, in which he bewails bitterly the attitude of suspicion and armed rivalry which prevailed among the nations of Europe. "Everybody," he says, "speaks of civilization and progress! It seems to me that we do not differ much—luxury excepted—from primitive times. Nations have made war on each other to secure a prey. We pass our lives in menacing each other continually and reciprocally, and yet the principal language in Europe, the language of intelligence, but of common sense, perfectly understand that we might pass through the poor life of ours without that perpetual state of menace and hostility one against the other, and without the necessity—which seems fatally imposed upon nations by some secret and invisible enemy of humanity—of carrying each other with so much science and refinement."

He then asks why Europe should not be united in one confederation of states? On this point he says—

"There would be no more armies, no more fleets, and the immense capital which is almost always wrung from the wants and the misery of the people, and so profitably spent in unnecessary and unproductive services, would be converted to their advantage into a colossal development of industry, into the amelioration of roads, the building of bridges, the cutting of canals, the foundation of public establishments, and the erection of schools, which would remove the misery and ignorance so many poor creatures, who, in all countries of the world, whatever be their degree of civilization, are condemned to a state of brutishness by prostitution of their mind, body, by the selfishness, calculation, or bad administration of privileged and powerful classes."

"I not that, I believe," he continues, "than all the political combinations which daily agitate and torment the poor people? The prospect of the atrocious destruction which a quarrel between the great Western Powers would occasion, must cause us to shudder with terror for the man who would even think of ordering it, and probably there will never be one so bad, so cowardly as to take the frightful responsibility of it."

How deeply he cherishes this noble, this generous thought, is evident from the words with which he closes this stirring document from which we have quoted.

"I ardently desire that these words may come to the knowledge of those to whom God has confided the high mission of doing good, and that they will indeed do it, preferring to a false and ephemeral grandeur, the true grandeur based upon the love and gratitude of humanity."

Most earnestly do we also join in this hope, as its fulfilment would indeed be a day of jubilee to the nations. Let us all pray for Italy and the world, that truth, freedom, and peace may be established, that the Prince of Peace may reign, and cause the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath may He restrain.

We are indebted for much of the above to the "Autobiography of Garibaldi," translated by Holcoft. Published by Routledge & Co.

"From the day my life was given, the health of my country has been my thought, and I have never, perhaps, hesitated to expose myself to dangers." Still Rosa de Celebrated Secret Papers.

"I was twenty years older than any of the officers of my regiment, and I could stand the cold better than any of them, who will need tobacco and pipes."—Sir J. Ross.

SICILIAN GENEROSITY;

OR, A FACT ABOUT GAETA.

Two of his Sicilian Majesty's gallers being on a cruise, pursued and took an Algerine vessel of twenty guns and one hundred men. The prize was sent to Naples, and whilst lying under guard at the Mole, a young gentleman then bathing, was seized with the cramp, and immediately sunk in the presence of numbers, who did not attempt anything for his relief. One of the Algerine sailors, who was standing on the gunwale of the prize instantly jumped into the water, and having laid hold of the body in its rise, tied one end of a handkerchief round the shoulder, the other end of which he fastened to his own, and swam with it to shore. The drowned person was recovered by proper applications, and the Marquis de Palliseli, whose son was thus preserved, being introduced to the king, threw himself on his knees, and requested the liberty of the gallant Algerine. His Sicilian Majesty's reply was truly noble. "Your request, sir," said he, "is both reasonable and humane; the Moor is yours, and you may dispose of him as you please. The remainder of the crew are mine, and by the laws of war perpetual slaves; but they are free from this moment. Ten righteous men would have saved Sodom from the wrath of the Almighty, and shall not one gallant and humane man, who has risked his life for an enemy, and restored to me so valuable a subject, merit the pardon of a few contemptibles?" Next day, an order was published for their release, and they departed amidst the acclamations of the populace.

So much for kingly generosity to the olden time. Had the late King of Naples or his father, shown any such nobility of feeling, the same scene of the Mole de Gaeta would never have witnessed the late fruitless struggle of the Bourbons to retain their paternal throne.

SYMPATHY FOR OTHERS.

"Its not enough that we with sorrow sigh,
That we the wants of pleading man supply;
That we a sympathy with sufferers feel,
Nor hear a grief without a wish to heal:
But these sullen—no sickness, pain, and woe,
The Christian spirit loves with aid to go;
Will not be sought, waits not for want to plead,
But seeks the duty—nay prevents the need.

CRABBE.

The *difficult* part of good-temper consists in forbearance and accommodation to the ill-temper of others.

BLESSED are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.—Matt. v. 7, 8.

A LESSON FROM THE SWALLOWS.

What beautiful regularity do we observe in the migration of the swallows, those welcome harbingers of summer! As soon as the rude equinoctial gales have given place to the warm and balmy showers of April, they make their appearance on our coasts; but at the return of winter, they find their way back again to a more congenial climate. What does not observer admire the beautiful unanimity of purpose displayed by these birds! What makes them congregate together just at the same time and place, and why do we not see them flying off in any towards a different quarter of the globe? They all suppose to know one another's minds, and concord and peace reign throughout the assembly.

What a lesson may we learn from this! The Apostle says, "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another."

We ought all, therefore, to study the welfare of our fellow-creatures, and consult their happiness more than our own. If this blessed principle of love followed up by every Christian, how much bloodshed and misery would it prevent! Even if you, my dear young friends, were to pray for Divine assistance to enable you to overcome the evil inclinations of your sinful hearts, it would be granted, and you would then live in peace with one another, like the feathered inhabitants of the air; such giving up his own will to that of his friend, and denying of self, so as to see others preferred before him.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY,

OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

CAPTAIN KENNEDY, the commander of the Prince Albert, in Lady Franklin's private expedition in search of the lamented Sir John Franklin, presided recently at a public meeting, in St. George's Hall, Wolverhampton, when a temperance oration was delivered by Mr. Whittaker.

The chairman said that ever since 1833 he had practised and advocated the "great and glorious principles" of total abstinence. In the year of which he had spoken he commenced the active duties of his life in that part of the world in which he was born—viz., British North America. Although he was quite alone when he began his temperance labours, yet they had been so successful that they now pervaded one half of the Continent. He began life in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company; but the frightful effects which followed the trafficking by that Company in spirituous liquors prevented him, after some years, from continuing in the service of the Company. The Indians appropriately called the drink "fire-water!" and the consequences of its introduction amongst them were most appalling. A terrible responsibility lay at the doors of those who introduced such a beverage amongst the aborigines of North America, a country as beautiful as Europe, and possessing a people as capable of arriving at the height of intellectual culture and the possession of such a prosperity that had distinguished the most enlightened portion of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Although in running in connection with the Hudson's Bay Company he had been told that he had sacrificed all his earthly prospects, yet he had found that in carrying out the dictates of his conscience he was experiencing the Scriptural reward promised to all persons who so acted. All had not been done that he could have wished to communicate to the aborigines of the North British America the evil effects of the introduction amongst them of spirituous liquors, but much had been accomplished, and he had confidence to believe that on some not very distant day the principles which that meeting had assembled to commemorate would universally prevail throughout the whole of that distant continent, and he would add that his confidence was as strong in regard to the future supremacy of the movement in Great Britain. He was now labouring hard to effect the glorious result in that part of the world to which he owed his birth. Meetings had been held in different parts of England partially with this view, at which he had assisted; and there was now a prospect of the Hudson's Bay Company entirely relinquishing their connection with the traffic in drink.

Very few, if any, people, had tested the total abstinence principles to the extent to which he and his gallant crew of eighteen men had tested it during their cruise in the Prince Albert in Lady Franklin's private expedition. It was owing to their observance of the total abstinence principles, that of the thirteen vessels that went out from more same as himself, he was the expedition that accomplished the most. It accomplished more than others, because the Prince Albert went out at a season when no others had ventured out; it accomplished more, in having travelled further in one extended tract than any other expedition; and it accomplished more, because it had been the only other expedition with which to accomplish it. He wintered within sixty miles of Sir James Ross's expedition, Sir James had only one ship, and he had accomplished in one journey he (Captain Kennedy) and his little crew, with stinted means, accomplished four times the distance that Sir James and his 180 well-equipped men succeeded in compassing. The Prince Albert, in having sailed right round North Somerset, demonstrated that it was an island, and not as it had been formerly supposed to be, an extreme point of land. To what did he attribute these great results? Why, simply to the fact that in his expedition he had carried out the principle of total abstinence. They were not only enabled to travel when others were manqueuring and conducting theatrical performances—but they also did that which other expeditions had not done—they travelled when they were deprived of the light of the sun. During 107 days they had only the light of the moon and the stars; nevertheless, they travelled all that time.

As Captain Kellet had said, there was no expedition in which he was could be engaged — warfare not excepted—which was of so trying a character as an expedition to explore the Western Coasts. On the day on which the expeditionists set out, all the day of their return, they were exposed to one continued series of hardships and sufferings. From none of these had he crew been exempt. They had suffered the tortures of snow blindness, and he, the only one able to use one of six, had to guide five who were totally blind. Also for many miles, of six, five had been afflicted with severe lameness, from one of the left leg being for a time entirely taken away from them; and thus afflicted the company had to travel 200 miles, through snow and the cold of ice, in the dark, during this time they had to assist upon only a basin of gruel, and a cup of very warm water, and they were driven to make their shirts of snow or ice—ice that would not leave their lips until it brought away part of the skin; and in this plight they had to remain their tired and bleeding feet all night.

The men, however, who volunteered to explore the Arctic regions, partially equipped, and on temperance principles, were the men to stand at trifles. They met their difficulties like true men, and as such surmounted them. Difficulties, he believed, were necessary to make men. The Prince Albert brought home *all the men she took out!* And when the ship landed at Aberdeen, experienced men told him they had often observed that from Greenland fishing and other Arctic expeditions, but *never saw a crew land in as good physical condition as that which characterized the crew when he had had the honour to command them, and who had so during the whole of their cruise, lasted one day of intoxicating beverage.* Could any instance be given of more practical demonstration of the excellence of the principles which they were that evening advocating? He did not care what the description of liquor was, the moderate drinker of wine was the half of them be drinkers and half abstainers, and he would give his reputation to the abstainers accomplishing more, with much less fatigue, than the men who used the stimulants.

Captain Kennedy having repeated his experiences of the Arctic expedition, the meeting broke up upon the gaiety of the evening, and thus resumed his seat amidst loud cheering.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SUN-DAY CLASS.—A correspondent has kindly offered a plan of a Sun-day class, and we have thought it worthy of insertion, as such device to be placed in *front* of the cab. At present, the only distinguishing plate cannot be seen without turning the back of the cab. What is wanted, is a plate, or other tablet, which shall be readily seen by parties walking in front of the cab.

A Word to Schoolmasters, from one of themselves.

A NEW PLAN.—We have received a communication from Mr. CRABBER, of St. George's School, Leeds, in which he states—

"I have adopted a plan which has proved a great deal more pleasing to the school during dinner-time, for the purpose of reading to the children some interesting or instructive extract of a kind, I determined to meet this growing taste for reading by purchasing some copies of the *British Workman* and *Band of Hope Review*, which I well know would afford solid information and amusement for the boys, and I was not disappointed, for the moment the papers were snatched up and perused. I have seen a dozen heads, with their eyes fixed on the page, and a dozen stretching over each others' shoulders. I have also been pleased to hear the boys read out the stories to their companions. But the chief use I have found it is in 'the Evening Composition' class. I have been wont upon a narrative or short biography. Time in the School Room is occupied in reading and reviewing the lesson which is to be written in a class-room, as the reproducing in their own style, the portion so read over to the class before leaving school. The method is as follows—When the lessons of the week are closed, I take other evening prayers, I read over the lesson in the class-room, and there I read over slowly, and carefully, a few sentences at a time, and ask any one who is attentive enough to give an explanation I dwell upon. Thus, after hearing it twice read, the boy leaves, and, from memory, reproduces it in their evening books, or on their slates, and in their own style. Next morning, immediately after prayers, I collect the lesson exercises of the day, with the assistance of my Second Master and Pupil Teachers, and correct and review, with the boys, the lesson which the others his lesson at full length, if considered of great merit. Have found this plan to be very popular, and interest has become so more heartily in their studies, by adopting the above plan. Was I a lottery man, I would spend 20 pence in the purchase of the various shares, you will form an idea of the extent of anxious enquiry which the lottery in question has created in the parents, who necessarily hear of it. Thus, what must have been the thoughts of that drunkard when he saw his son inducing a little sobriety into his home, and collecting his little shares to the heart of a parent when he sees his son writing, in his own simple words, such a lesson, and, if he reads it, could it be wonder he pretended to adopt the same plan, lest he should be outwitted. Indeed, very few parents have failed to attend, when I have found, too, the pictures another source of attraction. In some instances I have found boys using the larger cards as drawing copies at home."

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CHAPTER XIV. (CONTINUED.)

"I had now full opportunity of witnessing Martha's ability as a nurse; here she appeared to excel as much as she did in every thing else. She entered with so much kindness and sympathy into the sufferings and wants of her patient—understood so well the dietary and treatment necessary in a sick-room—took so much pains to remove, as far as possible, the usual traces of sickness; paid such unremitting attention to the comfort, cleanliness, and very thing necessary to comfort, and the restoration of health, that I am persuaded if such nurses could always be obtained in lieu of the ordinary one, the medical professor, if not entirely superseded, would at least be greatly aided. The lessons I learned from her were invaluable, and have benefited me the most important service in subsequent life. In a family, the want of this kind of knowledge is a serious calamity, yet the deficiency is almost general. Lamentable have been the scenes I have witnessed in my visitations of the sick, in consequence of the sad ignorance displayed, of all that ought to be done, and of the proper mode of doing it. Yet members dic, I have no doubt, either from want of proper attention, or from the injudicious treatment they received.

"On the sixth day after my arrival, Martha was called to return home. I pass over the parting,—the various counsels she gave me, and the course of conduct which expressed me after her departure: it was well that my engagements so fully occupied my time and attention that I had little leisure for the indulgence of melancholy feelings; and, as I could not but see that I was in the path of duty, I became sooner reconciled to my situation than should have been expected. As a large portion of my time had to be devoted to my mistress, I had the assistance of a charwoman three days a-week, to wash the floors of the house, which I had said as she had long been employed by Mrs. Symonds, she fully understood her habits and particularity. This enabled me to spend the greatest portion of each day with my mistress in ministering to her comfort. I was not a little grateful to find that my efforts gave satisfaction, and were beginning to inspire a decided attachment, so that my absence from her room seemed to excite uneasiness and regret. It was a great relief that though the use of one side was gone, she could still converse intelligibly, and thus had the opportunity was afforded of contributing more fully to her comfort, as well as of ascertaining her own views and feelings. After the lapse of a few weeks, she one day said to me,—

"'I was very loth to part with Martha, but really, Lizzy, you attend to me as well as she did. I look at my assistance, not on hardly believing that such a sweet-tempered girl that two years ago, I was so glad to get rid of.'

"'It was no wonder,' I replied, 'that I proved such a trial to you. I was, indeed, very ignorant, and exceedingly awkward, and probably should have remained so but for the kind instructions and care of Mrs. Mortimer and Martha.'

"'Ah! Mrs. Mortimer told me that I was too sharp for a nurse; but Lizzy, she discovered that I was better better than I did, and would have it, that if properly treated, you might be made something of, and now I see the correctness of her views. When she was here, she gave me a full account of your improvement, and also of your conversion; she ascribed to that event chiefly the great alteration that had taken place.

"'It is doubtless the grace of God chiefly that has made me differ so much from my former self; but even for my conversion I am indebted, under God, to my dear mistress; and since that blessed change, I have also been greatly benefited by her kind instructions, and fervent prayers.'

"'So have I too, Lizzy, never shall I forget the importunate prayers she offered up for me when I seemed to have no feeling or concern about my soul, or the affectionate and earnest manner in which she endeavoured to arouse my attention to my spiritual state. I am sure I have no doubt, under God, of her earnest pleadings in my behalf, and I am sure too, that a great change has passed over me. I see and feel very differently from what I did. I feel as a sinner ought, I want to feel the peace and joy of which I have heard is the privilege of God's people; I want to be assured that God is reconciled—that He owns me for His child. My niece has told me how nicely you read, Lizzy. I wish you would sometimes read to me, and pray with me; it would do me good, for I feel very dark to God, and get fully prepared for my change whenever He may call me. Hitherto I have been living only for this world; my house has been my idol; I have worshipped here, have been more devoted, or diligent, than myself. My house has been my pride,—my glory, but I now see my error; this affection has been and is idolatry to God, and one of my folly, and bring me to a better state of mind. Lizzy, read to me now Mrs. Mortimer's favourite Psalm, the 103rd. Oh, it's a precious promise, that God owns me of my folly, and bring me to a better state of mind. Lizzy, read to me now Mrs. Mortimer's favourite Psalm, the 103rd. Oh, it's a precious promise, that God owns me for a child, and bring me to a better state of mind. Lizzy, read to me now Mrs. Mortimer's favourite Psalm, the 103rd. Oh, it's a precious promise, that God owns me for a child, and bring me to a better state of mind.

"I began to read as she had requested; when I had read the twelfth verse of the Psalm, she said, 'Lizzy, is not that delightful? so far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us!' the thought of such mercy quite melts my heart. I almost feel as if God has also removed away my sins; but I am afraid of deceiving myself,—of being presumptuous.'

"'It surely cannot be presumption,' I replied, 'to do God's bidding, and are we not commanded to trust in Him as 'faithful and just; if we confess our sins, freely to forgive them, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness?'"

"'So my dear niece told me, yet I shrink from this act of trust, lest I should do wrong. I know God can save sinners, but will He save me? Will He save me son,—just as I am?'

"'God never refers us to a future time, but He does say, 'Now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation.' Then you know an Apostle affirms, 'By Him all that believe, are freely justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses.' God says, too, by one of the prophets, 'Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.'

"'Yes, these passages seem very explicit, and full of encouragement; yet strange! my heart remains full of doubtings, and misgivings. Lizzy, you must pray for me.'

In accordance with the request of Mrs. Mortimer, I wrote to her; shortly once a month. The letters I received in reply breathed the spirit of consolation and kindness, and contained the most judicious advice, tried and, but expressed with great benevolence.

"From this time, my situation although laborious, and requiring much care and thought, became increasingly agreeable. My mistress, if it could have been, would have had me constantly with her; she seemed to lament every hour that I was necessarily absent, and as her manner was now as kind and affectionate, as it had once been stern and repulsive, I gladly devoted to her as much of my time as possible. When I had been in my situation about six months, my mistress began to exhibit signs of improvement; gradually she recovered the use of her paralyzed side, so far as to admit of her being carried down stairs, and occasionally to be drawn out in a Bath chair, which a boy was engaged that she might, in course of time, be again able to walk. This was a great relief to her, but she could not be induced again to give her attention to domestic matters.

"'No,' she would say, 'don't trouble me, Lizzy, with these things; they shall no more be a snare to me. Everything goes on just as I wish it. I am perfectly satisfied. I pray God that He may give you health and strength equal to your toil.'"

Here Mrs. Warne broke in upon the narrative, saying, "I should much like to hear, if you can call it to mind, what was the usual order of your daily engagements."

"It is easily told," replied Mrs. Fletcher, "it was something like this, I refer to the days when I had no assistance. In summer, I rose each morning at five o'clock, dressed, half-an-hour to dressing, and religious duties; then I went into my mistress's room to make inquiries respecting her health, and anything she might require. By that time she was to light the kitchen fire, and prepare a cup of tea for my mistress as speedily as possible, as she always required one by six o'clock. She generally dressed in her room between breakfast half-an-hour or more, after which I was busily occupied until eight in cleaning up the kitchen and breakfast-room, and in preparing the breakfast, which she always partook of in the room, at eight, I was at

free state. They went to Philadelphia, and hired a small house. Johnson got work, and his wife took to washing. Being industrious and frugal, they lived very comfortably, except having the continual dread of being discovered.

In December, 1803, when they had been thus situated about two years, her master obtained some tidings of them, and immediately went in pursuit. A friend happened to hear of a warrant of the law, and hastened to inform them that Mr. Black was in the city. Samuel forthwith sent his wife and children to a place of safety, but he remained at home, not supposing that he could be in any danger. The master arrived shortly after with two constables, who was greatly exasperated when he found that his property had absconded. They arrested the husband, and vowed they would hold him as a bondsman till he informed them where they could find his wife and children. When he refused to accompany them, they beat him severely, and swore they would carry him to the South and *sell him!* He told them they might carry him into slavery, or murder him if they pleased, but no torture they could inflict would ever induce him to betray his family. Finding they could not break his resolution, they tied his hands behind his back, and dragged him to a tavern kept by Peter Fritz, in Sassafras-street. They then left him, guarded by the landlord and several men, while they went in search of the fugitives. Some of Johnson's coloured neighbours informed Isaac T. Hopper of these proceedings; and he went to the tavern, accompanied by a friend. They attempted to enter the room occupied by Samuel and his guard, but found the door fastened, and the landlord refused to unlock it. When they inquired by what authority he made his tavern a prison, he replied that the man was placed in his custody by two constables, and should not be released till they came for him.

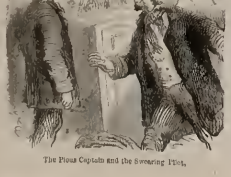
"Open the door!" said Friend Hopper, "or we will soon have it opened in a way that will cost annoyance to repair it. Thou hast already made thyself liable to an action for false imprisonment. If thou art not very careful, thou will find thyself involved in trouble for this business." The landlord argued and swore, but finding Mr. Hopper resolute, he concluded it was best to open the door. After obtaining the particulars of the case from Johnson himself, Friend Hopper cut the cord that bound his hands, and said, "Follow me!"

This man on guard pointed forth a volley of threats and curses. One of them sprang forward in a great fury, seized Johnson by the collar, and swore that he would not leave the room till the constables arrived. Friend Hopper stepped up to him, and said, "Release that man immediately, or thou will be made to repent of thy conduct." The ruffian quailed under the influence of the calm, bold manner of the friend of freedom, and after a slight alternation he got his hands. Johnson followed his protector in a state of intense anxiety, concerning his wife and children. But they had been conveyed to a place of safety, and the manhunters never afterwards discovered their retreat!

A REFORMED PILOT.

A PIOUS captain, when sailing down the Mississippi, had the misfortune to have his vessel so much injured, that there was great danger of the loss of both ship and cargo. Though placed in this perilous position, he manifested a composure which evinced that his mind was stayed on a higher than human power, while he omitted nothing that could be done to save the property entrusted to his care.

While in this situation, a pilot came to his aid, who, by his own account, neither feared God, nor regarded man; and after offering his services, he began to storm and swear. After a little time, however, he contrasted his conduct with the captain's, and said to himself, "How is it that while I have nothing at risk, I am swearing and storming; and the captain, who has property and reputation at stake, seems perfectly calm? It must be his religion, and as I have a Bible, I will immediately commence reading it, and see if *I* can find what his religion is." He did read, and the Spirit of God applied the truth. He became convinced that he was a lost sinner, and that, without the religion which he had seen so impressively exhibited, he must be lost. Conviction resulted in conversion, and the once swearing pilot became an exemplary and devoted Christian.



The Pious Captain and the Swearing Pilot.

I was a father to the poor: and the cause which I knew not I searched out. When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. (*Job.*)

RELIEVE THE OPPRESSED.

ISAIAH i. 17.

Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me. JOB XXIX. 16, 11, 12, 13.

ISAAC HOPPER was one of the most remarkable characters that ever lived in Philadelphia. By his extraordinary talent he baffled even the ablest American lawyers, and secured the liberty of hundreds of oppressed slaves. Mrs. Child, the well-known authoress states, "Every schoolboy had heard something of his doings, and as he walked along the street, everybody recognised him, from the chief-justice to the chimney-sweep. His personal appearance was calculated to attract attention, independent of other circumstances. Joseph Bonaparte, who then resided at Bordentown, was attracted towards him from the first moment he saw him, on account of the strong resemblance to his brother Napoleon. They often met in the steamboat going down the Delaware, and on such occasions, the ex-king frequently pointed him out as the most remarkable likeness to the emperor, that he had ever seen in Europe or America. He expressed the opinion, that with Napoleon's uniform on, he might be mistaken for him, even by his own household; and if he were to appear in Paris, nothing could be easier for him than to excite a revolution."

"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?"—PROVERBS xxiv. 11, 12.

A SYMPATHIZING SAVIOUR.

"SURELY He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." What a rich source of comfort for weary, sorrowing hearts, at continually cute their aching premonitions, but to who have learned to carry their trials and to rows to the feet of Jesus. In every sing of His character our Lord is infinitely gl but to the children of God, who are call peculiarly pleasant to know that they have one an almighty, but also a sympathizing Sa

Are we poor? Our Lord was a hom wanderer. How we faithfully tried to be all around us, and in return received cel temptations and ingratitude? During his lif was despised and rejected of men," and in last hours, mocked by those for whose "He poured out his soul unto death." A tempted of evil? "He was in all p tempted as we are." Do we are bod calamity and suffering? Our Saviour "I have a baptism to be baptized with how am I straitened until it is accomplis and prayed that if it were possible, the might pass from Him.

Are we bereaved? Jesus wept at the Lazarus. Are we called to endure great ph or mental suffering? He suffered death a most painful forms; and in addition to bodily anguish, He bore the weight transgressions. Oh! it is indeed a ble thought, that in every trial and sorrow, w go for comfort and support to One who h personally understands human grief, to On has been baptized with a baptism of sorrow "made perfect through suffering." Are

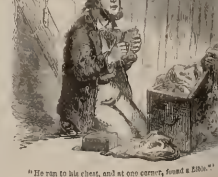
ANECDOTE OF GEORGE I

AS MICHAEL FUTCHER, of Bermey, walking on the Terrace at Windsor, a ny with the daughter of a Friend at Lo King George and the Queen Charlotte c towards them. Both entering freely in versation with Michael Futcher, the kin quired whether there were many of his S residing in his neighbourhood, saying th a people he had a great respect for. Ad ing the female, he inquired if she was m of the Society. She replied the present The King then said, "Is there not how much guise?" She acknowledged the deviated, and was sorry for it. The Kin plied, "And I am sorry for it too; for w people once begin to deviate, they do not k where to stop."

Worthy of Imitation.—In b there are eight City Hypocaus where it is to visit manufactories, workhouses, p institutions, boarding-schools, &c., to se the inmates have comfortable apartmen sleeping-rooms, sufficient clothing, and food proper quality, that they have their m hours of recreation, and that they are not either in week or study beyond their stren

A THOUGHTLESS SAILO

A SAILOR once paid a visit to St. P in London. Whilst carelessly passing a the aisle, he heard the officiating m utter the words, "*Pray without ceasing*." made no impression on his mind. On evening, many years afterwards when at s he was walking on deck, suddenly the d darted into his mind, "Pray without ceas "Pray without ceasing! what works ca he?" exclaimed he. "I think I have t them before, where could it be?" Af pause, "Oh! it was at St. Paul's in L the minister read them from the Bible. W and do the Scriptures say, 'Pray without ceasing?' Oh, what a wretch I must be, lived so long without paying at all!" Wh who at first deposited this Scripture in h now caused it to spring up in a way unl time, and with a power, peculiarly His The sailor felt convinced were on his conscience. He began to pray, but prayin not all. "Oh," said he, "that I had a or some good book!" He ran to his cl mal at one corner, found a Bible, which h anxious mother had, twenty years befor amongst his clothes, and which, till now, h never opened. He embraced it, clasped it heart, read, wept, prayed, believed, and be a "new man" in Christ Jesus his Redee



"He ran to his chest, and at one corner, found a Bible."

o. 77. May, 1861. Price One Penny.

Registered for Transmission Abroad.

BRITISH WORKMAN.

MY MOTHER'S GOLD RING.

This touching narrative has been selected from an American author. It has already been blessed by God to the reclamation of many who were once intemperate, and we earnestly pray that its publication in our pages may enkindle hope, and lead to the binding-up of the broken hearts of some despairing wives and desolate children. Temperance has indeed brought hope and gladness

into many a dwelling, and proved a great national, social, and domestic blessing; but let it never be forgotten by our readers, that outward reformation of habits is not avail as a meetness for heaven, which can alone be obtained by the saving grace of God through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

I HAVE one of the kindest husbands; he is a carpenter by trade, and our Deck of little children has one of the kindest fathers in the county. I was thought the happiest girl in the parish, when George made me his wife; I thought so myself. Our married life began—and it was a delightful one—has but an indifferent sample of those days of national enjoyment and unalloyed happiness which we were permitted to enjoy together for the space of six years. And although, for the last three years of our lives, we have been as happy as it is given to be in beginning, it makes my heart sick to think of those long dark days and sad nights that came between; for two years of our union were years of misery. I well recollect the first place of ardent spirit that my husband ever drank. He had been to the shop to purchase a little tea and sugar for the family; he was coming about half-a-pace coming to him in change; and unluckily, the Deacon, who keeps the store, had nothing but silver in the till; and, as it was a busy busy morning, he persuaded my good man to take his money's worth of rum, for it was just the price of a glass. He came home in wonderful spirits, and called for a glass to have pie and the children better dressed, and as neighbour Barton talked of selling his house and chaise, he thought of buying them both; and when I ventured to him, "George, we are dressed as well as we can afford, and I hope you will not think of a horse and chaise till we can pay off the Squire's mortgage;" he gave me a harsh look and a bitter word. I never shall forget that day, for they were the first he ever gave me in his life. When he saw me shedding tears and holding my apron to my face, he said he was sorry, and came to kiss me, and I discovered that he had been drinking, and it pierced my heart to the heart. In a short time after, while I was washing up the breakfast things, I heard our little Robert, who was only five years old, crying bitterly; and, as my place is here the cause, I met him running towards me with his face covered with blood.

He said his father had taken him on his knee, and was playing with him, but had given him a blow on the face only because he had said, when he kissed him, "Dear father, you smell like old Peter, the drunken fiddler." My husband was very cross to us all through the whole day; but the next morning, though he said little, he was evidently ashamed and sorrowful. I was more about his work very industriously, and was particularly kind to little Robert. I prayed continently for my good man, and that God would be pleased to give him a better night; and, more than a week having gone by without any similar occurrence, I flattered myself that he would never do so again. But in a very little time, either the Deacon was short of change, as before, or some tempting occasion presented itself, which my husband could not resist, and he returned home once more under the influence of liquor. I never shall forget the expression of his countenance, when he came in that night. We had waited supper a full hour for his return; the teapot was standing at the fire, and the cat cakes were untouched upon the hearth; and the smaller children were begin to murmur for their supper. There was an inconsiderable expression of defiance on his countenance, as though he was conscious of having done wrong, and resolved to have it out. He sat down when we had supped, and he scarcely raised his eyes upon any of us during his unhappy repast. I knew when the drink had stolen away, and, after I had laid our little once to rest, I knelt at the foot of the bed on which my poor misguided husband was sleeping, and poured into my very soul to God, while my eyes were scalded with the bitterest tears I had ever shed. For I then foresaw that, unless some remedy was put in requisition, my husband would be the father of my little children, would become a drunkard. The next morning after breakfast, I ventured to speak with him in a full room; and, though I could not contain my tears, neither my words nor my weeping appeared to have any effect, and I saw that he was becoming hardened, and careless of us all. How many nights have I waited, weeping alone at my once happy fireside, listening for the lifting latch, and wishing, yet dreading, to hear his steps at the door.

One day, as I was passing Farmer Johnson's, they called me in; I sat down for a few minutes in their best company. Farmer Johnson was just returning from the field; and when I saw the little ones running to meet him at the stile, and the kind looks that passed between the good man and his wife, I could not but believe that we were married on the very same day, and conquered my own fortune with theirs, my poor heart pour forth in a flood of tears, and I left the house. The farmer and his wife had joined the Temperance Society; and I had often heard him say that he believed his being so had saved him from drunkenness. I left Barton before his marriage, and for a year after, been in the habit of taking a little spirit every day. He was an industrious thriving man; but shortly after his marriage, he became bond for a neighbour, who ran off, and he was obliged to pay the debt. I have heard him declare that when the sheriff took away all his property, and left him a bare living, and scarcely left him those trifles which are secured to the poor by law, and when he considered it will his poor wife was at the time, in consequence of his rash act, with child, that deal only a month before, he was restrained from returning to the bottle in the moments of despair, by looking into a collection of the pledges of the temperance signed. Farmer Johnson's neighbouring Deacon was in favour of Temperance Societies. Ours was unfortunately of a different opinion, like many others of them, and expressed his disapproval in no measured terms.

Month after month passed away, and our happiness was utterly destroyed. My husband grew careless, moody, and poverty began to stare us in the face. Notwithstanding my best exertions, it was hard to keep my little ones decently clothed and sufficiently fed. If my husband earned a shilling, the drain-seller was as sure of it as if it were already in his till. I sometimes thought I had lost all my affection for my husband, and was entirely regardless of those whom it was his duty to protect and sustain; but when I looked in the faces of our little children, the recollection of our early marriage days, and all his kind words and deeds, soon taught me the strength of the principle that had brought us together. I shall never cease to remember the agonizing feelings I felt when the constable took him to jail upon the distraint-for-rent execution. That hard moment, I did not believe that my affection could have survived under the pressure of that misery which he had brought upon us all. I put on a bonnet and shawl, the little that remained to us, as I thought might be of use, and turned my back upon a home where I had been very happy and very wretched. Our five little children followed, weeping bitterly. The jailer said, "Where are you all going?" said the gentleman. My husband, who had always appeared extremely humble in the presence of this very respectable neighbour, spoke to him in his sequestered tone of voice, answered with unusual firmness, "To jail, sir." "To jail?" said he, "Ah, I see he is drunk; have mercy upon children in notorious living. You have had the advantage of my precept and example, and you have turned a deaf ear to the cry, and neglected the author." "Sir," my husband replied, called by this reproof, which appeared to him an unnecessary aggravation of his misery, "your precept and your example have been my ruin; I have followed them both. You, who had no experience of the temptations to which your unfortunate brother was exposed, you who exhibited no pledge. I have followed your advice to the letter. You admitted that extraordinary occasions might justify the use of ardent spirits, and I thought occasions arose for me to use it yourself. I followed your example; but it has been my misfortune never to drink spirituous liquors, without finding the occasion increase, and my misery increasing than ever. Had I followed the precept and example of my neighbour Johnson, I should not have made a good will-making, and I should not have died in jail." He uttered these last words, my poor husband looked upon his little ones, and burst into tears; and the gentleman said in a very rough manner, "Well, I will not be exhibited even in the midst of our misery, to see that the heart of my poor George was tenderly affected; for it is not more unlikely that he should be saved, than that he should be first, than that the heart of a man should be softened by affliction, before a deep and lasting impression can be made." Dear Sophia, I will not, I cannot, give it in my own tale; let us trust in God, and all may yet be well." He made no reply, but continued to walk on, and we were silent. Shortly after the Deacon appeared at some distance, coming towards us on the road; but as soon as he discovered who we were, he turned away from us, and crossed the field. The sudden secret shame what touched with compassion at our situation, emboldened us to keep up a good heart, for he thought some one might help us at a time we least expected it.

A one-horse wagon at this moment appeared to be coming down the hill behind us at an unusually rapid rate, and the constable called us, as the road was narrow, to stand aside and let it pass. It was soon up with us; and, when the dust had cleared away, it turned about, and Robert Barton said, when it first appeared on the top of the hill, to be Farmer Johnson's grey mare and yellow wagon. The kind-hearted farmer was out in an instant, and, without saying a word, was putting the children into it, one after another. A word from Farmer Johnson was enough for any constable in the village. It was the word of a member of the church, and a husband by the head, and when he began, "Neighbour Johnson, you are the same kind friend," "—Get in," said he, "let's have no words about it; I must be home in a trice, for—" turning to me, "your old schoolmate, Susan, my wife, will sit crying at the window till she sees you all safe home." Dear Sophia, he whipped up the grey mare, who regardless of the additional load, went up the hill faster than she came down, as though she enjoyed the sport as much as the children did.

It was not long before we reached the door of our cottage. Farmer Johnson took out the children; said, which I was very glad to hear, that he was sorry for his kindness, he was up in his wagon and off, before I could utter a syllable. Robert screamed after him to tell little Tim Johnson to come for his cap, and his little sister for his pinks and marigolds. When we entered the cottage, there was bread, and cold meat, and milk upon the table, which, from the manner in which it was placed for the children, I could not help sobbing aloud, for my heart was full. "Dear George," said I, turning to my husband, "you need not, let us thank God for this proof and deliverance from evil." "Dear Jenny," said he, "I fear God will scarcely listen to my poor prayers, after all my offences; but I will try." We dressed the children and he prayed with so much earnestness of feeling, that I felt almost sure that God's grace would be lighted up in the bosom of his penitent man. He rose from his and prayers, could win their way to heaven. He was very grave, and said little or nothing that night.

The next morning I was up early, I was surprised, as the sun had not risen, to find that he had already gone down. At first I felt alarmed, as such a thing had become unusual with him; but the tumult of conflicting feelings were agreeably relieved, when the children told me their father had been up before me to fetch a potato field, and was mending the garden fence. With our scanty means we had provided already the best breakfast I could, and he sat down to it with a good appetite, but said little; and now and then I saw the tears starting into his eyes. I had many fears that he would fall back into his former habits, whenever he should meet his old companions, or step in again at the Deacon's store. He spoke about trying him to move into another village. After breakfast, he took me aside, and asked me if I had not a gold ring. "George," said I, "that ring was my mother's: she took it from her finger and gave it to me the day that she died. I would not part with that ring, not for a king's ransom." "Well, I was only thinking it would be a good thing to sell it, and buy a tombstone for your mother." "Dear Jenny," said he, "I know how you prize that gold ring; I never loved you more than when you wept over it, while you first told me the story of your mother's death: it was just a month before we were married, the last Sabbath evening in May, dear, and we were walking by the river. I wish you would bring me that ring." Memory hurried me back to an instant in the scene, the bank upon the river's side, where we sat together, and agreed upon our wedding-day. I brought down the ring, and he kissed it, we were unusually pensive, he put it on his little finger, that I did so; not, however, without a trembling hand and a misgiving heart. "And now, Jenny," said he, as he rose to go out, "pray that God will support me." My mind was not in a happy state, for I felt some doubt of his intentions.

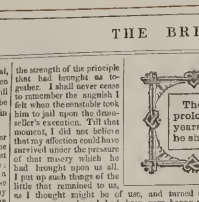
From a little hill at the back of our cottage we had a fair view of the Deacon's premises. I went up to the top of it, and while I watched my husband's steps, no one can tell those fervently fervent prayers to God that I then sought. I saw two of his old companions standing at the door of the drum-shop, with glasses in their hands; and, as my husband approached, I saw distinctly the glass in it was a sad moment for me. "O George!" said I, though I knew he could not hear me, "go on; remember your poor wife, and stumble not, for her sake."

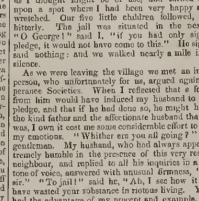
My heart sunk within me, when I saw him stop, and turn towards the door. He shook hands with his old associates; they appeared to be in high glee; I saw him shake his head and pass on. "Thank God!" I said I, and ran down the hill with a light step, and coming to my baby in the cradle, literally covered it with kisses, and bathed it in tears of joy. About ten o'clock, Richard Jones, the Squire's office boy, brought a piece of money and a message from my husband, and word that he could not be home till night, as he was at work on the Squire's barn: Richard added, that the Squire had asked him if he thought it would be safe for him to sign the Temperance pledge; that he did not advise it when he first began to leave off drinking; for he feared his strength would fail him. "But you," said he, "you have continued five months without touching a drop, and it would be well for the cause that you should sign the pledge." "My friend Johnson," said my husband, "when a year is gone safely by I will. For five months, I have in every trial and temptation—and a thousand times I felt well the force and meaning of those words—rebed upon this gold ring, to remind me of my duty to God, to my wife, to my children, and to society. Whenever the struggle for self-mastery has come, I have looked upon this ring; I have remembered that it was given with the last words and dying counsels of an excellent mother, to my wife, and placed it there; and, under the blessing of Almighty God, it has proved, thus far, like the lifeboat to a drowning man."

The year soon passed away; and, on the very day overlooked on which I had put the ring upon my husband's finger, Farmer Johnson brought over the Temperance roll book. We all took turns to the tea-table together. After supper was done, little Robert climbed up and kissed his father, and turning to Farmer Johnson, "Father," said he, "he has signed it there; and, as drunken fiddler, once, since we rode home in your yellow wagon." The farmer opened the book; my husband signed it, with tears in his eyes, he gave the pen to me back—ten thousand times more dear than before.

MY MOTHER'S GOLD RING.

. This article will be re-published as one of the series of ILLUSTRATED TRACTS.





THE REBEL CHIEF, AND HOW HE WAS SAVED.

ARIZGANER was a rebel chief in South Africa, and an outlaw. He was condemned, and a prize was set on his head,—a thousand pounds for him, dead or alive. He was also a rebel against God, and in the unconscious action of the law, but mercy sought him, grace found him, and through the Holy Spirit he was saved.

Robert Moffatt, the missionary, was honoured to bring the rebel chief into obedience to Christ, delivering him also to the Governor of the Cape Colony, not to shame, but to offer, with allegiance, and to sue for peace. The Governor was glad and joy, he was merciful, for while he believed in the chief's repentance and reformation, he could not release him from the sentence, but held him to bail. It was not long before he pardon and permit where the crime and the law had condemned; and he said, "I shall plead for you with the king, and on the faith of my word, and in answer to my prayer, you may yet be saved." He was as good as his word; his prayer was heard and answered, and Arizaner, for the sake of the Gospel, was made free. On Robert Moffatt, then, devolved the duty of instructing the chief in British law, and he lived an honour to his sovereign, and died as a citizen beloved. The Dutch Boers, on the occasion of an outlaw against the King of England, to was be followed by enlistment of the law of God, Arizaner was a mediator, as well as his Saviour, and, Christ's ambassador, and in answer to Christ's prayer, the Father sent his pardon, the law was honoured, and Arizaner, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, was instructed in the laws of God's kingdom, and lived to the honour and glory of God, and died in peace.—He died for Arizaner, he was a substitute for Arizaner, he was a rebel, but Jesus has paid the penalty of God's law. You are now welcome to come to Jesus, for "His blood cleanseth from all sin." Christ died for you, for "now is the accepted time, and now the day of salvation." W.

WHERE ARE YOUR EARS?

THE following anecdote of the late Hon. and Rev. T. B. Gallaher, presents an impressive and instructive lesson.

A musical amateur of eminence who had often observed Mr. Gallaher's inattentive manner, in his presence, said to him one day, "Come, I am determined to make you feel the force of music; pay particular attention to this piece." It was played. "Well, what do you think now?" "Why, just what I said before." "What! can you hear this and not be charmed?—well, I am quite surprised at your insensibility!—where are your ears?" "Hear with me, my Lord!" replied Mr. G., "since I can see your surprise; I listen, I hear, from the pulpit, so before you, the sublime, striking and affecting truths; I have sounded notes that have raised the dead; I have said *arise* to the dead, but I can never become charmed with my music, though infinitely more interesting than yours. I too have been ready to say, with astonishment, *where are his ears?*"

REPLACE THE STONE.

ONE day, General Washington, and some of his officers, while staying at Boston, went to visit Chelsea. On their way, they passed a very fine house, which stood in the mansion of Mr. Dexter, a beautiful spot, surrounded by stately elms and green fields. They alighted, and she entered the house, and was conducted to parts of the good cheer within.

As they came out, one of the gentlemen accidentally knocked a stone from the wall which ran before the house. Washington said he had better replace the stone. "No," answered the officer, "I will have this fellow, Dexter, to know that we have been here, and put the stone up again, saying as he did so, "I always make it my rule in visiting a place, to leave things in *as good order as I find them.*"

NAMES OF CHRISTIANS.

THE SCRIPTURES give four names to Christians, taken from the four chief duties to be exercised in order to a saintly SAINTS, for their *holiness*; BELIEVERS, for their *faith*; BRETHREN, for their *love*; DISCIPLES, for their *knowledge*.

A WORD TO SMOKERS.

WHAT might your smoking cost you, John?
A penny, p'raps, a-day:
Come, make a calculation on
This matter now, I pray.

Each month you're spending one half-crown,
So, as a year, you see,
You'll have put thirty shillings down,
For *nothing* you can *show!*

What might be bought need not be told
With this amount in hand,—
Warm clothing for the cold;
In time, a bit of land.

I was, like you, a smoker once,
But thus resolved one day—
"I'll never buy another ounce,"
And dash'd the pipe away.

A FRIEND.

(A Military Officer.)

ANECDOTE OF MATTHEW HENRY.

WHEN the Rev. Matthew Henry resided at Hackney, he was in a very low state of health, and the city preach for his friend, Mr. Rosewell. On his return he was met by four men, and robbed of about eleven shillings. Instead of indulging in useless regrets, he entered in his diary the following remarks:—"I. What reason I have for thankfulness to God, having travelled so much and have never been robbed before. 2. What great deal of evil the love of money is the root of, that for that would venture their lives and souls for about half-a-crown each! 3. How ready are the devils of Satan to the children of obedience. 3. See the vanity of worldly wealth; and we may be stripped of it. How loose, therefore, we should sit to it."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

DIFFICULTIES OF WORKING. By Mrs. Hoare. Nisbet and Co. 2d. This little tract gives the pen of the accomplished authoress of "Ragged Homes and How to Mend Them" in illustration of the difficulties of the profession, and it will, we trust, be extensively read by both masters and men.

ON MORAL WRITING, and How to Use Books and Tracts. By Rev. J. B. Gilmour, of Arbroath. Price One Shilling. No. 8, Paternoster Row. We are glad that the price of this valuable pamphlet will have been reduced to one shilling, for it should be in the hands of every Christian. It discovers to have a place on the table of "Ragged Homes and How to Mend Them," "Hints to the Rescue," and "The Bible How to Blend Them." "Hints to the Rescue" is a little book by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, the founder of the celebrated "Ragged Kirk" of Aberdeen (in which the Queen has taken such a lively interest) is an excellent little book, and should be read and thoroughly practised, and will be found of great assistance to the good work of rescuing the Ragged Schools. It contains very free to the formation of Penny Banks, Temperance and Tract Societies, Visiting Committees, &c., is most serviceable at the present time.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BOOKSELLERS and SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS, &c.—We have to thank our most cordial thanks to a number of friends who have sent us Sunday School and Tract Distributors, and we are kindly assisting Tract Distributors. We have also kindly assisting Tract Distributors. We have also kindly assisting Tract Distributors. We have also

LAYING IN A STOCK FOR THE WEEK.

"How bright you look this Monday morning, Jem!" said a bricklayer to his fellow-workman, as they met at a building in Boston Fields, at the breakfast hour. "Now, I've lost a quarter this morning.—I always do of a Monday—I feel so dull-like, and tired, I'm worse than when I knock off on Saturday."

"What do you do with yourself on Sunday?" said Jem. "Oh, I read a bit of the paper, and have an extra lay in bed, and an extra pint or so."

"Ah, that's not my way. I go to my young ones at the school, and I leave 'em; and then I get to the service, and my wife keeps things at home straight and tidy, and we read a bit, or take a walk of an afternoon, and at night we go again together to the service, and I tell you, Will, I'm so happy! what with my home, and my children, and the House of God, I lay in a stock of comfort that *lasts the week through*. Try it, mate."

VALUE OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

A poor woman, in London, replied one Sabbath morning for a Bible for her daughter, who had left the school to go to service. On being asked, if her daughter had been benefited by the school; she replied, "Yes, I can never be too thankful that they were ever brought here. When they first came, my husband and myself lived a most wretched life, and never attended any place of worship, but when my two eldest girls had attended some short time, they said to me one Sunday morning, 'Mother, never go either to church or chapel, why do you not?' I knew not what to say. I was deeply affected, and thought how sad that I should have to be taught by my children my duty to God, instead of my teaching them. I began to go to a place of worship from that time, and soon after my husband also. I cannot tell you, sir, what a happy change has been effected in the family. All my children have turned out great blessings. My eldest girl has been good as a servant, and has adhered good characters and are doing well. O, sir, when I see the bad conduct of many children, I feel that I ought to *bless God* for Sunday-schools." T. H. W.

6000 SERVANTS, 6000 WIVES & HAPPY HOMES.

CHAPTER XV.

"I am come according to agreement," said Mrs. Warren, as she entered her neighbour's house. "I'm quite eager to hear the remainder of your story, I shall greatly regret when it is finished, for it has been the consequence of the instruction and pleasure it has afforded me."

"I have much yet to relate," replied Mrs. Fletcher, "I must, therefore, pass over the ground more rapidly, than I have done. As I see you are prepared to listen I will commence without delay." Last evening I mentioned an improvement in the health of my husband, this continued to a certain point, which having reached, she exhibited alternately only slight variations. As she experienced but little pain, she felt better than she was accustomed to, and in consequence of being able to take an airing whenever the weather permitted, the tediousness of her confinement was somewhat relieved. My daily engagements were almost as uniform and regular as clockwork, and she another more passed away with scarcely any variation, or interruption, occurring meanwhile. The letters I received from Mrs. Mortimer and Martha became much shorter, and generally contained some unfavourable reference to the health of the former. I had been above twelve months with Mrs. Symonds, when we were surprised that Mrs Mortimer had been advised to go to another climate. This information partially revived Mrs. Symonds' former household anxieties; these I so far shared, that I received congratulations, perhaps too severely, in order to have everything fit for the reception of my former mistress. On the day when she was expected, Mrs. Symonds would be indeed a most pleasant spectacle, in order to examine if they were quite in order, when after looking round with that searching, scrutinizing eye which once caused me so much fear, she said, with a nod of approval, "It's all right, Lizzy, just as I wish.—I could not have done it better, you're a good girl." What a recompense was this for my exertions! How far beyond whatever I could once have anticipated.

"The joy of again meeting Mrs. Mortimer, and Martha, was much diminished by the altered appearance of the former. Her greeting displayed all her former condescension and kindness, but the paleness of her countenance, and the hollow cheek, with the sunken eye, she evidently suffered, indicated too clearly, that she was threatened with that most insidious of all diseases,—consumption. The recollection of Mrs. Mortimer and her niece was highly affecting; they both felt the same impression, that they were meeting, probably, for the last time on earth; but they also felt the consolatory and elevating influence of those blessed hopes which religion inspires. When their emotions had a little subsided, and Mrs Mortimer had the opportunity of inquiring the cause her niece, and of looking round, she said to me, 'I have been much gratified, Lizzy, to receive from Mrs. Symonds, at various periods, such favourable accounts of your conduct and management, and now the whole is confirmed beyond my anticipations. My niece speaks of you in the highest terms, and I must say, I feel personally obliged by the faithful and kind manner in which you have fulfilled your duties—you have done all that I could have wished.' Thus encouraged, I drew tears from my eyes; it was more precious to me than silver or gold. I was still more affected when she added, 'I fear from what I see that you have been overexerting your strength. You are young, and will have need to be mindful of your own health, whilst nursing care of that of others. My own is beginning to decline, and I know not, whether I shall ever return from France, I know not, but I am in God's hands, and my Heavenly Father will do all things well.'

"Martha and I were so fully occupied in attending to her respective mistresses that we could spend but little time together, considering how much we had to confer upon, immediate to each other. She availed herself of her first leisure, however, so great was her curiosity, to go over the whole house, to ascertain, as she said, 'whether I had been her credit or not.' When she had examined every apartment with a critic's eye, she exclaimed, in a strong tone of satisfaction, 'Well, I feel not a little proud of you for me credit. Whoever would have thought,' she added, laughing, 'that had you run when I first did, that you would have turned out so clever,—almost as clever as myself.'

"It would have been a shame if I had not improved,' I replied, 'so privileged as I have been. I tremble to think what I might have been if I had fallen into different hands.'

"'After a short sojourn of a few days, during which I received many kind expressions of her regard, and such judicious advice, Mrs. Mortimer took her departure. Under ordinary circumstances we should have parted from her with regret, but now we felt a sad-ning impression, which we could not dismiss from our minds, that we should see her face no more, and it was with the utmost difficulty I could retain anything like composure. My mistress was completely overcome, and although Mrs. Mortimer was herself much affected, she was obliged to control her own feelings in order to soothe those of her niece. As she kissed her on bidding her adieu, she said, 'It is true we may not see each other again in this world, for with both of us life hangs upon a single strings, but let us rejoice in the thought, that now, through the atoning power of God, we have obtained an assurance of meeting in the Paradise above,—then we shall know separation no more.' As I attended her to the chaise by which she was to travel, she kindly said to Mrs. Symonds, 'You must be mindful of Lizzy's health, she is overtaxing her strength. You see your benevolence has had an effect.'

"'I now returned to my usual routine of duty; this continued for several months without any incident worth notice. During this time Mrs. Mortimer resided in France; her weakness rendered it necessary that Mr. Symonds should accompany her to take the management of the journey, and of her affairs in general, and they resolve her of all anxiety; and here I may remark, that we should know but little or no interest in household affairs, having always left those entirely to his wife, yet, in matters of business, he was exceedingly acute and clever, and was held in high estimation for the ability, punctuality, and integrity, with which he conducted his concerns. For several years past he had superintended Mrs. Mortimer's property, and had to be satisfaction and comfort, by reason of his disinterestedness, and faithfulness to interests, and now it was left wholly to his care. From the time of Mrs. Mortimer's departure for France, Martha became my sole correspondent. Her descriptions of French society and customs were generally very amusing, and at some future time will interest you. Occasionally Mrs. Mortimer wrote to my mistress, always in a way that precluded all hope of improvement in her health; but her letters were rendered deeply interesting by the spirit of elevated piety which pervaded them; she seemed to dwell in the very suburbs of Heaven, and to enjoy the most animated foretastes of its blessedness. It was evident she was rapidly attaining a state of maturity for that better world.

"'I have now to relate a singular adventure which unexpectedly befel me. One market-day, whilst engaged in making sundry purchases, I was alarmed on turning the corner of a street by a loud cry, and saw a fright-ful rush of people; on looking hastily round to ascertain the cause, I saw, to my consternation, an infuriated ox rapidly approaching, an unfortunate butcher, amour, tossing up his head, bellowing fearfully, and overturning everything in his way. I endeavoured to escape by flight, but unfortunately, I stumbled over something in my way, and was thrown violently into the street. As I fell, I perceived the dreaded animal just at hand, making directly towards me. What followed I know not, for fear, or the violence of my fall, caused me to faint, and rendered me insensible. When I recovered consciousness, I found myself in a drapery shop, and several persons endeavouring to restore me. For a time I was confused and bewildered, and had no proper recollection of the past, until the drapper said, 'You have had a most remarkable and merciful escape. There is no doubt you would have lost your life, but for the intrepidity and presence of mind of this young man. You must regard him as your deliverer.' I now perceived that a stranger of interesting appearance, and possessing a countenance expressive of manly frank and open, stood by my side; he seemed to regard me with peculiar interest, and now kindly inquired whether I had received any injury? I felt, I knew nothing beyond the effects of fright, and a few bruises, I was in a condition to return home; thither my deliverer kindly offered to accompany me, to which I was almost compelled to accept. Although in consequence of the circumstance of my escape, yet as my companion had been introduced as my deliverer, I endeavoured to express my gratitude in the best manner I was able, and I trust, I succeeded, for he seemed deeply very happy in having rendered me the obligation incurred. As we had now reached the door, he added, hesitatingly, 'Perhaps you would allow me to call to-morrow to inquire after your health?' To so kind and proper a request I could not object.

"'On his way home to dinner, some one informed Mr. Symonds of the particulars of my escape; he returned in consequence in a state of considerable excitement. Great was the joy he expressed on finding me unhurt, and engaged in my work as usual. As I had not mentioned the occurrence to Mrs. Symonds, she listened to her husband's description of it with equal surprise and gratitude. Had I been a daughter they could scarcely have expressed greater delight at my deliverance. I was now informed, for the first time, that the gentleman had actually approached, and was on the very point of going me with his home, my deliverer rushed forward, and snatching a stout cudgel from the hand of a farmer, he seized the ox by the tail, and began to beat his side with all his strength. This at once diverted the attention of the animal from myself—after many violent and fruitless efforts to shake off his assailant, he became so far subdued, that ropes were thrown around him, and thus he was secured.

"'As Mr. Symonds expressed a strong wish to know the heroic individual who had been the means of my escape, I apprized him of the request he had made for permission to call upon me the following day. 'That is fortunate, Lizzy,' he replied, 'for being Saturday, I shall be sure to be at home, and you must introduce him to me; I wish to thank him personally.' Yes I regarded as a very convenient circumstance, I relieved me ahke from the

> Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter—Fear God, and keep His commandments—for this is the whole duty of man.

responsibility and embarrassment connected with his visit. 'The interview appeared to be very satisfactory to my master. In course of conversation, he elicited the following particulars: that his visitor, in his youth, had been wild, and a source of trouble to his parents; that he had foolishly enlisted in the army;—had been abroad, and had several engagements;—had witnessed a buffalo hunt more than once, near Cape Town, in Africa; at length experience had taught him wisdom, and Divine grace had given him spiritual life; he now took keeper of a large mercantile house in the town; that the mode of life pursued was suggested partly by a passage in the 'History of Sandford and Merton, where the hero of his boyhood;—in short, that he had never felt pleasure equal to what he had experienced at the time.

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HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.—NO. VIII.

MENDING AND MARING.

WHATEVER may be the improvements that machinery introduces, the needle will still be women's indispensably useful instrument. Sometimes do the long seams of sheets, curtains, carpets, sails, and tents, appear. They are properly stitching machines, and the work is very good, and the same on both sides. But such contrivances will, perhaps, for some time to come, only in general use in large establishments. The skilful use of the needle will be as necessary as ever in the working-man's household. Every woman should be as clever at her needle. A little constant practice on plain or old clothes, will soon enable a quick person to be ready and apt at mending and making.

It is a great defect in the modern training of girls, that they are not taught plain sewing. Every little girl should see to it that before her little girls leave knitting, they should learn to cut, and embroidery, that they should learn to sew, hem, gather, tucks, and make batten-holes. All kinds of fancywork should be put aside until these are learned WELL. Then, as a reward for doing these needful things well, a child may be allowed to learn the others.

Thirty or forty years ago, it was thought right that every little girl, when she was a little girl, should learn to make a shirt. First of all, as a motive, there was the pleasure of doing something for her father, or her brother. But another reason was that every little girl should see how to make a shirt well, and be able to make it, and be able to make it well, and be

> For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

THE THOUGHT WHICH CHEERS A DYING HOUR.

A DYING man once said in my hearing, "My life has been a failure. I have made a fortune, to leave to my relatives to quarrel over when I am gone; and what is there in the thought, that I have lived to earn my hundreds, or thousands, to cheer me now? There is but one thing, in all the dreary waste of a long life, and that is the fact, that I took a midnight walk with two boys to a school, and aided them in becoming men. I can run over in my memory more than a dozen such, who are now useful and honoured men, in church and state, whom I aided and encouraged in obtaining an education. They will do some good in the world if I did not." The tears ran down his cheeks as he died speak, and he turned himself on his bed, and gently sank into the arms of death. I shall never forget that scene. It dagger-ed-typed itself upon the page of memory, never to be effaced.

Reader, are you engaged in doing anything that will comfort you in such a way, with pleasure in a dying hour? Have you any green spot in your life, to which memory will delight to linger? Is your life a success so far as the humane and good of this world are concerned; but you will soon be upon your death-bed, and what will it profit you then, that you are leaving behind you much wealth, if you have lived for no higher or nobler purpose? Be assured, one of the richest comforts in a dying hour, when life passes in review, is a consciousness that you have done good in the world, and that God tried, in some way or other, to benefit our species, and to make the world the better for our living in it. C.

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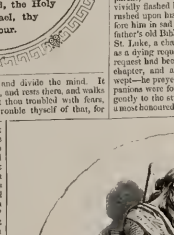
WORDS OF COMFORT.

Casting all your care on Him; for He careth for you.—1 Peter v. 7.

In the well-regulated affairs and desires, there is a distinct care and study of thy duty: this *He lays* on thee. There is a care of support in the work and of the success of it: *this* thou cogitest to lay on Him. And this is the way to walk constantly and cheerfully homeward, leaning and resting all the way on Him who is both our guide and our strength, who hath as and all our goods in His gracious hand. The care of duty thus carried is



eased and light, doth not cut and divide the mind. It is united and gathered in God, and rests there, and walks in His hand all the way. Art thou troubled with fears and cousinns, and sunsets? nutrumble thyself of that, for He is with thee. He hath promised to lead them in a straight and safe path, and to rebuke all thine enemies; to subdue thine iniquities for thee, and to fight against those that fight against thee: yea when thou passest through the waters and through the fire, He will be with thee. Doth thine own weakness discourage thee? Hath He not engaged for that too? So far over that care on Him. Hath He not spoken of strengthening the weak hands and feeble knees, and said that the lame shall leap as the hart? When thou art in trouble, to look to Him will revive thee; a believing look to Him draws in strength to the soul and renews it. And know, the more tender and weak thou art, the more tender He is over thee, and the more strong will He be in thee. He feeds His flock like a shepherd, and the weakest He is the most careful of—He carried it in His arms and His bosom, and it is easy for the feeblest to go so.—ALEXANDER LEIGHTON.

Confidence.—It is a delightful and animating reflection to the sincere Christian that every occurrence of his life is under the immediate notice and subject to the control of his heavenly Father. He completes him as an ever-present and almighty friend, whom no difficulties can baffle, nor unforeseen accidents surprise, whose counsel is proffered to guide him safely through all the intricate and perplexing ways of life, to sanctify his afflictions, to moderate his joy in prosperity, and so to control the course of his person it concerns, as "that all things shall work together for his good." How great the privileges of the Christian.

"HASTE TO THE RESCUE."

We are glad to learn that the Committee of the National Temperance League, Strand, are rousing a special fund for the purpose of forwarding 10,000 copies of this valuable work by post to the clergy throughout the land. Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., has headed the list with £50. We gladly commend this good work to the help of our readers. Mrs. Wightman's book cannot be too widely circulated. Contributions should be sent to C. C. Campbell, Esq., the Treasurer, 337, Strand, London.

The Reclaimed Son.—Some years ago, a gentleman rich, who for many years had been an exemplary Christian. He had an only son, who unhappily was the reverse of his father. He was a gay young man, who had imbibed infidel principles, and held religion in contempt.

When the former was on his death-bed, he grasped the hand of his ungodly son, and urged him to build on that foundation, which alone could support him in a dying hour.

One Lord's-day, about twelve months after the poor father's death, the son was about to join a gay party at the hotel. He sauntered into the chamber where his father died: His eyes fell on the portrait of his departed parent, when the remembrance of the death-bed scene, vividly flashed before his mind. Recollections of the past rushed upon his memory, and his past sins appeared before him in sad array. He sat down and taking up his father's old Bible, he turned to the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke, a chapter which the departed one had urged, as a dying request, his son frequently to read, but which request had been long forgotten. He now turned to that chapter, and as he read, his heart was softened. He wept—he prayed. The dinner party was left, his old companions were for ever broaken, he applied himself diligently to the study of the Sacred Scriptures, and became a most honoured and devoted servant of his Divine Master.

Gospel Truth is manna to the hungry soul—milk for babes in Christ—food for children—strong meat for young men. It is the life-blood of our faith—the staff of our spiritual being. A house without a Bible, is a house without furniture—the ark without the covenant—a vessel without rudder and compass—a field unfenced.

"We question if any person, of any class or school, ever read the Scriptures regularly and thoroughly without being, or becoming, not only religious, but sensible and consistent. Scriptural instruction is too much undervalued, and therefore not urgently and faithfully applied.—*From a Leader in the "Times" Newspaper.*

A PICTURE FOR THE KITCHEN—WHICH NEEDS NO LETTERPRESS DESCRIPTION.

"The Days are Lengthening!"—EVERYBODY says these words in congratulatory tones. The face of the sun is turned towards us once more, and is coming back to us, slowly but surely, day by day.

The minor tones of the wintry months are over, the short sombre days which locked out on us with pale, wan faces and dropped down quickly, and were covered up in black nights, are over now.

The sun is coming back to us to call softly the flowers from their long, long sleep—as mothers call their children in the summer morning—to call to the sweet winds that loiter away in the south; to the birds whose homesteads hang broken and disheveled from naked boughs; to leaves and grasses, and buds, and mosses; to streams locked with keys of ice, and hillsides closely barred with snow, and meadows wrapped in frosts; to all these the sun is coming back, and shall come to them, and lo! the dead shall rise from their graves, and stand forth to praise Him, living and glorious, and clothed in grace and beauty.

And like flower and tree, and woodland, and hillside, may be our resurrection, reader, under the Sun of Righteousness. For as too, many there be the spring of growth, and the summer of bloom, and the autumn of harvest, when the angels are the reapers, gathering the wheat into God's garner.

V. T. T.

The Rich Man's Danger.—That devoted minister, R. Cecil, had in his congregation a gentleman who had suddenly become very wealthy, who when a young man had frequently called upon his minister for advice. He had not called upon him since he had become a rich man, and the anxious and honest pastor called upon his hearer and said, "I understand you are very dangerously situated," here he paused, and his friend replied, "I am not aware of it, Mr. Cecil." "I thought it was probable you were not aware of your danger, and, therefore I have called upon you. I hear you are getting rich; take care, for in the road by which the devil lends thousands to destruction!"

These words were spoken by Mr. Cecil with such solemnity and earnestness, that they made a deep and lasting impression on the rich man's mind.

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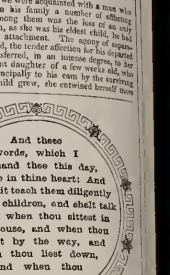
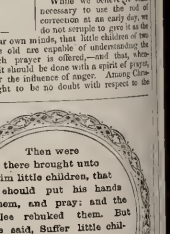
GOVERNMENT OF CHILDREN.

A FEW years ago, we were acquainted with a man who had experienced in his family a number of afflicting bereavements. Among them was the loss of an only daughter, for whom, as she was his eldest child, he had ever felt a peculiar attachment. The agony of separation having subsided, the tender affection for his departed daughter was transferred, in an intense degree, to her only child, an infant daughter of a few weeks old, who was committed principally to his care by the surviving parent. As the child grew, she entwined herself more



and more closely around the heart of her aged grandfather. And as her powers were beginning to unfold, she very early afforded the evidence of having a will which needed restraint—a temper that required to be brought under subjection—a disposition which, if left without control, would soon prove refractory and unmanageable. The feelings of the grandfather naturally led him to adopt a system of indulgence, which he reason admonished him that it was thus injuring the child. Past scenes would crowd upon his recollection, and revive afresh the anguish which he had formerly experienced, whenever he thought of controlling her disposition by the ordinary means. In this reflect between his feelings and his duty he was greatly troubled. But at last, instead of the rod of correction, he took her into his closet, shut the door, knelt down, and caused her to kneel by his side, and there humbly spread his petitions before the throne of grace. The effect upon the mind of the child was deep and powerful. Though not more than two years old, she seemed to understand the object for which these prayers were offered. And the temper which was obstinate and refractory before the special seasons of retirement and prayer, immediately afterwards appeared meek and affectionate, and she manifested a cheerful obedience to the directions which were given her.

While we believe it often necessary to use the rod of correction at an early day, we do not scruple to give it as the conviction of our own minds, that little children of two and three years old are capable of understanding the object for which prayer is offered,—and that, when ever corrected, it should be done with a spirit of prayer, and never under the influence of anger. Among Christians there ought to be no doubt with respect to the



efficiency of prayer. But we fear that many a Christian parent is inconsiderate on this subject—so inconsiderate as never to devote their children to God in the solemn private manner recommended by the example before us.

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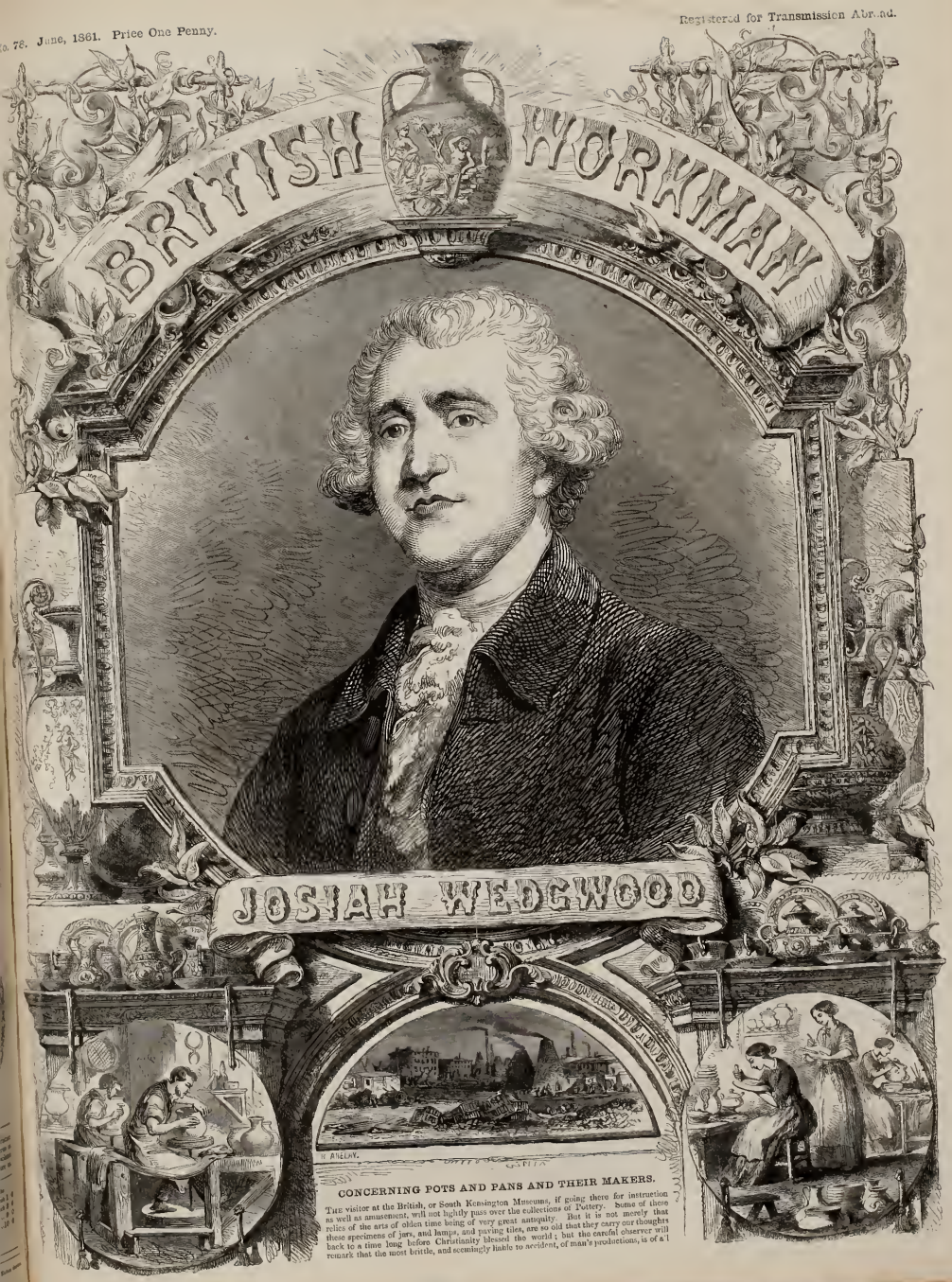
BRITISH WORKMAN



CONCERNING POTS AND PANS AND THEIR MAKERS.

The visitor at the British, or South Kensington Museums, if going there for instruction as well as amusement, will not lightly pass over the collections of Pottery. Some of these relics of the arts of olden time being of very great antiquity. But it is not merely that these specimens of jars, and lamps, and paving tiles, are so old that they carry our thoughts back to a time long before Christianity blessed the world; but the careful observer will remark that the most brittle, and seemingly liable to accident, of man's productions, is of a l

the most durable. Metals corrode and consume away, stone and marble crumble to dust; but the clay, tempered and moulded by the hand of man into delicate fabrics and diminutive forms, that a blow would crack, or a fall shatter to pieces, if preserved from accident, remains, without corroding or wasting, to testify to the earliest efforts of human ingenuity. And so clay is more durable than brass or marble; and the potter's wheel the oldest piece of machinery of which we have any mention.

In countries where there was no clay, there could be no pottery. Thus vegetable productions were used as vessels for holding liquids. The gourd and calabash, cut into various forms and dried in the sun, furnished many savage nations of old, as they do the New Zealander of modern times, with utensils, out of which to eat and drink.

The bottles, mentioned in Scripture, were leathern bottles, made of the skins of animals, as that of Hagar, (Genesis xxi. 14, 15) but the pitchers named in Judges vi. 16—19., were of clay, for they could be broken. Many of the sites of ancient cities, which are covered with the remains of broken pottery, and of fragments of tiles and bricks, so hard and so well glazed, as to prove that whatever the ancient nations were deficient in, they had great skill in working clay, and were mighty potters. The Chinese brought this art, as far as materials and colour were concerned, to the utmost perfection, before it was practised in Europe. From Asia it came to Greece, and went from Greece to Egypt, for though Egypt was the cradle of the arts, that nation did not invent pottery.

The Phœnicians founded ancient Etruria, and the earliest pottery ever introduced into Britain, was when the Phœnicians traded to Cornwall for tin, and gave their vases and pitchers in exchange for the metal. The Romans, it is said, introduced the manufacture into Britain, and founded a pottery near Leeds. The village of Potter Newton is on the site of the ancient pottery.

In France, Germany, and Italy, princes and nobles being scandalized by the inferiority of modern art, in this branch of skill, introduced and encouraged the manufacture of porcelain, but on a scale of costliness that limited the productions to the use of the rich and noble. There are few inventions that have left more interesting particulars of the inventors than that of pottery.

The history of the brave and good Bernard de Palissy, who lived in the sixteenth century, is well known. He saw a beautifully enamelled cup, which had been brought from Italy. He longed to discover the secret of making the white enamel. He prosecuted his experiments with a zeal, that not only consumed all his small means, but all his great energies—until his neighbours had an idea they thought him mad. To obtain fuel for his furnace, he broke up his furniture, and tore up the flooring of his dwelling; at last he was reproached as a madman. He made the discovery he sought, and enriched his country by introducing the manufacture of enamelled pottery. In all respects he was a great man, and for living in times of terrible persecution, when the massacre of St. Bartholomew occurred, he was faithful to the Protestant faith, and when the king, who liked Palissy well, and wished to save him, said if he did not conform to the Catholic faith, he (the king) should be *forced* to give him up, the brave potter replied, "*Forcez!*" This is not to speak like a king. "They who force you, cannot force me: I can die."*

They did not put Palissy to death, but he was imprisoned for life, and died in the Bastile in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

England, during the last hundred years, has attained great eminence in this manufacture; not only in its highest branches, but in those departments combining utility and elegance, with economy, which add to the convenience and comfort of all classes.

The writer, has often visited the Continent, and while readily admitting the beauty of the fine and costly china of France and Germany, never saw any earthenware and common crockery, that could for a moment compare with that which in every dresser "British Workman" home, shines in his cupboard, and is spread on his table.

To whom was England first indebted for the improvement in the manufacture of earthenware? To one who deserves to be had in honoured remembrance by the "British Workman,"—Josiah Wedgwood.

This enterprising and benevolent man, who enriched his country and benefited his countrymen by enlarging the manufacturing resources of the nation, was born in humble life of respectable parents. He received but a very limited education, and was at an early age apprenticed to a potter. During the term of his apprenticeship, though his hours of work were long, he contrived to employ his brief leisure in improving his mind, and made such progress, that he was considered through life, not only a man of great intelligence, but of quick discernment to notice talent in others, and like George Stephenson to combine the different improvements of many minds in one great whole.

An apparent accident had led to a great improvement in pottery some years before Wedgwood commenced his more important labours. A man named Ashbury, a native of Burslem, was making a journey to London on horseback. On the way his horse (probably an old animal) suffered much from inflammation of the eyes, and an hostler at a roadside inn burnt some flint to a fine white powder, and applied it as a remedy to the horse's eyes. Ashbury noticed the change in the flint, by the action of fire, and it occurred to him that combining the powdered flint with clay would be a useful improvement in the pottery trade. On his return to Burslem he made the experiment, it was successful, and this was the origin of the English white-ware.

When Mr. Wedgwood commenced, he sought the aid of men of science, and employed a good chemist, named Chisholm, who devoted his whole life in bringing the manufacture of pottery to perfection. The superior clay of Devon and Cornwall were introduced,—and a most admirable ware called by the inventor's name—"Wedgwood,"—reached the highest eminence.

Beauty of form was specially sought to be obtained, and many artists and sculptors were employed by the "Pottery Potter," as Josiah Wedgwood was called, to combine elegance of structure and shape, with beauty of decoration, and now no one can behold the variety, taste, and delicacy of all departments, of pottery from the lovely parian statuettes and vases, to the plain jugs and dishes for the use of the working classes without admitting that this department of manufacture has reached wonderful perfection.

Flaxman, the great sculptor, and many other men of genius, owed a deep debt of gratitude to Josiah Wedgwood, and it shows us the generous character of this truly great man, that when urged to obtain patents for his inventions, he always replied, saying, "The world is wide enough for us all."

The populous district of the Potteries, with its towns and villages, as noted, not merely for its skill in the plastic art that employs its operatives, but for its intelligence, has arisen during the last hundred years; and when we point to the changes of modern times, and the new avenues opened for commerce and skill, the name of Wedgwood among potters is as great as that of Arkwright among mechanics; and England may challenge competition in her crockery, quite as much as in her cotton-spinning, weaving, and printing.

Good precepts, backed by good example, are the purest motives of encouraging virtuous habits.

Provide for adversity so as to enjoy the present; enjoy the present so as to have a provision for the future to come.

ENTRANCE TO SW

THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT.

ROCHDALE appears to be a prominent leader in this movement; which, if discreetly carried out, cannot but be of great and permanent benefit to the working-classes, so far as cheap and good provisions, clothing, and other necessaries are concerned; over and above which the co-operative stores enable the workmen to retain for themselves such profits as "middlemen," as they have been called, usually appropriate to themselves out of the hard earnings of their working-class customers. The transactions of the Rochdale co-operative store during the year 1860, as shown at the annual meeting of the copartners, amounted to 152,937*l.* received for goods sold, being an increase of 48,061*l.* over 1859. The profits for the year had been 15,906*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.* on a capital of 37,710*l.* 9*s.*, or nearly 33 per cent.—*Builder.*

THE WORKMAN'S 'WEEKLY BOON.'

"THE Sabbath is God's special present to the workingman, and one of its chief objects is to prolong his life, and preserve efficient his working tone. In the vital system it acts like a compensation fund; it replenishes the spirits, the elasticity and vigour which the last six days have drained away, and supplies the force which is to fill the six days succeeding; and in the economy of existence, it answers the same purpose, as, in the economy of income, is answered by a savings'-bank. The frugal man who puts aside a pound to-day and another pound next month, and who in a quiet way is always putting by his stated pound from time to time, when he grows old and frail, gets not only the same pound back again, but a good many pounds beside. And the conscientious man, who husbands one day of existence out of every six, who, instead of allowing the Sabbath to be trampled and torn in the hurry and scramble of life, treasures it devoutly up. The Lord of the Sabbath keeps it for him, and, in length of days, and a hale old age, gives it back with usury. The savings'-bank of human existence is the weekly Sabbath."—*North British Review.*

A SAD SIGHT.

ON a street was recently taking a morning walk when he witnessed the spectacle depicted in our little engraving. We fear that it is too common a sight, not only in London, but throughout the country. The ass, when well-fed, and well-governed, is one of our most valuable beasts of burden. The service he renders to man is great; to many families he is the chief means of support. It is too true of the men in the London force, who richly deserve to be rewarded with the medal of the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals. May we ask these kind-hearted policemen, not to overload the over-taxed donkeys, who justly claim their sympathy and aid.

"THOU SHALT OPEN THY MOUTH FOR THE DUMB."

A SWANSEA MAN.

SOME months ago, we had the pleasure of inspecting the great copper-works of Messrs. Vivian of Swansea. On entering into conversation with one of the workmen, we were pleased to find that he several years he had been a water-drinker. On inquiring, "Can you do your hard work in these smelting-works without beer or spirits?" he replied, "Oh, yes, sir, I can work *better* without them than with them. And what do you think, sir," continued he, "has been the result of my giving up the use of strong drink? The money I used to spend weekly in drink, I have put into a Building club, and it it pleases God to spare me two years longer, I shall have three cottage-houses to call my own. If you are going into the town, and pass ——street, you will see Nos. ——, ——. Those are the three houses, sir, that I hope will soon be my own."

Now, working-men, here is a fact for you. One of your fellow-toilers, within ten short years, saves from the public-house, money enough, to purchase three cottages-houses; in one of which in his old age, he may live rent free, and by the rent he will receive from the other two, have sufficient, by God's blessing, to save him from the poor-house, or from dependence on the charity of friends.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"*Little by Little*, an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,
I'm improving every day—
Deep hidden in the earth away.
Little by little it sipped the dew—
Little by little such day it grew;
Downward it sent out a tiny root,
Upward there sprang a threadbare shoot.
Day by day, and year by year,
Little by little the leaves appear,
And the slender trunk spreads far and wide,
Till the giant oak is the forest's pride."

SMOKING.

The pupils of the Polytechnic school in Paris, have recently furnished some curious statistics bearing on tobacco. Dividing the young gentlemen of that college into groups, the smokers and the non-smokers, it is shown that the smokers have proved themselves, in the various competitive examinations, far inferior to the others. Not only in the examinations on entering the school, are the smokers in a lower rank, but in the various ordeals they have to pass through. In a year the average rank of the smokers had constantly fallen, and not inconsiderably, while the men who did not smoke, enjoyed a cerebral atmosphere of the clearest kind.—*Times.*

RULES FOR GROWING OLD.

I AM now an old man. I have seen nearly a century. Do you want to know how to grow old, slowly and happily? Let me tell you. Always eat slowly—masticate well. Go to your food, not to your occupations smiling. Keep a good nature and a soft temper everywhere. Never give way to anger. A violent temper of mind, pulls down the constitution more than typhus fever. Cultivate a good memory, and to do this you must always be communicative; repeat what you have read; talk about it. Dr. Johnson's great memory was owing to his communicativeness. You, young men, who are just leaving college, let me advise you to choose a profession in which you can exercise your talent the best, and at the same time be honest. The best profession is the ministry of the gospel. If you have not talents to be a minister, be a lawyer, but be an honest lawyer,—*Rev. Daniel Waldo.*

AN ANCIENT STORY.

MANY years ago, there was seen the strange sight of nearly three millions of people in a desert with nothing to eat. Not one of them knew where to look for their meal. They were emigrants, and set off as a great party. They had brought with them nothing ready made, not a few short-cakes, and in a few days the last of them was eaten. The people began to feel uneasy. The children would soon be hungry, and their fathers and mothers would have nothing to give them to eat.

Just at this time, the Great Father of all gave His word that he would rain bread from Heaven for them. And so He did; for God always does what He says He will.

Now, there was something very singular about this bread; it would keep good until the next day, and sometimes it would not. On man went on on Wednesday morning, and brought home enough bread to last himself and his family until Friday morning. He did not like the trouble of going out every morning, and so he thought he would get enough for two days. So, on Thursday morning, he did not move out of doors before breakfast; and when breakfast-time came, the bread left from yesterday was brought out and set on the table. They look at yesterday's bread, and then they smell. Sure enough, it has gone bad, and they dare not touch it. The man told his neighbours, and he found that it was the nature of the bread not to keep good for more than one day.

But once a week the people were told to gather double quantity. They thought it strange; but on that particular morning they took into their tents, not one mess bread as usual—enough to serve the Sabbath over. They had learned to look at everything as God's gift to them, and, as they sat down to breakfast on Sabbath morning, they wondered whether their bread would be fit to eat. It was sweet and good, just as it was on the day before.

And so things went on for forty years. Bread rained from Heaven six mornings every week. On Sabbaths people might go forth and find it lying on the ground, as before a double quantity came, and people gathered on Saturday enough bread for two days' use.

The Working-Man's Charter. What God did for the Israelites was that He gave them six days bread enough for seven. And this is what God is doing for Englishmen. He gives six days' labour for seven days' food. Working-men may rest one day in seven if they will. This is their charter and every working-man might be crowned for this as his birthright—seven days' bread for six days' work.

ARE THEY TRIFLES?

"WHO HATH DESPISED THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS?"

Why do we speak of "a little thing?"
And "trifles light as air?"
Can aught be a trifle which helps us to bring
One moment's joy to a fellow-being?
The smallest seed in the fertile ground
Is the germ of a noble tree;
The lightest thought in a feeling sound,
Is it not agony?

What is a trifle?—a thoughtless word,
Forgotten as soon as said?
Perchance its echo shall yet be heard,
When the speaker is with the dead.
That thoughtless word is a modern dart,
And strikes we know not where!
It may rankle long in some tender heart,
Is it a trifle then?

Is it a trifle—the first false step
On the dizzy verge of sin?
'Tis treacherous ground—one little slip
May plunge us headlong in;
One light temptation, one easy word
Death's gulfing chasm for aye;
One little moment of heart-felt pain,
May rend those bonds away.

Drops of water are little things,
But they form the mighty sea;
'Tis in little notes that the wild bird sings,
Yet his song is melody.
Little voices are gently heard,
In heaven shall hear their part;
And a little grave in the green churchyard
Holds many a parent's heart.

This world is but little if rightly weighed,
And yet long its day and night;
But not while we linger beneath its shade,
There are no trifles here.
The lightest burden we weigh, like lead,
On the aches and weary soul,
In the uphill path it perforce must tread,
Before it reach the goal.

Cease then to speak of "a little thing,"
Which may give the heart pain;
Shun little acts, lest they hastily bring
The greater in their train.
Some each occasion, however small,
Of good which may be given;—
So, when thou hearest thy Master's call,
Then shall be "great in heaven."

From "Church of England Sunday School Quarterly."

Notices of Books, Tracts, &c.

READY to Perish. By the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B. Kisker & Co. Price One Penny. This neat reprint of a Sermon by the beloved author of "Come to Jesus," preached at the anniversary of the Society of London Band of Hope, is worthy of the personal thought of every Sunday School Teacher in the land. We are glad to perceive that supplies for gratuitous distribution may be had at the office of the Friends of the Canton Printing Office, Bow, E. W. The Friends of Temperance and of the young, should scatter it by tens of thousands.

HEALTHY DWELLINGS, and Prevailing Sanitary Defects in the Dwellings of the Working Classes.—A lecture delivered at the Soirée of the Kensington Museum, by Henry Roberts, F.S.A. Published by the Ladies' Sanitary Association, 14a, Princes street, Cavendish Square, W., and Barrard and Son, Bartholomew Close. Price 6*d.*, *post free*. Many of our readers desirous of promoting the sanitary improvement of the Working Classes, will be glad to see this valuable little pamphlet. We also commend the entire series of tracts issued and published by the Ladies' Sanitary Association, as cheap, and, post free, from the Secretary of the Association, as above, for stamps, or may be ordered through any Bookseller.

THE MOTHER AT HOME.

A VERY important fact has been commented on in the Times Newspaper. The distress at Coventry has, as our readers know, been very terrible during the last summer and winter. It is the rule, that in times of distress there is a greater number of deaths, particularly among young children who can so ill bear suffering or privation, owing to the surprise of every one it was found that during the worst of the misery at Coventry the deaths among the children were fewer by nearly a third—about death, 1857, 1858, 1859, 132; 1859, 132, dropped during the nursery of 1860 to 67! Now, how was this accounted for? The mothers having no work at the ribbon-looms, were able to stay at home and take care of their little ones, and hence, amid all the distress, the children were better off, that is, better cared for, than they had been in times of what is called prosperity. Mothers! this fact speaks volumes, and should induce every right-hearted woman to ponder well her duty to her young children. It is surely far better to stay at home, and by saving and order, make the most of a little, than to leave the home to go to sick and ruin, and the children to pine and perish. Every fact that might have been prevented by a mother's care is a crime that bears a terrible testimony before God the Giver of Life, who hath said "THOU SHALT DO NO MURDER." B.

A PREPARED PLACE.

"I go to prepare a place for you—that where I am, there ye may be also."—(John xiv. 2, 3.) Such were the loving Saviour's words when he took leave of His disciples just before he was betrayed to death. Oh, and prepared! Are you ever thought that you must be prepared for that holy, happy place that Jesus has prepared? You cannot take your sins, your passions, your selfishness, your sins there. Nothing that is defiled, or that maketh a lie, can come into that blest abode of purity and love. Do you ask "how am I to be prepared?" I cannot prepare myself?" No, of yourself you can do nothing. "The preparation of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue is from God." Go to Him in prayer, and ask of just as you are. The preparation of the heart in man, as well as the answer of the tongue is from God.

FIRES IN LONDON.

THERE are on the average about two fires daily in the great metropolis. Notwithstanding the most rigid inquiries as to the origin of these fires, it is found that a very large number have to be recorded "unascertained." In a conversation with the manager of one of the head fire-offices, he said, "I attribute these fires chiefly to the increase of smokers, more especially to the horrid practice of smoking in bed." It is believed that some of the recent fear-

GOOD SERVANTS, GOOD WIVES, & HAPPY HOMES.

CHAPTER XV. (CONTINUED.)

"Mr. Symonds was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, and of admiration of his bravery, and scarcely less so in his commendations of myself. At parting, my master urgently invited his visitor to repeat his call as often as he felt disposed. The result showed that he had not been lacking in disposition, for from that time he paid us a regular visit once a week. As I considered he did so at the invitation of my master, apart from any other object, I felt pleased to see a gentleman of one who had pre-eroved my life, and whose manner and conversation I always found affable and agreeable. My interviews with him at these times were necessarily very brief, from the nature of my engagements, and the circumstance of his being my master's guest; I could not, however, but perceive that whenever I entered the room he regarded me with a very observant eye, and endeavoured, as far as possible, to engage me in conversation. After a few weeks, he called at a time when Mr. Symonds was absent, and as I could not but treat with respect one who had hazarded his own life for the preservation of mine, I felt no hesitation in inviting him to a seat. I was, however, was my surprise, when, after a few remarks, he began to express the happiness he felt at meeting me alone, and at the kind interest he had evinced in my life attachment to me, and of making me an offer of his heart and hand. I cannot express the surprise I felt, at the confusion and embarrassment this followed. Here was a subject pressed upon my attention which had scarcely ever occupied my thoughts—on which I was a perfect novice, and under circumstances of peculiarity. A thousand thoughts seemed to rush through my mind at once. For a time I was speechless, and looked, I have no doubt, very foolish; I felt, too, I was obliged to pause my energies to shape a reply. I felt that my suitor had strong claims to my gratitude and esteem, but, then, I felt that my situation admitted of no thought of marriage; my age, the claims of Mrs. Symonds, and my obligations to my master, all seemed imperatively to forbid it. I had always considered honesty and straightforwardness the best policy, I, therefore, candidly stated in brief terms, the circumstances of my case, and the impossibility of my listening to the proposal he had made; for though I admitted, to the full extent, his claims upon my gratitude and esteem, yet there were other claims of a prior date, and of a more sacred nature, which I could not violate without a forfeiture of character, that would render me unworthy of his regard, it was, therefore, in the character of a *friend* only, that his visits could be continued.

"I am here compelled, although reluctantly, to pass over, with very brief notice, several interesting incidents as some of the most important and interested, connected with my history. The first of these, was a serious accident which befel my master, and for a time endangered his life. It was, however, mercifully overruled for good, for it issued in a result which had been for some time, both to my masters and myself, a subject of fervent and earnest prayer,—his conversion to God. His first [illegible] was impressions were to be ascribed to the sound [illegible] attentions of my preserver, who, from the time when he heard of the calamity, visited him daily, with the kindness and sympathy of a son, nor did he fail, to embrace every opportunity to direct his attention to the subject of his salvation. After a time, he requested permission to introduce his father, as one whose visits to the sick had been rendered comfortable to them. To his ready assent was given. Judge, however, of my surprise, when he proved to be no other than my former fellow-traveller,—the warm-hearted Christian gentleman. Our meeting was mutually gratifying. Nothing could exceed the friendliness of his greeting, nor did his pleasure seem diminished, when, after mutual inquiries and explanations, he discovered that I was the person whom his son had so singularly preserved, and of whom he had heard him speak in terms, no doubt highly flattering to myself.

"Mr Fletcher's simplicity and transparency of character at once gained the confidence and esteem of my master, to whom his conversation and prayers were so much blessed, that before the termination of the visit, he was enabled to rejoice in Christ as his Saviour. Deeply affecting was the interview which followed between Mr. and Mrs. Symonds, as with streaming eyes they embraced each other and rejoiced in their mutual bliss. We were now, indeed, a happy family, for Christ had made us one in Christ. From this time, I was treated more like a daughter than a dependant, and it was my delight gratefully to render every service in my power.

"The sunshine which were rested upon the family was destined, however, to be soon clouded. It is to my grief-fresh in my recollection, when my master was from home, and Mrs. Symonds seemed more cheerful and happy than usual, she was seized with a fit, from which, after lying some time in a state of insensibility, she exchanged mortality for life. This to me was a heavy stroke. It deprived me of a friend and a mother to love so much as I loved dear, and whose loss I keenly felt. It is said, calamities seldom come alone. It proved in my case, for scarcely had the last sad ceremony been performed of the bereavement, ere it was followed by another, in the death of Mr. Mortimer. These events caused much sorrow, and that sorrow was heightened when I became apprized that by both my mistresses, I had been cared for in a way that I had no right to expect; for the one had directed that the whole of her wardrobe should be given me, and the other had left me a legacy of £100.

"I must pass over the next twelve months with a very brief notice. In consequence of Mrs. Symonds' death, my master determined to retire from business. In carrying out this resolution, and the fulfilment of his wife's wishes Mr. Mortimer's executor, not only was his time closely occupied, but he was often absent from home for weeks together. On these occasions I was always invited one of Mr. Fletcher's daughters to be my companion. This was a very acceptable arrangement, for they were both most lively and agreeable companions. I felt, however, one serious difficulty, it gave a license to Charles' continued visits, who now supposed himself at liberty to make his suit with greater assurance. I felt, in opportunity, still, I felt that my duty to my master forbade me to listen to his addresses for the present, and that even if I consented to accept of them, it could only be with a stipulation that he must be willing to wait until Providence clearly prepared our way. Such was our final arrangement. Little did I imagine at the time, that the way was then actually opening, for, in a few weeks afterwards, a letter from Martha apprized me that Mr. Symonds had made her proposals of marriage, which she had agreed to accept. This was a most unlooked-for event, but, after the first surprise, I felt assured it was a most judicious arrangement, and would be productive of mutual happiness. Martha possessed all the qualities requisite in a good wife, and calculated to make home happy. Besides, she was now a woman of property, for in acknowledgement of her faithful and affectionate services, Mrs. Mortimer had bequeathed her a legacy of £1200.

"Long before Mr. Symonds confirmed personally the information I had received from Martha. After referring to my engagement with Charles, with which he seemed fully acquainted, and expressed in terms of strong commendation, he communicated to me his plans for the future. In doing so, he assured me he had made arrangements for my happiness as well as his own. With this view, he designed to confer on me as a marriage portion, a neat little cottage which he had just built; but there was to be a continuance on the part, and that was, that my marriage should take place at the same time and place as his own. At this sudden announcement, I blushed and stammered, and looked no doubt very foolish. Seeing my confusion, and my vain attempts to say something, he added, 'Now raise no objections or excuses, I have conversed the whole matter over with your friends concerned, quite to our general satisfaction, and as all are your friends, I am assured it will prove satisfactory to you. Charley, I'm of course, not receiving his consent, his father will furnish the house in a manner which I am very certain will meet all your wishes; his wife and daughter are busily engaged in making preparation, and I hope to see you as happy as I expect to be myself.' What could I say or do, after such a statement as this, but simply acquiesce, with a grateful heart both to God and man.

"I pass over all the arrangements and preparations for our marriage-day, and with this simple, the events of our marriage-day, and with this my narrative must conclude. The morning, although an autumnal one, was particularly bright and cheerful. The sun seemed to rays over a cloudless sky, and imparted beauty and joyfulness to the scene around. The cheering influence was felt by all. We were not sad, but glad, but we felt happy,—happy in each other,—happy in a consciousness that we were pursuing the path which Providence had marked out for us, and happy in the prospect of the future.

"It had been arranged that we should all assemble in the home of my father, from whence we should then proceed to the Church. No sooner was the service ended, than Mr. Fletcher, in the warmth of his feelings, called Mrs. Symonds and myself, aside, saying, 'God bless ye.'

"Breakfast has been prepared at Mr. Symonds' under the direction of Mrs. Fletcher and Dinah, whose affectionate congratulations on our arrival at once filled my eyes with tears. This being perceived by Mr. Fletcher, he exclaimed, 'Nay, nay, we must be whimpering to cloud it sunshine. See! see! how the heaven smile upon us. Now breakfast is ready, but, before we begin, I ask God's blessing;' and, immediately, in his own melodious style, he began to sing

"Be present at our table, Lord,"&c.

"Never before had I enjoyed a meal like this. The conversation was so free and cheerful, yet so truly pious; we had such entire confidence in each other,—felt so happy—so united, that our hearts seemed to mingle into one. When breakfast was over, Mr. Fletcher said, 'I must now tell you a secret, an' one, if I mistak' not, that will delight you all. Ye mun know then, there's a company bye-an' bye, who have been breakfasting there, and are now waiting to be introduced. They've been invited by me and Mr. Symonds; I dare say they'll be all strangers to you, an', therefore, I must tell you, that they're old married folk, who have lived more than forty years together happy wedlock; they're poor but good, an' we've sought them out for' wonder place to grace t' wedding, an' a better ornament ye cannot have. As a marriage-gift, we've gotten ready twenty crown pieces, that will be one for each of 'em; an', besides, my wife has provided a good piece of cake for every couple, for I mean ye to ha' their blessing and blessing o' God. Now, what a sight was presented to our view; never shall I forget it! There sat ten aged women, so neat and prim, with their husbands at their side, all dressed in the best of cloth, and stormy, and proud, but all, at the same time, looking so placed and content, as to furnish unmistakable proof of their happiness. The moment we appeared, they rose, and stood up at our entrance, and implored God's blessing upon us. Mrs. Symonds sobbed aloud. When we had taken our seats, and had somewhat grown tranquilized, Mr. Fletcher addressed our aged visitors, 'We're glad to see you old married folk; ye'll not object, I dare say, to kiss the bride, seeing that we're happy enough to ha' ye here. Now, I'm brought to mind a happy day wi' us, an' we want you to share t' our joy. Ye may say have ye enjoyed yoursen since ye came; ye mun make yourselves quite at home, an' quite happy. We're going to ha' a family prayer, an' I'm sure you'll be glad to join us. Bring in t' Bible, that book o' books, an' t' hymn-book; God's messenger, who is here with us, will give out a hymn, and we'll all pray.'

(To be continued in our next.)

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THE ABBEOKUTIANS.

ABBEOKUTA, on the Western coast of Africa, is a district of special interest to all who feel sympathy for our fellow-men, the down-trodden race of Africans. Since the introduction of the Gospel into that district, through the Church Missionary Society, and other agencies, the wilderness has indeed become a fruitful land. There are few bright spots in the world where missionary labour has been so abundantly blessed. Churches, Chapels, Schoolhouses, and neat huts have been erected by the converts, and the cultivation of the land has been most successfully promoted. The trade in palm oil, between this country and Abbeokuta, promises to be a great boon to our manufacturers. We regret, however, to state that the King of Dahomey, whose barbarous and wholesale slaughter of human beings, recently caused a thrill of horror to pass through the land, has threatened to make war against the Abbeokutians, unless they will comply with some of his heathenish requirements. The peaceable colony has been thrown into great alarm. The British Government, however, has intimated, through its Consul, to the King of Dahomey, that the English nation will not allow him to attack Abbeokuta with impunity, and we trust the remonstrance will not be in vain. We may mention, as a pleasing instance of the progress of education in Abbeokuta, that we lately received a letter from the son of one of the Chiefs who has been educated in one of the Mission Schools, and that both the writing and composition are considerably superior to what we receive from many of our countrymen. We commend Abbeokuta to the prayers of our readers.

OUR SOLDIERS.

WE have received many interesting letters from Soldiers stationed in various parts of the world, thanking us for the copies of the *British Workman* which we have forwarded them by post, or through the United British Army Scripture Readers and Soldiers' Friend Society.

A Lance Corporal in the 4th King's Own Regiment, now stationed at Corfu, writes to his father, in London:—

"As regards the 'British Workman,' which you were kind enough to send me, I can only say that it has not had much of a rest, as it is in constant use. After drill in the afternoon till tattoo, there is sure to be some one reading it aloud to the others in the room! I shall always be glad to receive a copy."

One Soldier in India writes:—"The copies of the *British Workman* have been much highly valued by my comrades in the hospital. They have been read over and over again. My only regret has been that I have not a sufficient number to give a copy to each man."

We should be glad were it in our power to present a few of the yearly parts of the *British Workman* to every hospital and guard-room in the British Service; but the

expense is beyond our means. At the present time we have opportunities of sending, carriage free, to the regiments in India, and if any of our readers are inclined to co-operate with us in making a monthly grant of copies for every regiment on foreign service, we shall be glad to hear from them.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CITY AND TOWN MISSIONARIES. We have to cordially thank a number of friends in this department of Christian labour, who have not only taken their efforts to extend the circulation of the *British Workman*, but indicating advice to the *Editor*. Mr. Manning of Greenwich, has also added 200 to our list of Subscribers! In every City Mission ary in London were to follow his example, nearly 10,000 new subscribers would speedily be secured. The City Missionaries in Manchester have a special claim to our thanks. They have done nobly. Many thousands of subscribers have been obtained through their co-operation. In an entire place the *British Workman* is largely circulated, as in Manchester. We shall be glad to forward supplies of Canvassing bills to any City or Town Missionary, gratis and post free, on application.

A WORD TO BOOKSELLERS. We are glad to find that many Booksellers are adopting the plan of canvassing for the sale of the *British Workman*. We are in receipt of several charming letters from Booksellers. We are in receipt of several charming letters announcing the most gratifying success. One writer states, "I am happy to say that at one canvass, I obtained *two hundred and twenty-six* Subscribers!" Another says, "The result of my canvassing is an increase in the sale of from twelve to twelve dozen copies monthly." A third writes from Scotland, "I have the pleasure of distributing the canvassing bills, so far, has been the increase in my sale of from four or five to eleven copies." Hope to have a large increase hereafter, as one of my other canvass. I have engaged to assist me." Supplies of the Illustrated Canvassing Bills will be sent to any Bookseller, gratis, on application to the Editor, 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., stating the name of the Bookseller, and the number required, can be sent.

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6	=	6d.,	=	6d.	Must be paid in Advance.
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30	=	2s. 6d.,	=	2s. 6d.	
50	=	4s. 2d.,	=	4s. 2d.	

☞ Packets can also be sent at the same rate to France, Belgium, Algeria, Constantinople and

Orders to be addressed to Mr. Nash, 164, Fleet Street, No. 9, Paternoster Row, E.C. FALCKNER.

Just Published, Price Sixpence.

"The Warning." A Narrative of Facts, addressed to Wives and Mothers, by Mrs Balfour. This interesting tract will be found to be read by many with deep interest. Its circulation is intended to learn from many sources, that there is a fearful amount of intemperance amongst females. Has this little book do something towards stemming this great national evil. Mrs Balfour deserves the thanks of all who for this production of her valuable pen.

☞ *All the Back Numbers of the "British Workman" have been reprinted, and may now be had through any Bookseller, or direct from Mr. S. W. Partridge, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., by remitting stamps (an extra stamp to cover postage.)*

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A Voice from the Vineyard. By Mrs Ellis. 3rd Edition.

ALL ABOUT JOHN ROSE AND HIS LITTLE FREEHOLD.

JOHN ROSE is a thrifty, industrious man:
If he earns but a little, he saves what he can,
And keeps himself decent and tidy.
He wastes not a shilling, he wastes not a day;
And Susan can reckon that, tempt as they may,
He will bring her his wages on Friday.

His earnings at best are but little, 'tis true,
But, thanks to the tact and the prudence of Sue,
They've neither to beg nor to borrow;
To-day never comes (there are five to be fed)
But it finds them provided with plenty of bread,
And a something put by for to-morrow.

Kind Susan! John heeds not the sneer and the laugh,
As he thinks of his children and dear "better half,"
All tidily dressed on the Sunday.
Thinks John, it is all very well, Mister Pat,
But I fancy they'd soon be dressed different to that,
Were I to be keeping Saint Monday.

"But tell us," says Pat, winking round at the boors,
"How came you, friend John, by that 'freehold' of yours;
Did you beg it, or steal it, or buy it?
I wish I could buy a nice freehold,—that 's all,
A snug piece of ground that 'my own' I might call—
I hope you came honestly by it."

"Well, hear me, my friends," John replies with a smile;
And, drawing a square* on the pathway the while,
He illustrates every position:
And shews to his mates how the thing may be done,
How 'navvies' can even have land of their own,
And thus may improve their condition.

"It's a maxim," says John, "I've oft proved to be sound,
That a penny put by soon grows into a pound,
(You comprehend that in a minute):
And so, let my income be small as it would,
I early determined to save what I could,
And keep my expenses within it.

"Well, thus I increased. Very slow, to be sure,
But I soon get ahead of the penniless poor,
And add to my store very gaily;
And now to the bank† with my savings I go,
And the interest there, though it gathers but slow,
Increases the principal daily.

"I didn't, of course, run up scores at 'the Crown,'
Nor buy upon trust up and down in the town,
Nor at Brown's 'free-and-easy' get fuddled.
I never neglected my work for 'a spree,'
Nor was turned out at midnight as drunk as could be,
With comrades all maudlin and muddled.

"No, no; when 'twas over—the work of the day,
To my own chimney corner I hastened away,
And taught myself reading and writing.
Far better, thought I, to improve myself so,
Than spend half the night, as I used long ago,
In drinking, and swearing, and fighting.

"I studied the Bible with rapture and awe,
And wondered God's blessed and righteous law
By me had so long been neglected.
It cheered me and nerved me, it guided and led,
And the longer I thought and the deeper I read,
The more I its wisdom respected.

"It taught me to reverence myself and my power,
That the Sabbath is God's, as the weekdays are ours,
That all things are lent us, not given:
That beauty and strength are fast fading away;
And all are approaching the great judgment-day
That will issue in hell or in heaven.

"Thus Susan and I (a good manager, Sue!)
Get thriftily on as a couple can do,
And live with a purpose and plan;
And though my poor plot, honest Pat, you decide,
I own that I look on my freehold with pride,
And feel I'm the more of a man."

A. W. P.

* Every time a Working-Man drinks a threepenny pint of beer, he swallows what would buy a square yard of land, worth upwards of SIXTY POUNDS an acre!

† The opening of the Money Order Post-Offices as Savings' Banks (affording Government security) will be a great boon to the Working-Classes.

> He that gathereth in summer is a wise son but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.—Prov. x. 5.

> The Lord will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish, but He casteth away the substance of the wicked.—Prov. x. 3.

"Open rebuke is better than secret love."

"Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."

A STREET SCENE IN ADDEOKUTA, WESTERN AFRICA. (See previous page.)

"An angry man stirreth up strife."

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BRITISH WORKMAN.

HAVE YOU WOUND UP THE CLOCK?

I HAVE a plan in my head that I think may be useful; a plan that will suit the inmates of a

small house, and a great one; a labourer's cottage, and a king's palace. It may be practised with advantage by the poorest householder, and the Emperor of all the Russias! The place is this—to make economy things and common events useful; to turn our every-day business to account, and to make the clock, or real time the lesson of regularity. Into the clock, or real time the fire, of polish from the tables, of cleanliness from the chairs, of cleanliness from the house, and of purity from the pantry and cellar! There are about them observations, the pantry and cellar! There are about them observations, to be commonplace in domestic life, that every hour, on every hand, and to other of them, in every house, on every day, are in the year. I shall try to turn these to advantage. The thought may be an old one, but never mind that, I mean, that it may give a fair trial.

HAVE YOU WOUND UP THE CLOCK?

Have you wound up the clock? I ask you, my friends. *Have you wound up the clock?* I ask you, my friends. This may appear at first a very unimportant question, but a little consideration will change our view of the matter. We may give things in different light, and be really as much a thing that the repeat—*Have you wound up the clock?* is a very important one. I think I can make this appear that the environment, that one man is rich while another remains poor—that one man is surrounded with comfort, while another is constantly struggling, that a man of energy and enterprise, and another a man of apathy, unequal to any undertaking, depends pretty much upon this, that one has, and the other has not *wound up the clock.*

If the clock be neglected and not wound, or at all, the whole domestic arrangements will be thrown into ruin—the meals will be altogether destroyed, and without order, comfort is out of the question. If the clock be wound through the set seven days, or more than two minutes, yet the clock will go for eight days. Thus, you see, by devoting two minutes to the clock, or time, you will gain days labour. How pleased a farmer would be if he could get such an abundant harvest as this from the grain he sows! How pleased a tradesman would be if he could secure such a profit as this on the goods he sells? Whether you are a tradesman, a farmer, a rich landlord, or a poor mechanic, whether, or whatever you may be, never neglect to *wind up your clock.*

But of what an advantage be obtained from the clock that ticks on the stairs, the piece of machinery with the painted face, the pointing fingers, the pendulum which keeps time, and the striking chimes! If this be the case with the instrument called a clock, which is more useless matter, how much more it is to with the instrument, the clock, the soul, immortal frame of which we are composed! It is *this* clock, the body, soul, and spirit set in motion, of which I speak, when I ask the question in the very, very, very, and emphatic sense, *Have you wound up the clock?*

We are all of us too much disposed to take what we have days to do, for granted, and to put off what we might to do, but this is an error; most of us might do much more and much better than we do in many ways, if we would wind up.

I have set my heart upon one thing, and that is, to set all my readers thinking and doing; I want them to be up and doing, active, and energetic. Idleness is the bane, and mainspring of every evil. Idleness is bad, too, to those both your good spirits, and your health. You feel good spirits, when you are busy, and not, and that *something* must be set about directly. It matters not what, whether many of our readers are idle, only do so—some when you read the next, or indeed whether they are doing at all, but there are others, that ought to be done instantly. I am sure that there are, that ought to be the particular when the mind lags are made up. If the farmer loses seed-time, he reaps no harvest; if the merchant loses his good mind late, he will be a bankrupt; and, besides many serious when once begun, go on of themselves. Put a kettle on the fire, and it will boil without a stopcock; place a spring in the right place, and it will grow and blossom, and bear of its own accord; hoist a sail, and the winds of heaven will waft your boat wherever you may awake or sleepy. Now it there be any reason in these remarks, you will show your good sense in profiting by them.

When I see the kettle boiling, saplings growing, and sails being hoisted, I do not mean to divert your attention to mere kettles, saplings, and sails, but I do mean to more there those than I mean a common clock, when I asked, *Have you wound up the clock?*

He who sets the good mind to work, and reflections of those mind, and bubbling and boiling, does more than put a kettle on the fire; he who, by God's blessing, is the instrument of planting a sapling, and nursing a baby thought, of pious principle in the minds of others, does a better thing, than setting a sapling; and they who dispense almost sound knowledge, practical philosophy, and true wisdom among society, may be far more beneficially employed than in opening the sails of a security-ship. I do not, I do not say I wish to crib, I do not, I do not say I wish to crib, I do not, I do not say I wish to crib,

HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.—NO. IX.

HOW DO YOU MANAGE IN CASES OF ACCIDENT?

THERE is no household where the sudden calamities that are classed under the general name of accidents must not come. Certainly where there is order and care, many accidents are prevented. The habits of a regular family are all in favour of escape from accident. Careless people allow the chances to get so full that the least jolt, the slip of a foot or spark will set them on fire; or they leave knives about for children to get at, or allow boiling water to be within reach of little hands; or they let the children go up the way, or leave candlesticks on the stairs, and people fall over them.

The newspapers of last October (26th), had an account of a married couple and their infant going to bed, with a pail of water at the bedside, and the poor child fell in the night from the bed into the pail, and was actually drowned while the careless parents slept. Now, all such stupid, silly ways are dangerous, and should be kept out of, and make the home a kind of nursery to the hospital or the grave. It is idle to call the sufferings from such carelessness *an* or *the* dispensation.

But accidents, by carelessness, will come, and when people by their carelessness have done all they can to prevent them, the next thing to consider is, how they are to do good, or act so as best to remedy them. The first thing is to try and keep compos-ed. Avoid panic. Women should try not to scream. Noise does not prevent, but confuses people who would be composed and useful. I was once in a house where a young servant was trying some meat. Either there was a lie in the fire, too much, or too much fat, or too great a blaze in the fire, at all events, the pan caught light—a dish put over would have stopped the blaze immediately—but the girl ran a bread or cake matchlet, off the pan, ran with it all blazing, into the passage, and then threw it down on the carpeted stair, scolding her hands as it blazed, and burning the carpet and mat, and damaging the paper on the wall. A delicate child who saw the girl coming with a pyramid of flame before her, fell down screaming in a fit, and thus the whole house was in a moment thrown into confusion and great pain, damage, and danger caused by the want of a moment's presence of mind.

An old dame has said, "If you don't know what to do, don't do you know not what." Keep still. A moment's silence is better than the loss of a hundred lives for are the most common and the most dreadful. If a child's garments catch light, instantly throw it down on the ground, roll it over and over, and put out the flames at least. The hearth-rug is generally the most ready. If your own clothes take light, do the same, that is, throw yourself down and roll over. Do not run about in fright. The water of this, when young, was in a room alone, and reached something from the mantlepiece, her dress caught fire. Mistaken kindness, that is, not knowing what to do, instinctively she fell on the ground, and before any one came to help, the flames were extinguished, not, however, without having burnt most of the upper part of clothes, and yet nothing more than a slight scratch on the arm. It has always been a solemnly affecting fact to remember, that young and old, have perished from fire are the most common and the most dreadful. If a child's garments catch light, instantly throw it down on the ground, roll it over and over, and put out the flames at least. The hearth-rug is generally the most ready. If your own clothes take light, do the same, that is, throw yourself down and roll over. Do not run about in fright. The water of this, when young, was in a room alone, and reached something from the mantlepiece, her dress caught fire. Mistaken kindness, that is, not knowing what to do, instinctively she fell on the ground, and before any one came to help, the flames were extinguished, not, however, without having burnt most of the upper part of clothes, and yet not inflicting more than a slight scratch on the arm. It has always been a solemnly affecting fact to remember, that young and old

MR. MELLY SUPERINTENDING THE ERECTION OF THE FIRST DRINKING FOUNTAIN IN LIVERPOOL.

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

SEVEN years ago, a young Liverpool merchant was superintending the erection of the first Drinking Fountain. For two or three years he had been labouring to get the municipal authorities to erect Drinking Fountains, or to allow him to do it at his own cost. *At length* he was allowed to erect a few. Many ridiculed and opposed the benevolent movement, but Mr. Melly being a member of the 'FRY' company, persevered in what he believed would be a boon to the working-classes. In the seven years that have since passed, Mr. Melly's name has become a 'household word,' and about one thousand Drinking Fountains erected in all parts of the United Kingdom and our Colonies, testify what may result from the labours of one persevering spirit! Perhaps no movement of modern times has been received with more general favour than that for the erection of Public Drinking Fountains. From the peer to the peasant it has found warm supporters. Rich and poor have alike freely contributed for its promotion. It has called forth many pleasing illustrations of the sympathy of the wealthy with their toiling fellow-creatures. One instance deserves special notice. In Victoria Park a magnificent fountain is now in course of erection by Miss Burdett Coutts. This fountain, which is to cost £3000, is the free-gift of this benevolent lady to the sons and daughters of toil in the Eastern portion of London!

PERSEVERANCE.

ROBERT BRUCE, King of Scotland, being out one day looking at the enemies of his country, was obliged to seek refuge at night in a barn, which belonged to a poor but honest cottager. In the morning when he awoke, he saw a spider climbing up the beam of the roof. The spider fell down to the ground, but it immediately tried again, when it a second time fell to the ground. It made a third attempt, but did not succeed. Twelve times did the little spider try to climb up the beam, and twelve times it fell down again, but the thirteenth time it succeeded and gained the top of the beam. The king

immediately got up from his lowly couch, and said, "This little spider has taught me *perseverance*. I will follow its example. Twelve times have I been beaten by the enemy. I will try once more." He did so, and won the next battle! The king was the spider's scholar.

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

A DOG, crossing a little rivulet with a piece of flesh in his mouth, saw his own shadow represented in the clear mirror of the limpid stream; and he fancying it to be another dog, who was carrying another piece of flesh, he could not forbear catching at it; but was so far from getting anything by his greedy design, that he dropt the piece he had in his mouth, which immediately sunk to the bottom, and was irrecoverably lost.

APPLICATION.—He that catches at more than belongs to him, justly deserves to lose what he has.—*Æsop's Fables.*

'Bob,' the Fireman's Dog.

THIS noble animal, so valuable to the Firemen of London, is dead. Poor 'Bob,' whilst running before the engine to a fire, and 'clearing the way,' as usual, was run over and killed on the spot. We gave an engraving, with an account of 'Bob,' in No. 101 of the "Band of Hope Review," in which will be found some interesting particulars respecting him.

JONATHAN BARBER.

MANY of our readers will probably remember the appearance of a paragraph in the *Times* a few years ago, stating that Jonathan Barber, the well-known Infidel Advocate, of Nottingham, had publicly renounced his sceptical principles, and expressed himself a believer in the truths of the Gospel. The matter excited great interest, not only in Nottingham, but throughout the country. The "Apology for Renouncing Infidel Opinions of Jonathan Barber, Frame-work Knitter," (price Twopence) published by Mr. Dearden of Nottingham; and Simpkin and Co., Paternoster Row, will long be a valuable text-book with those who seek to spread Gospel truth amongst those who have unhappily imbibed sceptical principles.

Barber is now dead; and we rejoice to learn from the worthy Vicar of Nottingham, the Rev. J. W. Brooks, that his "end was peace." Shortly before his death he said, "I feel sensible that I am going. My only wish to live was that I might do a little good *among those whom I have injured.* I cogitated many plans in my head for their welfare. But God does not now see it right to allow me this honour, but I say *His will be done!* I hope my little publication may do some good"—referring to his "Apology."—We trust this interesting tract will be read by thousands.

If by reason of our imperfect knowledge, we meet with difficulties in the Christian faith, they are but small in comparison with those which have to be encountered by those who deny the existence of a God, and disbelieve the Revelation He has given of His will.

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☞ This affecting history of Robert Cuthbertson, the shoemaker, and his family sorrows, will, we trust, have the thoughtful perusal of many of our readers. It deserves to be read aloud in every family. We commend it to the notice of wives and mothers.

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BRITISH WORKMAN

A large Engraving, with a life-like Portrait of Mr. Braidwood, the brave 'Chief' of the Fire-Brigade, will appear in our next.

"STRAW-BER-RIES! Straw-ber-ries! Who will buy? Who will buy?"

The musical voice of Nellie thrilled the words so sweetly, and her appearance was so clean and neat, that she soon found customers at the commencement of the strawberry season.

"Come in, my girl, what is your price?"

"Tenpence a basket, miss."

Nellie stepped into a spacious hall of a fashionable house in Mayfair street, where a young lady stood in her morning dress, with flowers in her hand, just gathered from the conservatory.

"Well, they are worth that—so fresh and ripe. Give me half-a-dozen baskets."

As the lady dropped the five shillings, as she supposed, into Nellie's hand, the smile with which it was received penetrated like a sunbeam into her heart.

"You seem very happy," said Miss Minnie Hamilton, for that was the young lady's name. "Do you earn your living by selling strawberries?"

"Yes, miss. In the summer I sell berries, and in the winter I go to school part of the day, and help mother the rest of the day."

"And what makes you so happy? Can you tell me the secret?"

"Mother says that we ought to be bright and happy, because we have so much to be thankful for."

Minnie Hamilton looked at the strawberry girl with amazement. With all the wealth and luxury of her home, she was often discouraged and unhappy. Here a poor girl who had to work hard for her living could be happier than she was puzzled her.

"How does your mother make you happy? Tell me the secret?"

"She takes in sewing, miss. Sometimes she sews half the night through."

"Why, what in the world has she to be so very thankful for?" exclaimed Miss Hamilton.

Nellie smiled again sweetly, as she answered:

"Some people, as good as we are, have no home, and have nothing to eat. But mother and I have a little room to live in. She sings at her work all day long, because she says, God is so good to us. We have bread and potatoes every day, and on Sundays we have meat. Don't you think, miss, that is something to be thankful for?"

A decided affirmative upon Minnie's cheek. "Yes, yes," she answered nervously; and then followed a pause, during which she stared away in her hurry, at the flowers, where, the lesson which Nellie had taught her, and which was to be repeated often, in after years when discontent caused her to murmur at some little trial, real or imaginary, that things were her destiny. "You are happier for than I: my God forgive me!"

Minnie Hamilton was an only daughter, petted and idolized by her parents. Indulgence had injured, though it had not spoiled her. So fully had every wish of her heart been gratified from her birth, that she had lost all sense of privilege peculiar to her condition, to murmur if the slightest shadow came between her and the fulfilment of her most extravagant desires. Poor Minnie! poor, although abounding in riches. "One thing this lacks," one thing, which wealth cannot purchase—the joy of a contented heart.

Yet Minnie had noble qualities: generosity and active benevolence, with strong moral and religious principles. One shadow, the shadow of discontent, clouded her life.

Nellie had put her little purse into the pocket of her apron; and now she issued into the street again and recommenced her strawberry song, till she was summoned by another customer, who purchased largely. As she was about adding the payment she received to her little store, she discovered a small coin in the purse, and sitting down she emptied the money into her apron to examine it. As she did so, she discovered a sovereign, which had evidently been given her by mistake by the first purchaser.

"I will go right back with it," thought Nellie.

She wanted, however, to rearrange her basket; and while doing so, the Tempter came, with evil thoughts, to test her strength of principle.

"Why go back with it?" said the wicked voice "perhaps the lady meant to give it."

"But I do not know that," said the tender conscience of Nellie.

"Well, you can do good with it," said the voice, appealing artfully to her filial love: you can purchase something for your mother. She works hard enough for all she has; and this will buy her a neat dress to wear to church."

Suddenly the smile died away on Nellie's lip; her step grew less hurried. There was a struggle in her heart. It was the burden of a guilty thought. She had parleyed with Evil, and its shadow was on her path. It had dimmed the sunbeam of her happiness.

Now, happily for Nellie, Conscience, "that voice of God in the soul," came powerfully to her aid. It recalled vividly the previous Sabbath, when she had left her mother sat with her at the window, just as the sun was sinking, and after their scanty supper had been disposed of.

"Nellie," she said, as she laid her hand upon her knee, and smoothed back her dark hair, "you could not go to the Sunday-school to-day, because you had no shoes to wear. Perhaps we may have to wait before another Sabbath; but I will teach you the commandments. Then Nellie repeated them after her. All were vivid now to her memory; they had been read as if written in letters of fire, stood forth the eighth:

"Thou shalt not steal!"

Nellie's heart sank within her. Had she listened, and obeyed that evil voice, what might she have become—a *breaker of God's holy Commandment!* Nellie waited not a moment; but terrified at her own thoughts, she rushed back, lest that evil voice should speak again, and rested till she reached the home of Minnie Hamilton.

"You made a mistake, miss. You gave me this," holding up the sovereign, "for a shilling."

"Did I? I did not know I was a mistake. I was near-sighted; but you are *honest*, and shall have it as a reward."

"No, miss, thank you; I'd rather have the shilling."

"You need it?"

"Yes, miss, if yo please."

"What a singular girl. Tell me why you would rather?"

"Because—because—it would remind me." Nellie burst into tears and covered her face with her hands.

"Of what? tell me."

"How I was tempted to break the eighth commandment, miss."

"And to keep the sovereign, do you mean?"

"Yes, miss."

"But you resisted the temptation, as God gave you strength. Now tell me your name: I must remember it."

"Nellie Townsend."

"There is no sin, Nellie, in being tempted. The sin consists in yielding to temptation. Now that you have resisted, you will find yourself strengthened in might to overcome evil. Only remember the *first temptation* to do wrong, resist *them*, and all will be well. Nellie, you were not aware of it, but in your way you taught me a lesson of contentment, which I shall not easily forget; and you shall have the happiness of knowing that you have been a minister of good to me. And you must let me reward you. You must keep that sovereign to remind you of what has occurred to-day, and you have no reason to be ashamed of it. Now tell me what was the temptation? What did you most desire to do with it?"

Nellie hesitated, and then said: "Last Sunday, mother had no dress to wear to the Sunday-school more than my boy one. I only thought of it for a moment."

Minnie Hamilton turned aside without speaking. When she spoke again, there was a moisture on the eyelids which had not often been there before.

"Does your mother require anything else? Does she get work in her room?"

"Yes, miss; but I shall earn that by my berries. Mother's sewing has nearly paid the rent this month."

"Nellie, you must be a friend to me. Go and tell the remainder of your strawberries, and call on your way home."

That evening, Nellie was tripping home with her empty basket, and in it, a new straw bonnet, and a package which she was directed not to open till her return. Nellie's mother was looking anxiously for her when she entered, and her joy, at the bonnet and gratitude when she heard her story, with a full confession of the temptation, not a word of which she withheld, was more than she could bear.

When the package was opened, it was found to contain a nice calico dress for each, with a bank-note fastened within. Upon a slip of paper were written these words:

"For Mrs. Townsend, with an acknowledgment for a benefit received from her daughter, whom she has reared, to be an example of truth and honesty."

From this time, Nellie and her mother were under the patronage of the Hamilton family. Sewing was supplied, for which they received good pay, and Nellie was transferred to the Sunday-school Bible-class, where she was regarded as a pattern of truth and integrity for her associates.

And shall not her example be a lesson to her readers, and remind them of that which the Bible teaches—to "resist evil," and "to follow that which is good?"

TOPPERS.

WELL, my friends, how pass time with you? With me it seems to hurry along as rapidly as a railroad train in a race; it seems to me, I remember, that every day eight-and-forty hours, I should not even then be able to accomplish one-half of what I undertake. Still, in the busiest life there are moments of leisure, and so even these ought to be turned to a profitable purpose, you shall now have another hint from Old Humphrey.

Many of my readers, I dare say, will not so knowing a hundredth part of the strange things which take place there, that is quite out of the question. My method is, when winter comes, to read some old countryman, to treat them as I do blackberries—I pass by a great many, and pick out those only that I like best.

Whether he be right or wrong in the fruit season, must have heard men, women, and children, crying out in all directions, "Hawthorn, fine hawthorn!"

Hawthorn berries are very pretty cheeries, and are sold in baskets called pottles, which, tapering from the top, go off less and lesser to the bottom.

I may have seen, half a dozen in a day, when a pile of these pottles, in a fruiterer's shop, caught my attention. There was one of particularly fine fruit, and I soon had laid off in my mind, I pulled out in a hurry, "Stop, stop, sir! I cannot sell *them*."

"Cannot sell *them*!" said I, "and for what reason?"

"Oh," replied he, "I cannot sell *them*, for they are *toppers*."

Now, these toppers were the largest sized strawberries, picked out on purpose to be the top layer of the other pottles, to make the fruit look better than it really was. "Come," thinks I to myself, "if you will not let me have the toppers, you cannot prevent my from taking away the lesser they have taught me." So I walked off, talking to myself about the toppers.

At the corner of the next street, at a draper's shop, some sheet of good-looking handkerchiefs were hanging at the door, and marked at the low price of fourpence each. Thinking this no bad opportunity of laying in a stock of handkerchiefs, I chose some handkerchiefs, for a worthy but poor friend, I entered the shop, but was told that they only sold these handkerchiefs to customers, and that I must buy something else. I must buy something else with them. Old Humphrey was soon out of the shop again, thinking to himself that he ought to have taken the hint from the fruiterer's shop. The handkerchiefs were nothing in the world but toppers, and were hung at the door to make people believe that things were sold cheaper at that shop than they really were.

One of the objects I had in view in my walk, was to buy a leg of mutton for my family, and seeing a few legs hanging by themselves at a butcher's shop, I told the butcher to pull one of them down, for that I had set my mind upon it.

"The legs are sold, sir," said he; "but you may have the shoulders to match them."

"Sold!" replied I, "why, if they are sold, what is the use of letting them hang up there?"

"Only to show what sort of mutton I sell," said the butcher; "I have no other legs of mutton, but two legs of mutton were his toppers, and that, of course, he could not part with them.

When I came to Smithfield, I stepped awhile, for a horse-jockey was selling a horse to a young gentleman, who appeared to one to have far more money in his pocket than judgment in his head. The gentleman, I thought, seemed disposed to fancy a black horse, the jockey began to puff off a brown one, and talked to much of "thoroughbred," "courage," "spirit to the back-bone," "high action," "sound," "wind," "good," "free from vice," "quiet as a lamb," and fifty other puffing phrases, that I thought to myself, "Ay! ay! Mr. Horse-dealer, those highflying terms are your toppers, and will enable you, no doubt, to get rid of your brown horse."

About an hour after, I saw two ladies getting into a coach; they were very gaily dressed; so much so, that the scarf of the one, and the shawl of the other, were quite sufficient to attract attention; but their head-dresses struck me more than either the scarf or the shawl, for in one of them was stuck a bunch of artificial flowers, almost as big as a beech, and in the other, several ostrich feathers, a foot or two high. "More toppers," thought I, hurrying along; and those who are caught by them may find, perhaps, the heads of the wearers still lighter than the feathers and the flowers."

Having occasion to call on a tradesman, to settle an account, I found him in a violent passion with his shopman for a trifling mistake; this grieved me the more, because he had the credit of being a generous man, and a truly religious man will seek for grace to restrain his passions. The tradesman soon after began to talk to me on serious subjects, and quoted several texts of Scripture; but I soon perceived that he was not sincere, that he was not religious at his heart, and that he merely used the texts of Scripture as toppers, to enable him to pass as a religious character.

Now, what shall we say to these things? Why, seeing the errors of others, let us shun those evil paths, and act with godly sincerity in things spiritual and temporal.

Take, then, the hint of Old Humphrey; bearing in mind, that there are toppers of counting-houses, and toppers in religion, as well as toppers in strawberries.

Old Humphrey's Addresses.

THE STARLESS CROWN.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."—Daniel xii. 3.

WEARIED and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight, a glorious vision rose:
I thought whilst slumbering on my couch in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance fill'd my room.
A gentle touch awaken'd me,—a gentle whisper said,
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me;" and then' the air was fled,
We left the earth, so far away that like a speck is seen'd,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway stream'd.
Still on we went,—my soul was wrapt in silent ecstasy;
I wonder'd what the end would be, what next should meet mine eyes.
I knew not how we journey'd thro' the pathless fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and *I was clothed in white.*
We stood before a city's walls most glorious to behold;
We pass'd thro' gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets of purest gold;
It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb himself its light.
Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music fill'd the air,
And white-robed saints with glittering crowns, from every clime were there;
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne
"All worthy is the Lamb," they sang, "the glory His alone."
But fairer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face;
And as I gazed He smiled on me with wondrous love and grace.
Gladly I bow'd before His throne, o'er joy'd that I at last
Had gain'd the object of my hopes; that earth at length was past.
And then in solemn tones he said, "Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow—adorn'd with many a gem?
I know thou hast believed on Me, and life through Me is thine,
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?
Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow?
Those are souls they led to Me they wore a jewel now!
And such thy bright reward had been if such had been thy deed,
If thou hadst sought some wand'ring feet in path of peace to lead.
I did not mean that thou should'st tread the way of life *alone*,
But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone,
Should guide some other weary feet to My bright home of rest,
And thus, 'in blessing those around, thou hadst themself been blest."
The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake,
A spell seem'd brooding o'er my soul which long I fear'd to break,
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit fell o'erwhelm'd beneath that vision's awful might.
Thou art a stranger to this world, yet I adjure thy pat yet I dwelt below,
That yet another hour was mine my faith by works to show;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.
Oh now, while on the earth I stay, my soul cries out within,
"To live no longer to myself but Him who died for me!"
And graven on my inmost soul this word of truth divine,
"They that turn many to the Lord bright as the stars shall shine."

S. S. Treasury.

MENTAL DISEASES.

These are the most difficult of all diseases to cure. Remedies for a few have been given by a shrewd writer, and we offer them to such of our readers as may happen to be afflicted, and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter affliction. For a fit of ILLNESS, count the tickings of a clock. Do this for an hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat, and *work*. For a fit of ANNOYANCE, walk out in the open air; you may speak to the *winds* without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be like a "city without walls." For fits of DOUBT, PERPLEXITY, and FEAR, whether they respect the body or the mind; whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart, the Lord calls upon you to cast them all on Him, relied on, for it comes from the Great Physician, "*Cast thy burden on the Lord, for He will sustain thee.*"

BEWARE OF THE HOUSE, OR, BABBATH ENCROACHMENTS.

THE first thing to be noticed regarding the encroachments on this right of man is, that they are gradual and unperceived. Never and nowhere is it proclaimed, that those who trespass on these rights, that the time given by they are to be annulled. No member of a Christian church, for long to bring in a bill, enacting that all men shall be compelled to work all the week, six days, and all the year over without a day of rest. Neither shall it be adopted, because it would never pass. In my earlier years, when I wanted to take a fish, I spotted inhabitants of the stream the rights which they had, and I found, whenever I came in any pool they fished, that not exhibit to them the crooked, pointed, barbed bit of steel which I had prepared for them, but I found it cover with something that had a wholly from view. Far more, I covered it with something that the trout liked and when they took my bait within their jaws, I pulled, and they found it sharp, and pulled the little creature out of their element. They laid down a great deal, if they had known they were to be hauled up by it, but would not have taken it. It is in this way that crafty anglers, on the edge of life's great stream, try to take us out. They bait the hook. They put on it a bait something, which they think the people like. Sometimes, and to some classes, that is pleasure. The engineer and guard of a railway, the steamer in a hotel, and the driver of an omnibus, are a tribe of men, who are expeditiously to jump at a silver bait. A crown of sixpences is a very tempting inducement to make them take the hook into their jaws. Clerks and tradesmen are encroachments do not get the offer of winning more money, but they do not get to spend it. They may have a trip to the sea-side, or to some popular place, and they are willing to pay for it. Pleasure is put upon the bait, and made to appear, that it will be enjoyed by almost all the week, in the hope that they will be caught, and taken, when the Sabbath morning comes round. The love of money and the love of pleasure are two powerful motives to human beings. The Sabbath is a bitter bait. They have baited the hooks well. But it so happens that the operations of classes by the same baits; and they cannot present both being taken at the same time. Those who gain the money don't get any pleasure; and those who get pleasure gain no money. In order to make money on the Sabbath day, they must work, and work, and work, at the same labour every day all the year round, and in order to get the pleasure on the Lord's-day the other class must partake of the bait, and lose the money which they have toiled for on other days. If the two classes would meet and compare notes, perhaps they might come to the conclusion, that it would be better to let each other out in this fashion. The plain English of it is, one class of labourers are made to work on the Sabbath, and another and many are made to rest on the Sabbath, that Mammon may his profit out of both. The many who labour are cheated out of their rest-day, for the profit of the few, who keep such already, and who wish to labour at all, *—From Tracts for Working Men and their Firesides.*

THE QUEEN'S RESPECT FOR THE SABBATH.

FOR many years the fishermen in the fish, poultry, meat, vegetable, and tea-trades in the metropolis, and metropolis, have been desirous of abolishing Sunday-hours, but in vain, without success. They found, however, secured the counsel and service of Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., as the chairman of a society which has now formed, and on his taking the chair at the committee, he told them, in a conversation, he was sure to the effect that Her Most Gracious Majesty having heard of the very laudable efforts of those whose labours on the Sunday days are excessive, to obtain a cessation from their toil on Sunday, had given strict orders that, for the future, no provisions of any kind whatever shall be permitted to be delivered at the Palace on the Sabbath. The announcement has given the greatest satisfaction to 1,000 journeymen, who rejoice at the example which the Queen has set, and which will be followed by all England, and they fondly hope that it will be generally followed.

☞ All the shops that are open in the metropolis on Sunday, were placed side by side, they would form one continuous row, SIXTY MILES in length! Have not those shopkeepers and their servants a claim upon the sympathy of the public? It are rather the blessings of the Sabbath, let us seek to confer them to all classes. The weekly rest-day is the birthright of every human being. Let us not seem to deny it to others.

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING.

Further Extracts from Canvassers' Letters —

"I received your parcel, and at once distributed the canvassing bills. I took a "British Workman" with me to a Mill, where I was known, and I sold one to a young man, who was jovially received, and many have thanked me for bringing it to them. Yesterday I went to a village about six miles off, and I had to walk about two miles to it, but I met out with much encouragement, for I succeeded in making a number of the about fifteen doors subscribers to the "British Workman." and about twenty subscribers to the "Band of Hope Review."

J. A. Lovell.

"I have canvassed this neighbourhood, and obtained sixty subscribers, amongst which are two or three publicans!"

J. E. Bulmer.

"In one canvass I obtained thirty-five subscribers. The remainder of the bills I am going to distribute to-day."

Master D. L. D. Hutchinson.

"With the canvassing bills you sent me, I have secured twenty-five subscribers. As a general rule, the people are pleased."

T. J. Sidwell.

"I and a friend took a walk in a distant village, and I obtained twenty-five subscribers. Nothing could be more cordial. I gave the order to a poor widow who resided in the place."

A. M. Hutchinson.

"I have obtained sixty subscribers to the "British Workman," and one to the "Band of Hope Review," and I am encouraged to do you what can."

Miss M. Mouldsdale.

☞ We shall be thankful for the help of other friends in extending the circulation. A supply of the Canvassing-bills may be had (gratis) by application, a letter to the Editor, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.

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The Hand-Bills, No. 1 to 50, bound in cloth, price 1s.

So, of the tender, weeping child is made the callous, heartless man—of the all-believing child, the sneering sceptic—of the beautiful and modest, the shameless and shameless—and this is what the world does for the little one.

There was a time when the Divine One stood on earth, and little children sought to draw near to Him; but harsh human beings stood between Him and them, building their approach. Ah! has it not been always so? Do not even we, with our hard and unsoftened feelings—our worldly and unscriptural habits and maxims—stand like a dark screen between our little child and its Saviour? "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," is still the voice of the Shepherd; but the cold world still closes around and forbids. When of old the disciples would drive away their Lord of the higher mysteries of His kingdom, He took a little child and set him in the midst, as a type of him who should be greatest in heaven. The gentle teacher still remains to us. By every hearth and firside, Jesus still sets the little child in the midst of us!

Wouldst thou know, O parent, what is that faith which unbocks heaven? Go not to the wrangling polemics, or crooks and forms of theology, but draw to thy bosom thy little one, and read in that clear, trusting eye the lesson of eternal life. Be only to thy God as thy child is to thee, and all is done! Blessed shalt thou be indeed when "a little child shall lead thee!"

H. B. Stowe.

For this is the love of God, that we keep His commandments: and His commandments are not grievous.

CHILDREN.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

One cold market morning I looked into a milliner's shop, and saw, I saw a homely young farmer from the country, with his long cart-whip, and a rough coat, holding up some little matter and turning it about on his great fist. And what do you suppose it was? A baby's bonnet. A little, soft, blue satin hood, with a swan's down border, white as the new-fallen snow, with a frill of rich blonde round the edge.

By his side stood a very pretty woman, holding with no small pride the baby—for evidently it was *the* baby. Any one could read that fact at every glance, as they looked at each other, and the little hood, and then at the large blue unconscious eyes and fat dimpled cheeks of the little one. It was evident that neither of them had ever seen a baby like that before.

"But really, Mary," said the young man, "is not ten shillings very high?"

Mary very prudently said nothing, but taking the little bonnet, tied it on the little head, and held up the baby. The man looked and smiled, and without another word down went the ten shillings—all the last week's batter came to; and as they walked out of the shop it is hard to say which looked the most delighted with the bargain.

"Ah!" thought I, "a little child shall lead them!"

Ah, these children! pretty, even in all their absurdities! winning, even in their faults! See, for example, yonder little fellow in a naughty fit: he has shaken his long curls over his deep-blue eyes—the fair brow is bent in a frown—the rose-leaf lip is pursed up in defiance—and the white shoulder thrust naughtily forward.

Then comes the instant change—flashing smiles and tears, as the good comes back all in a rush, and you are overwhelmed with protestations, promises, and kisses. They are irresistible, too, these little ones. They pull away the scholar's pen—tumble about his papers—make somersaults over his books—and what can he do? They tear up newspapers—litter the carpets—break, pull, and upset, and then jabber unimaginable English in self-defence; and what can you do for yourself?

"If I had a child," says the precise man, "you should see." He does have a child, and his child tears up his papers, tumbles over his things, and pulls his hair, like all other children; and what has the precise man to say for himself? Nothing; he is like everybody else—"a little child shall lead him!"

Poor little children! they bring and teach us larger lessons more good than they get in return. How often does the infant, with its soft cheek and helpless hand, awaken a mother from worldliness and sin! and how often does it make her daughter too soon a woman of the world, as she has been.

The hardened heart of the worldly man is softened by the guileless tones and simple caresses of his son; but he repays it in time by imparting to his boy all the crooked tricks and hard ways and callous maxims which have undone himself.

Go to the cell of the penitentiary—and find there the wretch most sullen, brutal and hardened. Then look at your infant son; such as he is to you, such to some mother was this man. That hard hand was once soft and delicate—that rough voice was tender and loving—that eye followed him as he played—and he was rocked and cradled to love. There was a time when his heart was soft and unworn, might have yielded to instruction; but harsh hands seized it—fierce lineaments were impressed upon it—and all that is over with him, apparently for ever.

If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

thy child is to thee, and all is done! Blessed shalt thou be indeed when "a little child shall lead thee!"

H. B. Stowe.

A WELL-REGULATED HOUSEHOLD.

How important to this end is the early introduction of females to the knowledge of domestic concerns. If "riches have wings," so have the world-wide wanderers sheltering themselves under a dependence upon permanent prosperity, and those in the humbler walks of life will derive benefit from management to an amount they may but little have anticipated.

A considerable owner of land remarked upon the different situation of the labourer, who, with his family, who as to their number and as to their wages were on the same footing. The cottage of one was all neatness and comfort, and the other was dirty and uncomfortable, and the cause was to the indulgence of butcher's meat, a thing almost unknown to the other family, where tea, and eggs, and tatters were the order of the day. This not as great a contrast be exhibited in those who have, and those who have not been brought up in habits of economy and provident foresight. In a reverse of circumstances will not the one cheerfully put her shoulder to the wheel, and by her industry lighten the sorrows of adversity, while the other will feel with tenfold force her helpless situation. But it must be confessed that too generally we overlook the fact that our greatest safety is in keeping low, for as Bunyan observes:

"He that is stoop'd low can no fall,
He that is low, no pride."

A willingness to appear what we really are will be inseparable from a rightly-directed mind, and a strong integrity will protect from a desire of shining in colors not our own. And seeing it is only the good whose approval is worth seeking, to the wise and good that commend ourselves by a course of consistent acting and walking; and what is infinitely beyond all, gain the gracious notice and countenance of that Holy Being, who, "most upright," doth "weigh the path of the just."—A. A.

"IT'S ONLY A TRIFLE."

"What a fuss you make about it. It's only a trifle over the half hour, there'll be plenty of time." This was said by a young man who was carrying a carpet-bag for his mother to the railway station. The lad, poor fellow, was easy to see that very great trouble and expense had been incurred by what the young man had called "*only a trifle.*" I saw the two, angry and unseemly, enter the station for their dreary home walking, and as I passed on I mused on this little incident, and the common words that had been uttered to excuse the delay that had so distressed them,—"*It's only a trifle!*" It only a trifle, says the man who spends some of his hard-earned money on beer or spirits, or tobacco, that he could easily do without, and that not only costs money that he can ill afford to spend on luxuries, but injure his health, and lay the foundation of habits that may bring him to ruin, degrace, and death.

"*It's only a trifle,*" says the young girl, who buys some trumpery finery instead of neat, comfortable clothing. But it is no trifle to her ribbon on her bonnet prevents her having a good strong pair of boots. Wet-footed and shivering in a smart gown and gay mantle, when there comes the winter-cough, and the wasting fever through not being warmly clad; bitterly on a sick bed have many regretted what they thought "*only a trifle.*"

"*It's only a trifle,*" says the wife who has been using cross words to her husband, "he won't think any more of it," but she has planted a seed of bitterness in his heart that will grow up into the ugly weed of suspicion, and strife, and jealousy, and choke the fair flower of love. Oh, wife, nothing is trifling that brings coniscation or coldness between your husband and you. Always remember that "a soft answer turneth away wrath." "*It's only a trifle,*" says the youth as he takes a sheet of writing-paper from his master's desk, and writes a letter to his own friends on it. Had he asked for the paper, it would most likely have been given him, but he taken it on the sly, and calls it a trifle. Ah! that is the beginning of evil. He gets careless about strict honesty, and then comes theft; shame, ruin, and punishment being sure to follow. Oh, youth, remember the property of a master, in the very smallest particular, is a sacred trust, and not "a trifle."

"*It's only a trifle,*" says the pleasure-seeker, who goes out with gay companions on the Lord's-day; thinking to himself, "Never mind, I'll be at church a piece of worship." Ah, there never may be another Sunday for him at church. Young man, dare you break God's command, dishonour His day, insult the love of Jesus—your friend and Saviour—shut out the blessed hope of Heaven, and lose your own soul, and yet say, "It's only a trifle."

Dear readers, ask God to help you to be kept from thinking lightly of seemingly little things. Those who often say, "*It's only a trifle,*" are generally *trifters*, who neglect the present life, and slight the presence of the life to come. Let your prayer be, "Keep thy servant from presumptuous sins, let them not have dominion over me."

A FINE WOMAN.

It is pleasant to observe how differently modern writers and the inspired author of the book of Proverbs describe a fine woman. The former confine their praise chiefly to personal charms and accomplishments, while the latter celebrate only the virtues of a valuable mistress of a family, and a useful member of Society. The one is perfectly acquainted with all the fashionable languages of Europe; the other opens her mouth with wisdom, and is perfectly acquainted with all the uses of the needle, the distaff, and the loom. The business of the one is pleasure; the pleasure of the other is business. The one is admired abroad, the other at home. Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also praiseth her. There is no man in the world equal to Her, nor is there a note in music half so delightful as the respectful language uttered by the grateful son or daughter perpetuates the memory of a sensible and affectionate mother.

HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.—NO. X.

HOW DO YOU MANAGE THE SICK?

In this country there are hospitals and infirmaries for the poor, in all cases of accident, fever, or serious illness that cannot, by reason of poverty, or the smallness of accommodation, be treated at home.

In the minds of some persons, there is a great prejudice against public institutions for the sick; but the testimony of those who know best will prove that, if treated in their sheltering walls, the poor have the benefit of the best advice, and care, and such cleanliness, quiet, and suitable food, as frequently cannot be provided in any private house.

Miss Florence Nightingale, in her book on Nursing, says over and over again, that hospitals, or hospitals, are often better treated than in rich men's dwellings. these hints of mine do not refer to such cases as should it possible, removed to an hospital.

But, sickness comes in many ways to all families at times; and every woman ought to know how to manage and nurse the sick comfortably, so as to bring them about again as soon as possible.

Remember, quiet is much depends on the nurse, as on the doctor. The first requisite is morning, is cleanliness. Directly any of your family are ill, sponge them well with tepid water, and having made their skin clean, put them in clean well-aired beds, and put them to bed, in clean dry sheets. If you think it is a feverish attack, or any contagious malady—if you have a top-room that you can make comfortable, put the sick person to bed there; for the heated air from their breath, &c., ascends, and the house is kept free from effluvia, if they are on the top floor.

Take care, above all things, to have a fresh current of air in the sick-room. This is needful, both for the sick, and those in health. A fire, unless it is hot weather, ventilates and purifies a sick-room. Remove all that produces bad smells instantly.

Have a pair of slippers, and move about quietly; shutting doors, and opening them quietly, and shutting them gently.

Give the medicine at the proper times, and put the bottles in a cupboard, so as not to litter the room.

Make the gruel, barley-water, &c., of the sick very nicely; and never fill a basin or cup quite full. A dropped-over basin looks nasty; and the poor sick stomach turns from it at once. Make a little drop, or bit, on a pice little tray, covered with a white cloth, and a bright clean plate, spoon, or cup, invites the palate.

Change the linen of the bed and patient, very often. Indeed, if you can manage it, two sets of sheets and body-linen, changed night and morning, will do more to refresh the sick, and to prevent bed-sores and contagion, than any thing else.

Keep the feet warm. If this can be done by soft warm socks, it is best; if not, a stocking-bottle full of hot water, well-corked, and covered with a flannel-bag, into the bed. No one can be well if their feet are cold—and sick have headaches and cold feet, and need hot fresh-air, without draught, soap and water, without fuss, but with a sick person, but always did them good. The disgusting odd notions, that fresh air, and baths, were bad for the sick, must have caused death, and spread disease in multitudes of cases.

Never let anything dreadful be said to the sick. Some people have a notion that it must be interesting to tell them—and enter into all the details of bad cases of illness, and of dreadful accidents, to excite them nervous, fills the mind with fears, and makes the dreams of night dreadful. Try to be cheerful, and to bring pleasant ideas before them. Remember, there are very few diseases that are hopeless. In most cases, there is hope; and in all those common bad ailments that come under household treatment, the rule is, that with good nursing people get well.

Never tell *her* to the sick, truth, above everything, you should always strive to speak. If a patient has a disease that must end in death, as consumption, cancer, &c., your medical man will tell you, and then it is wicked and cruel to deceive. Break such things very gently—after sick—for I hope you will do both. Nature shrinks from death, but the Christian has such bright prospects that all fear is taken away, and by God's grace all is peace.

You must not only be quiet in speech and movements yourself, but you must see to it that neighbours and friends who call, are quiet. Do not encourage long visits, or great talking or noisy comes. I have seen a poor man's sick-room so full of people that he could get neither fresh-air, nor quiet. Always make the most of the doctor's orders that the patient should be kept quiet, and if it is a slight case, and you have no doctor, take upon yourself to forbid talkers. Remember, rest, quiet, an airy room, and a clean bed, well-aired, and simple messes, *given at regular times*, have cured thousands.

When your patient begins to mend, then is the really difficult time. Sometimes the sick underrate their feelings and make too free, and sometimes the friends of the sick think them well all at once, because they can leave their beds, and eat their meals. Nature must time to recover, and it depends on the amount of rest, and proper right food taken, whether the sick really entirely recover from illness, or only half recover, and become weak and delicate,—neither well nor ill.

Poor women often lay the foundation of many sad ailments, by getting about too soon after confinement. They are much to be left lay; when a wife and mother lays-by, all the house is uncomfortable, and she naturally wants to be about, and treat her strength too soon. In such cases, a kind neighbour may show her love, both to God and her fellow-creatures, by doing a turn of work, or taking care of the children for the sick woman, and when she begins to get well, enabling her to lie down for a few hours.

It is bad and false economy to try the strength as many do. For a long time after a woman is recovering their weakness, but it tells upon the constitution, I should hazard a medical man say, that two-thirds of the disorders of women in humble life, arise from their not having had in their illnesses, rest and quiet to restore nature.

I say nothing about physic: if people eat light well-cooked food, plenty of nice vegetables, make a good breakfast, and take little or no supper; keep their skin clean with plenty of soap and water, sleep in an airy room and take plenty of exercise, they will not, as a rule, want physic.

A hot bath, and a glass of cold water, going to bed, is the best cure for a cold, commonly. For a bilious sick-headache, nothing is better than a day's fasting, and a drink of lemonade.

As there is plenty of cotton-wool over the chest, and inside-tea is good for a cough. As for all the host of quack medicines, the less you have to do with them the better. If they cure one ailment, they cause a dozen in its place. Directly any member of a poor family is so ill that a bath, rest, and simple drinks will not cure them, send for the doctor, and give physic only under his direction, and remember that the Americans are the greatest consumers of physic in the world, and they are, as a nation, subject to indigestion. The women grow old early in life, and some of the medical writers impute this delicacy to their dosing themselves with pills and draughts. In Scotland and Germany, both nations of strong people, they are amazed at the quantity of physic taken by the English.

One of the most powerful, and therefore, when wrongly used, dangerous of all medicines, is Alcohol. . . . If take spirits, or wine of my kind, unless ordered by an experienced doctor, in cause of extreme necessity. Alcohol affects the brain and the blood at once, and if it was unknown to the taste, people would shrink with dread from a medicine that can produce both frenzy and insensibility.

TEN PERSONS BURNT TO DEATH.

The *Times* of April, 17th, records a fearful fire that occurred in Patrick-street, Dublin, by which no fewer than ten persons were burnt to death. At the coroner's inquest, it was proved that the fire originated through the drunkenness of a man and his wife, who resided in one of the apartments. It was a melancholy compilation of startling facts, would the designs of strong drink, in the United Kingdom, in one year, present to our view!

WHOM CAN WE TRUST?

TRUST IN A FRIEND—his word may *fail*
IN FRIENDS—and they shall *die*;
IN HEALTH, and WEALTH, and world's regard,
Ah! how soon they fly!

TRUST THY OWN HEART—'tis *faithless* all
Thy life long, and false
But he who trusteth in THE LORD,
For EVER shall *endure*.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

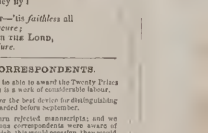
LITTLE SIGGY.—We hope to be able to award the Twenty Prizes next month. The examination is a work of considerable labour.

THE SIX-DAY CLOCK.—Prize for the best device for drawing pulsing the Six-Day Case cannot be awarded before September.

We cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts; and we feel assured that all our correspondents will appreciate our motive of the loss of time and expense which this would occasion, they would never ask us to devote from this very necessary regulation.

SOME of our correspondents desire that we would give the sums of the month. As we usually prepare the numbers about two months in advance, any summary of news would be stale "out of date," when published in our columns. We, therefore, insert such articles as are likely to be permanent interest and strong utility.

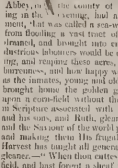
SOLDIERS.—Many of our readers have relatives in the army. We recommend them to keep up a monthly correspondence, and also to send oak or them a packet of monthly publications. We frequently receive letters from soldiers in distant parts of the world, expressing regret that they have so few suitable books and papers to occupy their leisure hours.



And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

THE GLEANER. FROM A PAINTING BY F. TAYLER.

IRISH GLEANERS.



WHEN man once said, "He who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is a great benefactor to his species." It is pleasant to think of the number of acres of reclaimed land, particularly in Ireland, that are now waving with rich crops of golden grain, and were once mere swamps.

In 1849, the writer went on an excursion to Desbrosdie Abbey, in the county of Wexford, and on returning in the evening, had a long walk on an embankment, that was called a sea-wall, and kept out the water from flooding a vast tract of corn land, that had been drained, and brought into cultivation. How many industrious labourers would be employed tilling, and sowing, and reaping these acres, reclaimed from waste and barrenness, and how happy would be the cottage homes of the inmates, young and old, after a day of planting, brought home the golden grain. We can never look upon a corn-field without thinking of the many scenes in Scripture associated with harvest. Good old Jacob and his sons, and Ruth, gleaning in the field of Boaz; and the Saviour of the world plucking a few ears of corn, and making them His frugal meal. The Lord of the Harvest has taught all generations to consider the poor gleaner.—"When thou cuttest down thine harvest in thy field, and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, then shalt not go again to fetch it: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow: that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands." Farmers will do well to remember the words of DEUT. XXIV. 19.

FEMALE SERVANTS.

IT has been estimated, that in London alone there are no fewer than one hundred thousand female servants. Upon their fidelity, punctuality, and good-conduct, depend, to a considerable extent, the security and comfort of many thousand families. But this is not all: to female servants is committed the care, and in some respects, the guidance of the rising generation; and if the morals of the nursery and the kitchen be not pure, it is in vain that pure morality is taught and practised in the drawing-room or the parlour. This subject has not been considered as its importance demands; indeed, it has been strangely neglected, and the neglect has been signally visited in a vast variety of melancholy instances.—*Miss Martineau.*

A HINT TO SHEPHERDS AND DROVERS.

THE following interesting letter tells its own tale. It will be read with pleasure by many of our readers.—Many months ago, the writer communicated to you a fact, about a Drover who *led* his sheep, and would not allow his boy to strike a lame sheep, even with the open hand, but insisted, *that it should be dealt with gently!*

To that communication you were pleased to reply by private letter, desiring me if ever I saw that drover again, to obtain his name and address, for you. I have not seen him since, though I looked out diligently for him. But I have recently met with another drover, who was also *leading his sheep.* The following is the substance of a conversation that took place between us.

"Do you make it a rule, drover, to *lead* your sheep?"

"Some sorts of sheep, sir, we do always."

"Why, how is that you do not *lead all?*

"When we know where they come from, we treat them as they have been *reared.* It is only those that come from the lower part of Germany, that we can *lead.*"

"Then, don't you lead English-bred sheep?"

"Oh, no, sir! that would never do, we should lose half of them, *they aren't trained to it!*"

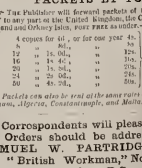
"Might it not be done so *here*, if it were tried?"

"Oh, yes! but our farmers and graziers will not take *the trouble*; they don't keep them on hand two or three years, but only a few months, just long enough to get them ready for the butcher. Now, sir, if we were to attempt to drive the German sheep, we should have no end of trouble, they would run after anybody, and down every street for a *leader!* I have now some grazing in Herkney Marshes, which have been bought up by head, and they are so gentle, that *they would follow me anywhere.* They would go even into my bedroom after me."

I thanked the drover for the information. His name is Ripley, and his address, is 3, St. Thomas's Road, Stepney.

G. B., 5, *World's End, Stepney.*

Query.—Might not the members of the Royal Agricultural Society *do good* by giving Prizes to their Shepherds on attaining the skilful humanity of the German?



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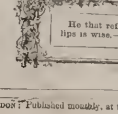

He that refraineth his lips is wise.—PROV. x. 19.

COLD WATER BOB!

IT is interesting to observe in how many instances, men in humble life are "zealously affected in a good cause." A pleasing case has recently come under our notice. A Court (the Court-yard in Charles Street, in the Hampstead Road, there is an old door, upon which may be seen a goodly number of illustrated handbills, placards, temperance tracts, &c.; placed there by the Waterman. Groups of men are frequently observed reading and discussing the good advice given on this door. For years past this Waterman, who is well known amongst the Cabmen as "Cold Water Bob," has not only supplied nature's liquid to the *horses*, but has induced many of the *drivers* to relinquish their 'glass of gin,' for a draught of good water.

Working Men! Let us learn a lesson from 'Cold Water Bob,' and be men *in earnest* in battling with that great curse of the industrial classes—strong drink.

Cooling Drink.—At a time when cooling beverages are so much required by the labouring-classes, perhaps it will not be out of season to publish the following:—

Take two Lemons, cost 2d.

2 lb. *Foots* Sugar, 1½d.

Cut the lemons in very thin slices and put them into a jug with the sugar, pour on about one quart of boiling water, and when cold fill up a gallon jug with cold water. This is easily made and very wholesome in hot weather, and a *quart* costs less than half-a-pint of porter.

One hot day, at the end of last May, sixteen men were repairing the road opposite my house, where the main drainage had been made; and at about three o'clock in the afternoon they seemed very fatigued by the work and heat of the day. A gallon of lemonade had been made according to the above form, and I went out and asked one of them if it would be acceptable, if so, to send for it. The man thanked me, and came for it immediately, and in a short time all partook of it, and the empty jug and glass were returned with thanks. Every day afterwards, until the work was finished, a man came about the same time and asked if we could favour them with a little more. The horseman came shortly afterwards, but went away without a customer! J. B.

A FRIEND called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue. Some time afterward he called again; the sculptor was still at his work. He friend looking at the figure exclaimed, you have been idle since I saw you last." "By no means," replied the sculptor; "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to that limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

PITY THE CABMEN!

WE know of no class of persons whose social and moral condition calls for greater sympathy than that of the London Cabmen, Omnibus-Men, and Stable-Men. Thousands of them *never* enter a place of worship! Many of them are seen *outside* the doors of churches and chapels on the Lord's-day, but never *inside!* Who will plead for them?

The mouth of the just bringeth forth wisdom. Proverbs x. 31.

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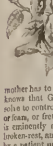
HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.—NO. XI.

HOW DO YOU MANAGE THE CHILDREN?



OF only the present comfort of a house, but the future welfare of a family, and the good of society, depend on how the members of a nation manage, that is, train their offspring.

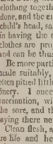
A mother is answerable to God, and her country, for the training of her children. There are three principal points—good temper, truth and firmness, in the management of children.

The first thing a mother has to do is to begin with herself. As soon as she knows that God has given her a child, she should resolve to control her temper, and not give way to passion, or fretfulness. "In patience possess your soul," is eminently a mother's text. All pain and care, broken-rest, and vexations, are overcome far more quickly by a patient spirit than by anxiety or worry only make her worse. This patient sweetness of temper bring cheerfulness, and the infant as soon as it begins to notice, sees a mild smiling face, looking at it, and learns to smile in return. Have one fixed time in the morning to wash the baby. In the winter use tepid water, in the summer cold, a bit of soft sponge for the body, and a bit of flannel for the head, and wash the infant all over *carefully* and *gently*, *drying* it well with a soft cloth.

Let the baby-clothes be soft, clean, and loose. No pins, and no tight bandages. It is very good for children to take a long recollect of course thread, and then baste the things together. In many of the first nurseries this is done, and the entire suit of clothes is put on, without waking the child's head, saving all the crying, and fright of the child in having the things put on separately. If your baby-clothes are properly made, they will all fit one another, and can be thus put together, and tied with strings.

Be more particular to have plenty of changes, and things made suitably, than to have fine baby-clothes. I have often pitied little babies in their starched frills, and trusting finery. I once saw a child, whose arms was sore from vaccination, with a great wooden sleeve, reaching into the sore, and the mother shaking it up and down, and saying there never was such a cross child.

Clean flesh, and clean linen, and an airy bed and room, are life and health to little children. As soon as the baby is washed, and made clean and dry, it should have a meal—nature's food is always, of course, the best—and then be put to sleep. Lay it down awake at one fixed



hour after the morning, and again after the evening washing. It will get the habit of sleeping at the times you fix. Never let it sleep on your lap; never jog or rock it to sleep, and mind that in the afternoon it is allowed to be exercised by a walk, if the weather is fine, in the open air; and by all cheerful means tire it, so as to make ready for its night's rest.

Do not overfeed it. Children are often crammed so, that they are sickly, and dull, and cross. Nature knows when the baby cries, just something in its mouth, when most likely it wants drying, nursing, talking to, anything rather than stuffing food into its poor overwrought stomach.

Every three hours, the first three months of life, is often enough to nourish a child. Every two hours and a-half, the next three months. Then a little more than three, bread, beat thin, or baked flour, may be given, morning and evening, for the next three months, in addition to the mother's nurture. Then the baby, if strong, must be weaned, and fed four times a-day with light food, as rice, custard, or bread-and-milk. Let it have a hard crust to suck, which will help it in cutting its teeth, and stay its stomach between its meals.

Beg to your baby as much as you like, but never shout and storm at it. Some mothers think it put down one noise, by making a louder. It is a great mistake, children imitate very soon, and a gentle "hush," will put down noise and crying, much better than any plan.

Long before your baby is a year old, it will cry for things it must not have. Avoid two mistakes. Do not give it wrong things, because it cries for them. Do not lose your temper, and be cross to the baby, and make it passionate and cross, or timid by your anger. Speak to it as if it understood you (which it does sooner than you think), and in a mild firm voice, saying, "No," and then get it something it may have, and divert its attention from the wrong thing.

This brings me to the second requisite,—*Truth*. Let your "*No*," and your "*Yes*," be solemn truths. Be very careful from the first with your child about this. It will save the child many tears, and you many a heart-ache.

Many mothers train their children to be liars. They say "*No*" and "*Yes*" carelessly, they make promises they never keep. They put all kinds of wild nonsense into the child, and then they wonder that the child does not mind them, or learns to be deceptive, as well as rebellious.

All obedience of the child must depend on its belief in your truth. If you keep your word the child will instinctively respect you, and will know it must obey. But if you break your word, the child takes advantage, and, indeed, often does not know how to obey. For it may do one day what it would be punished for on another. A mother who is good-tempered, and speaks the exact truth to her child must also be firm. Your child's first duty is obedience. God put you over the child to be its guide. Your word must be its law. There need be no anger, and no hardness in enforcing obedience. Begin at first with making the child understand your "*No*," when it wants the improper things, and it must submit. Then, as its mind expands, tell it to do little things for you, and always see that what you ask is done. Of course, if the child sees that what you would not try it, for it is best to avoid coming into collision with the child's will while it is too young to understand. But as soon as it does understand, be sure that the child minds you in little things, and then it will get the habit of obedience, and then will not be much trouble with greater things.

But offences will come, for your child has a nature that makes it desire to do what is wrong, than good. When you find it has done wrong, it must be punished, for every sin, postpone the punishment. Be sure to ask yourself, "Is it my temper, or my child's temper, that vexes me?" Let your child know that you correct it because you love it. The feeling that it has grieved you will be worse than the punishment; and the child will have a time for the child to ask and obtain your pardon. This time for forgiveness is your opportunity to impress the best and most lasting lesson. I often think it is not the punishment, but the after-forgiveness that does the good. The first is, also, necessary to break up the hard soil of the children's hearts, but the seed of the good seed that will produce the peaceable fruits of love and right doing.

Teach your children to be clean. A dirty child is the mother's disgrace. Let them soon learn to put away their playthings, to wash their hands, to fold up their clothes, to behave well at table, is it still. Be far more particular that they should do these things well, than that they should repeat pieces, or talk smarly, or even read very early. I have known children who could read well at three or four years old, who were praised and petted for their cleverness till they became vain and tiresome, and at eight years old they were not only no better, but much behind children who were *trained* in good habits, instead of being made much of for them. When your little ones go to school, have such household plans as shall ensure their being punctual. I have known many poor children punished, and their health and their progress entirely through the fault of the mothers sending them late, and even letting them be dirty. This is very cruel. Rely on it, as the child grows up it will remember it bitter unkindness. Love begets love, and if mothers will put themselves for their children, they can hardly expect the children to become blessing to them.

Make the home a happy place to the children. Enter into their joys and sorrows. Encourage them to talk of their lessons in the evening. Put down all tale-bearing and evil-speaking, but let them feel that you are their friend, and that their progress interests you. Commend them when they try to well. Kindly sympathize in all their innocent troubles, and patiently point out their faults. Encourage them to look forward with pleasure to the time when "father's evening" comes. Oh how pleasant to see the 'little one' running to the door with 'father's slippers,' and thus to welcome him to his home.

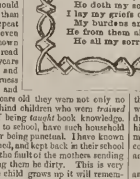
If their home is happy, they won't want to be drawn into the street. If you win their confidence you will know what companions they make. A thousand evils will be avoided if you show yourself the friend as well as the parent of your child.

Do not allow them to spend their halfpence in trash. It only tends to make them gluttons and spendthrifts, but devise little treats for them. Give them a pleasant surprise of some little thing—story at table, or some pretty book, or neat article of dress.

Do not have many toys. A soft ball for indoors, a box of wooden bricks or cards, a little housey, a slate and pencil; the rests that cotton has been wound on, perhaps on a bit of twine, or with a little stick run through them to make spinners, will amuse a child for long hours.

Devise employments for them. Let them help you as soon as they can; a little toddling child will be delighted to have a duster put in his hand, or a little broom, to fancy it it helping mother. It is a good plan to teach boys, as well as girls, to knit and to sew; in the evenings they can make patchwork, or employ their hands usefully, if not only keeps them out of mischief, but makes them cheerful. Every human being likes to feel that they are useful.

And, above all, as an amusement, teach them to love pictures. A good picture-book is endless amusement. Ah! how many homes have been made happier by good picture-books! Have not such books as the "Band of Hope Review" and "Children's Friend," proved great 'helps' to many mothers? And last, but not least, remember it is your example that trains your child. Your daily life is its daily lesson. Ask God's help to make you morally, and religiously, what you wish your children to be.



I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in Him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

"OH, WHAT A SIGHT!"

In the summer of 1854, I had a visit from a distant relative who had been for many years in Australia, and now returned to see his friends, and to take out his wife's family.

My relation was a bustling, careless, rough sort of man, who looked as if he had been knocked about the world far from civilized life. But he was not without good feeling and intelligence, and we were glad to see him. He stayed with us for many days, one of which being Sunday.

Having many things to think of, I confess I did not, as we walked to the House of God, reflect on the fact, that for years at a sheep-farm,—and after at the golddiggings,—and more recently on the ocean, our Australian had not been to a place of worship. I did not notice him as we entered, nor for some time after, until he stood near me, I felt a tremor, and looking towards him, saw he was trembling in every limb. We then all bent in prayer, and afterwards the congregation all rose to sing, and I ventured to look again at our friend. He stood up, gazing in wonder and awe at the people, as the words of praise swelled on the voices of the assembled worshippers; he tried to join the hymn—the perspiration stood on his temples, he was obliged to sit down. As he did so, he said loud enough for me to hear, "Oh, what a sight!"

In all that throng there might have been many more devout worshippers,—but there was none more impressed with the beauty, holiness and majesty of public worship than that poor stranger. I reproached myself, thus seeing from week to week the great congregation, I did not feel it as he did.

I thought how it was, when "They were altogether in one place," the disciples had received the gift of the Holy Spirit; and how from that time to the present, the Lord is in the midst, wherever His people, for ever, meet together in His name.

We walked home in silence. Evidently one companion had much to think about, and silence was best. In the afternoon he was restless—inquired the time of evening worship, looked at his watch, paced up and down the room, as if it were the dock of a ship,—and finally sat down and began to read. But I saw he was delighted when the time came for the evening service.

His emotion was hardly less than in the morning. His features worked with varied feelings as he looked around—then at the minister, then listened. As we went out, he said, "I've had a grand day."

On our way home we passed a corner public-house, which the owner had enlarged for summer custom, by erecting an iron roof round some upper leads, and putting an awning over the tables, and forms that were arranged pretty thickly for his customers. But there was none too much room accordingly, for it was a closely-packed place. Men, some of them evidently of a rough sort, were smoking and drinking, and as we drew near, we heard they were quarrelling. It looked very hot, and noisy, and miserable, and we were glad to "turn him out," "Throw him over," "Pitch him down," mingled with phrases I need not write, came to us in a confused clamour. Our accompanying woman's voice, and the "thud" of blows varied the tumult.

Three policemen crossed from an opposite street, and with a quiet manner, which seemed to it isn't his fault, when he gets a drop, it makes him mad."

"Then he shouldn't take a drop," said one of the policemen. Meanwhile, blows and curses, and the outcry, blows, oaths, shrieks, people taking sides, and a general row following.

"Oh, what a sight!" said my Australian. It was the same words, but in a different accent that he had used in the morning. We went on, sickened with what we saw and heard,—all the more sickened because we witness the fray that ended in the station, and subsequently, the prison, for some of the rioters.

"And there may be near churches and chapels! have the opportunity of going to them, might join in the worship, and they prefer such scenes as that!" said the Australian. No wonder he marvelled. And this same contrast may be seen every Sunday, and we may say, with solemn joy, in the one case, and awe-struck shame in the other, "Oh, what a sight!"

THE DAY OF REST FOR ALL.

One of the pleasantest country sights that I remember to have seen, was a fine large meadow, where some farm-horses were enjoying themselves on the Sabbath-day. It was in the busy season of the hay-harvest, this year; and no doubt the poor beasts had been toiling very hard all the week. To see them quietly grazing their fill, without any fear of whip or bridle,—no jerks galling their mouth, no weight pulling at their shoulders, throw out all work horses, they must feel the comfort of freedom from the pressure of the six days' toil, was a pleasant thought, and as soon the poor dumb creatures of them, as they rolled or lounged on the grass, in all the luxury of rest. The serene peaceful look of all, filled me with gratitude, to think that the Sabbath is a blessing even to the beast.

"Thus did God's day, serve as a span,
All things to bind together;
And make the hearts of man
A patent pleading brother.

"Oh! if to *no one precious thing*,
And not to them, is given;
Kindness to them will be a wing,
To bear it on to heaven."—H. Chambers.

* The soul.

A RICH LEGACY.

A POOR old man was one day walking to the sanctuary, with a New Testament in his hand, when a friend who met him said:—

"Good morning, Mr. Price!"

"Ah, good morning," replied he, "I am reading MY FATHER'S WILL as I walk along!"

"Well, what has he left you?" said his friend.

"Why, he has bequeathed me a hundred-fold more in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting."

This beautiful reply was the means of comforting his Christian friend, who was at the time in sorrowful circumstances.

THE MOTHER'S FIRST GRIEF.

SHE sits beside the cradle,
And her tears in a stream are flowing fast,
For she sees the present only,
While she shrinks of all the past;
Of the days so full of gladness,
When her first-born's answering kiss
Thrilled her soul with such a rapture
That it knew no other bliss.
Of those happy hours, moments!
They have kept deepen her despair,
For she finds above the cradle,
And by or baby is not there!

There from words of comfort spoken,
And the tender chiding of grief,
Wear the smiling brow of promise,
And she feels a sad relief;
But her reverening thoughts will wander,
Till they settle on the scene
Of the dark and silent chamber,
And of all that might have been!
For a little vacant garment,
For a shining tress of hair,
Tells her heart, in stress of anguish,
That her baby is not there!

She sits beside the cradle,
But her tears no longer flow,
For she sees a blessed vision,
And her heart is at rest;
Saintly eyes look down upon her,
And the Voice that hushed the sea
Stills her sorrow, with the assurance,
"Suffer them to come to Me."
And while her soul is lifted
On the trembling wings of prayer,
Heaven's crystal gates swing forward,
And she sees her baby there.

PRIZES FOR "LITTLE SHOES."

We have received 647 specimens of writing in competition for the Twenty Prizes (volume of the "British Workman") which we have given a prize for each trade, it is but right to mention that in some of the trades there were competitors who can be called "very good." Those from the Carpenters are *excellent*.

Name.	No. of competitors.	Prize awarded to
1. Blacksmiths	48	Sidney Chew, Stroud, Gloucestershire.
2. Brickmakers	9	Joseph Wilson, Wednesbury.
3. Cabinet	8	W. H. Dugmore, Ardwick, Manchester
4. Carpenters	12	A. Lidstone, Hartlebury, Droitwich. (Grocers)
5. Coopers	20	J. W. Tongue, Hitch St., Stalybridge.
6. Drovers	6	Thomas Post, Blackpool, Lancashire.
7. Engine Drivers..	17	W. Walker, Temple St., Manchester.
8. Engine Stokers..	12	Robert Barnes, Kilburn, Birmingham.
9. Gardeners	43	David Moir, Dunning, Perthshire.
10. Gaolkeepers	18	Edward Hallam, Gas Works, Lincoln.
11. Miners	27	H. Hunter, Bathgate, Linlithgowshire.
12. Plumbers	12	J. Ford, Harpurhey, near Manchester.
13. Policemen	19	A. Shaw, Oldham, Lancashire.
14. Potters	6	Thomas Wills, Duck Lane, St. Neots.
15. Railway Porters	34	J. Dougall, Hollow Street, Leith, Edinb.
16. Sailors	12	C. Hartt, H.M.S. "Prince Albert."
17. Shoemakers	58	Cornelius Lamb, Wrington.
18. Soldiers	11	Lance-Corp. H. Blackburn, 84th Reg.
19. Tailors	21	G. Barker, Wilson, near Sudbury.
20. Weavers	54	W. H. Hall, Dale Delph, Saddleworth.

A SPECIAL PRIZE, the Orphan Texts, by Jonathan Crossland, of Jump, Miner, is *so very nearly* written as it merit a Prize. We regret to learn that after the specimen reached us, the writer thereof has suddenly died—we trust in humble reliance on the merits of his crucified Redeemer. We are forwarding the Prize to the widow.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POLICE STATIONS.—A benevolent gentleman in Surrey presents copies of the "British Workman" monthly to the Police Forces at Richmond, and we are informed that the papers are "most grateful and thoughtful" to receive them. Potterers are most valuable public servants. As a body of men they do *credit* to the nation, and their importance, as a body of men, is not so much as but few have perhaps conceived. We shall be glad to learn that many other stations are receiving the "British Workman" from the day of Richmond.

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.—The Committee of the "Metropolitan Drinking Fountains Association," want funds to carry on their Important operations. Looking forward to the Great Exhibition in 1862, we should like to see one hundred taste Fountains erected in London, and a dozen in the country, as well as London, are intended in this effort. Subscriptions should be forwarded to the Treasurer of the Association, Samuel GURNEY, Esq., M.P., 11, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London.

CANVASSING CARDS.—Cards adapted for entering the names of twelve Subscribers to the "British Workman," together with a supply of Canvassing-bills, may be had by any of our readers, gratis and post-free, on application to the Editor, 8, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. If each reader were to get one of these Cards filled up with subscribers' names, it would at once increase the circulation of the "British Workman" to twelve times its present amount! Try Cards for entering the names of 60 or 100 Subscribers may also be had.

BRITISH ANIMALS' FRIENDS SOCIETY.—This provincial Society is doing good service in the suppression of cruelty, and encouragement of humanity to animals. It is worth Society's cause, *that in every town in the land*. The sympathy and help of those who have heard that can feel is lently asked for by the dumb creation. We recommend our readers to enclose a stamped envelope to Mr. James Bullen, 20, Hurlfore Street, Bristol, asking for copies of the papers showing the object and operations of the above Society. We shall be glad to hear from every Provincial Society that if formed.

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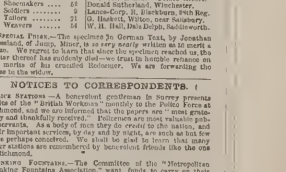
Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.
Gal. vi. 1, 2.



But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, Meekness, temperance: against such there is no law. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.
Gal. v. 22, 23, 24.

ISN'T IT WORSE FOR A MAN, FATHER?"

It is two years since I left off the use of tobacco. I certainly did *enjoy* my cigar. I prided myself on my fine Havannas, and might have been seen almost any morning with one in my mouth, walking down to business, and puffing away in a most comfortable manner.

Why I left it off was this: I had a little son about six years of age. He almost always hurried to be ready to walk down with me so far as his school. His bright face and extended hand were always welcome, and he bounded along beside me, chatting, as such dear little fellows only can. The cigar was in it many uncared-for boys, whose chief delight seems to be to pick up pieces of discarded cigars and broken pipes, and with their hands in their pockets, puff away in a very indelicate manner. One morning it seemed as if little Edgar and I met a great swarm of those juvenile smokers. I became very much disgusted, and pointed them out to little Edgar as sad warnings of youthful delinquency, talked quite largely, and said the authorities ought to interfere and put a stop to such a public nuisance.

A little voice, soft and musical, came up to me as I gave an extra puff from my superb Havanna. A bright little face was upturned, and the words, "*Isn't it worse for a* MAN, *father?*" came to my ears. I looked down on the little fellow at my side, when his timid eye fell, and the colour mounted on his boyish cheek, as if he feared he had said something bold and unfitting. "Do you think it is worse for a man, Edgar?" I asked.

"Please, father, I think boys would not want to smoke, if men did not do it."

Here was the answer. I threw away my cigar, and have never touched tobacco since in any form!

And is it not worse for a *man?* Are we not carefully responsible? Are not the daily examples of the rich, and the refined, and *the good*, telling all the time upon these poor children, whom we blame and would turn over to city authorities? Am not I, for one, in a measure responsible for the example I have been daily setting to these boys when I daily meet? The customary use of tobacco as a stimulant is an evil, in whatever form the habit may be acquired. It leads to drinking, and thus to other vices. Can I as a Christian man justify myself in the use of these, any more than in the use of ardent spirits? Is not my *example* of some moment?

Parents, your children see such things. They think about them, and remember them; and if a little one with an earnest tone asks, "Is it not worse for a man, father?" will you not heed his voice? Many things has God "hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

From "Hints to Smokers." No. 2 of Social Science Tracts. A. W. Partridge. Price 1d each.

Cut Adrift.—"It's a miserable feeling," said a youth to me (an apprentice to a plumber), "when there's a job in a country place, and we workmen have to get lodgings where we can, perhaps in some house already full, where we feel as if we were in the way; and those of us who have good homes seem 'cut adrift' altogether from our comforts."

I could understand that it was indeed one of the workman's great difficulties, and no act of benevolence of modern times is more kind and judicious, than the opening of reading and lodging rooms where working-men can assemble of an evening, and spend their time in profitable reading and conversation.*

It is well, too, when the memory of home is so sweet that to be absent from it makes any one feel as my young acquaintance said, "cut adrift." But besides the home where the mother and the wife, the little brothers and sisters live, and where the heart is warmed by dear familiar love, there is the home of the soul. The Home of God we are privileged to call our home of the soul. There our Heavenly Father unveils His face. There Jesus our Elder Brother waits to welcome us; there the blessing is ready, the precious promise ever sure. If we are hindered from going there do we feel it a privation? as if we were "cut adrift," blown about and tossed with the rough winds and waves of life's ocean, without a pilot, or a chart, or an anchor, or a port.

Oh it is a great thing in this weary world to know that we have a shelter from the tempest, a refuge from the storm. And hurried as we are with the toils of life, it is precious to know that one day in seven is our own. That then we can go, not only in thought but in bodily presence, to our Father's House, and find that whether we are divided from our earthly friends and home or not, we are near to that blest abode, of which we may *say*,—

"There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns."

ALL our present glory consists in our preparation for future glory.—*Dr. Owen.* Solve with your fellow-men as if God saw you; so pray to God as if men heard you.—*Seneca.*

* A room of this kind has been recently created by a benevolent gentleman, for the benefit of the working-men of Belgate.

A PROMPT CLERK.

"I ONCE knew a young man" (said an eminent minister), "who was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him, 'Now, to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it before the post closes.'

"He was a young man of energy. This was the first time he had been intrusted to superintend the execution of this work; he made his arrangements overnight, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and, resolving to begin very early in the morning, instructed all the labourers to be there at half-past four o'clock. So they set to work in good earnest, and the thing was done soon after breakfast-time. About ten o'clock in the day the master came in, and, seeing the clerk seated in the counting-house, he looked very serious, supposing that his commands had not been executed.

"'I thought,' said he, 'you were requested to get out that cargo of cotton, this morning.'

"'It is all *done*, sir!' replied the energetic young clerk, and here is the completed account of it.'

"That young man never looked behind him in the world, from that moment,—never! His character was fixed, confidence in him was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing with promptness. He very soon came to be the one who could not be spared. He was as necessary to the firm, as any one of the partners. He was a religious man, and passed through a life of great benevolence, and at his death was able to leave an 'inheritance to his children's children.

"MENDED HOMES." "ANNALS OF THE RESCUED."

Mrs. BAYLY and Mrs. WIGHTMAN have done good service to the interests of the working-classes, by issuing the valuable books bearing the above titles. Those who are truly seeking to promote the social and spiritual welfare of the tens of thousands who are "penned up" in the crowded courts and alleys of our cities and towns will be glad to find from the interesting facts narrated by these philanthropic ladies, that there is "HOPE for the hopeless." The great and good work which Mrs. Bayly has, by God's blessing, been the instrument of promoting in the 'Rectories' of Kensington, affords a pleasing illustration of what *may be done* by the power of Christian kindness and perseverance. Our readers are well aware of the high estimation we entertain of Mrs. Wightman's first book, "Haste to the Rescue," and we have but to add that her "Annals of the Rescued" forms a sequel and less interesting and valuable. We are glad that Mrs. Bayly's "Mended Homes" has been published at the low price of sixpence, thereby bringing it within the reach of all classes. We also observe that Mrs. Bayly has been so overwhelmed with letters asking for information as to the work in the "Potteries," as to place it quite beyond her power to answer them, and one object of publishing this little book is to give inquirers such information as will enable *them* to follow her example in other places. We have just received a letter from the venerable Dr. Marsh, of Bobbington Rectory, in which he expresses an earnest desire that "Mended Homes" should be seen and read by every Clergyman and Minister of the Gospel in the land.

"MENDED HOMES. By Mrs. Bayly. Published by Messrs. Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street, London. Price 6d. Post-free.

ANNALS OF THE RESCUED. By Mrs. Wightman. Messrs. Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street, London. Price 1s. 6d. Post-free.

WHAT CARRIERS CAN DO.

CARRIERS have the power of extending the circulation of periodicals where booksellers' shops are not to be found. We are glad to find that some of the Leicestershire Carriers are interesting themselves in procuring Subscribers to the "British Workman," and we are assuming that a similar effort should be made by every carrier, in every county. We shall be happy to correspond with our friends on this subject. We hope that provincial booksellers will kindly do what they can to extend the circulation of our paper amongst *farm-servants and agricultural labourers* by means of their local carriers.

CHEAP RATES OF POSTAGE

It will be seen from the following rates that several persons, uniting their Subscriptions, can be supplied (in any part of the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, the Shetland and Orkney Isles), with the "British Workman" at the published price, direct from London, POST-FREE. This is important to those residing in districts where there are no Booksellers or News-Agents.

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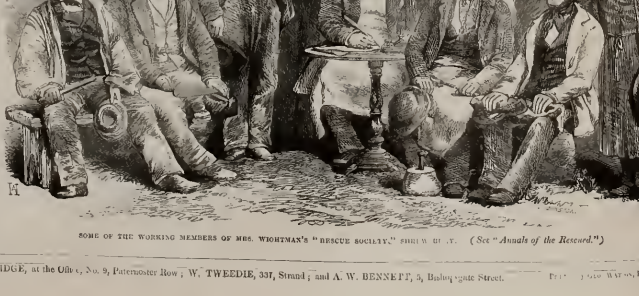
Correspondents will please notice that Letters should be addressed to the Office of the "British Workman," 9, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.

☞ **All the Back Numbers** *of the "British Workman" have been reprinted, and may now be had through any Bookseller, or direct from Mr. S. W. Partridge, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., by remitting stamps, with an extra stamp to cover postage.*



SOME OF THE WORKING MEMBERS OF MRS. WIGHTMAN'S "RESCUE SOCIETY." SEE "ANNALS OF THE RESCUED." (*See "Annals of the Rescued."*)

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"HERBERT," THE FINE OLD NUBIAN LION IN THE REGENT'S PARK ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, SKETCHED SHORTLY PRIOR TO ITS DEATH, BY HARRISON WEIR.

It deserves to be made more generally known, that the Zoological Gardens, in Regent's Park, London, are open every *Monday** at half-price, viz., SIXPENCE each person, instead of the usual charge of one shilling. We know of no richer treat that a father can give his children, than by taking them to these gardens. Where is the child whose heart will not be gladdened by being allowed to visit this noble collection of wild beasts of the forest,—the birds, and the "creeping things" from all parts of the habitable globe? These gardens present a living "Natural History Book," worthy of study by both old and young. There are thousands of working-men in London, who never do a single stroke of work on "Saint Monday," from one year's end to another, but who spend the day in a manner anything but beneficial to pocket or person. We wish that all such 'sons of toil' would, for

* We hope that before long this regulation will also apply to *Saturday* afternoon.

once, try the experiment of seeking a few hours rational enjoyment in these gardens. They will there find far more real pleasure than in the worship of Bacchus.

Our readers will, we think, be glad to possess a good engraving of "Herbert," the fine Newfoundland dog, which for the last ten years has been one of the chief objects of attraction to visitors in these beautiful gardens. This noble creature became most docile, under the kind treatment of his keeper. It was an interesting sight to see "Herbert" undergoing the process of "brushing down." No sooner was one side cleaned, than, at the keeper's word, he would instantly turn himself over, in order that the other side might be brushed and combed. When asked if he wanted food, he would prick his ears, and give a good rear, thereby showing that his preferently understood his keeper's meaning. This fine animal died during one of the severe nights of last winter. Mr. West took his death specially for our paper, only a few weeks before the Lion's death.

One day, says Mr. Hope, I had the honour of dining with Her Grace the Duchess of Hamilton. After dinner, the company attended her grace to see the feeding of a lion, which she had in the court. While we were admiring his fierceness, and keeping him with sticks at some him quit his prey and fly at us, the porter came and informed the duchess that a servant, with some recipts at the gate, begged permission to speak to her.

Her grace, with great condescension and good nature, asked permission of the company for the travellers to come in, as they would then be the satisfaction of seeing the animal fed. They were accordingly admitted at the moment when the lion was gratifying excellently. The servant advancing to the lion, called out, "Nero! Nero! poor Nero! don't you know me? Nero!" The animal instantly turned his head to look at him; then rose up, left his prey, and came wagging his tail to the side of the cage. The man then put his hand upon him, and patted him; telling us at the same time, that it was three years since they had seen each other, but that the care of the lion, on his passage from Gibraltar, had been committed to him, and he was happy to see the poor beast above so much gratitude for his attention.

The lion, indeed, seemed perfectly delighted; he went to and fro, rubbing himself against the bars of his place his benefactor stood, and licked the serjeant's hand as he held it out to him. The man wanted to get into the cage to him, but was prevented by the company, who were not altogether convinced of the safety of the act.

In the beginning of the last century, there was in the menagerie (Cage), a lion, that showed an astonishing degree of tameness towards the woman who had the care of him. This went so far, that the woman, in order to excite the company which came to see the animal, would often rubbly place not only her hand, but even her head, between his tremendous jaws. She had frequently performed this experiment without suffering injury; but having once introduced her head into the lion's mouth, the animal made a sudden snap, and killed her on the spot. Undoubtedly this catastrophe was unintentional on the part of the lion; for probably, at the first moment, the fear of the woman had caused the lion's throat, and compelled him to sneeze or cough; at least this supposition seems to be confirmed by what followed: for as soon as the lion perceived that he had killed his attendant, the good-tempered and grateful animal exhibited signs of the deepest melancholy, had himself down by his side of the dead body, and he would not suffer to be taken from him; refused to take any food, and in a few days pined himself to death.

A lion which the French at Fort St. Louis in Africa were about to send to Paris, on account of its great beauty, having fallen sick before the departure of the vessel which was to convey him to France, was taken from his chain, and carried into an open area. M. Compagnon, author of *An Account of a Journey to Bambuk*, having procured some from harpooning, found this animal in a very exhausted state, and out of compassion poured a small quantity of milk down his throat, whereby the lion was greatly refreshed, and soon recovered to a perfect health. From that time the lion was to tame, and required so great an attachment for his benefactor, that he ate from his hand, and followed him without everywhere like a dog, with nothing to confine him but a slender string tied round his neck.

☞ We shall be glad to receive any interesting and authentic anecdotes, not only of Lions, but of any other animals, more especially of Dogs. We are particularly desirous of such as illustrate the power of kindness.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

On the banks of a wide expanse of water, in the county of Suffolk, stands a large white house, with pleasure-grounds round it. In appearance the house is good, it has a numerous family, and is very pleasantly situated, but has for many time stood empty. The blinds, which have long darkened the windows, are mouldering with the damp, while grass and moss have overgrown the neglected walks. It seemed a great pity that such a pretty place should be so neglected, and on inquiring the reason, I was told that the house was believed to be haunted, and therefore no one would live in it. I did not obtain no particulars respecting this belief, nor on what circumstances it was founded, but this does not much matter, for as regards the house in question, it is almost likely a rule of the superstitious feeling not yet eradicated from amongst us. But it made me think; the house is unhabited because it is said to be haunted, which I suppose means frequented by some spirit, or a good spirit of course, but an evil one. How do people detect the presence of this spirit; most likely by what they suppose, to be his works. If so, I know plenty of haunted houses, but far from being uninhabited, they contain numerous families. The inmates are not afraid of the haunting spirit, generally they deny his existence, and yet he must be there, to judge from his works. Let me specify one in particular, it is a pleasant house, has been well furnished, and is inhabited by agreeable people, but a lively spirit must have taken up his abode with them. We generally hear of houses being the most haunted at night, but in this case the day seems the chosen time; and the spirit is on such sociable terms with the family, that he accompanies them, from the time they rise till the time they retire to rest. His presence at meals may be ascertained by his works, he will upset a teacup at breakfast, overturn a spoonful of sugar, and cover the table with crumbs of bread, and dinner he will spill gravy or sauce, or strew the floor with fragments of meat or potatoes. He will also spill ink on the floor, and splash it on the walls, and put shreds of cotton or silk on the carpet, besides sprinkling it with gravel or sand. If there are books, he will disarrange all the books, put large and small together, turn them upside down, and fill every little space with crumpled newspapers, or torn tracts; if a book be wanted, much time is consumed in searching for it, and when found, it is not unlikely to be defaced and torn. You may easily trace his course through a house, and no place is free from his influence. Open a drawer and you will find it full of odd gloves, torn handkerchiefs, old bonnets, soiled clothes, reels of cotton, pieces of string and bits of paper. It would take you a whole morning to undo the mischief which this spirit has done; he will crush anyone's best bonnet, and bruise papa's best hat, tear the girls' frocks and the boys' jackets, and, in short, make himself so mischievous, that you wonder how he can be tolerated. It is no use changing your house to get rid of him, for he will go with you; but I can tell you he has been got rid of at last by the whole family changing their habits, and it is well worth trying. I think I need hardly tell you the name of this troublesome spirit, for you will easily recognise him.

Now let me remember another house, very neat, very pretty, but haunted also, and that by a spirit whose works are destructive of happiness. He manifests himself more by his influence on persons than on things. He is a great promoter of family disputes, provokes sharp speeches, and suggests taunting replies, and is especially a lover of contradiction. He makes every one uneasy by his presence, and sometimes so torments an unfortunate family, that they separate and inhabit solitary dwellings. He will dwell in splendid drawing-rooms, or in lowly kitchens, and you can soon detect his presence. If the mark is "I think it will be a fine day," is met by "How can you say so, I am sure it is going to rain;" or "Sarah, will you shut the door?" "you hear, "No, indeed, if you want it shut, do it yourself," be sure that house is haunted, and you will have little peace in it.

I know yet another, in which the haunting spirit seems to paralyse every one within his reach—every face, and listless frames come to the breakfast table, and during the day one will lean idly against the door-post, another will sit lounging in an easy-chair, and not one member of the household will apply to any active employment. Life instead of being a time of cheerful, happy activity, seems to become a weary, heavy burden. But I need not particularize further, my readers can easily give names to these haunting spirits, and no doubt remember many more. But let our first inquiry be at home, "Is mine a haunted house?" If it be, less not another moment, but in the might of a power, not your own, turn from all that is evil; refuse the spirit of Disorder,—refuse that of Unkindness,—arouse yourself from the power of Indolence,—and be sure that with watchfulness and prayer you will conquer. Your abode will be freed from these troublesome inmates, and you will have the comfort of knowing that yours is not a Haunted House.

Many flowers unfold their petals to the sun, but only one follows it constantly. My heart, be thou the sunflower, not only revealed to thy God, but obedient to His influences.

EASTERN CORN.

Corn is a general name for all kinds of grain which the earth produces for the sustenance of man.

The following kinds of corn, or grain, are the principal mentioned in Scripture, viz.: wheat, barley, rye, and millet. Wheat is remarkable for its prolific qualities, Pliny, the heathen naturalist, says, wheat yields a more fertile than wheat. Nature has given it that quality, because by it she chiefly feeds mankind; for from one bushel, if the soil be suitable, as in Byzacium, a country of Africa, a hundred and fifty bushels will be returned.

Jesus is called a *corn of wheat*, because of these rich, nourishing, and lasting blessings, of which He is the author, and because of the fruitfulness of His Gospel, when accompanied by the power of His Spirit. In Matthew, third chapter and twelfth verse, saints are compared to wheat, because of their meekness and fruitfulness in good works. In Jeremiah, twenty-third chapter and twenty-eighth verse, the word is likened to wheat, because it is the food of spiritual souls. They

EASTERN CORN.

GARIBALDI.

A short time since, a Corsican vessel, of 130 tons, sailed from Corsica to Isoil charcoal in the Bay of Arrachena. It became surprised by bad weather in the form of Cyprus. The captain, Fabrina Baptiste Nicolini, had lost all presence of mind, and the ship was apparently about to be lost. Just at the juncture a man on the island was perceived to get into a boat and, despite the adverse weather, to approach the barque. He drew near, made fast his boat, climbed the vessel's side, and, after some little altercation with the captain, seized the helm, and brought his knowledge of the coast to the aid of the ship. The difficult point was soon happily rounded, when the delighted captain took out his purse and offered whatever he chose to take to the volunteer pilot who had saved their lives. The man declined, saying: "I think you all the same, *man brave*; yonder lies Arracheena; follow your course; you have no more danger to fear." "But," said the captain, "take at least some tobacco, some wine, some brandy, or some rum." "Thanks, captain, but I only drink water, and I never smoke unless I have nothing to do." "But who are you?" said the captain; "a sailor, and will take neither pay nor rum!" "*Bon voyage*," replied the other, who was already in his boat, and was on his way back to the island. The captain, much amazed, arrived at Maddalena, where he met with some seamen belonging to Alexandre Dumas' brig, Emma. To them he related his adventure, and expressed his anxious desire to know to whom he was so much indebted. The sailors asked for a description of the savour of the barque. "A long fair beard," replied the captain; "a red shirt; old trousers; a slouched hat; a handkerchief twisted round his neck; great nailed shoes." "*Parbleu!*" said one; "why, man, it was the General." "What! General are you talking of?" "Why, who but Garibaldi?"

POST-OFFICE SAVINGS' BANKS.

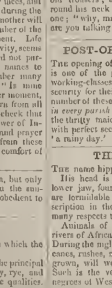
The opening of 300 of the Post-Office Savings' Banks is one of the greatest boons ever conferred upon the working-classes. Depositors can now have Government security for their money. We hope that before long the number of these Banks will be greatly multiplied, so that *in every parish* in the land the industrious mechanic, and the thrifty maid-servant, will be able readily to deposit, with perfect security, a portion of their earnings against "a rainy day." We hail this wise measure!

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The name hippopotamus, signifies the river-horse.

His head is broad; his lips very thick. From his lower jaw, four large pointed teeth project; his tusks are formidable; skin thick; legs very short. The description in the Book of Job, of behemoth, applies in many respects to the hippopotamus.

Animals of this kind, inhabit the large and shady rivers of Africa. They are timid and sluggish on land. During the night, they leave the rivers, and feed on sugar-canes, cotton, millet, rice, &c. This animal, when nutgrown, will weigh from five to six thousand pounds. Such is the enormous in which he is held, that the negroes of Western Africa, consider him a local deity.



HIPPOPOTAMUS ABOUT TO HAVE HIS BATH.

TO WORK ON SUNDAY CHEAPENS LABOUR.

The market value of corn depends very much upon the supply. In olden times and before the repeal of the Corn Laws, a short yield would bring corn up to three figures. The supply was below the mark and prices rose high. Now-adays, a good harvest at home and abroad brings into our markets a full supply, and in consequence corn is cheap. A very bad yield or a good yield of wheat is a general blessing. Nobody is our worse off for the bad yield is no more exhausted by bad or a good yield of corn than in a poor year. In working out another there is the same labour in either case. The farmer is eating and carrying a heavy crop as easily little more than harvesting a light one. And this is the rule. It should be five quarters per acre, and the farmer calls it one quarter, a quarter, that pays better than three quarters per acre when the price is as three, or, in times gone by, as four guineas. And in years when the yield is good and the price low, the working man gets his shillings and a bonus.

But for God to cheapen corn, and not cheapen labour, are two very different things. In the former case there is gain to everybody; in the latter, gain to some only to those that supply rules price.

It is on this principle that every day's work done on Sundays of labour, cheapens the week's work on much less. A man earns seven days' bread by working six days, but if for a week's food he had to work seven days, it would cheapen the week's work on much one-seventh. For example: a man and his wife, and two children, live on a guinea a week. That is what it costs them to live. Now, if the wife, and the children, do work six days, each day's work that he does is worth their food and sixpence; but if, to earn the same money, he works seven days, each day's work is worth only three shillings.

All Sunday-work tends to this, and all working men who encourage Sunday-labour are their own enemies.

Some one may say, "Why, we do not work on Sunday cannot affect the price of labour." Not because of beginnings. What is wrong for the thousand cannot be right for the one. The first deviation is as surely downhill as the last. It is much easier to do a bad thing than to undo it, and much easier to bring down the price of a day's work than to bring it up again to a fair value.

Six men who work on Sundays, whether at day-work or piece-work, bring down the price of a week's work. Not if six men are just getting a living in a workshop, it would not be thought a wise thing in them to bring in a seventh man to share their earnings. It is the people of Sunday labour. It takes off one-seventh from the price of each day's work, as surely as if a seventh man were brought in to go shares in the wages of six others.

Every man who works on Sundays does his part to bring down the price of a week's work. He would have to do one-sixth more work for the same wages. He may seem to earn, at the first, extra money. He may be paid seven shillings for six days' work, and he may try and make an extra few shillings by stretching every spare hours on the Sabbath. But the advantage is only for a time.

If example is wanted, it is at hand. Take the men who work regularly on Sundays, and how does the pay compare with the men who do not work on the same thing that others give six days' work for. The men who work six days get seven days' bread; and they get more money. Shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, and many others who work seven days are not a bit better off than other men of the same trade who work only six.

Why is it so? Because the man who works on Sunday wrongs himself and every other working-man. He brings additional labour into the market and so lengthens the price of labour. Every day's work done on Sunday helps to cheapen labour, and to make man's days work worth so much less. It is the true interest of a working man to frown upon Sunday labour. On the other hand, every man, whether at shop-work or piece-work, and don't cause anybody else to work. *In the sacred day of that day, everybody has a stake.* If the Sunday's hands do any of the work, it will soon become a cheap labour. If you work on Sunday for your employer, you will, after awhile, have to work a fourth day for him. Leave the Sabbath in God's hands, and observe it as He, and a rest-day once in seven is safe; but take it into your own hands and use it as your day, and sabbaths are wound, soon find themselves under a six-day—six-days' work for six days *pay!*

BEWARE OF OPPRESSION.

When 40,000 people, many of them, it was said, of the working-classes, went down on Sunday May the 16th, to the Crystal Palace to enjoy their leisure, the railway companies, stokers, guards, porters, and other officials done, that *they* should be worked on every Sunday for ever? Is not the Sabbath of the poor oppressed employed by the Company to be robbed of their day of rest? By what law of justice or mercy were the wealthy let the immense refreshment-rooms defended of their Sabbath?

The Crystal Palace has been called "The People's Palace!" It was opened for the relaxation of toil, the refreshment of the mind, and for rational recreation, on days of the week. It was consecrated by prayer. There are lobbies in every year where the rich and idle man or woman of wealth and position, can visit it without dishonouring their Maker to be doing His Sabbath work out deserting the House of God. Shall the poor continue on its service,—continue opposing their fellow-creatures by robbing them of their great privilege and right—the Sacred Day of Rest.

Workmen! it is time! remember, there is a God in Creator. If the Sabbath is thus used by you, it is your own fault, and for the sake, let not your Sabbath work for an oppression of exacting seven days' work for six days' pay.

One day's rest in seven, is needed for the body, for the mind, and for the soul. Let no one rob you of it, under the name of pleasure and health leaves you no time in your fellow-working-men. Beware of Oppression!—C. F. R.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

The money that the American is now spending in the barbarities of war, would, if he chose, give the free labourers of the slaves in the South! Is there no Clarkson, no Wilberforce, no Buxton, no Sharpe, in the United States who can bring his countrymen to a sense of his shameful position, and, as England did, by its generous and reasonable "compensation," come down for our slaves!

A WORD FOR THE DONKEYS.

THE following charm teristic letter from a kind-hearted Yorkshire blacksmith, will be read with interest by thousands of our readers —

DEAR SIR,—You will think it strange to have a note from me a stranger, but I have been a subscriber to your *British Workman* & *Band of Hope* for a number of years.

I have read with pleasure your remarks on kindness to animals. I have been a shoeing smith in business for myself about 30 years, and in that time have had all kinds & dispositions of horses and Donkeys to deal with, and I find that *kindness*, in 19 times out of 20, will do *the best*. I was once ashamed of myself. We had a very unkward horse to shoe & I was punishing it very much to make it stand still. The shoeing shop was just before the kitchen window & my wife, who is a kind-hearted woman, came out and reproved me for my conduct to the animal. She went up to it & *patted it*, & spoke *kindly* and stood against its head & it stood as *quiet as a lamb*, and we could have done anything with it! But it is about DONKEY shoeing that I want to tell you. We have had them to shoe down and they every way possible to shoe them. I have known two or three of us be half a day shoeing one donkey! besides all the ill-usage, &c.

Now, sir, I think I can easily shoe any unkward donkey; the secret is this —

When a smith shoes a horse (I am speaking of the *forefeet*, for the one the fact that a donkey is generally unkward to have shoed), he takes & puts the horse's foot ABOVE his *knee*. Now, a Donkey being so much *shorter* than a horse, cannot of course have his foot held up to the same height, and he resists *from pain caused to his shoulder and knee!* He gets ill-used & is set down as a very restive animal. Now, if the smith will hold the donkey's foot just BELOW *his knee* instead of above it, & *speak kindly* to him & *pat him*, I will be *bound to say* he will stand as still as possible!

By making this known it will stop a great deal of cruelty to Donkeys. You may Depend upon what I have written. If you want any further explanation, address a letter as follows:—

RICHARD WADSWORTH,
52, Saint James' Street
South, Doncaster, Yorkshire.

P.S.—Please excuse my Bad Writing; as my Father taught me to do up to men and women, & he was only a Farm-labourer, so I was never sent to school to learn to write.

☞ If any of our readers desire any further information on the subject, and write to Mr. Wadsworth, at the above address, he trust that they will not forget to enclose an envelope, not only stamped, but *ready addressed*.

HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.—NO. XII.

HANDINESS AND GOOD SENSE.

HAVE you ever noticed the difference between a clumsy and a handy person? How the one always seems to break, and spoil, and knock it about, while the other continues to move gently, and touch lightly, and put all things in order without noise or fuss. I hope my dear readers try to be neat and handy. If not, they may clean, and slop, and wash and toss all the house into confusion, they will never shine that they have management. I have written to you about the bedroom, the and nursery, the cleaning [illegible] marketing, the care of the sick and of the baby, and now, before I take leave of you, I must say a few words about yourself as the manager and mistress of the house. How do you manage yourself? Have your manners, say, after all, what you are in your home, your industry, and your economy, will make or ruin your house. If, as the Bible tells us, "a soft answer turneth away wrath," surely the house in which such words are used, will be happy. You have many cares; do you bear them with a good temper? It is hard you say to avoid fretting, and sometimes passionate, for [illegible] it is hard, my good reader—but you can do so, and a cheerful and pleasant spirit, for you will make a happy, peaceful home. If you are fretful, [illegible] children will be so; and if you are cross, your husband will not be slow to imitate you. The way to conquer ill-temper is to check it at first in its beginings. In all matters try to think how much worse it might have been. Do not sit down and lament, or stand still and worry; but begin and work at something until you find the bad feeling has gone, and you can speak with composure. I know a very good manager, who on the day that her eldest son went to Australia, took down her bed-hangings, and washed window curtains, and set to and washed and starched them herself; and, as she said, "worked off her first grief," which was certainly better than adding to the affliction of the family by tears and lamentations. The father and brothers and sisters when they saw how she controlled herself, felt obliged to follow her example.

I have said much about cleanliness in the house, the cooking, and the care of children and the sick; but may I hint that sometimes the wife and mother is not so careful of her own person as she should be. I have known some good women who seemed to take far more care of the sheepman his than of themselves. Now this is not wise. Both men and women are valued to great extent by the value they put upon themselves. When your husband comes to see you before you were married, you were careful to receive him with a bright, smiling face, and dressed in your neatest gown; you wished to look well, and to please him. And now that you be long to him, it is a hard of chest if you look dirty and cross, and worse than you looked when he chose you. "What," you may say, "does he or anyone expect that after all my cares as a wife and mother, I can look as I did when he chose me?" Yes, youth has fled, and you are, it may be, worn and faded; but your husband, if he has a true manly heart, loves you all the more that he sees traces of suffering and sorrow in your face, it tells him that you have shared his griefs, and helped even beyond your strength to bear his troubles. But if you have no longer the health and bloom of youth, you may retain a neatness that is always pleasing. A modest matron in her plain print or stuff gown, her white collar, nice little cap, and tidy apron, is to a husband's eye quite as attractive, and should be far more dear, than she was in the gay, coquettish days of her girlhood. I have seen women so perfectly fresh and wholesome in their homely garb, that they have been pictures of cleanliness. And though one never thought of such words as handsome, or ugly, yet involuntarily have exclaimed, "What a nice, respectable, comfortable-looking woman!" Yes, that last is the word. A comfortable woman! Happy the husband and the children who gather round her hearth, and reflect the light of her smile.

Before the time when servant-maids took to wearing artificial flowers and hoops, and married women had discarded caps and aprons, there used to be a term often applied to the kind matrons of a house that was very expressive—"a motherly woman." No one would ever call a woman in a long gown, with no apron, a pair of tattered light boots on her feet, and a fusty, crumpled thing on her head—all ends of dirty ribbon and tumbled flowers—motherly! no, no, poor thing, the inside of her head is generally as confused and jumbled, as her dress is foolish as the queer faded gimcrack she wears on the outside.

Economy comes next to, and is a part of cleanliness. Never buy an article that you do not want, because it is cheap; and always in your choice of clothes for your husband, children, or yourself, buy what is good and durable. Think more of what will be fitting to wash and wear, than how it will look just at first. Try by every means to keep up a good stock of plain, strong, serviceable underclothes. Make every effort, even to pinching yourself a little, if needs be, so that you may have a Sunday gown, bonnet, cloak or shawl, and boots. Pay keep these best things for Sunday wear. It is the want of clothes that keeps many hundreds and thousands from the House of God, and makes them spend their Sabbaths in dirt, and drink, and quarrelling. Yet there are people who have not a change of clothes, often spend far more in drink every month, than would buy them decent, comfortable Sunday clothing. This is a great part of household management. This is to be got by thought and practice. When a garment is worn out in its first shape, you will have to think how you can turn it to—for remember, a skilful manager will throw nothing away. If you are able to be charitable, it will be a great comfort to you to give *away* to a poor neighbour *any* cast-off clothes, or surplus food—but waste and throw away nothing.

I knew an old lady, who for the last fourteen years of her life lived with a married son and daughter who had a family of young children. This grandmother was asthmatical, and of course just all hard work; she could do most by doing sitting in her arm-chair at the fireside. So there she was, a sort of living fixture. But she was skilful with the needle; she used to say, "I am no knitter and no fancy worker, but I can mend, sew, and make, with any one!" And so indeed she could. Out of rent-flaps she used to make wristlets and clothes for the boys; and cut down full-sized old coats and trousers into capital new suits for the little ones. And old gown skirts used to come out as new aprons and pinafores, and old skirt linings were turned into petticoats, and dusters; the very rags quilted together, and bound round, made iron and kettle holders, mats, and chair cushions. And the triumph with which she would look at her work. A best jacket or frock new from the shop, was never half so valued as the wonderful garments—perfect transformations—that the dear old woman used to complete.

I think I see her now in her easy-chair at the warmest side of the fire, with her cotton-box on a little bracket near, and her three bags—one for pieces, one for rags, and one for stockings and garments, hanging on three nails under the bracket.

Such always said her work amused her; and there is no doubt that the feeling of satisfaction in planning and contriving is very great, to say nothing of the joy when the work is completed.

The joy that a poor mother feels when she dresses her little ones in the garments she has made for them, and sees them go out bright, tidy, and happy to school, is greater than can ever be known by the rich. For there is not only the satisfaction of seeing the little ones look well, but there is the feeling, "I've struggled for them and triumphed. It's been a hard fight with poverty, but I've conquered." And then the knowledge that others must see, and respect the effort made, will have some weight; Not only the mother, but the husband and children, will be happier. It is worth an effort to gain such a result.

Do not think, my dear reader, you are thinking, perhaps, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Ah, I know that of yourself and in your own unaided strength, you cannot be such a wife and mother and household manager as I have described. But, as a reader of the "BRITISH WORKMAN," you are not ignorant of where to go for help in all your trials. Go to the Strength for strength. He who clothes the lilies of the field, and feeds the fowls of the air, will hear all your petitions, and supply all your need, out of the riches of His Grace in Christ Jesus.

HARVEST FIELDS OF TIME.

READER—you and I are gleaners,
In the harvest field of Time;
Day by day the grain is ripening,
For a summer clime.

Whether in the early morning,
Going forth with hasty fare,
Or, as weary labourers, resting
'Mid the noon-day heat—

Let us strive with cheerful spirits,
Each our duties to fulfil,
Till the time of harvest—subject
To the Master's will.

Let us garner up sweet memories,
Bound with ties of love;
Pleasant thoughts to cheer the pathway
To our home above.

Trusting that these precious gleanings,
Bound with loving hand,
May in golden sheaves be gathered
Home by Harvest.

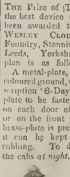
A FRIENDLY CAUTION.

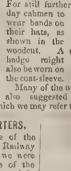
WIVES of working-men! Receive a kind word of caution from a friend. There are, in all human probability, very *hard times* before us this winter. Tens of thousands will probably have to go on "short time," and not a few be out of work altogether. Unite fearlessly with your husbands in putting *something* into the Savings' Bank. Begin at once, even if it be but a few pence weekly. The pennies will soon grow into shillings, and the shillings into pounds. If the money usually spent in beer, tobacco, gin, and cordials, finds its way into the Savings' Banks during the next two months, many families will be saved from the poorhouse during the approaching winter. A FRIEND.

SIX-DAY CABS.

THE Prize of Two Guineas, offered by a friend, for the best device for distinguishing the six-day cabs has been awarded to SAMUEL WESLEY CLOUGH, Old Foundry, Stanningley near Leeds, Yorkshire. His plan is as follows:—

A metal-plate, with dark-coloured ground, with the inscription "6-Day Cab;" the plate to be fastened either on each door of the cab, or on the front panel. A brass-plate is preferable, as it can be kept clean by rubbing. To distinguish the cabs at night, the same inscription to be on the glass lamps. For still further distinction, the six-day cabmen to wear bands on their hats, as shown in the woodcut. A badge might also be worn on the coat-sleeve.



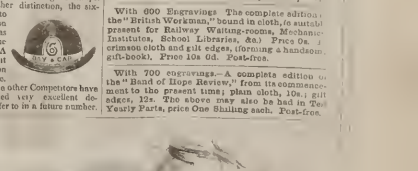


Many of the other Competitors have also suggested very excellent devices, some of which we may refer to in a future number.

RAILWAY PORTERS.

ON passing one of the Great Northern Railway Stations lately, we were glad to see one of the porters busily at work in his little plot of garden-ground. The Directors have generously placed Acts of grounds at the service of many of their servants. This is an excellent plan, and we hope of adoption by every Railway Company. It will do good in many ways. Men who are fond of gardening are generally quiet, thinking, and sober men.

SUNDAY EXCURSION TRAINS.—We trust that the recent fearful accident on the Brighton line will induce the Directors to put a stop to these Sabbath trains. They are an injury to Society, and a wrong to the numerous railway employés who are defrauded of the privilege of the sacred rest-day.



RAILWAY PORTER GARDENING.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRITISH WORKMAN'S ALMANAC, for 1882 (price One Penny), with five Illustrations by Gilbert, will be ready early this month.

OATMEAL AND WATER.—Some of our readers, including publishers in high works, have informed us that they have found oatmeal and water to be the most refreshing and strengthening beverage. Here lately our friend, the publisher writes as follows: "I have tried the drink of oatmeal and water, and also brewing it without boiling, without malt, and without hops. I thought so at one time, but I find it the most wholesome and refreshing drink I ever tried. There are various modes of making this drink and it will be well if we shall be glad to hear from any of our readers more especially from Scotch ones) as to the one most approved.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—The Treasurer acknowledges, with thanks, the following Contributions for grants of Papers and Books for Soldiers—Collected by H. M. Dunkerly, Kingsbridge; Collected by Mrs. Dudley, Norton Court, Hythe. Friends in Hackney, Hic. Sc. Lancaster, Hic. Sc.

J. G.—A volume of the *British Workman*, for Soldiers in Hospital, was forwarded to the barracks at Fort William, Calcutta. We should be glad if other friends would follow your example. The volumes will, we believe be very much prized in the guard-rooms.

FRANCE.—A packet containing four copies of the "British Workman" can be sent to any part of France, Algeria, to Andorra, Constantinople, or Malta (by French packet) for one penny stamp. It is a fact not generally known, that the Government of the French has adopted a more liberal scale of Postage for "registered periodicals" than we in England enjoy. For instance, on reference to the Postal Guide it will be found that the postage of a packet which is under four ounces, sent to any part of the United Kingdom, and addressed to Malta, and South-ports, is *threepence*, but if sent *and French Colonies* the postage is only *one penny*!

A WORD TO SUB-AGENTS.—We are in receipt of the following from a Sub-Agent in Bristol:—"I am happy to inform you that with the Canvassing-bills lately sent, I have doubled my subscribers. I obtained a particular at nearly every house, and to some cases two." Canvassing-bills have been sent to Sub-Agents in America, and post-free, on application to the Editor, 9, Paternoster Row, London.

CANVASSING-BOOKS AND CARDS, as well as Canvassing-Bills, will be forwarded gratis, and post-free, to friends who are desirous of helping us to extend the circulation, on application as above.

EXTRACTS FROM CANVASSING LETTERS.—"With the bills you sent me I have obtained thirty-three subscribers, and have still employed in a large warehouse." G. R. N. C., West Ham.

"Our little village contains forty-two families, and with the bills you sent me, I have obtained thirty-six subscribers, including one from a neighbouring village." Mrs. Allen Parsons.

"I have obtained Forty-eight Subscribers. Your Papers are more, and yearly demand for the *Band of Hope Review*, with its prospect of an increase."

"I have obtained a good many Subscribers. Your publications are received with great joy among factory workers." J. W. J., Halifax.

"Although only an apprentice, and possessed of little influence, I have obtained thirty-two Subscribers." S. N., Cosny.

"This is a very populous district, and I think I can write employ my spare time than by promoting the circulation of the *British Workman*. Please send me the necessary papers for a second supply for 1000 Subscribers!" Mrs. L. Liverseed.

HAPPY MAGAZINE.—We cannot possibly undertake to circulate those. The labour would be horrendous, and the expense serious.

WAVERS.—If any of our readers possess the volumes of the "Working Temperance Journal and Refreshing Intelligencer," for 7 years back to hand, we shall be glad to purchase them; or be favoured with the loan of them.

CHEAP RATES OF POSTAGE.

IT will be seen from the following rates that several persons, uniting their Subscriptions, can be supplied (in any part of the United Kingdom, the Channel Islands, the Shetland and Orkney Isles), with the "British Workman" at the published price, direct from London POST-FREE. This is important to those residing in districts where there are no Booksellers or News-Agents.

A packet sent, *post free*, for 12 months, as follows:—

	£	s.	d.	
4 copies per month for	1	4	0	Must be paid Advance.
8 copies per month for	0	8	0	
12 copies per month for	0	12	0	
24 copies per month for	1	4	0	
50 copies per month for	2	10	0	

Less than *four* copies cannot be sent at the above rates. Observe! the Packets will be sent post paid. Orders (including pre-payment, in Postage Stamps) Post-Office Orders should be addressed to Mr. SAMUEL WARTHUPPER, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

☞ All the Back Numbers of *the "Band of Hope Review," have been reprinted, and may now be had through any Bookseller, or direct from Mr. S. WARTHUPPER, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., by remitting stamps, with an extra stamp to cover postage.*

With 600 Engravings The complete edition, the "British Workman," bound in cloth, is suitable present for Bible Waiting-rooms, Mechanics' Institutes, School Libraries, &c. Price Ox. 1 crimson cloth and gilt edges, (forming a handsome gift-book). Price 10s 6d. Post-free.

With 700 engravings.—A complete edition of the "Band of Hope Review," from its commencement to the present time; plain cloth, 10s.; gilt edges, 12s. The above may also be had in Bi Yearly Parts, price One Shilling each. Post-free.

'LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.'

A COURT INCIDENT.

LAW—though framed for the protection of society, for the individual benefit of its members—often admits of a construction adverse to the designs of its legislators; and in its application, frequently defeats the object which it was intended to sustain. We have, however, numerous instances, wherein honest juries have given their verdicts, conformably to the promptings of justice; and happily, when such decisions have not been too widely different from the expressed rule, they have escaped from the appeal.

We take pleasure in relating an incident, which greatly enlisted our sympathies, held us spell-bound by its interest, and finally made our heart leap with joy at its happy termination.

About twenty years ago, we were spending a few days in a beautiful inland town in Pembrokeshire. The Sessions were being held, and one day we stepped into the Court-House.

Among the prisoners in the box, we saw a lad but ten years of age, whose sad and pensive countenance,—his young and innocent appearance, caused him to look only out of place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the box, and manifesting the greatest interest in the proceedings, sat a tearful woman, whose anxious glance from the judge to the boy, led us no more to doubt that it was his mother. We turned with sadness from the scene, to inquire the offence of the prisoner, and learned he was accused of stealing money.

The case was soon commenced, and by the interest manifested by the crowd, we found that our heart was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed. How we pitied him! The bright smile of youth had vanished from his face, and now it more expressed the cares of the aged. His young sister—a bright-eyed girl—had gained admission to his side, and cheered him with the whisperings of hope. But that sweet voice, which before caused his heart to bound with happiness, added only to the grief his shame had brought upon him. The progress of the case acquainted us with the circumstances of the loss, the extent of which was but a sixpenny-piece—no more!

The lad's employer, a wealthy, miserly, and unprincipled manufacturer, had missed it, for the purpose of what he called "testing the boy's honesty." It was placed, where from its very position the lad would offend not it, and least suspect the trap. A boy passed, and the master, to his mortification, not pleasure, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. At last, however, he determined that the boy should take it, and so let it remain.

This continued temptation was too much for the lad's resistance. The sixpence was taken. A simple present for that sister was purchased by it. But while returning home to gladden her heart, his own was made heavy by being arrested for theft!—a crime, the nature of which he little knew. These circumstances were substantiated by several of his employer's workmen, who were also parties to the plot. The counsel for the prosecution urged upon the jury the necessity of making this "little rogue" an example to others. His address had great effect upon all that heard it. Before, I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, but widowed mother and faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for, or expected ought else but a conviction.

The accuser sat in a conspicuous place, smiling, as if in fiend-like exultation, over the misery he had brought upon that poor, but once happy family.

We felt that there was but little hope for the boy; and the youthful appearance of the barrister, who had volunteered his defence, gave no encouragement—as we learned it was the young man's maiden plea—his first address. His apparently nervous confusion and resolved to a desk near him, from which he took a Bible. This movement was received with a general smile. We heard a harsh fellow close by us, whisper—

"He forgets where he is. Thinking to take hold of some ponderous law book, he has made a mistake, and got the Bible."

The remark made the young counsellor colour with anger, and turning his flashing eye upon the audience, he convinced them it was no mistake, saying—

"Justice wants no other book."

His confusion was gone, and instantly he was as calm as the sober judge upon the bench.

The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves. Amidst a breathless silence, he read to the jury this sentence—

"*Lead us not into temptation.*"

We felt our heart bounds at the sound of those words. The audience looked at each other without speaking—and the jurymen merely exchanged glances, as the appropriate quotation carried its means to their hearts. Then followed an address, which for its pathetic eloquence, we have never heard excelled. It issued from the heart, and reached to the heart. Not a tear of personal violence. The prisoner looked hopeful—the mother smiled again, and before its conclusion, there was not an eye in court that was not moist. The speech affecting to that degree which causes tears—it held its hearers spell-bound.

The little time that was necessary to transpire before the verdict of the jury could be learned, was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when their whispering consultation ceased and their hoarse voices, "Not guilty," came from the foreman, they passed like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip—the austere dignity of the court was forgotten, and not a voice was there, that did not join the acclamations that hailed the lad's release!

The barrister's first plea was a successful one. He was soon a favourite, and now represents his district in the councils of the nation. The lad has never ceased his grateful remembrances—and we, by the affecting scene herein attempted to be described, have often been led to think how manifold greater is the crime of the tempter than that of the tempted.

S——.

Paying the Penalty.—An intelligent naturalist was recently visiting a Hertfordshire farmer, who complained that his crops of turnips were getting "worse every day." On examination, it was found that several *wire-worms* were on every plant! "Have you been killing the small birds?" inquired the naturalist. "My neighbour and myself killed 1500 sparrows this Spring," was the reply. This explained the mystery. The farmer had killed his very best friends! The poor little sparrows would have destroyed all the wire-worms!

A CURE FOR SWEARING CREWS.

"My lads," said a shrewd captain, when reading his orders to the crew on the quarter-deck, to take command of the ship, "there is a fine vessel which I ask you, and which as a British officer, I expect will be granted by a crew of British seamen; what say you, lads, are you willing to grant your new captain, who promises to treat you well, one favour?" "Hi, hi, sir," cried all hands, "please to let's know what it is, sir," said a rough-looking, hoarse-voiced bostswain, "Why, my lads," said the captain, "it is this; that *you must allow sir to swear the first oath in this ship*; this is a law which I cannot dispense with. I must insist upon it, I cannot be denied. No man on board must swear an oath before I do; I want to have the privilege of swearing *the first oath* on board H.M.S. C——. What say you, my lads, will you grant me this favour?" The appeal seemed so reasonable, and the manner of the captain so kind and so persuasive, that a general burst from the ship's company announced "Hi, hi, sir," with their accustomed *three cheers*, when they left the quarter-deck. The effect was good, *swearing was wholly abolished in the ship.*

A HARD MASTER.

ROBERT STAPLES left his native village, to enter into service, at a place many miles away. Not long since he returned to his father's cottage, in a very poor plight. His clothes were shabby, his pockets empty, and his countenance sad. He had not been many days at home, before old James Dixon saw him passing, and called out to him, "Robert, how is this? Have you left your situation?"

"You may say that, Master Dixon," replied Robert, "Yes, I have done with Skinflint."

"Ah, indeed?" said the old man inquiringly; "I should like to know a little about this, Robert. Who is Skinflint? And why do you say you have done with him?"

"As to that, everybody where I have been knows who old Skinflint is? It is the same man, who was my master; a hard master."

"In what way was he a hard master, Robert?"

"In every way, Master Dixon; he used me badly, very badly, and I don't care who knows it. First of all, as you know, he entered me away from a good place, where I was well off; at least, his steward did, which is the same thing. He promised me all sorts of things, if I would go and live with him."

"Yes, yes, Robert, I know all about it. He said you should have high wages, and light work; good clothes, and plenty to eat and drink."

"He did," said Robert fiercely; "and now just see what a condition I am come home in. These rags are all I have got to cover me, and I can almost count the bones in my body for my starvation."

"So then, Robert, your new master did not keep his promises?"

"Not he," replied Robert, "he never does. I did not come away a bit too soon."

"So it seems. But you have not told me yet how you were taken in and served. Let me hear all about it, Robert. What work did you have to do?"

"All sorts of it, and hard work, too, Master Dixon. I was up early and late, and had no rest, as one may say, day or night. It was all the same to my master. Hot or cold, it did not signify, and whether I was well or ill, it was all one. Work, work was all the cry, from one week's end to another; Sunday and working-day."

"Indeed! that was bad, sure enough. But did you not complain?"

"Why I did grumble at times, but there was little use in that. One day my master would promise fair that I should have easier work; and then the next morning he would rate me for being idle and good for nothing. But whatever he said, I found that the longer I lived with him, the worse I was used."

"Truly," said old James, "I do not much blame you for leaving such a service; but how about the fine clothes, and good living, and large wages; perhaps they made up for hard work?"

"I tell you it was all sham, Master Dixon. Do you think I should have come back such a scarecrow as I am if I had had better clothes to my back, or money in my pocket? And as to good living, I never had a full meal in his house, nor out of it, while I lived with him; and what I had was bad. He was a hard master, and there's an end of it."

"But he *promised* you great things. You should have tried to keep him to his promise."

"Ah," said Robert, "there was his cunning. We never made any regular agreement about wages; and I did not care much about this at first starting, because he promised so fair. So, when I was coming away, he looked at me, as just jeering me about it, and told me I might get what I could out of him; and that we had nothing at all, after all my slaving for him. So the long and short of it is, Master Dixon, here I am, just as you see me; and thankful to be out of the clutches of such a bad, hard master; though what I am to do, I cannot tell."

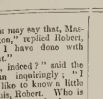
"Then I will tell you, Robert, I am glad to see you back again, though you are come in such a sad plight; and there are more than I that will be glad. There is old Master James, your first master I mean. I'll be bound to say he will take you on again, if you go and ask him."

"If I thought so," said Robert, in a desponding tone, "I would go and begin again; he would not care to speak to me."

"Robert, I heard him say, after you left him, what would come of it; for he knows that hard master of yours as well, or better than you do. So take my advice, and go to him directly."

"Well, I will go tomorrow."

"To-night, lad, to-night," cried out old James Dixon, very briskly. "to-night before the sun goes down. Go at once, 'tis but a step, tell as you return, and tell me what sort of a reception you have had."



For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Rom. vi. 23.

At first, Robert seemed to be debating with himself whether he should take his old neighbour's advice. He looked at his tattered garments, and his countenance was at times lighted up with a tear from his eye, as he thought of the contrast between his present condition, and that of the returned prodigal, whom we read of in the chapter of scripture. At last, Robert plucked my coat sleeve, and slowly towards the house of his first master, until, turning a corner, he was out of James Dixon's sight.

It was not long before he returned. There was joy in his very looks, and his step was quick and elastic. "I met first master that taken him back into his service, without a reproachful word for having once deserted him."

"And see," said Robert, as he gave Mother Dixon an account of his reception, "he has paid me a whole week's wages in advance. More than I had the whole time I served that hard master."

"I am heartily glad of it," answered James Dixon, "and I guessed it would be so. But, my lad, I was another word or two with you before you turn in to your rest. I am an old man, Robert, and you know I have stood your friend more than once in my life, and you never felt offended with what I am going to say. Just sit down, Robert, by the fire with me."

Robert took a chair.

"You have left one hard master, Robert, but I am afraid there is another hard master, that has got hold of you well, a close grip. You have not given up the service of my Lord, have you, Robert?"

Robert shifted about uneasily in his chair. The truth is, old James knew more of the young man, than the reader need to be informed; and Robert knew in his heart and conscience, yea, certainly, as some of our readers of this account, may know it of themselves, that he had not left the service of sin.

"Sin is a hard master, Robert, is it not?"

Robert nodded assent. He knew it, and felt it, though he had not left the unpalatable service.

"Hard work, and dirty work, and degrading work, is sin-work, Robert.

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BRITISH WORKMAN

Photographed by Mess. [illegible], Clerkenwell Close, London.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

A FEW months ago, we had before us at "Lloyd's," a file of American newspapers. They were from the chief cities in the Southern States. Amongst the varied advertisements of goods and chattels for sale, we quoted several, of which the two following extracts are samples:

On the first Tuesday in February next, in front of the Court House, during the hours of sale, will be sold:

A Negro Woman, 60 years old,	A Negro Girl,	12 years old,
A Negro Boy, 16 years old,	A Negro Boy,	10 years old,
	A Negro Boy, 4 years old.	

These negroes are country-raised, sound and healthy, and sold for no fault.

Terms—Cash. Purchasers to pay for the slaves, and take them away, on the day of sale.

"Under, and by virtue of an order and decree of the Hon. Judge of Probate, will be sold, for cash, in front of the Court House, on Thursday, 2nd day of February, at 12 o'clock, the following slaves:

Bob, aged about 18 years,
Angelina, aged about 21, and her four children (?)
Webb, aged about 7 years (?)
Frank, aged about 5 months." (!)

Some of our readers will probably inquire, "Were not he newspapers a century old?" We regret to add, that they all bore the date, not of 1761, but 1861. Yes, in the land of boasted liberty, these horrible slave-auctions have long been matters of daily occurrence.

Not content with continuing the curse of slavery in the present Slave States, the Southerners, who have long carried the elections for President, have of late years, used every effort to extend its withering influence, into the newly-made States. The *free-soil* party, although not professed advocates for the abolition of slavery in the States where it now exists, have set their faces like flint against the New States being other than *Free* States. This feeling, we rejoice to say, has happily been spreading like bush-fire, during the last few years. The election of Mr. Lincoln as President, was a great triumph. He was the first "Free-soiler" ever elected to the presidential chair. The news of his election was hailed his election as a step in the onward progress of humanity.

Jealous of the rising power of the friends of freedom, the Southern States have revolted, and are now struggling not only to retain, but to strengthen the chains of the oppressed.

It is not, we think, generally understood in England, that the Federal Government stands pledged to give *freedom* to those slaves who may escape from the clutches of the Southern tyrants, and holds itself responsible to give "compensation," in cases where the slaves have belonged to masters who are "loyal" to the government. This is a great step towards emancipation.

We earnestly entreat all our readers to pray that the issue of the American struggle may be overruled by Divine Providence, that the dark stain of slavery, which has so long marred the glory of America, may be for ever wiped away. We feel that attempts to do this above-named, may not continue to pollute the press of a professedly Christian land.

SCENE AT A SLAVE-MART.

A VALUE-friend of mine, in America, who was once a slave-holder, but under the enrobling influence of Christianity, had emancipated his slaves, told me, that, on going once into a slave-mart, he saw among those to be sold, a remarkably fine-looking young man, who, from his exterior deserved him on a mass of much physical power, and a skilful worker in iron. Such a man it was expected would bring a large price; and he was the cynosure. There was a slave purchaser present, an itinerant trafficker in the bodies of men, who, as the bidding proceeded, kept ahead of the rest, which the poor slave observed. After a time, the slave stepped off the block, and said to his bidder: "Well, master, I perceive that you intend to buy me. But, Sir, if you do buy me, you must buy my wife too: there she stands, crying yonder." "I don't know that I shall purchase you," said he: "get upon the block." "Master, I must have my wife, or else you must keep in advance. The slave began to great anxiety stepped off the block, and made a similar request, and met with a like reply. At the next time after, the slave-dealer bought the slave, who then said, "Master, my wife and I are much attached to each other; she will be of little use to her owner, and I am quite sure I shall be of little chap; do, master, buy my wife, and I will be a faithful slave to you. I am a skilful worker in iron, and will bring you much more, do, master, buy my wife." "I cannot, no," said he, "to buy your wife, but you." On this, the slave turned and embraced her tenderly, clasping her in his arms; when, as if a new thought had struck him, he came again to his master, and said, "You must buy my wife, and I will be to you a faithful slave." His master was much moved by his request. "Well," said he, "If you will not buy my wife, I will never be your slave;" and immediately killed himself with a weapon which he drew from his pocket."—Jno. Sidgate, Eng.

THE SLAVE'S ADDRESS TO BRITISH LADIES.

NATIVES of a land of glory,
Daughters of the good and brave,
Hear the injured negro's story,
Hear, and help the kneeling slave.
Think how sought but death can sever,
Far from children from your hold,
Still alive, but lost for ever,
Ours are parted, bought, and sold!

Seize, then, every fawning season,
Scorning courtier or applause;
Remember, truth, religion, reason,
Are your leaders in the cause!
Follow! faithful, firm, confiding,
Spread your wings from shore to shore;
Mercy's God your efforts guiding,
Slavery shall be known no more!

O, PITY THE SLAVE MOTHER.

I PITY the slave mother, earnest and weary,
Who sighs as she presses her babe to her breast;
I lament her sad fate, all so hopeless and dreary,
I lament for her wrongs and her wrongs unredressed.
O who can imagine her heart's deep emotion,
As she thinks of her children about to be sold;
You may picture the bounds of the rock-grinded ocean,
But it's grief of *that mother* can never be known.

THE LATE JAMES NISBET, ESQ.,

THE Rev. Dr. David Brown, at a public meeting recently held in the City of Aberdeen, said—"I have rarely met with such a striking and beautiful illustration of the value of Christian principle in relation to the observance of the LORD'S-DAY, than that which the late James Nisbet, the eminent publisher, of London, told me of himself. He said his father was a soldier, and after the battle of Waterloo, was discharged with a small pension. He was left with his cottage and croft, in his native county in the South of Scotland, but when the rage for large farms began there, his father's croft was taken from him, and he had to make the best of a rough world by other means of gaining a livelihood. He was given his boy James a fair education, and instilled into his mind the religious principles of the family—which were strictly Scottish—and practical—he told James that he must make the best of his way to London, and do for himself in the world. James, as his father *James* as he was familiarly called, went to London, and soon found employment, though it was rather of a menial description. Having been taught to observe the Lord's-day, and the House of Prayer, James regularly attended Swallow Street Presbyterian Church, where he received saving grace. He strictly observed the Sabbath, and at the close of the Sunday for some part of the day, but this he refused to do, and was then discharged without a friend in the world. He meets after, his first employer met him in one of the streets at the West-end of London, and inquired what he was doing. He said that he had supported himself for two weeks by driving a baker's cart, and that he had no fear of being provided for without breaking the Lord's-day. His master said he was just in need of a man, and he would not require him to do any work on the Sunday. This he agreed to do, and while in that situation he married, and his wife brought to a little drop of stationery and books. They had a very happy home, which was much frequented by pious people from Scotland. Among the rest, a Mr. Fleming of Edinburgh had accepted several young men from Scotland as missionaries, and having to prepare them in London, Mr. Nisbet was recommended to board and lodge them. This he cheerfully agreed to do, and his home then became quite a mission-house, for when the young men went abroad they used to call at Mr. Nisbet's and his family, for the encouragement of other young men who were under training. Meanwhile, his business increased, and he devoted time and talents to the extension of his shop was, to a great extent, the resort of the religious world connected with the foreign mission enterprise; his business continued prosperous, and he became one of the great publishing concern, which bears his name was then permanently laid—all through Mr. Nisbet's love of Christian principle, and his observance of the Lord's-day."

REASONING OF A DOG.

EXTRAORDINARY as the following anecdote may appear to some persons, it is strictly true, and shows the sense, and, I am strongly inclined to add, reason of the Newfoundland dog:—A lady was walking in the shooting wild fowl with his brother, was attended by a sagacious dog of this breed. In getting near some reeds by the side of a river, they discovered a wounded duck

PITY THE LAME!

THE Royal Orthopædic Hospital, 315, Oxford Street, London, is an Institution which deserves to be more widely known amongst both the poorer classes and the wealthy. It is a most touching sight to see the numerous appliances, afflicted with club-foot, and distorted bodily crending its doors every Thursday forenoon, for admission. Many of these afflicted ones have, we regret to say, pleaded for admission into the invalided Hospital, but have pleaded in vain; all the wards being full, and the funds of the Institution not allowing the much needed extended accommodation. No sooner is a cause free pronounced discharged, than there are numberless applicants to fill the vacant bed. This Institution furnishes a wide sphere for the contributions of the wealthy. To the late Mr. Cowchman, it was a favourite field for his practical benevolence. It was his constant habit to visit this Institution, and finding, as he constantly did, numbers of the decrepit out-patients suffering for want of the much-needed instruments for strengthening and supporting their weak limbs, he would, out of his own purse, purchase them. When meeting air was needed, he would, at his own cost, send off the patients to the sea-side. May were the blessings he received from those who were "ready to perish." The death of this benevolent gentleman is a serious loss to the poor cripples of London; and thankful shall we be, if there few lines come under the eye of some to whom God has entrusted the riches of this life, and upon whose hearts it may be laid as a duty, to fill the place of the late benevolent gentleman to whom we have referred. We recently visited the wards of this Institution, and met with some of the most remarkable cases of deformity that we have ever heard of. In one instance, a female with a distorted spine, who had never risen from her bed for twenty-three years prior to entering this Hospital, and who had been discharged from other Hospitals as 'incurable,' was within twelve months able to walk! A young female from Hallsden in Northamptonshire, whose feet were turned upwards and inwards, so that she was quite unable to walk at all, was in the course of a few months able to use her feet, and has now been sent home. Some of the cases of cure are of such deep interest, that we purpose referring to them in a future number.

HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.—NO. XIII.

A FEW LAST WORDS.

I AM unwilling to take leave of my dear readers. Having month after month for rather more than a year, (one number of the "Hints" was postponed) written to them about their homes and home-duties—a kind of homely feeling of love has sprung up in my heart towards those who have read what I have written. Though personally unknown to me, they are my friends and sisters. My eyes fill with tears as I think of the many cares and trials of a woman's life, and a heartfelt prayer springs to my lips that God would give them their best gift, "A wise and understanding heart." It is well to have in the mind a summary of the general qualifications needed to make a thoroughly good, careful housewife. The first requisite is—

Cleanliness.—This underlies all the various work that needs to be done in the house. Without question that "cleanliness is next to godliness," cannot be too carefully remembered. But in the house, it is like sin in the soul, it creeps and creeps all over. Take care in your cleaning, not only to scrub your room well, but to clean everything in the room, and so manage to have a tidy mat at the door, and teach your children to scrape and wipe their shoes. Have a basin kept in one place, with soap and hand-towel, and always set the example yourself by washing your hands before you sit down to meals. Be careful to have the corners well cleaned out. The inside of saucepans and crockery perfectly secure. Think less of outside show in your house and in your person than of real, thorough cleanliness. I have known people who rubbed a brass knob on a street door very bright, and put a deal of hearth-stone on the step outside, but did not polish the grate or clean the hearth properly. There is a kind of cheating in this, a desire to appear what you are not; and when a woman shuts over her back-kitchen, or neglects her bedroom, saying, "Nobody will see it, and there's no need of cleaning it," she forgets that a person who really loves cleanliness, must have everything sweet and wholesome for the love of it, and the comfort of it, though no one but herself ever saw it. In the long run time is saved by complete cleanliness. You know the old maxim, "Lazy folks take the most pains." That is very true. Did you never see a careless girl or woman just when she had to cook her dinner, finding the saucepan, which ought to have been put away dry and clean, unfit for use? If it was a tin saucepan, perhaps the damp and rust had made a hole in it, and as soon as it was on the fire there was a leakage, that put out the fire, and then there was a scramble along with the leaky saucepan, and emptying out the dinner, and stopping the hole with a bit of rag, and the dinner was late and muddled, and the fireplace and room messed, all for want of putting away the saucepan *dry* and *clean*, and ready for use. I might write a volume of little incidents of this kind that fully prove lazy folks have far more trouble than cleanly ones.

The next requisite to cleanliness is—

Punctuality.—I repeat, that if a house is to be orderly, and the work is to go on comfortably, and the husband and children are to be well-cared for, there must be a *fixed time* for getting up and going to bed, a regular hour for meals that nothing must hinder; and settled days for washing, mending, and cleaning. With method in arranging all this, there is a great saving of labour. If you are ever to have a little leisure time, and especially if you are to enjoy the Sabbath-day's rest, it must be by arranging your work so that it shall be divided among the six days of the week.

One of the best domestic servants I ever knew, was a young woman who had had proper training, and had often very weakly. I wondered how she got through her work, and managed of an evening to be so neat and nice, and I found it was by careful management every day. "I keep it under," she said, "by having set times for doing the different things, if I once let it get ahead, I should it's have strength to do it all. But by never letting anything get out of order I manage to master it."

Now, as a wife and mother is seldom over strong, it is far better to regulate her strength, than to allow her to let any of the work accumulate until, instead of your mastering it, it masters you.

Another quality required is—

Discretion.—In the old times, a word was used that we seldom now employ, a woman that knew her duties and did them was called a *discreet* woman. I like the term. It is comprehensive, and means not only a cleanly, punctual woman, but a sensible, prudent, economical woman. A discreet woman will exercise her thoughts when she goes to market. She will buy from the best dealers. She will key exactly what she wants. She will buy both food and raiment with judgment. In her house the table will not show a feast one day, and a fast the rest of the week. Things plain, wholesome, and in abundance at meals will be her method; and not a great joint of meat lavished away, without vegetables or plain rice, or flour puddings to make it go farther. In her house there will be no scraps of unwholesome new bread, or wasting of crusts and cods. A discreet woman will waste nothing. And when a discreet woman buys her stock of clothing, she will wish to have all alike. She will not choose for herself or her children, a few bright ribbons that makes the rest of the garments look shabby, and neglect to get good strong boots, or comfortable, warm wrappings. Real, respectable clothing is what all a neat, serviceable, and one thing is in harmony with another. I have seen children in print or serge frocks and bonnets and caps made of pieces of merino or cloth, all so snug and neat, they have looked quite respectable; while another poor child who had not a discreet mother, would have a fine pink ribbon on a dirty bonnet, or a rag on a torn frock, and looked very shabby. For every discreet woman knows nothing in dress is so wretched as shabby finery.

A discreet woman will not allow herself to be persuaded to buy anything she does not want, merely because it is cheap. It is not cheap at any price unless it is serviceable, and you want it. Some cheap articles are not worth making up.

A discreet woman will govern her tongue. How many scores of times from the mouth of a woman I have heard that sometimes causes life-long misery. More than half the quarrels among neighbours, that involve not only women, but men, in bitter disputes, arise from foolish talking. Be neither a listener to, nor a repeater of scandal. The evil that you do not fully know you have no right to believe. The evil that you have heard you have no right to spread. If you have anything to say of your neighbour, and you think it will do good to say it, go and say it to your neighbour and her husband. Gossiping, or mean, crafty, backbiting ways, they are useful, and they will fill your own heart with bitterness. The same reason that makes a discreet woman avoid all tittle-tattle and scandal, will make her careful about her companions. Many men are driven from their homes by the gossiping acquaintances that some women bring to chat with their wife. Do evil to all your neighbours, kindness is needed, but be intimate with very few. If you have a good, sensible, cross-grained friend, you have no right to spread. If you have anything to say of your neighbour, and you think it will do good to say it, go and say it to your neighbour and her husband. Gossiping, or mean, crafty, backbiting ways, they are useful, and they will fill your own heart with bitterness. The same reason that makes a discreet woman avoid all tittle-tattle and scandal, will make her careful about her companions. Many men are driven from their homes by the gossiping acquaintances that some women bring to chat with their wife. Do evil to all your neighbours, kindness is needed, but be intimate with very few. If you have a good, sensible, cross-grained friend, you have no right to sending you the comfort of a friend, but both she and you will have too much to do to be able to spend much time together.

A good wife and mother is—

Sympathizing.—Your husband and children will have all the more love for you, if you show a ready sympathy with them in their pursuits. Try to make them feel that you are so completely their loving friend, that all their joys and sorrows, the smallest will be the great, have an interest for you. Do not chide the children, and tell them to hold their tongue when they want to talk to you about little incidents that they have seen and heard. Oh, mother, if you would make home happy to them, try to win their confidence, by taking an interest in their pursuits, and having a kind, wise word to say to them.

If your husband sees that you are a good, careful manager, that you make no companions but such as, like yourself, are orderly, industrious women, he will not only love you, but he will, and must respect your judgment. It is a great point gained, both for your husband and you, when he thinks well of your good sense. Then you can take sweet counsel together, and be in the best sense, mutual helps in one another.

But above all, or rather around all, like a silver cord binding together all the household virtues, is *piety*.

Religion is not a something to be put on with the Sunday clothes, and carried merely to church or chapel; it is a daily, life-long matter that should blend with all you do and say. You can cook, in the fullest and completest sense, be cleanly, punctual, discreet, and sympathizing, unless your heart is right towards God, and by prayer and supplication, through faith in Christ Jesus, you have imparted to you the gift of a new nature. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." This is your prayer. The answer to that prayer will enable you "whether you eat or drink, or whatever you do, to do it to the glory of God."

These chapters on Household Management, will shortly be published in a collective form, under the title of "HOUSEY HINTS, for the Wives and Daughters of Working-men."

THE CLUB AT "THE CHEQUERS."

IT was founded by the working-men of the village themselves, and, like most such clubs, at a public-house.

I had long wanted to see some such club established. These were local circumstances, into which I need not enter, which had caused me to hesitate in originating one myself. It was better, I felt, it is now, that I did not.

The club started in strong numbers. It transacted a deal of business, if the number of committee-meetings it held might be taken as a test; but as twelve quarts of beer (a quart for each member of committee present or absent), to be paid for out of the sick-fund, was standing rule, "the Chequers," as might be expected, prospered at the expense of the club.

A year had passed away when, in accordance with the rules, I came down, as the officer of the club came to ask me to open the church and preach to them on their first feast-day.

"With all my heart," was my answer, "and in anything I say to you I shall not offend you if I can help it. But if you seek my advice I shall give it you honestly. I am glad to see you so anxious to be united and provident; but if I think you are going the wrong way in your endeavours, I shall plainly tell you so."

The officers discussed, and asked time for deliberation. Another committee was held, and twelve more quarts of beer drunk, to consider my reply, and I received a respectful message to the effect that "it had been the wish of the committee to pay the preacher a guinea, but they thought they ought not to pay it to found fault with; that if I thought it my duty therefore to speak my mind, I ought to do it for nothing."

This was a bargain I readily consented to, the more readily that I should, under my circumstances, have taken the guinea; and I did speak my mind.

The result was, that in the year following, the "Chequers" was deserted, and the Club was transplanted. The matter was settled by ballot. There were forty-two members, and 41 were present. Number 41 removing the Club to the schoolroom at G——, and holding the Committee meetings without beer, 41; against, 1. Of course, the solitary non-consenting man was not the landlord's!

And thus the Club came under my care. It was their own act entirely.

I started with a determination to act upon one principle to the utmost, viz., to trust the men themselves—honestly believing that in this largely lies the secret of right dealing with the working-classes of England, either in town or country. They will trust those who trust them; and if they find them capable of directing them, and willing to do so disinterestedly, that trust will be almost unbounded.

From "Village Sketches, description of Church and School Festivals, &c. *By the Rev. J. S. Whitehead, M.A.*, Incumbent of Gawcott, Bucks. Published by Bosworth and Harrison.

TO PROMOTE HEALTH.

INSTEAD of multiplying rules for preserving the health of the sedentary, we shall recommend to them the following general plan, viz.—that every person who follows a sedentary employment should cultivate a piece of ground with his own hands. This he might dig, plant, grow, and weed at leisure hours, so as to make it both an exercise and an amusement, while it produced many of the necessaries of life. After working an hour in the garden, a man will seldom be found loitering in the doors, with more keenness, than if he had been all that time idle. Tilling the ground is every way conducive to health. It not only gives exercise to every part of the body, but the very smell of the earth and fresh herbs revive and cheer the spirits, whilst the perpetual prospect of something coming to maturity, delights and entertains the mind. We are so formed as to be always pleased with somewhat in prospect, however distant or trivial. Hence the pleasure men feel in planting, sowing, building, &c. These seem to have been the employments of the more early ages; and when things were in their primitive enthusiasm, there is reason to believe that they knew as well wherein true happiness consisted as we do.—*A late Physician.*

DUTIES OF DAILY LIFE.

LIFE is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials is the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers—to endure neglect when we look for deserved attention, and ingratitude where we expected thanks—to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom He has provided or purposed for the trial of our virtue—these are the best exercises of patience and of meekness, and the best because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will, or contradicts our humour—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigours or afflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.

HANNAH MORE.

☞All the Back Numbers of the "BRITISH WORKMAN" have been reprinted, and our readers can now complete their sets, by ordering at once through any Bookseller or Newsagent.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increas'd with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pain grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

This love of life but few perceive;
And it assertions can't prevail,
A common fact we may believe,—
So please to hear a modern tale.

When sports were round, and all were gay
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
Death call'd aside the youthful groom
With him into another room;—
And looking grave—"You must, you know," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."

"With you!—and quit my Mary's side?
With you!—(the hapless bridegroom cried:)
Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides in truth I'm not prepar'd:—
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-day you know."

What more he urged we have not heard;
His reasons could not well be stronger:
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left, to live a little longer.

Yet, calling on a serious look,
His hoary guest immediately thus he spoke,
"Neighbour," said he, "farewell! no more
Shall death disturb your mirthful hour;
And farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty, upon my name,—
To give you time for preparation
To fit you for a future station,
Three several warnings you shall have
Before you're summoned to the grave.
Willing, for once, I will give you
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But, when I call, obey immediately."
Well-pleas'd, the world you'll leave."

To these conditions both consented—
And parted, perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how happily, how well,—
How roundly he pursu'd his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The muse in part shall tell.

He traded, then,—he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old.
His wife he lov'd—his friends were true,
Many his gains—his children few.
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
And pass'd his hours in love and peace,
Not thought of death as near;—
While thus about life's ev'ning stood,
The lonten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose scythe no mortal spares,
Unroll'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, as all alone he sat
Musing in pensive mood,
The unwelcome messenger of death
Once more was heard without.
Hall dead with anger and surprise,—
"So soon return'd!" (old Dobson cries.)
"So soon—they persons of yesterday!" he replies;
"Surely my friend you're but in jest!
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-twenty years at least
For you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the man replied,
"To spare the aged would be kind:
Besides you promis'd me three warnings,
Which I have look'd for regular and mornings;
And for that loss of time and ease
I can recover damages."

"I know," said Death, "that at the best
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least,
I see your phiz is sour have not cease'd:
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length—
I wish you joy of all your strength."
"Hold!"—said the farmer, "I am as fast,
I have been lame these four years past."

"And no great wonder!"—Death replies,
"However you still keep your eyes;
And sure to see one's loves, and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."

"Perhaps," said Dobson, "so it might,
But latterly, I've lost my sight,
And that is a grievous thing,"—he saith
"Yet there's some comfort," answer'd Death,—
"Each strives your sadness to amuse—
No doubt you hear the passing news."

"There is no news! and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."

"Nay, then," said Death, "this day I find
That you are *lame*, and *blind*, and *deaf*, and *lost*;
There are the signs of which I spoke—
The warnings I propos'd;
And now your schemes for life are broke,
Your day is nearly clos'd;
So come along—no more we'll part,"
He said, and touch'd him with his dart.
And former Dobson, turning pale,
Found no excuses would avail.

HESTER LYNCH THRALE.

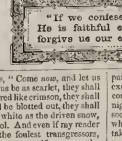
THE EFFECT OF PARDON.

In the garrison town of Woolwich, a few years ago, a soldier was about to be brought before the commanding officer of his regiment, for some misdemeanor. The officer entering the soldier's name said, "Here is ——, again, what *can* we do with him, he has gone through almost every ordeal?" The sergeant-major, M. B., apologized for intruding, and said, "There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir." "What is that, sergeant-major?" "Well, sir, he has never yet been *forgiven*." "Forgiven!" said the colonel, "How is his case altered?" "Yes, but the thing is not before you, and you can cancel it." After the colonel had reflected for a few minutes, he ordered the man to be brought in, when he looked steadily at him to say relative to the charges brought against him. "Nothing, sir," was the reply, "only that I am sorry for what I have done." After making some suitable remarks, the colonel said, "Well, we have resolved to forgive you." The soldier was struck with astonishment, the tears started from his eyes—he wept. The colonel, with the adjutant, and others present felt deeply, when they saw the man so humbled. The soldier thanked the colonel for his kindness, and retired. The narrator had the soldier under his notice for two years and a-half after this, and never during that time was there a charge brought against him, or fault found with him. Mercy triumphed! Kindness conquered! The man was *won*!

This is just the method God adopts with us in the everlasting gospel. We are guilty. The charges are brought against us. The case is entered. But the Lord delighteth in mercy. He seeks to melt us by his love. He is ready to forgive: He waits to say, saying, "Only acknowledge thine iniquities." And then offers us a pardon—a pardon which cost Him the life of his only begotten Son. A pardon, not of one sin, but of all our sins. A pardon that will bring peace to the conscience on earth, and entitle us to eternal rest in heaven. The soldier, in the case before us, gladly accepted the pardon, was melted down by the kindness of his colonel, and wept as a child would weep. But sinners, too often hear of God's forgiving love without emotion, and instead of humbly confessing their sins, and gladly embracing the pardon offered, they treat it with neglect or contempt. What can be the reason of this? The reason is, it is, or is not realize their criminality, or the danger to which they are exposed—they do not believe in an eternal hell, in the punishment which their sins deserve, and therefore they treat the gospel as if it were a fable, or a subject of no importance.

Reader, have you felt that you are guilty before God? Guilty of breaking his law, which is holy, just and good. Guilty, not of breaking the law once, but ten thousand times—not in one form but in a multitude of ways—so that if God were to punish you according to your desert, he must sentence you to hell for ever. Have you understood the gospel, which tells you that God is loath to punish you, that he has no pleasure in the death of a sinner; to prove which, he spared not his Son, but delivered him up, the just for the unjust; to bear our sins, to atone for our guilt; that so God may be just, and yet pardon and justify every sinner that believes on Him? Do you see that God offers to pardon you, invites you to come to his throne of grace, that you may obtain mercy—and has sent his spirit, and is now, waiting to be gracious unto you. What would you have said, if the soldier referred to, had insulted his colonel, when he told him, that he had made up his mind to forgive him; and had told him he did not want his pardon,—but that he was a most hardened and ungrateful wretch? Yet if you refuse, or neglect, to humble yourself before God, and ask for the pardon promised in his word, you are acting just such a part before God. O, the folly, the consummate folly of the man, who trifles with eternal punishment—who rejects the Saviour of sinners—who refuses to come to God by Him, that he may be pardoned, sanctified, and saved!

Great teachers good works. The pardoned soldier became a changed man—mercy did, what punishment could not, for it thoroughly reformed him. So, if we believe the love that God has to us, if we receive the message of his mercy, the promise of his grace, and come to him for pardon and obtain it; we shall find that the grace of God, that brought salvation to us, will teach us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously and godly, in this present evil world. Nothing soften the heart like kindness, and therefore in the gospel, the kindness of God our Saviour, is set before us. Nothing inspires the soul with gratitude like love, nor will anything make us desire us to walk so to please Him like gratitude; and therefore the gospel minister cries "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and gave his Son to be the propitiation for our sins!" In the grace that presents a free, full, and everlasting pardon of all sin, will not melt our hard hearts, and reform our vicious lives, nothing will. The law with its rigid requirements and terrible threatenings, only hardens the sinner's heart, and renders him obdurate and sullen; but the gospel with its sweet invitations, gracious provision, and glorious promises, melts, humbles, and re-models every heart that believes and receives it, and as it melts, humbles, and re-models the heart, it consequently reforms, regulates, and consecrates the life to God's glory and praise. Once more, reader, that gospel, speaks to you. Once more, the God of all grace addresses you. After living so long in sin, after hardening yourself against him so often, after treating him with such criminal contempt, he says, "Come now, and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." That is, they shall be blotted out, they shall be all forgiven, and you shall be white as the driven snow, and clean as the well-washed wool. And even if my reader be a desperate sinner, one of the foulest transgressors, one of the basest of Satan's mice; yes, if you are the vilest that ever breathed God's air, or blasphemed God's holy name, or injured your fellow-men, if you deserve the lowest and hottest hell, yet to you, to you at this moment, to you after all that you have done, God speaks, not in a voice of thunder—speaks not in wrath, but in mercy—speaks, as if he were not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance—and what, think you, are his words? "Wonder, O heavens! Be astonished, O earth!" God, the infinitely righteous! God, says to the vilest out of hell, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near; let the wicked," the desperately wicked, "forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts;" the man of no character, the most depraved, "and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy," yes, he will have mercy, for he delights to do so. He will have mercy upon him; "and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Abundantly pardon! Yes, he will pardon like a God. Pardon all sin, pardon all sin completely. Pardon with his whole heart, and with his whole soul. Pardon so as to cover sin, so as to annihilate the charge of sin, so as to free from all the penal consequences of sin, and from the consequences of sin for ever. He will forgive all, not only forgive but forget. Hear his own precious words, "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins, and their iniquities will I remember no more." O, blessed assurance, that God will not only blot our sins out of his book, but out of his memory, so that they shall be remembered against us no more for ever.



"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

By permission of the 'Weekly Tract Society,' we are enabled to print the foregoing, as one of our series of *Illustrated Tracts*.

SIN LEAVES ITS MARK.

Mr. Gough, in a lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association, of London, in dwelling on the corrupting influences of bad associates, alluded to the inevitable penalty of mental suffering which every transgressor incurs:—

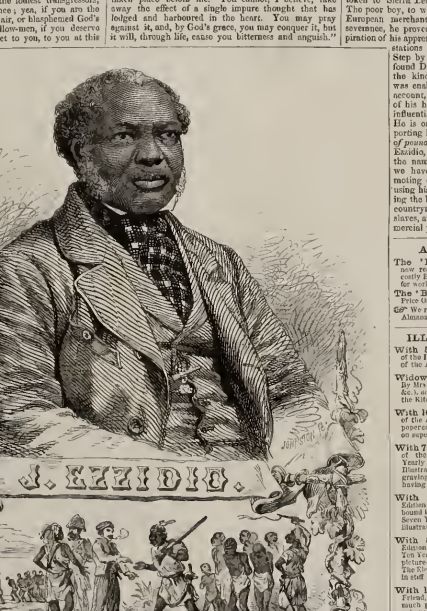
"What you learn from bad habits and in bad society," said he, "you will never forget, and it will be a lasting pang to you. I tell you in all sincerity, not as in the excitement of speech, but as I would confess and have confessed before God, I would give my right hand to unsight it. *I could forget* that which I have learned in evil society—if I could tear from my remembrance the scenes which I have witnessed, the transactions which have taken place before me. You cannot, I believe, take away the effect of a single impure thought that has lodged and harboured in the heart. You may pray against it, and, by God's grace, you may conquer it, but it will, through life, cause you bitterness and anguish."

THE SWEARER REPROVED.

An officer much addicted to profane swearing, visited one of the mines in Cornwall. He was attended by a pious workman, who was employed in the works. During his visit to the pit, the officer uttered many profane and abominable expressions; and as he ascended, in company with the pious miner, finding it a long way, he said to him. "If it is so far down to your work, how far is it to hell?" The miner promptly replied, "I do not know how far it is to hell, sir; but I believe, that if the rope by which we are drawn up should break, you would be there in a minute."

AN AFRICAN MERCHANT.

Is all the money spent by Great Britain in the suppression of the slave-trade lost? Let the following fact reply. Yeam ago, a little black boy was stolen from his home in Africa, and carried away captive into the Slave Country. After enduring much suffering, and narrowly escaping being offered as a human sacrifice, he was, when about sixteen years of age, sold as a slave to the Portuguese. No one can describe the horrors of the slave-ship into which the young African, was forced, with hundreds of fellow-slaves. After being some days at sea, the slaver was seen by a British man-of-war, and, after a good chase, was secured as a prize. The vessel was taken to Sierra Leone, and the slaves were liberated. The poor boy, to whom we refer, was apprenticed to a European merchant. By diligence, attention and perseverance, he proved a valuable servant, and, on the expiration of his apprenticeship, he was employed in various stations of trust by English merchants. Step by step, he advanced. He sought and found Divine help and guidance. Through the kindness of the Rev. Thos. Dove, he was enabled to begin business on his own account, and God has prospered the work of his hands. He is now one of the most influential of the Sierra Leone merchants. He is one of England's best customers, importing into Africa as he does many *thousands of pounds*' worth of our manufactures. John Ezzidio, Esq., of Sierra Leone, for such is the name of the gentleman whose career we have briefly sketched, is not only promoting commerce, but he rejoices to add, is using his influence and his money in extending the blessings of the Gospel amongst his countrymen. Let American emancipate her slaves, and we feel assured that, even in a commercial point of view, she will be the gainer.



JOHN EZZIDIO, ESQ., WHO, WHEN A BOY, WAS SOLD TO THE PORTUGUESE SLAVE-TRADERS.

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The 'British Workman's Almanac' is now ready. Price One Penny. It contains five costly Engravings by John Gilbert, with columns for working-men and their wives! Daily Texts, &c.

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BRITISH WORKMAN.

NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN.

ELECTROTYPED BY BRIGHT & HAWES, CLERKENWELL CLOSE, LONDON.

"NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN."

Instead of this phrase being one of reproach, its origin indicates the highest honour on the "Sons of the Needle." He is about 1742, a poor orphan boy apprenticed at one of the fashionable West-end tailors' shops in London, in which some journeymen were then employed. The foreman, yet interesting apprentice of the friendless lad, touched the hearts of the benevolent tailors, who immediately contributed five shillings for the relief of the little stranger. With this capital the little fellow purchased fruit, which he retailed at a profit. Years rolled on; and as the result of his industry, wealth and honour smiled upon him, so that at length he was able to retire from business and keep his carriage. Desired, however, of a relative in the College of Heralds to be put on the pedigree the following motto on the panel of his carriage, but

> NINE TAILORS
> MAKE ME
> A MAN

NINE CELEBRATED TAILORS.

Sir William Hanbury.—In the year 1561, just 300 years ago, Sir William Hanbury, Knight, of Kinnersley Castle, and Lord Mayor of London. He set an example in many respects worthy the imitation of civic authorities and wealthy citizens, in the munificent offer made to benefit on his native town, he purchased a field in the town suburbs of Leominster, and devised by will that the rent should be yearly appropriated to the education of his children at Bedford. Remarkable purposes. When Sir William Hanbury died, it was he on the spot, that the property in the neighbourhood of Leominster increased in value, and, on the expiry of the lease, the rent of the field was raised to a hundred times the original rent. It was improved, that it was relet for a term of sixty years, at the advanced rental of £150 a-year. When the lease expired, it was relet, and brought in as total than £4000, and now, on the thirteen acres of land, so generously bought by the once poor tailor, stands the noble Grammar school square in the parish of St. Antholin, Holborn, yielding the noble sum of not less than THIRTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS per annum to the trustees of the "Hanbury Charity," to be applied in educational and benevolent purposes for the benefit of the inhabitants of the town of Bedford! Perhaps there is no other place in the world so highly favoured as Bedford, with regard to educational advantages. There are now upwards of 1,500 scholars in the "Harper Schools." Every poor man's child is entitled to education in Bedford; may enjoy the great privilege of a first-class education for his children, free of charge! We shall be glad if all the Lord Mayors and Aldermen of London, will be good benefactors to the nation as the Bedford tailor-boy, who filled the civic chair in 1561.

John Hawkins (afterwards Sir John), a native of Sible-Hedingham, in Essex, in which church there is a cenotaph to his memory. He was reared to the trade of a tailor, but he was so much dissatisfied with his lot, that he left his native town, and became a noted warrior, whose desperate deeds were spoken of in both the Indies and the Spanish Main, and thence to Italy, where he died a distinguished rather than a happy man.

John Dwarkanz (afterwards Dwarkanz), a Bohemian by birth, who in that dreadful struggle on the Continent, known in history as "*The thirty years' war*," was one of the most celebrated military characters of his age. A man, it is said, of the most gentle manners, and of powerful intellect, while his name and exploits were the boast and the terror of all.

Admiral Hobson, a bold and generous British sailor, was born at Beaulieu, in the Isle of Wight. He was the son of a tailor, and was apprenticed to his father at Niton. The neighbourhood of the sea, the talk of the maritime exploits of that age (the reign of Queen Anne), the sight of the ships of war and merchantmen in the ports of the deep, where he was such distinction in naval exploits, that few admirals of his time were more applauded than Admiral Hobson.

John Stow, tailor, and the son of a tailor, lived in Cornhill, London, near the spot where Aldgate pump now stands. There he spent his days in the pursuit of his antiquarian researches, giving all his leisure to study. A popular author said him "That tall, thin, cheerful, pleasant, beneficent, old antiquary, who, in the dark, dirty parlors

FOREBEAR.

FOREBEAR, whence'er an unjust taunt
Shall quickly flash thine eye,
And flash thy cheek with swift desire
To give some sharp reply,

Forbear, wrath only kindles wrath,
And stirs up passion's fire;
While answering softly, mildly tends
To check the hitterest ire.

Forbear, though some well-meaning friend,
Purblind, with good intent,
Should roughly crush a sanguine hope,
Or brilliant plan prevent.

Forbear, their wisdom may be far
Superior to thine own;
They may be built much castles too,
And seen them overthrown.

Forbear, when sickness chains thy care,
And murmuring accents prove,
Breathing complaining, fretful tones,
Sad trials to thy love.

Forbear, thou may'st not know how keen
Are those trials which seek to find
Belief in feverish words, and yet
Means not to be unkind.

Forbear, when childhood's noisy mirth
Distracts thy throbbing brain;
Which, pained with many anxious cares,
Seems bursting with its pain.

Forbear—O do not wound their hearts,
Because thine is oppressed,
By careless and impatient tones,
When they would be caressed.

Forbear: I know 'twill cause a pang,
And many a fervent prayer,
And many efforts, ere thou learn
In all things to forbear.

SCOLDING.

Two thriving farmers, A. and B. lived near neighbours, whose wives were patterns of energy, industry, frugality, neatness, etc. They had been married about fifteen years, and the wife of A. proved to be a termagant, while that of B. had not spoken petulantly since her marriage. The men were alone in the midst of an interesting conversation, when the dinner horn from the house of Mr. A. was sounded, and he said to B., "I must go at once, or my wife will give me such a lecture." "I really wish," replied B., "that I could hear my wife scold as your dog, for five minutes, just to see how it would sound, for he has never uttered a crooked word since our marriage." "Oh," said A., "get for your wife a load of crooked wood, and you will hear it, I warrant you, for nothing makes my wife more out of temper."

Farmer B. kept his own counsel, and when he went to the forest to prepare his year's supply of wood, he was careful to cut each crooked stick on each side of the curve, so as to preserve it entire, and to throw all such sticks in a separate pile, subject to his order. When his stock of wood was commenced, he collected an enormous load of these crooked sticks and deposited them at his door, and said nothing. When he came to dinner the next day, he expected the verification of the prophecy; but the meal as usual was well cooked, and in good time, and his wife came to the board with her usual beneficent smile, and said nothing relative to the wood. As the wood wasted away, his curiosity and anxiety increased; till his wife one day said to him, "Husband, our wood is nearly exhausted and if you have any more like that last you brought me, I wish you would get it, for it is the best I ever had, it fits round the pots and kettles so nicely."

RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE.

"By doing our own work," writes the Rev. Dr. Bonar, "poor as it may seem to some, we shall better fulfil God's purpose, and more truly glorify His name, than if we, either by out or inner work, try to be like unto another, or calling in another into our sphere to do our proper work for us. The low grass-tuft is not the branching elm, and it is not required that it should be a position to occupy, and a work to do, which neither elm nor rose can undertake." With these remarks, as just as they are beautiful, that prince of preachers, Dr. Newton's well-known saying: "If two angels were to be sent from heaven to earth, one to be prime-minister, and the other to be a street-sweeper, each would be satisfied with his own calling, and diligent to the performance of its duties."

MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

MUCH unhappiness is occasioned in families, not unfrequently leading to total alienation, from misunderstandings based upon very slight foundations. Especially is this the case where the members have become partially separated, and intercourse thereby in a measure interrupted, so as to prevent any ready and willing explanation. An action misconstrued, an unintentional affront offered, a thoughtless expression made, an oversight on the part of one committed, which is taken by another as evidence of a loss of interest or of kindly regard, becomes a secret stumbling-block between members of a family, which through all their early years, they have unpleasantly sacrificed their lives in behalf of each other; rebellious grow into mountains, abrupt with precipices, and crowned with impassable barriers, which perpetually impassion barriers between hearts full to overflowing with every genial sympathy.

Such unhappy affairs, having their foundations originally in nothing, or at least in incidents so slight that both parties are ashamed to confess the cause even to themselves, are more frequent than is generally supposed. Let a family of children who live in harmony, in the exercise of every trait of brotherly and sisterly affection, be told that a time will come in after life when other ties, other connections, other interests, pursuits, pleasures and pains, will unloose the cords that bind them to each other in such apparently indissoluble bonds, and they will be apt to exclaim, "Are thy servants dogs, that they should do this great thing?"

The natural course of events must separate families—must dissolve fraternal ties, in order to give room to others, if possible, of a tenderer and more enduring nature; but in that transformation, separate care ought to be taken that no element of discord be permitted to intervene between the original and new relation. In the close connection, for instance, which certainly ought to exist between parties that enter into conjugal ties, many defects of character will likely be hidden from each other which are apparent to less blinded vision; and a brother may feel a tinge of selfish pain, or a sister receive a slight shock of wounded sensibility, that the other turns from them to the husband or the wife, forgetting that they themselves will do the same thing.

A little mutual forbearance, a few kindly explanations, a determination on both sides to do to the other as each would like to be done by, will in all these cases, as in every other event of human life, remove all difficulties, and enable brothers and sisters to go on harmoniously to the end of life's uneventful journey. Let the prayer be acted upon—

"The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

and all trouble of this nature will speedily vanish away. Intercourse must of necessity be partially interrupted; divers pursuits, distant residences, different degrees of success or failure, other ties and connections, will greatly interfere with the original close intimacy, but what remains may be as tender, as kind, and as fraternal, in that which exists through all their earlier years; and that it be such is a solemn duty each member of a family owes to the memory of their dead parents, to themselves, and to each other.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

HAIL, day revered! for ever glorious morn,
On which the Saviour of the world was born!
Soon as the heavenly infant drew his breath,
Mercy appeared before the gates of death:
The world was written by an angel's hand,
In glad obedience to Divine command!
The apostate spirit breathed an anguished groan,
From hell's dire caverns, to the Eternal Throne;
While seraphs this celestial strain began,
"Peace be on earth, and God's good will to man!"

I LOVE to see this day well kept by rich and poor; it is a great thing to have one day in the year, at least, when you are sure of being welcome wherever you go, and of having as it were, the world all thrown open to you.

A LETTER FROM ABROAD.

Some dear friends of mine went three years ago to Australia. They journeyed to write regularly, and they have kept their word. But as they have a large family, and many friends, they were obliged to write a long general letter, which was to be read by all. Now, this letter is always read aloud to a large circle at F——, a town on the sea-coast, where some of the dearest of my friends live. And then it is sent to London, and then from there it goes a long circuit to Greenwich, Reigate, Worcestershire, and many places, and is read eagerly and carefully by all. "Is it worth it?" "Is it worth a letter?" are our regular and earnest inquiries. Thinking of this letter from abroad, reminds me, dear reader, that there is a better one by "a Friend" who is much dearer than a brother." That letter has come from a far country, and it tells wonderful news. "Glad tidings of great joy to all!" It contains richer fare than "milk and honey," it sorrowful, hope for the oppressed, "light for them that sit in great darkness." It shows not only how we may bear the trials of our earthly lot, but how we may *ensure* a full release from all our past debts, and have an inheritance that none can take away. It is full of love and tender promises. All reading, it shows it God's letter of love and guidance for us. His unworthy creatures. Do you inquire for it? Do you read it yourself? Do you call your friends to hear it? Do you tell them and write to them about it? Do you feel as earnest and eager as if it came from an earthly friend? If not, let us all pray, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

THE PAVIOURS; Or,

"Are you making the best or the worst of your lot in life?"

SOME paviours were laying down flags in the street in which I lived. I was in my drawing-room, and as I sat at needlework in the parlour window, I heard occasionally the men's conversation, which as it never was in a low tone, was not meant to be confidential. They called and shouted out their opinions one to the other, and I found that a feeling of discontent was prevalent in general among them. One man, whom I had before seen in my going to and fro to my place of worship, was generally on the grumble. "Ah! it will very fine for some folks, they can take it easy, but it's work, work—there's never no end of it. Poor we be, poor folks," was a frequent speech of his.

And wise abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—1 Cor. xiii. 13.

I ventured, one day, to give him a number of the *British Workman*, and pointed out to him an engraving of a fully gaining to the house of God. He took it sulkily, and it was very evident that he considered his lot was harder than that of any one else. "Do you make the best of it?" I inquired. He stared at me, and gave no answer.

Now, on the Sabbath-day, this man was among a group of like-minded working-men, who waited—unwashed, unshaved, looking desolate, and degraded—at the door of a neighbouring public-house, until it opened at one o'clock. After working all the week, it was evident he took his earnings to the public-house, and spent the greater part on Saturday night; then went to his house tired, quarrelsome and wretched; and not knowing what to do with his time on the Sunday morning, sauntered out. If working-men were compelled any weekday, to go dirty and languid, and stand in all weathers at the publican's door until it opened, that, indeed, would be felt to be both a hardship and an insult. "We are not dogs, or swine," they would justly say, "to stand about here waiting for a bit or a sup, and we won't do it."

But they take their own way, and degrade themselves to the highest noble in the land, and they waste and degrade themselves by a self-inflicted wrong they would not bear if they were hired and paid for it.

Because they have one day in seven, they throw it away. Tired with the toil of the week, they work harder than ever on that day in hanging round, quarrelling, Vexed with the sorrows of the week, they make them all more.

They might have rest in God's sanctuary, in their home, and in their own souls, and they will not! They might lay in a stock of holy joy that would last all the next six days, *and they will not!*

Do not complain of your lot, my working friend, until you can answer the question to your own soul, "Do I make the best or the worst of my lot?"

PRAYER AND FORGIVENESS.

ABOUT twenty-four years ago, a little girl of nine years, the daughter of a certain and a drunkard, "was connected with one of the classes of my Sabbath-school. The teacher was a most devoted and faithful labourer. The experiment of the little girl was such as to win the affection and kindest care of the teacher, who on one occasion presented her with a beautiful copy of the Scriptures. The little girl sent hearty thanks for her gift. She hastened home with the treasure, with a glowing, throbbing heart. As soon as she entered the house, she rushed to her father, exclaiming, "Look what my teacher has given me!" holding up the beautiful Bible. The father was sitting by the stove at the time, and was under the influence of liquor. He took and read the book and crammed it into the fire. The child stood in amazement for an instant, unable to say a word. Then she dropped upon her knees, and, with streaming from her eyes, implored God to have mercy on her father.

That prayer, offered in the innocence of childhood, and gushing right out of a heart full of love, was heard. The mother began to weep, the other children were overcome, and that father's heart was pierced by the arrow of conviction. Not long after, he, too, the result of the child's prayer has been gathering and increasing for the glory of God. The father now lives, and for four-and-twenty years has been a consistent communicant in the church. The mothers also is in the church, and every member of the family has been converted to God.

That little girl now lives as a mother, and is training her young offspring for the Lord, and throwing her good influence around a large circle of her fellows and her Master. This is only one of hundreds of instances where the Sabbath-school has blessed the parents as well as the children.

A CHINAMAN'S OPINION OF RUM.

TAKING a walk one day through the commissariat stores in Hongkong, with a friend, I came to a portion of that establishment where four Chinamen were engaged in emptying a large hogshead of rum—which they carried in pailfuls measures to another portion of the building. Addressing myself to the one, who was apparently the head of the party, I inquired, "Do you like rum, John?"

"No, Sir," said the Chinaman.

"Why not?"

"Rum not proper, Sir, make Chinaman *number one poor.*"

If the graves of "Happy Valley," in the Hong-Kong cemetery, could speak, they would bear testimony to the Rum and samschoo have sent hundreds there to the bloom of youth and manhood.

J. S.

'SOMEHOW HE HASN'T PROSPER'D.'

I once slightly knew a man, who with a small capital, entered into the building trade, at a town in Berkshire. He was very industrious, but not very clever, for while he worked hard, he never seemed to think of asking God's blessing, and certainly never respected His day; for he taught his children to be busy building on Sunday looking over the men's work; and then he would employ himself drawing plans, and doing odd jobs. I fell, had as he worked, it gained nothing, for by the time his buildings were done he was a bankrupt. He went into business again at a town in Surrey, and pursued the same plan, not only worked early and late, but Sundays busy and again with the same result. I said to him, "How can it be?" people said. "Well, he's a hard master, I'm sure you don't employer they do, and he has to put up with an idle set, for they know he'll chase them if he can, so they cheat him." "How do they know that?" I said. "Oh, he's no conscience, Sunday and working-day is all alike to him." "Yes, there was the secret, no conscience towards God, and therefore, no conscience towards his fellow-creatures, they cheated him, and he failed.

I saw the same man, not long ago, enter a half-built house that he had borrowed money to finish, and heard his hammer and chisel going all through the Sabbath-day. He looked pale, and worn, and dirty. Two men passed along, and without seeing him, noticed the building: they said: "Though he's failed twice, he's begun again, but nobody likes to work for him."

"Ah," replied the other, "hard as he is, somehow he hasn't prospered." As he spoke, the words came to my mind, "Them that honour me, I will honour."

TO OUR READERS.

It will be seen from the notice on the last page, that our next number will contain a special reference to Tom Paine. Unprecedented efforts are now being made to spread sceptical and infidel principles among the working classes of this country, and we are anxious to bring under the notice of every working man in the three kingdoms the well-authenticated fact, but which is little known, that the noted individual in his dying moments retracted his infidel opinions. We continue to receive many cheering testimonies to the benefit, so instantly using the canvassing cards and bills, to assist them in obtaining new Subscribers. Our gratification is increased by the cordial response which continues to be manifest on the part of those who are thus appealed to. Again and again we are informed by correspondents, that "a copy of the 'British Workman' has only be shown in order to secure a Subscriber." We trust, therefore, that ALL our readers will endeavour to induce a few in their respective localities to purchase a copy of our January number, and in cases where lack of employment, or poverty prevent purchasing, to give copies, or send some one else to do so. We shall have much pleasure in forwarding a canvassing card for 12, 24, 50, or 100 names, together with a supply of illustrated canvassing bills (gratis, and post-free), to any who make application, addressed to the 'British Workman' Office, 9, Paternoster Row, London. If any of our readers know of those who has time and opportunity at command, to apply for a canvassing card for twelve names, at least? The extracts from canvassing letters show that numerous Helpers not extreme old age are to be regarded as impediments in the way. Our readers can also render essential service, by bringing the subject of the next month's number before the notice of those who are directly engaged in promoting the welfare of the working classes, such as Ministers, City Missionaries, Sunday-school Teachers, District Visitors, Tract Distributors, Sunday School Superintendents and Teachers, &c.

A HINT FOR MOTHERS.

NOTHING can be worse than idleness, either for the soul or the body. It is the fruitful parent of vice and misery. The Spaniards say: "Idle arts are usually tempted by the devil, but the idle man positively tempts the devil." Let mothers, therefore, regard it as a sacred duty to bring up their children in habits of industry. By the expenditure of a little thought, they may easily find something to occupy even the youngest. We may learn a lesson on this subject from the ancient Balearic Islanders, whose ladies, now called Majorca and Minorca. This people were very expert in the use of the sling, to which they were trained from their earliest infancy. The mothers were accustomed to place on the bough of a high tree the piece of bread which was to form their children's breakfast. At this the little ones were required to aim their slings, nor were they allowed a morsel of food till they had fairly brought it to the ground.

"*For ever when we begin to pray, this we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat.*"—2 Thess. iii. 10. M. T.

CANVASSING EFFORTS.

The following are Extracts from Letters recently received:

A SCOTCHMAN writes—"In thanking you for your kindness in sending me a supply of Canvassing-bills, I have great pleasure in informing you that by means of forming a Canvassing Committee, consisting of about half-a-dozen boys of my school, I have been able to give an order for twenty-four copies of the *British Workman*, which number I trust I shall soon be able to double. One pleasing case of a drunkard giving up his tavern and after reading the *British Workman*, for the first time, has recently come under my observation."

"I have obtained twenty-four permanent Subscribers, and am gradually augmenting the number. I have also engaged a friend to canvass for twelve. I hardly need tell you, that to almost every family I have visited, the *British Workman* is very received by the people. If I meet with any one unwilling to subscribe, I lend him one of a few numbers I keep on hand for the purpose, and it seldom happens that they need to add his name to my list of subscribers."—F. W. Hayes.

A Sunday-school in earnest.—As a proof of what one Sunday-school can accomplish in disseminating literature among the masses, we subjoin the following extract: It is worthy of remark that upwards of 1000 copies of the *British Workman* are every month distributed amongst subscribers by a Tract Committee connected with the Lawley Street Sunday School, Birmingham.

WHAT can a poor old man do? I was gratified to learn that an aged friend in Walthamstow, who is in his 75th year, recently commenced a canvass for a few subscribers to the *British Workman*, and in a few days obtained orders from no fewer than fifty families! We hear nothing of this work being extended to every town and village in the land, our circulation for the new year would soon be increased fourfold. We think the lady who sent the aged friend to work.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

CASSELL'S *Illustrated Family Bible.* Now issuing in Penny Numbers.

Amongst the numerous valuable publications issued by Mr. Joh. Cassell, we feel assured that the Family Bible will be widely distributed that already a circulation of 200,000 has been reached, and we doubt not this number will be doubled. Mr. Cassell was once a working-man, and as rejoice to find that his efforts are continually directed to the benefit of the class of men. The beautiful Illustrated Edition of the Sacred Scriptures is being issued in penny numbers, which will enable every one of lot to secure a copy with comparative ease.

Ministering Children. By MISS CHARLESWORTH. Cloth Elegant, Price 2s. 6d., post-free. Seeley and Co., Fleet Street.

We are glad to find that a cheap edition of this lovely book has just been issued. It will be a great boon, and we hope very little thousands of sunday-school and other libraries for the young.

ALMANACS FOR 1862.

The 'British Workman's Almanac' is now ready. Price One Penny. It contains Five Coloured Engravings by John Gilbert, with Counsels for Working-men, Daily Texts, &c.

The 'Band of Hope Almanac' is also ready. Price One Penny. Illustrated by Gilbert and Harvey.

We recommend our readers to put up the above Almanacs in their Schools and Families.

With 100 Engravings The 'Children's Friend,' for 1861. Price Eighteenpence. We have much pleasure in recommending this attractive volume for Young to the notice of our readers. Schoolmasters and Teachers will find it a useful Prize-Book.

PACKETS BY POST.

EDITOR Publisher will forward packets of "British Workman" to any part of the United Kingdom, Channel Islands (Ireland and Guernsey Isles, France, or Belgium, post free, as under:—

4 copies for 6d., or for one year			8s	MUST BE
8 "	1s.	"	12s	PAID IN
12 "	1s. 6d.	"	16s	ADVANCE.
16 "	2s. 6d.	"	20s.	
24 "	3s. 6d.	"	30s.	
50 "	4s. 2d.	"	40s.	

All orders, with remittances, to be addressed to Mr. SAMUEL W. PARTRIDGE, *No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.*

The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it.
PROVERBS X. 22.

MONUMENT WITH FOUNTAIN, ERECTED AT STRATFORD, IN MEMORY OF THE LATE SAMUEL GURNEY, ESQ.

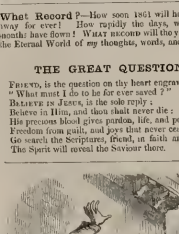
WORKING-MEN'S MEMORIAL.

AMONGST the numerous Drinking Fountains erected within the last few years, we know not of one that has occasioned such public interest as that recently erected in Stratford, to commemorate the honoured name of that great philanthropist, the late Samuel Gurney, Esq. This handsome erection, thirty feet high, with two fountains at the base, has been erected at a cost of about £300. It is a pleasing fact, that this substantial token of public regard, originated with the *working-men*. The inauguration meeting, which was held a few weeks since, was a great festive occasion in Stratford. It is computed that about 15,000 persons were present. Amongst the various speeches delivered by magistrates, clergymen, ministers, artisans, and others, we were much struck with the remarks of a working-man. He said, "The late Mr. Gurney never gave me any money—I didn't want it—but he did something better; he erected schools, and laboured hard to provide a good and useful education for my children, and the children of my brother working-men, and in doing that, he conferred upon us a lasting and invaluable boon, that must ever endear his memory to our hearts."

What Record?—How soon 1861 will have passed away for ever! How rapidly the days, weeks, and months have flown! WHAT INCOME will the year bear to the Eternal World of *my* thoughts, words, and actions?

THE GREAT QUESTION.

FRIEND, is the question on thy heart engraved,
"What must I do to be for ever saved?"
BELIEVE IN JESUS, is the sole reply;
Believe in Him, and thou shalt never die:
His precious blood gives pardon, life, and peace;
Freedom from guilt, and joys that never cease.
Go search the Scriptures, friend, in faith and prayer;
The Spirit will reveal the Saviour there.



"ACCIDENTS WILL OCCUR!"

THIS is a common remark amongst working-men. Many sad accidents, however, occur which never *ought* to occur, if common care and prudence were exercised. There have been lately several melancholy accidents, arising from scaffolding being insufficiently secured. In some instances, men have been *famed for life*, and have been compelled to break up their homes, and enter the Union-workhouse. It is worthy of being more generally known that the 'Railway Passengers' Insurance Company,' of which that earnest friend of the working-classes, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P., is a Director, now undertakes insurances against *accidents of all kinds*. This Company has lightened the sorrows of many a working-man's home. We recommend our readers to procure the rates for securing a weekly allowance in case of injury. These may be had direct from the Office, No. 64, Cornhill, London, or at the principal Railway Booking Offices throughout the United Kingdom.

THE GIANT FARMER.

IN one of the large farmsteads of Yorkshire, there resides one of the tallest, stoutest, strongest, and heaviest men in that great county. He is the most striking illustration of the value of temperance principles we ever remember to have met with. For about a quarter of a century, he has never touched either spirits or malt-liquors of any kind. In the earlier years of his life, when a working man, he was accustomed, like many of his comrades, to drink freely, believing that hard work could not be performed without the aid of stimulating drinks. He was, however, induced to abandon both the pot and the pipe, and by God's blessing on his sobriety and industry, he has risen, step by step, from the ranks of the labouring classes, until he can now be truly regarded as one of the largest farmers and cattle-dealers in Yorkshire, having reference not only to the bulk of his person, but also to his extensive crops and herds. It has seldom been our privilege to hear a more remarkable testimony in favour of abstinence from intoxicating liquors, than we heard sometime ago, from the lips of this giant farmer, Mr. Frank Twisleton, of Horton-in-Ribblesdale, near Settle. This gentleman is constantly attending cattle markets in the North of England, and we are glad to learn that whilst attending to his extensive business engagements, he is constantly seeking, by the distribution of tracts, and conversation with his fellow-farmers and cattle-dealers, to induce them to follow his example. We have reason to believe that hundreds of persons have been induced by the example and entreaties of Mr. Twisleton, to abandon their habits of intemperance, and are now sober fathers, and good husbands.

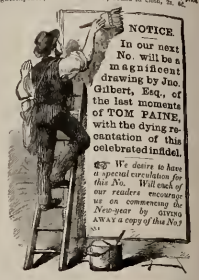
Whilst rejoicing in the efforts now being so extensively made to induce men to abandon the allurements of the public-house for the comforts of home, we feel more than ever the importance of not resting satisfied with a mere moral and external reformation. Whilst thanking God that so many who were once accustomed to spend their Sabbaths in dissipation are now to be found occupying places in our churches and chapels, we fear that too many are resting satisfied with reformed homes, instead of earnestly seeking, by repentance and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, for reformed hearts. Let us never forget that unless the heart be removed by Divine grace, we cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.

FARMERS & SPARROWS.

"IN St. Pierre's 'Studies of Nature,' we read of an incident that occurred in Prussia, or a division of it. The farmers were much annoyed by sparrows, and sought to eradicate them by a kind of poll-tax, the authorities allowing part of the imposts to be paid in sparrows' heads. They succeeded; but what was the consequence? In two seasons they were obliged to apply to neighbouring countries for a supply of sparrows, for the crops were flights of myriads of insects, most of which the sparrows would have destroyed. So dangerous is it to act against the decrees of nature. Providence is wiser than we are." M. T.

ILLUSTRATED PRESENTS.

With 100 Engravings. The Yearly Part of the *British Workman* for 1861. In illustrated paper cover, price eighteenpence; PARLOUR EDITION, bound in cloth, 2s. 6d.



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Confessions of a Deconter. By Mrs. Balfour. With illustrations by John Gilbert. Price One Shilling. Post-free.

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With 800 Engravings. A complete Edition of the *Band of Hope Review*, for the First Ten Years in cloth, 10s., gilt edges, 12s. "The best picture-book we know of."—*Mothers' Friend*. The Eleven Yearly Parts may also be had, separately, in stiff illustrated paper covers, price 1s. each.

MR. FRANCIS TWISLETON, THE GIANT YORKSHIRE FARMER. (WEIGHS 22 STONE).

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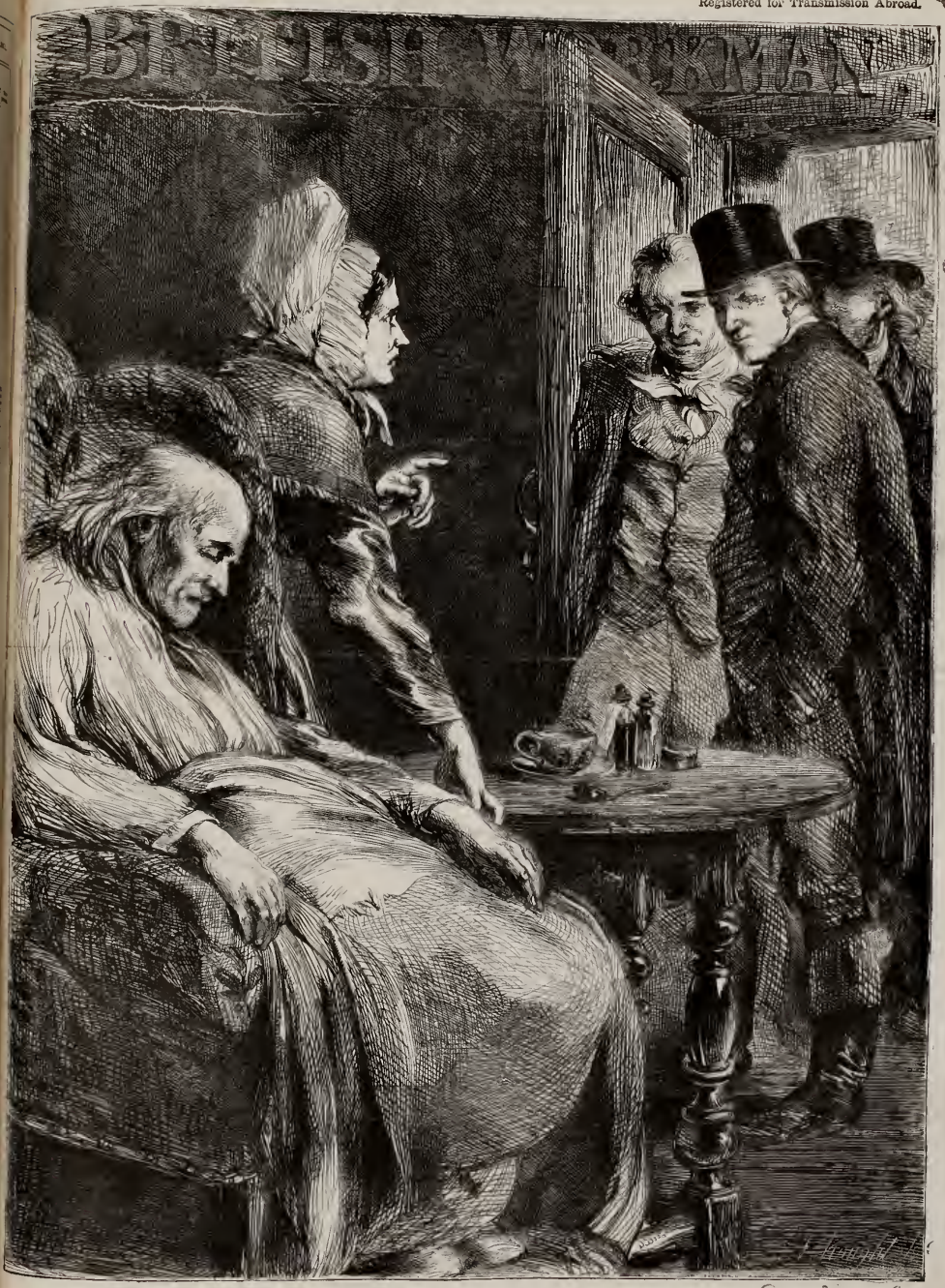


THE LAST MOMENTS OF TOM PAINE. DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.

PAINE'S LAST MOMENTS.

"How many instances have we of the time of health and strength, have passed away, and of the sick and aged, but where the hour of death is at hand, all our hopes and death have found no consolation, time their respectful prepossessions, and we have no hope in the future."

From the notes to a sermon recently published, of the venerable Stephen Grellet, we have extracted the following, which we think, omitting the name of the person, will be a warning to all Paine's house. He then refers to an interview with a man of the time referred to, and proceeds thus:—

"I had not been long in his room, when the death of Thomas Paine was the subject of our conversation. He said, he was present at the time of his death, and that he was in great agony of mind. He said, he was sitting by his bed-side, when he was taken with a violent cold sweat, and

THE BIBLE-PATTERN OF A GOOD WOMAN.

BY MRS. CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR.

No. 1.—INTRODUCTORY.

I CALLED one morning on a young woman, the wife of a working-man, who then lived in my neighbourhood; and I found her, and a young sister of hers, with an open Bible before them, and both laughing very heartily. It was summer time, and my entrance at the open door had been rather sudden. As I passed on the threshold, to see if it was convenient for me to speak to the mistress of the house, whom I will call Mrs. Smith, I noticed that the laughter very suddenly ceased, and both of them looked red and confused. I concluded that I had surprised their merriment, and thought, as well explained by this Bible open before them, they should seem half ashamed at my coming. Mrs. Smith was a very frank person, and after she had Mary and I have been looking out our birthday verses, and we are laughing to think that sister Sarah has not a verse, because she was born before the truth of the month."

"What do you mean" said I, "by birthday-verses?"

"Oh, we looked in the last chapter of Proverbs, and the verse that is appointed the same as the day of the month, that our birthday comes on, we take for ourselves."

"Indeed, my good friend! and what are these verses, that you take to yourselves?" was my inquiry.

"Well," said Mrs. Smith, looking at the Bible, "I can't say these suit us at all. Mary is the widow verse, 'she reconsiderth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.' And Mary's the twenty-first verse, 'She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her house hold are clothed with scarlet.' So it's for rich folks, and not working-women like us, that each birthday-verse are meant. But pray, ma'am, sit down."

I took a seat, and said, "You will, I know, not think me bash when I say, that I do not believe such verses of looking in the Bible to exactly pertinable. Trying to find verses that may be prophetic of our worldly condition, is not the way to search the Scriptures."

"Oh, no that's what I said to Mary, and I laughed to see how the words were not for us, or the like of us, at all."

"Pardon me, Mrs Smith, the Bible is the word for all; high and low, rich and poor. It is the book for sickness and health, for sorrow and joy. There is no person it is not meant for, and no circumstances that it does not suit."

"Ah, yes, but, I don't just see how that can be; for a rich lady might be like the virtuous woman in that chapter, but a working man's wife, or a young girl like Mary, who has her living to get, what has all that about buying fields, and clothing a household, to do with us?"

"Very much. The description was given as a lesson to all women, and I think I can show you in a simple and plain way, that this Bible-model or pattern of a good woman, is a portrait that should be carefully and gratefully studied in our careful spirit. The forms and customs of the model of it, have of course altered, but the principles of wisdom and truth remain the same, but the principles of wisdom and truth remain the same, in all ages and times. A woman can only be good, and do good, by taking the mind of God's Holy Spirit to form her to the likeness of that character, which the lowliest world has shown as a bright example to all generations."

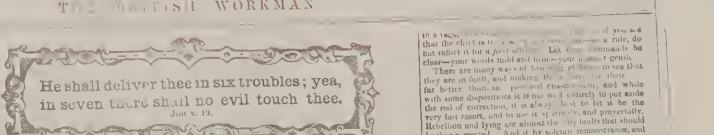
My two listeners looked interested, and I read over to them the first chapter of Proverbs, and beginning at the 10th verse, I made some comments. Afterwards, finding that the rich lady was desirous of taking verses from this first chapter, as birthday-texts, and somehow, superstition is supposed to have influence character, whether the person has sense or not, I gave to each of the women, and to Mary, the verse to regulate her virtues, or not, I thought it right to moderate on that portion of that Divine Word, and write down my thoughts on it, that my many unknown friends, among the wives and mothers of our working-class, might, like Mrs. Smith and her sister Mary, be "reconsiderers of a good woman." So, dear reader, if this Bible pattern of a good woman," So, dear reader, if this Bible pattern of a good woman." So, for the next few months, I shall hope to address my short explanations of the Scripture, to those of my country-women, who have had but their inheritance, and who want to glorify God their Maker, in their day and generation.

THIS LIFE IS NOT ALL SADNESS.

This life is not all sadness;
Its days are not all gloom;
The sun may have a hours of gladness
Twixt the cradle and the tomb.

There is no wave that roll'eth
On the sea of the lake,
But has a wave white foam near it,
When it may chance to break.

In we is our hearts
But bit our eyes to God,
He will mingle countless blessings
With the chastening of His rod.



RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE.

ANTHONY the Hermit was too high a dream that there was a shoemaker in Alexandria who was to be the sharer of his immortal glory. Anthony was astonished, and hastened to Alexandria to see him, for he thought that the shoemaker must be almost exalted and high-gifted man, to be fit for his companion in glory. When he came to him, he found him at his work, by which he supported his family, and said to him—"My friend, I know that you serve God faithfully. I pray you, tell me what you do, what you eat, what you think, how or when do you pray? Are you in the habit of watching and proving all night?" "My no means," said the shoemaker. "But, perhaps, and evening I thank God for His gracious protection, and I pray that He will forgive all my sins for Christ's sake, then I pray that He would continue to guide me by His Holy Spirit, and not give me up to temptation. When I have offered my prayers, I again go diligently to my business, and work for the support of my family; beyond this I do nothing, except to take care that I do nothing against my conscience."

THE FEMALE TEMPER.

No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home is never so much happy without it; it is like the flower without the sun; it is our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night wearied and worn out in the cares of the day, and how soothing is a good-natured, a good disposed wife. Her sunshine falling upon the heart, life is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of the whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feelings of a bad heart. Smiles, kind words and looks, characterise the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold, and capivates more than beauty, and to the close of life retains all its power.

BITING AT THE BARE HOOK.

DR. ADAM CLARKE, on overhearing a fisherman swearing, asked him,

"Can you catch fish without hook?"

"No!" was the reply; "They would be great fools to bite at the bare hook!"

"But," said Dr. Clarke, "I know a fisherman that catches many without hook."

"But who is he?" said the fisherman.

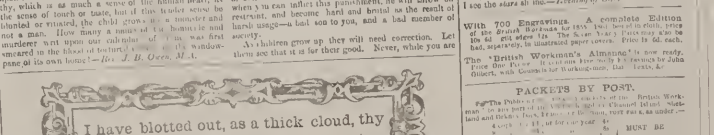
"It is the Devil, and he catches them without any bait, but the only swearers will bite at the bare hook."

"ONLY A CHILD."

"Who is to be hurried here?" said I, to the sexton. "Only a child, ma'am." *Only* a child! Oh! had you ever been a mother—had you nightly pressed that little golden head—had you kissed the dimpled cheek, that velvet hand upon your breast—had you wanted for the first intelligent glance from those blue eyes, tracing the features of him who stands your guide, heart away—had you wept a widow's tears over its unconscious bend—had your desolate, timid heart gained courage from that little piping voice, to wrestle with the gaping crowd, for daily bread—had its loving smile and prattling words been sweet recompense for sorrows and expenses—had the lonely future been brightened by the hope of that young arm to lean upon, that bright eye for your guiding star—had you ever formed a plan or known a hope or fear of which that child was a part—if there was naught else on earth for you to love—if disease came, and its eye grew dim; and food, and rest, and sleep were forgotten in your anxious tears—if you parted the floor, hour by hour, with that fragile form, lest the little touch seemed to give comfort and health, to that little quivering frame—had you watched, and prayed at last—had you bent over its dying pillow, when the strong breast you should have rept on was in the grave, when your child was hovering on the brink of eternal—had its last cry for the "help" you could not give—had its last fluttering sigh been breathed in your bosom—Oh! could you have said—"It only a child?"—*Fern Leaves.*

CHECK CRUELTY!

A CHRISTIAN parent will check his child for killing and tormenting even the meanest insect. To make a sport of suffering in any shape is a hardening effect upon the heart, destroying the natural sense of sympathy, which is as much a sense of the human heart, as the sense of touch or taste, but if this tender sense is blunted or vitiated, the child grows up a monster and not a man. How many a mouse or fly, bird or bee, murderer sent upon your children? Or, has your child smeared its little hands with the blood of butterfly or the wings of a poor bee in your home?—*Rev. J. B. Owen, M.A.*



UNCOMFORTABLE HOUSES.

"DOMESTIC unkindness and disorder drive large numbers to the glaring and alluring dram-shops, who would remain at home were all as comfortable and attractive there as might and should be. Often, Sir, I have felt not at all surprised that husbands and sons sought other places in which to spend their evenings, when I have gone into houses—not so much here as elsewhere, I am bound to say—where it was impossible to sit down without coming in contact with some sort of pollution, and where you had even to pick your steps in crossing the floor. In yet another way does the same cause produce the same effect. Those things which enfeeble the constitution, which render people pale, weak and sickly, thereby remain victims for the great destroyer. Feeling languid and uncomfortable, a craving for some stimulant arises, a craving for some means of quickening the torpid powers, and relieving the oppressive weight and weariness of existence. Thus many betake themselves to the bottle, and contract habits which are so fatal to bodily health and enjoyment as they are to all the higher interests and objects of our being."—*Rev. Mr. Adam.*

THE USE OF RICE.

IT is a subject of wonder to many, why rice, which has for a long time been so extremely plentiful, and consequently cheap, does not enter into more general consumption in this country. I think the true answer to this is—"Because very few amongst us know how to prepare it for table," for not one cook in ten can even plain-boil it fit to be sent with meat, and not one in twenty (strange as it may appear) can make a good rice pudding.

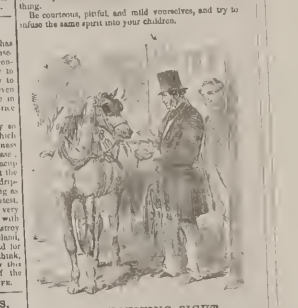
Now, the first may be accomplished by using only as much water as the rice will absorb in boiling, by which each grain will be kept free and separate, and the mass not made into starch or paste, as is generally the case; and the second can be perfected by putting one teacup full of rice to one quart of milk, adding sugar to suit the taste, a small quantity of chopped suet, butter, or dripping, giving a little nutmeg on the top, and baking as usual. This will be found one of the cheapest, lightest, and most delicious puddings for the families, and very far superior to a rice pudding as generally made, with eggs, &c., which not only add to its expense, but destroy the character of the dish. In many parts of Ireland, where, during the summer season, milk can be had for almost nothing, the above simple receipt would, I think, be a blessing and a double one, as it would be for this most wholesome grain, to the especial benefit of the labouring population.

A WIFE.

A FEW WORDS TO PARENTS.

ON a review of the past year, while there has been much to elevate the mind, and encourage us to hope for a better future, one circumstance in our social state is very sad—the number of cruelties, neglects, and violence that are still being perpetrated. It is a fearful thing to be driven into town in the morning. On arriving at his door, the servant makes his appearance, with a good slice of bread in his hand, which, on being handed to his master, is soon transferred to the mouth of the insatiful horse. The noble creature seems to have as tasty affection for his master as he has for it. It is very amusing to see the horse as regularly as clockwork stretching out his head for the slice of bread, and on receiving it, walking off most willingly to the stable. It would, evidently, be no slight punishment were he sent off to his quarters without this usual reward of his master's affectionate regard. Little acts of kindness like this are not unknown regard. Little acts of kindness like this are not unknown to the horse as regularly as clockwork stretching out his head for the slice of bread, and on receiving it, walking off most willingly to the stable. It would, evidently, be no slight punishment were he sent off to his quarters without this usual reward of his master's affectionate regard. Little acts of kindness like this are not unknown to the horse.

Tell the owners of horses to give some little extra food, or could be little need for whips and blows, which are very numerically given to some of the noblest works of our great Creator.



AN INTERESTING SIGHT.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us of an interesting incident connectly witnessed at the West-end. An eminent medical gentleman, who takes a deep interest in preventing cruelty to the dumb, has a stable behind, with which his house joins town in the morning. On arriving at his door, the servant makes his appearance, with a good slice of bread in his hand, which, on being handed to his master, is soon transferred to the mouth of the insatiful horse. The noble creature seems to have as tasty affection for his master as he has for it. It is very amusing to see the horse as regularly as clockwork stretching out his head for the slice of bread, and on receiving it, walking off most willingly to the stable. It would, evidently, be no slight punishment were he sent off to his quarters without this usual reward of his master's affectionate regard. Little acts of kindness like this are not unknown to the horse.

WHAT IS THE HAPPIEST SEASON?

AT a festal party of old and young, the question was asked, which season of the year the most happy? After being freely discussed for an hour, it was referred for answer to the best, upon whom was the burden of four score years. He asked if they had a deed a grove of trees before his dwelling, and said "When the strong trees bend in the soft air the limbs are broken on the hard snow—and they are covered with blossoms, I think, *how beautiful* are the trees!" And when the summer comes and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are all among the branches, I think, *how happy* is summer! When autumn lands them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear their gorgeous tints, I think, *how beautiful* is autumn! And when it is cold and bleak, there is neither blossom nor fruit, I look up, and through the leafless branches, as I lay, could until now, I see the *stars* shine.—*Evening of Life.*

With 700 Engravings. A complete Edition of the *British Workman* for 1881. The Sixty Years' Patchwork also for the first eight years. The Sixty Years' Patchwork also for the first eight years. The Sixty Years' Patchwork also for the first eight years

PATIENT JOE;

OR, THE NEWCASTLE COLLIER.

you heard of a collier, of honest renown,
ho dwelt on the borders of Newcastle town;
ame it was Joseph, you better may know
ll you he always was call'd "Patient Joe!"

ever bedided, he thought it was right;
Providence still he kept ever in sight;
ose who love God, let things turn as they would,
s certain that all worked together for good.

ised his Creator, whatever befel,—
thankful was Joseph when matters went well!—
nsorm were his carols of praise for good health,
ow grateful for any increase in his wealth!

able he bowed to his God's holy will,
nted was Joseph when matters went ill;
rich or when poor, he alike understood
ll things together were working for good.

taxes ran high, and provisions were dear,
oseph would say, he had nothing to fear;
hat a trial, he well understood
Him who makes all work together for good.

h his wife was but sickly, his gettings but small,
d so abundance prepared him for all;
ed on his gains, were they greater or less,
he Giver he ceased not each moment to bless.

another child came, he received him with joy,
Providence blessed, who had sent him a boy;
hen the child died, said poor Joe, in content,—
ord had a right to recall what he lent.

Joseph's illfortune to work in a pit,
some who believed that goodness was wit;
disasters befell him, much pleasure they showed,
aughed, and said, "Joseph, will this work for good?"

ven when those would profanely advance,
happened by luck, and *that happened* by chance;
Joseph insisted no "chance" could be found,
sparrow by accident falls to the ground.

g his companions who worked in the pit,
ank him the butt of their profligate wit,
lle Tom Jenkings, who drank and who gamed,
mocked at the Bible, and was not ashamed.

ay at the pit his old comrade he found,
hey chatted, preparing to go underground;
Jenkings, as usual, was turning to jest,—
notion, that all things which happened were best.

on the spot said he, had unthinkingly laid
provision for dinner, of bacon and bread,
g, on the watch, seized the bread and the meat,
off with his prey ran, with footsteps so fleet
so see the twilight the Tom Jenkings express,—
he loss of thy dinner, Joe, all for the best?"
doubt," said poor Joseph; but, as I must eat,
ust try to recover my meat."

ving, he followed the dog a long round,
e Tom, laughing, swearing, went down underground
Joe soon return'd, though his bacon was lost,
he dog a good dinner had made at his cost.

Joseph came back he expected a sneer,
he face of each collier spoke horror and fear.
at a narrow escape hast thou had," they all said;
e pit has fallen in, and Tom Jenkings is dead!"

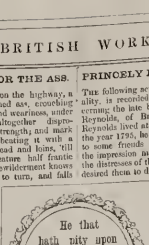
sincere was the gratitude Joseph express,
warm the compassion which glowed in his breast,
events great and small, if aright understood,
all be found working together for good.

en my meat," Joseph said, "was just now stole
I had no prospect of eating to-day,
could it appear to a short-sighted sinner,
my life should be saved by the loss of my dinner?"

The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him; and the LORD shall cover him all the day long.
DEUTERONOMY XXXIII. 12.

A WORD FOR THE ASS.

When I pass upon the highway, a poor over-burthened ass, crouching alike from want and weariness, under a heavy load altogether disproportioned to its strength; and mark its brutal driver beating it with a bludgeon on its head and loins, 'till the miserable creature half frantic with agony and bewilderment knows not which way to turn, and falls down as if to seek rest in death, and lies insensible as a dead thing to the storm of infuriated blows with which the human monster in vain endeavours to goad it on its legs again: When some sympathising passer-by ventures an appeal to him, and is met with a volley of oaths and abuse, during which interval at least the animal is at peace; oh!—when I have marked the patient and forgiving look, and the big tear, like a man's tear, gently falling down the creature's face, as if it would even weep meekly, lest its sorrow should exasperate its tyrant, I have remembered Him, who rode in His lowly majesty into Jerusalem sitting upon an ass, and thought there was a day coming when He would open the mouth of an ass, "to rebuke the madness of the prophet," would make the memory of the wrongs of the dumb speak a fearful judgment to their ferocious oppressors.—*Rev. J. B. Owen, M.A*

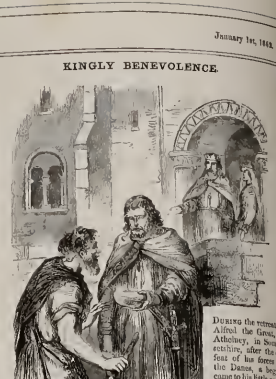


PRINCELY LIBERALITY.

The following act of princely liberality, is recorded by a friend, concerning the late benevolent Richard Reynolds, of Bristol. When Mr. Reynolds lived at Coalbrook Dale, in the year 1795, he addressed a letter to some friends in London, stating the impression made on his mind by the distresses of the community, and desired them to draw upon him for such sum as they might think proper. They complied with his request, and drew in a very short time, to the extent of *eleven thousand pounds!* It appeared, however, that they had not taken due measure of his liberality; for in the course of a few months, he wrote again, stating that his mind was not easy, and his coffers were yet too full. In consequence of which, they drew for *nine thousand pounds more!* A worthy minister, speaking of him, says, "So far was he from being inflated with the pride of wealth, that he spoke the genuine sentiment of his heart when he said to a friend who applied to him in a case of distress, 'My talent is the meanest of all talents, a little sordid dust; but the man in the parable who had but one talent, was accountable; and for the talent that I possess, humble as it is, I am also accountable to the *great Lord of all!*' What pleasure must he enjoyed by such a benefactor! While viewing the conduct of this most excellent man, we may well exclaim, "May his good example be followed by many others!"

The winter, through which we are now passing, is one of fearful trial to thousands of deserving families, and lonely calls for the ready but judicious benevolence of the wealthy.

KINGLY BENEVOLENCE.



During the retreat of Alfred the Great, at Athelney, in Somersetshire, after the defeat of his forces by the Danes, a beggar came to his little castle there, and requested alms. The queen informed Alfred that they had only one small loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves and their friends, who were gone abroad in quest of food, though with little hope of success. The king replied, "Give the poor Christian one-half of the loaf. He who could feed five thousand men with five loaves and two small fishes, can certainly make that half of the loaf suffice for more than our necessities." Accordingly the poor man was relieved. This noble act of charity was soon recompensed by a providential store of fresh provisions with which his people returned.

Backbiting—The pious John Newton says—"I was once in a large company where very severe things were spoken of an absent gentleman, when a person accountable observed, that though the Lord was pleased to effect conversion and edification by a variety of means, he had *never known* anybody convinced of error by what was said *behind his back!*" This was about thirty years ago, and it has been on my mind as a useful hint ever since. "*Keep thy tongue from evil.*"—Ps. xxxiv. 13.

THE INFIDEL CONVINCED.

The celebrated astronomer Athanasius Kircher, having an acquaintance who denied the existence of a Supreme Being, took the following singular method to convince him of his error on his own principles. Expecting him one day upon a visit, he procured a large and very handsome globe of the starry heavens, which was placed in a corner of the room in which it could not escape his friend's observation. The latter seized the first opportunity to ask whence it came, and to whom it belonged. "What think you!" said Kircher, ironically, "if I say that it does not belong to me—was never made by any one—but came hither by *mere chance?*" "That," replied his sceptical friend, "is absolutely impossible; you surely jest." Kircher now took occasion to reason with his friend upon his own atheistical principles. "You will not," said he, "believe that this small body originated in *mere chance*; and yet you will contend that those heavenly bodies of which it is only a faint and diminutive resemblance, came into existence without order and design." Pursuing this chain of reasoning, his friend was at first confounded, in the next place he was convinced, and ultimately he joined in a cordial acknowledgment of the absurdity of denying the existence of a God—a great 'first cause.'

The Value of a Smile.—Who can tell the value of a smile? It cost the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns hatred to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest path with gems of sunlight. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate mother, a faithful son, a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty, and it decorates the face of even the most deformed.

A vindictive temper is not only uneasy to others, but to them that have it.

The Crooked Tree.—Have you noticed that tree in the corner of the yard? When very young it was bent down to the earth and imbedded there. It then shot up again, but it is now deformed. The sun may shine, the dew and the rain may fall, but the tree will never be straight. So bad habits once fixed are hard things to root out.

Farmer Giles.—The village where good Farmer Giles lives, is separated from the railway by a range of hills, over which coals have to be "hauled" from the station to the village. The first time I saw Farmer Giles, he was bringing a load of coals up the hill, in his little donkey cart. Some people would have beaten the poor donkey, to make it work harder, in toiling with its load up the steep hill; but Farmer Giles did no such thing. No. He let the donkey rest at the foot of the hill, and while the poor animal was standing, he fastened a stout rope to the cart, put the rope over his own shoulder, and Farmer Giles and the donkey pulled the cart up the hill together! I have respected Farmer Giles ever since, and one day, when I was telling that incident to a neighbour, I was glad to hear him say, "I have known Farmer Giles many years, and there is not a more worthy man in the parish. I have known him when he has had hard work to get along; but I never heard him complain, nor find fault with other people; and I believe he would suffer any privation rather than be a burden to others." "*A merciful man regardeth the life of his beast.*"

A PRACTICAL LESSON, BY A BENEVOLENT MAN.

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

Oh! the old, old clock, of the household nook,
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet it lived, though nature altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered!
'Tick, tick,' it said—'quick—quick, to bed—
For ten I've given warning;
Up, up, and go, or else, you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning!'

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
A duty stood in the corner smiling;
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly;
'Tick, tick,' it said—'quick out of bed,
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up in the morning!'

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost for ever:
Its heart beats on, though hearts are gone
'Tick, tick,' it said, 'to the churchyard bed,—
The grave hath given warning—
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning.' *C. Swain.*

NOTICE.—Will our readers please bear in mind that our Publisher's Office was long ago removed to No. 9 Paternoster Row. Some of our friends who have complained that their orders have not had attention, have caused the disappointment themselves by not properly addressing their letters to No. 9.

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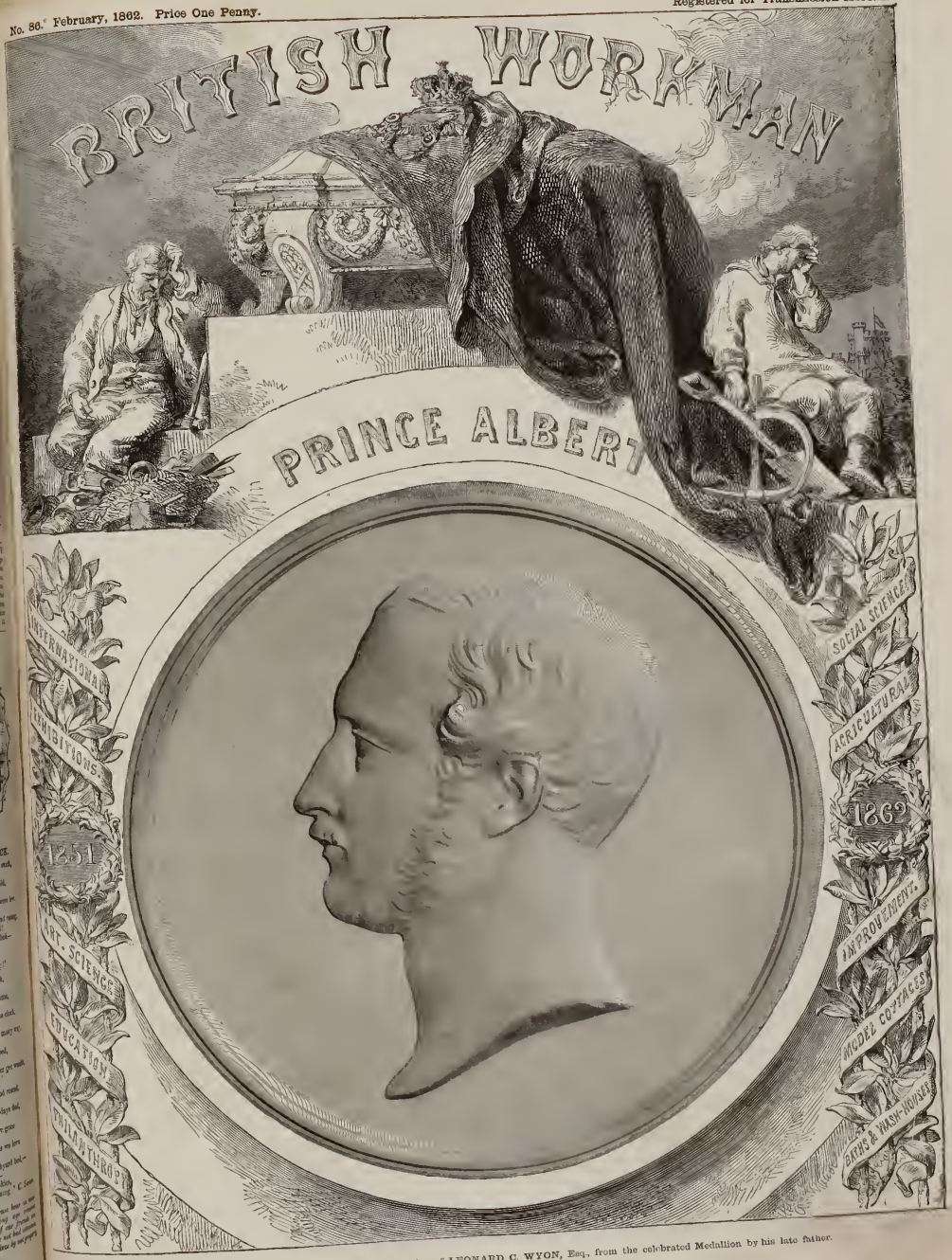
BRITISH WORKMAN



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THE PRINCE CONSORT.

The Friend of the Sons of Toil.

It is but repeating an expression that has become trite from its constant familiarity, to say the whole nation was plunged into the deepest grief by the lamented and unexpected death of the great and good Prince Consort. The sons of the illustrious family, bereaved of a beloved and a father, did not flow above measure and mourn and weep and people, "weep with an exceeding great and bitter cry."

But there is one section of society, the largest, the lowliest, yet by no means the least important—THE BRITISH WORKMEN, whose grief was for the loss of a noble benefactor, an honoured friend, one, who in his lofty station became a example to the lowliest, for the lofty station became a example to the lowliest, for the manifestation of those qualities of labour, ingenuity, promptitude, and benevolence, without which no workman—no man—can really make his life useful to himself or others.

In by-gone times it was not among the mighty and the noble that examples could be found to stimulate those whose inheritance was labour. No one would have thought of taking a working-man by the hand, and leading him to the throne, or picture of an illustrious Prince, foremost among his peers, in order for all that others could, and given a lesson in loyalty, and before that august representation to say, "Son of toil, behold this noble example." Yet without the least exaggeration, this is what we say to our readers, in presenting to them a brief outline of the enlightened and benevolent career of the late Prince Consort.

The family from which the Prince was descended were for many ages distinguished for their piety, liberality, and learning, as much as for their generosity for the splendid alliances which brought them into close relationship with many of the most illustrious families of Europe. The late Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, was the brother of the Duchess of Kent, and of Leopold, King of the Belgians. He married the Princess Louisa, the only child and heiress of Augustus, Duke of Saxe-Gotha, a lady celebrated for her mental and personal endowments. Of this marriage there were two sons, Ernest, the present Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and Albert, the Prince whose death is so universally deplored.

Prince Albert was born August 26th, 1819, at the Castle of Rosenau, near Coburg, the capital of the Duchy. The two royal brothers, Ernest and Albert, were, of course, constant companions as sport and in study, during their childhood and youth, encouraging each other in all their educational pursuits, and laying the foundation for enlightened friendship and the strongest ties of the mutual affection of brotherhood.

In the question of the Castle of Ehrenburg, under careful tutors, the education of the Prince was carefully directed, and attentively pursued. No boy in any rank of life could work harder,—few so hard. While due attention could work harder,—few so hard. While due attention could be given to athletic sports and gymnastic exercises, Languages, science, and the fine arts were diligently studied. In music and painting the young Prince at the age of fourteen was a proficient. But surrounding all this acquirement like an atmosphere of brightness, was the graceful, kindly manner, full of consideration for the feelings of others, which endeared him to all.

In the summer of 1836, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg came with his sons to pay a friendly visit to the Duchess of Kent. This was the first visit of Prince Albert to England. He was then a handsome accomplished youth of sixteen, with a most winning grace of deportment, and looks that won admiration for the goodness that beamed on the countenance. His first public appearance in the metropolis was on the interesting and appropriate occasion of the annual gathering of the charity children in St. Paul's. Our beloved Queen, then Princess Victoria, was present with her cousins, Ernest and Albert, on that occasion. The visit continued some weeks, King William and Queen Adelaide giving a brilliant reception to the young princes. After this visit, Prince Albert, went to Brussels, and passed some time in close study, under the care of his uncle, King Leopold; and from thence in 1837, Ernest Albert and his elder brother entered the University of Bonn. Here he had many competitors of his own rank, and of a humbler grade, and it is recorded of our Prince that he won the highest honours of the Professors—some of whom were by no means disposed to view primarily students with indulgence. His attainments were pronounced both solid and brilliant; while the excellence of his conduct, and the abstemiousness of his habits, were quoted as an example to all the students.

On the 10th of February, 1840, that happy marriage took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, which united Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, with a consort, who, from that time, made it his perpetual study to devote himself to every private and public work of wisdom and excellence.

Foremost in his thoughts was the condition of the working-classes. Without neglecting the interests of any rank in life, so far as he could aid them, he always steadily gave prominence to the advancement of industry.

His first speech of any length made in a great public assembly, was delivered on the 18th of May, 1848, on behalf of the Society "FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE WORKING-CLASSES."

He was not content with mere nominal patronage: he entered heartily into the work. Plans for model cottages, and model lodging-houses, were submitted to him, and the monarch could take more interest in the architectural details of palaces, than he took in improving the construction of cottages. He knew how much comfort, order, virtue, and happiness, depend on the home; he was earnestly desirous to do away with the crowded, dirty, miserable old lanes and dens in which working people piled rather than lived; he regarded these as blots on our civilization, and for a long series of years he laboured to elevate the working-classes, by placing them in well-ventilated dwellings.

Nothing was too humble for his attention, that tended to promote the health and comfort of the labouring man and his family. He (when (by his permission) was given to a stove for economising fuel, and getting the greatest amount of heat out of a given quantity of material; a great matter in the South of England, where fuel is one of the dearest articles of consumption in a poor man's home.

All sanitary matters commanded his attention, and he was ever ready to lay the foundation-stone for, or open the opening address for, "Baths and Washhouses," for he could know there can be no health without cleanliness, and no cleanliness without water and firing, and hence to supply these, apparently practical in his plans of benevolence, his aim was to teach people how to help themselves. This he did, not merely by precept, but by example. His model farm was a lesson on agriculture that all the agriculturists of the land could benefit by. Various methods of tilling the land, and feeding cattle, were tried, not as an experiment, but as a practical result, that had, as an economical experiment, that resulted in a large profit, while it gave to others an instructive model.

The various researches of the Prince into agriculture, manufacturing, and mechanical skill, proved that he brought to his reflective mind that was fraught with very memorable results. He wished to have a great combination of all the products of industry and skill throughout the world, brought into one centre for the practical instruction and benefit of all, but particularly the working-classes, as an enlightened Europe, saw in what we were deficient; as a naturalized Englishman he had a patriotic desire to remedy those deficiencies. For years this wish was not represented to. He had, however, not only genius, but perseverance, his best ally. As President of the Society of Arts, he at length was able to carry out his own original idea,—THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRY, IN 1851. Much opposition, and many jealousies, were at first expressed, but it is in the memory of all our readers, that the Great Exhibition passed off most successfully in every particular, that it afforded instruction and delight to all; that so far from giving a loss in a monetary sense, it was again; and in that time to the present, there has been a constantly improving taste diffused among the people. All articles of manufacturing skill, taste, ornament, or use, have greatly improved. In the various communications of his, the Prince desired to combine elegance with economy and utility, thus to refine the minds of the people. But a volume would not suffice to tell the results of the first Great Exhibition. That which we in our generation must be satisfied with as a precious legacy bequeathed to the people to carry out, by ONE, whose life was passed in promoting their interests.

It is unnecessary to mention a tithe of the benevolent institutions that the Prince actively patronized. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." That blessing rested richly on the Prince. He did all he could to teach industry, economy, and order, which are the great preventives of poverty. Many years he had done this, he knew that the inevitably poor never cease out of the land. For these he felt deeply. As a lesson equally kind and wise, he made over the Prince of Wales with him to the opening of Industrial or Ragged Schools, for the children of the poorest, and, previously, the most neglected of the people.

As an educational reformer his name will ever be venerated. He not only improved the systems of instruction in the great universities and public schools of the land, but he took the deepest interest in the education of the humbler grades in society. He it was, who, in his speeches, so often expressed the hope that parents would not too early remove their children from school, before they were aware of the advantages of the instruction they were receiving.

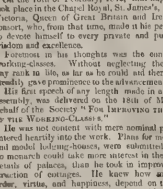
In a journal that has from the first aimed at elevating the tastes of the people as to pictorial illustration, we cannot omit to mention that Schools of Design, throughout the kingdom, had the warm sympathy and encouragement of the Prince. The establishment of the South Kensington Museum, for the people of the Empire, was his immediate patronage. He took the most active interest and entered into the most minute details relating to it, and was permitted to see it in all its beauty, as he designed it, a great educational institution for the people.

Our rapid sketch would be incomplete if we did not allude to the all-important fact, that the Prince Consort showed in his valuable life, "That the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." When he needed to address men or prepare for them the Bible was the man of his counsel. He would open its pages, and show the words, "Now I say, that the heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all. But is under tutors and governors until the time appointed." (Galatians iv. 1, 2). And thus claim the obedience of his hearer from God's authority. What an example this is to all parents! No child was ever born that did no wrong, and needed no admonition,—how different from all anger and harshness is the plan of opening God's Holy Word, and reading a passage suited to the case, and thus impressing the tender mind of childhood.

The clergyman of the parish where Osborne is situated, is an earnest preacher of plain Gospel truth; and often when the preaching has been most full of evangelical piety, has the Prince thanked the good clergyman. And we know that when at Balmoral, those sermons that impressed most were those in which that religion should be carried into the daily duties of life, and shown in small as in greater matters—those were the discourses most appreciated.

British Workman! this is the faint outline of the benefactor we have lost. Cherish his memory. Emulate his example. Prove your gratitude for his blessing that sober, industrious, skilful, economical, pious man he desired to see you.

England has now—what she never had before—a widowed mother upon the throne. Let England also have, in a nobler and better sense than she ever had before, a people widowed in the heart. A people adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour. A praying people, earnest in work—a working people zealous in prayer, and then a special blessing will not only rest upon the Royal widow and orphans, but also upon the people of her charge. C. L. B.



ECCLESIAS. IX. 18.

☞ We are glad to be able to announce, that the Rev J. H. Wilson, author of "Moral Waters, and How it Sustains Them" (who has had peculiar opportunities for collecting interesting and reliable facts, in connection with the Royal Family), is preparing for publication, "Reminiscences of Prince Albert."

IN MEMORIAM.

Hear! let the solemn requiem sound,
And funeral bells be toll'd;
And hang the heavy sable round,
In many an ample fold.

For Death hath sealed the castle wall,
And hurled his ruthless dart,
And his step within the palace hall
Resounds to every heart!

The great, the gifted, and the good—
We felt not half his worth,
Nor half our deep, strong love for him,
Till he had pass'd from earth.

Just, as the sudden, warning blast
The Conqueror's ensign rent,
We heard the sudden, resistless blow,
And the meek brow was cold.

One swift alarm, one dreadful thrill,
His eyes in death were dim!
Or hunting tears shall show prayers
Had entered high Heaven for him.

Woe, for the fearful whirlwind wild
Woe for the lightning stroke
That dash'd to earth the topmost bough
That crown'd the British oak!

Shiver'd and scath'd, that noble tree—
Age is no shield against
The scars of that tremendous shock
That had its glory low.

Oh! widow'd Queen, belov'd so well!
All hearts must bleed for thee;
And every heart has its own original idea,—
Suffused with tear shall be.

Though the mysterious hand of God
Hath moved from mortal sight
The lamp that fill'd thy palace-home
With soft and holiest light;

To hang within His temple grand,
And shed its lustre there,—
And thou must miss its gentle beam,
Ah! miss it everywhere!—

Yet shalt thou not in darkness walk!
Unchear'd thou shalt not be!
The Lord Jehovah is a precious legacy
Shall shine, a light for thee.

Then let the solemn requiem sound
And funeral bells be toll'd;
And let the heavy sables hang
In many an ample fold.

The great, the gifted, and the good—
On them eternal rest
Which never Death's black wave hath washed
May join their hands once more.

JOSEPHINE.

HEARTFELT SYMPATHY.

THE following, from the esteemed authoress of "Haste to the Rescue," will be read with deep interest by thousands, and, in many instances, not without a tearful eye:—

St. Alkmond's Vicarage,
Shrewsbury, Christmas Eve.

Dear Sir,—Would you be so good as to insert this in your February Number of the *British Workman*. It is written by a *working-man*, who is a member of St. Alkmond's Total Abstinence Society, and gives an idea of the deep feeling which the people have entered into sympathy with our beloved Sovereign in her great sorrow. I never saw anything like it before. Even throughout the whole town, there was not a shutter closed, on Monday, just as if the funeral of an intimate were taking place; and a sick woman whom I visited, said, as I sat by her bedside, "I've wept more to-day than I've done for many a long day, and I have *prayed* so for our Queen."

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
JULIA B. WIGHTMAN.

Lines by a Working Man on the Death of Prince Albert.

From every turret, tower, and steeple,
From the royal hearts of England's people,
A throb bursts forth!
And the muffled voice of the Bell responds
In mournful cadence the sad story tells,
Of parted worth.

A great Prince has fallen asleep in death,
And over his ashes a nation would weathe
A garland of love.
Thy heart, *dear Albert*, is cold and still,
And thy spirit, responsive to God's will,
Hath died above.

Though thy honoured form no more be seen,
Thy name on our hearts will be fresh and green
To the end of time.
In our history's page thou shalt have a place,
To record the good thou hast wrought our race,
In thy life sublime.

Though thy end was peace, as thy life was pure,
Thy lose is hard for our Queen to endure,
"Help Thou, O Lord.
"Be Thou her husband," is the Nation's prayer,
"Watch o'er her children with a Father's care,
Wo pray Thee, Lord."

PREPARE!

It is a remarkable fact, that the last sermon heard by Prince Albert whilst at Balmoral was from this text,—"*Prepare to meet thy God!*" We are given to understand that the Prince was so much impressed by it, that he sent to the clergyman for the manuscript, that he might peruse it in private.

ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATIONS.

With 700 Engravings. A complete Edition of the *British Workman* for 1861, 1862, 1863, each, price 1s. 6d., gilt edges, 2s. The Seven Yearly Parts may also be had separately, in illustrated paper covers, Price 1s. 6d. each.

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Widow Green and her Three Nieces, by MRS. ELLIS (Authoress of the *Women of England*, &c.) Illustrated by her friends in the Cottage and the Kitchen. Cloth 1s.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOW TO INDUCE NEWSAGENTS TO SELL THE "BRITISH WORKMAN"—A Subscriber writes:—"I gave a teacher for our day-school of the *British Workman* per month in a bundle, which she got at the time sent either of your papers, but by copying some for me he now sells them at the price of one *penny* a number, after three or four months' time, required four dozen for her customers."

Here we are from a Subscriber, "Please send a dozen or five Review numbers INTO DEEP WOLVERCOTE—A Subscriber writes to Mr. Grimes:—"I have taken the *British Workman* and *Band of Hope Review* to the Workhouse for the use of the children. Last month, I had a note from the master, thanking me for past favours, and stating they would send on every Monday, *ten* the *British Workman*, and *Twenty fresh ones for the children*."

A CHESHIRE WRITES:—"Various persons have expressed to the increase of the circulation of the *British Workman*, may I mention some? I have given copies into various boats, and have, containing some nineteen houses, and to each boat I send another *British Workman*, and *Band of Hope Review*. I obtain some very interesting reading, which, as a distance from town, could seldom be obtained. I have also given a few to the Navvies, if every company in the country would do this, some 70,000 to 100,000 quarterly would be the gain!

A NEW METHOD of Promoting the Circulation. The following paragraph appears in the *Rippon and Richmond Chronicle*, of 11th Dec last:—"To the Friends of Temperance—A gentleman in Ripon who has at heart an earnest desire to improve by every means in his power the social welfare and comfort of the industrious classes, has desired us to make the following announcement—All persons resident in the city and its immediate neighbourhood, desirous of subscribing to the *British Workman* for 1862, are requested to leave their names at the Chronicle Office, and they will be regularly supplied with the monthly numbers. If at the end of that year (1863) there are enough subscribers to the publication, *the money will be returned to them in exchange for the said issue numbers*, provided they are in a clean and neat condition."

THE NATION'S PRAYER FOR THE QUEEN.

At a large assembly of working-men in Surrey Chapel, the following verses were sung with overpowering effect, a few nights after the death of the Prince Consort:—

God save our gracious Queen!
Long live our noble Queen!
God save the Queen!
Lord, heal her bleeding heart,
Assuage its grief and smart,
Thy heavenly peace impart,
God save the Queen!

Our Royal widow bless!
God guard the fatherless!
God save the Queen!
Shield her with loving care,
Their mighty grief we share,
Lord, hear the people's prayer,
God save the Queen!

O Lord, our God, arise!
Bless Israel's enemies!
On Thee we call!
Let sorrow whisper Peace,
Bid worry and anger cease,
Let truth and love increase,
Make evil fall!

In this our Nation's need,
With Thee we humbly plead!
Bless our Queen!
Her life-vase sanctify,
Her loss unholy supply,
Thyself be ever nigh,
To pray for our Queen!

NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

PACKETS BY POST.

☞ The Publisher will forward packets of the "British Workman" to any part of the United Kingdom, Colonies, or Foreign and Indian Stations, on the following terms, viz. Postage free, as under:—

4 copies for 1d., or for one year	4s.	MUST BE
12 " 1s. " "	12s.	PAID IN
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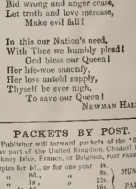

THOUGHTS, ON HEARING A LINNET SINGING SWEETLY, DURING THE WINTER.

I love to hear those merry notes,
In dreary winter time;
They're Nature's sweetest hymns of praise,
And with my feelings chime.

Yet, with my feelings: those sweet strains,
I have cheered my heart to-day;
Who would not think 'twas beauteous spring,
To hear him sing away?

To very cold, the trees are bare,
The snow is on the ground;
And not a single bird is heard,
In woods, and fields around.

And yet that little prisoner,
Is singing all day long;
No prospects drear, nor wintry winds,
Can stop his joyous song.

A pleasing lesson let me learn,
From Nature's tender voice;
In every dark vicissitude,
The Christian should rejoice.

O let me sing in winter too,
Whate'er my trials be;
And in the music of my heart,
Sweet bird, resemble thee. MARIANNE.

TWO WAYS OF LIVING.

We call on a journeyman gunlock-maker, who is an intelligent specimen of his class. After a few remarks about tools and workmanship, our conversation takes a turn with the inquiry, "Which should you think is the poorest and most paid trade in Birmingham?"

"Well, I dunno as any trade in particular is very bad: most trades make good money just now."

"But how is it that so many poor people are seen about the streets, and so many house rents look dirty and poverty-stricken?"

"Yes, but 'twint 'cause people are bad off, so much as 'cause they dunno how to spend what they get properly. Many a one gets more nor I do, a many fifty shillin' week, an ha'nt got a penny in their pockets by We's'day or Thursday."

"What do they do with their money?"

"Do? Why, some try to say what they does with it—I treatin' everybody at the public-house. Then, there's lots on 'em as don't work above half a-week, so don't get so much but what they might. Often, them as earns the most seems the wo'st off. Every pint of ale as some of 'em drinks costes [costs] elepence, 'cause o' the time as is lost."

"Then in your opinion there is not much real poverty in Birmingham?"

"I b'lieve a very little collected among the workingclasses 'ad relieve all the real poor, 'cept as labourers sometimes out o' work, widders and orph'ns, and sich like, without that great place at Winson Green (the Workhouse) and then there wouldn't be no poor rates if everybody was sober and industrious. From what I know of what men 'll do for one another, I'm sure they would do all as is necessary for one another, if they only 'ad a chance to try. I've tried both ways o' livin', and I know all about it."

"What do you mean by both ways of living?"

"Well, you see, me and my brother was brought up reg'lar bad. Father was a good workman, and I've know'd him earn four pounds of a sober week, but he never give us no learnin' wo 'ever, speakin' of, and our house wasn't fit for anybody to come into. He spent so much money, and idled away his time so, that some times mother laoked 'ad to make the value of a loaf of bread, into enough to buy a Sunday's dinner; so she went to work at a screw factory, and we four children done jest as we liked; and when I was nine, I begin to go out to help him at the works. He might ha' rode in his carriage a'most if he'd on'y a ha sober man. He died quite an old man at forty-seven, and mother died at sixty, without him than with him. I soon left home after I was four-teen, and got lodgin's and went on bad enough for cars; but I was never rough, and didn't care for society till I was about twenty, when I kept company with the young 'oman as is my wife, and she says I'll never get married till you are eti-dent, and begin to be wise a bit; and she could read and write. I could n't hardly read; so says she, 'And why don't you learn to read?' A man ain't shamed to learn to read, let alone a man as is going to Severe Street School, and that was the means of my bein' stiddier, and now I don't want for nothin. I puts by five shillin's a-week, and dint pay 'alf a-crown o' my old acquaintance calls me a dull, slow sort o' customer, but I know how to enjoy myself. I got my garden; that's 'ways to pleasure; and last summer I went with my wife, and children, went to Warwick and Leamington: we saw all over Warwick Castle, and never enjoyed nothin' more in our lives. It cosses a smart bit of money to go out with three or four children; but not much more 'n I've elsen spent on myself in a week's spree. Then I had a week myself at the Isle of Man, and this 'ear I went to Goie' to Wales. Then you see we don't want for nothin' here at home, and things goes comfortable like with us."

Of the other trade, here repeated in the same words as it was told, is a striking example of the two ways of living.—*Extracted from "All round the Wreekn." By Walter White.*

CABMEN AND THE LORD'S-DAY.

A MEDIUM estimated correspondent, who takes a deep interest in the temporal and spiritual welfare of Cabmen, writes:—

"At the Annual Meeting of the Cabmen's Lord's-day Rest Association, the Chairman said that the "British Workman" had done good service by bringing forward a very good proposal for a badge to mark the "Six-day Cabs," which run on Sundays. It was wanted also to enable drivers in the country to get a Six-day license, but the license for hackney carriages in the country parts is for the week and not for the driver.

Perhaps some reader of the "British Workman" could suggest a plan by which the horse that rests on Sundays may be licensed as a "Six-day horse." There are 1100 omnibuses in London, and more than 5000 cabs. Of these, 1700 are "Six-day cabs." If all the omnibuses and cabs of London were placed close together, they would reach from St. Paul's Cathedral to Gravesend. The number of miles run every day by these cabs and omnibuses is equal to six times round the world.

FAITH TAUGHT BY A ROBIN.

A REVERIE.

"Consider the birds of the air.—Matt. vi. 26.

It was a cold December day, and very frosty; the snow had been swept from the walks, and a few seeds or crumbs had been brought to light. A poor Robin, sitting on a spray, had watched the operation, and contrived to obtain from the spot its morning repast. After it had finished its meal, the locality remained with its warbling. It crossed as if it were returning thanks to its Creator and Benefactor, and, in doing so, uttered one of its sweetest melodies. I never in my life had so great a wish to understand the language of birds. In fact, I could not help talking to the light-hearted songster, though his only reply was a repetition of his hymn of thanksgiving. As my little fellow-creature ended his song and flew away, I began to converse with myself. "Here," and I, "is a lesson for me. This winged messenger is come from heaven to teach me faith, and put my unbelief to the test." "Happy little warbler," I continued; "thou dost 'neither sow nor reap;' thou hast 'neither storehouse nor barn;' where the next meal is to come from, thou knowest not; and, long, hard winter is before thee; and yet thou art cheerful." "Doubtless," I continued, "thou art a monitor sent by our common Parent to disperse my sadness." And nothing could have been more opportune than this cheerful visit of the warbling redbreast; for that morning my spirits had been depressed. My family had been large; my income small. To make both ends meet I had taken a scanty meal, and my children had eaten their bread by measure. As I walked on them, I bewailed my poverty, and thought that I was compelled to minister to their wants in so inadequate a manner. I thought they looked pale and thin, and it went to my heart.

And then the future was more dark than the present. In fact, I was almost in despair, and began to wish I had never been born, and especially to wonder that my little one had so gloomy a prospect. "They have," said I, "no fortune, and the world is cruel and hard-hearted." I will not, however, dwell on all my gloomy fears, or else I could fill pages with the tale of my sorrow. But there it was all banished; the Robin was to me an angel of mercy, and I long acted on my mind as the lyre of David on Saul. The evil spirit of discontent, unbelief, and despondency, was chased away, and I was another man. The texts, "Your Father feedeth them; are not you much better than they?" "He shall dwell on high, his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him, his water shall be sure," "I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread," came to my mind. I blessed God for the Robin, and his sweet song, for it was the song that did it all. If the redbreast could sing so merrily, why should not I? And then, above all, I prized Him who had given me the Bible, with all its cheering consolations, to cheer and comfort us. I looked on every bird, beast, fish, and insect, as a missionary intended to teach us some great and important truth. Solomon spoke "three thousand proverbs;" that is, three thousand wise and instructive sayings. "And his songs were a thousand and five; and he spake of trees from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts, and of birds, and of creeping things, and of fishes." I have sometimes been afraid that we are become too exclusively spiritual in three days, and that we overlook the large range ancient of knowledge and happiness, which nature and Providence were intended to impart. At any rate I am not ashamed to say that I was taught "*Faith by a Robin*," and even taught in sing also, for after hearing his sweet song, I could not help cheering up my own spirits with the verse—

"The Birds without barn or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread
His saints what is fitting shall ever be denied,
So much is their Father's care why cast we out pride?"

From the Memoir of the Rev. B. Parsons.

MISS NIGHTINGALE ON CRINOLINE.

IF is, I think, alarming, peculiarly at this time, when the female ink-bottles are perpetually pressing upon us "woman's particular worth, and general misconstance," to see that the dress of woman is so far from her mind more unfitting them for any "mission" or usefulness at all. It is equally unfitted for all poetic and all domestic purposes. A man is now a more poetical and more domesticable being in a sick-room than a woman. Compelled by her dress, every woman now either shuffles or waddles; only a man can cross the floor of a sick room without shaking it. What is become of woman's light step—the firm, light, quick step we have been asking for? A man who rattles the bottles of a patient's medicine, or disturbs the world with his cough, is not a gentleman. Cushions, by hard

"She heard him murmur, amid child-like sobs, "'My mother, oh! my mother!'"

Rap! rap! rap! went the words of the lady at the door in old Bill's heart. Creak! creak! creak! went the door on its rusted hinges. The lady could only see the subdued tone bury his face in his clasped hands, and while his frame shook like an aspen leaf, she heard him murmur, amid child-like sobs, "My mother, oh! my mother!" With a silent prayer of thankfulness, she resumed:

"But there was one thing my father loved to talk of better than all the rest. It was of the morning you were married, Mr. Strong. 'It was enough to do one's eyes good to look at them,' he would say, 'as they walked up the old church aisle; he, with his proud, manly tread, and she, a delicate, fragile creature, fair as the orange blossoms that trembled in her hair. I remember how clear and confident William's voice sounded through the old church, as he promised to love, protect, and cherish the bright, confiding creature at his side, and I knew he thought, as he looked down upon her, that the winds of Heaven would never visit her face too roughly;' and then my father would tell us of your pleasant home, and of the bright-eyed boy, and the fair-haired girl that came after awhile to gladden it, and then you know he removed to another part of the country, Mr. Strong, and lost sight of you."

Once again the lady paused, for the agony of the strong man before her was fearful to behold, and then in a lower tone she thus spoke,—"I did not forget the promise I made my father previous to his death, that if ever I visited his native place, I would seek out his old friend. But when I inquired for you, they unfolded a terrible story to me, Mr. Strong. They told me of a desolate and broken household. Of the blue-eyed boy that a father's heart might so well delight in, who had left his home in disgust and despair, for one on the boundless waters; of the gentle, suffering wife, who, faithful to the last, went down with a prayer on her lips for her erring husband, broken-hearted to the grave, and of the fair-haired orphan girl, who followed her mother in a little while. Oh! it is a sad, *sad* story I have heard of my father's old friend."

"It was *I*! it was *I* that did it! *I* killed them!" cried old Bill, lifting his bowed head, and gazing on the lady, every feature expressive of such wild agony, and helpless remorse, that she shuddered at the despair her own words had caused. (Wide, wide open stood the door then, and the lady passed in.)

A soft hand was laid soothingly upon old Bill's arm, and a voice full of hope murmured, "Even for all this, there is mercy. There is redemption through the atoning merits of Jesus, and you will know your *first step* towards it. Sign the pledge. In the name of the last prayer of your dying wife, and of the child that sleeps by her side, I ask you, as your friend, Will you do it?"

"I will," said old Bill, while he brought down his closed hand with such force on the rickety pine table, that it rocked beneath it; and a gleam of hope lighted up his features, as he seized the pen and paper the lady placed before him, which paper contained a declaration, binding all who signed it, to abstain from the use of intoxicating beverages; and when he returned it to her,—in bold, legible characters, there lay written beneath it the name of

William Strong.

There was an expression almost ludicrous from its intensenesss of curiosity, on the bar-keeper's physiognomy, as the lady, after her long interview with old Bill, passed quietly through the shop, and the expression was not lessened when old Bill, a few moments after, walked through without taking another glass of grog; and he *never* passed over the threshold again

Earnest-hearted reader, you whose soul may be glowing with sympathy for your erring brother man, who would gladly raise him from the depths of sin and degradation, and point him to the highway of peace and prosperity, remember there is a *door* in every human breast. See that you pass not by it.

We are glad to learn that the drawing-room meetings held by Mrs. Dixon, are awakening a deep interest amongst the higher classes of Society, in the cause of temperance and sanitary reform. She will be glad to correspond with friends, and arrange for meetings in any part of the country. Her address is 14, New Sidda, Brighton.

PRACTICAL BENEVOLENCE.

Those of our readers who are familiar with Tower Hill, during the winter months, will be glad to see our slight tribute to the untiring efforts of Miss Rist (organist, 34, Seething Lane, Great Tower Street), who is a practical friend of both man and beast. Tower Hill, from its steepness, at all times severely tests the strength of horses in drawing up the heavy loads from the wharves, but especially so during the winter months when the stones are slippery. Many a noble horse has been saved from falling by the labours of Miss Rist. She collects all the ashes from the neighbouring houses, and daily scatters them on the road. From many a sturdy carter may be heard the "Thank you, ma'am," as he and his horse pass in safety over the frosty ground. This worthy lady has received the public thanks of the corners of horses for her benevolent efforts. There are many other places besides London Tower Hill where the scattering of a few basketfuls of ashes every frosty morning would be lessening the sufferings of the dumb creation. Will not some of our fair friends in other parts of the country follow the good example of Miss Rist?

Every adult is interested in preventing boys from making their slides on the *footpaths*. Many persons have been lamed for *life* by stepping on the slippery pathways.

MISS RIST DE-FRIENDING THE HORSES ON TOWER HILL.

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BRITISH WORKMAN

ELECTROTYPED BY KNIGHT & HANKS, GLEBE-HOUSE CLOSE, LONDON.

The Wounded Hound. Engraved, by special permission, from the celebrated Painting by R. Ansdell, Esq.

THE WOUNDED HOUND:

OR

SYMPATHY OF THE BRUTE CREATION.

We have long wished to present our readers, occasionally, with engravings, from some of the paintings of celebrated members of the Royal Academy of Artists.* We are happy to state, that we have at length accomplished the object by an arrangement with the proprietors of several valuable copyrights. Having great faith in the teaching power of a good picture, and feeling anxious to do our part to present the working classes with the best Picture Gallery it is in the power of the most skilful engravers on wood to produce. We do this in the hope that our readers will, on their part, kindly second our efforts by doing what they can to extend our circulation.† By insertion, the engraving of the "Wounded Hound," from the painting of Mr. J. R. Anderle, Esq., we feel assured that we shall be imparting pleasure to thousands of our subscribers. This pleasure will be increased, in many cases by the fact that the painting is from *life*, the wounded dog being the favourite hound of Mark Lemon, Esq., the great literary celebrity. While our readers, the patient sufferer, whose expressive features seem to say to the old dog-doctor, "Thank you," can say one note the soothing sympathy of the dog's countenance, whose feeling that man may learn a useful lesson from the dumb creation? The engraving will recall to the minds of many of our Yorkshire readers, the following interesting fact which occurred some years ago in that county.

A surgeon of Leeds, walking in the suburbs of that town, found a little spaniel, with its hind legs trimmed. He carried the poor little animal home, bandaged up his legs, and after two or three days, turned him out. The dog, however, returned to the surgeon's house every evening, until his leg was perfectly well. At the end of several months, the spaniel again came in company with another dog, that was lame, and the little dog, intimated, as well as piteous and intelligent looks could intimate, that he desired the same kind assistance to be rendered to his friend, as had been bestowed on himself.‡

* We shall shortly have a beautiful engraving ready from one of Sir Edwin Landseer's noted paintings.

† As an illustration of the first there is for *fourteen* circulation we have at hand that if every subscriber individual in Manchester took but one copy of our present edition, the whole of it would be reached in that city, and every other place in the Kingdom would be altogether assisted by the *British Workman*!

‡ This fact, which is well known in the neighbourhood, and which we have the pleasure of publishing, we have received from a gentleman who is a resident in that city, and every other place in the Kingdom would be altogether assisted by the *British Workman*!

MEDALLION OF PRINCE ALBERT.

Notice.—In compliance with the urgent wish expressed by many of our readers, that we would have some carefully printed copies of the costly *medallion* that appeared in our last number, we have printed off a small edition on plate paper. Copies may be procured at a few impressions on India paper, mounted, price Half-a-crown, may be had through any Bookseller or Newsagent.

OUR SUNDAY DINNERS;

Or, "PITTY THE POOR BAKERS!"

My father was a religious good man, and an example of humble, earnest piety to his children. I was about to write that he was a consistent Christian; but how can I say so, when I am about to expose my inconsistency of which he was for a long time guilty? And yet he was far more consistent than as soon as he was enabled to see his inconsistency was brought home to him, there was an end of it.

Ours was an orderly household, and we had many enjoyments and pleasures which other families seemed to know little of. Not that our father was rich, by any means; he was only a journeyman carpenter, and had only journeyman's wages. He was a prudent, industrious and sober; our mother was the same; and the money which, if they had been otherwise minded, would have been either not earned or squandered as soon as earned, very sensibly increased the comforts by which we were surrounded.

Our Sundays were rather strictly observed, but not unhappily nor unpleasantly by any means. As we (the children, I mean) grew old enough, we went to the Sunday-school after breakfast, and also in the afternoon; and our parents never permitted us to neglect our public worship. But this did not prevent our having home enjoyments; I am not going to write about these, however.

One Sunday luxury to which we confidently looked forward was a hot dinner—piping hot from the bakehouse. Sometimes this dinner was a shoulder of mutton or a leg of mutton: sometimes a piece of beef or pork, in any case with potatoes to be baked underneath; occasionally it was a meat pie. But whatever the hot dinner might be, our mother was particular in always preparing it on Saturday; so that it was only to put it on the baker's may when he called for it, before the morning public service, and to take it in when the same baker's man brought it home a little before one o'clock. These are relics when commencing housekeeping, I know; but my story would not be complete without them.

Our father used to say that he enjoyed his Sunday dinner more than any meal at his own home; for, as we almost the only day of the week when he could reckon on eating his dinner at home; for he was, oftener than not, at work at a considerable distance from home, and ate three miles out in the country: and he had to take his cold meat and bread, or bread and cheese, with him. Then on Sunday he had all his family about him in his quiet; and our mother having no household cares to disturb her or take off her attention, the meal was generally prolonged by conversation and pleasant talk between us all, and the children were encouraged to join in it. I dare say my father, as well as the rest of us, enjoyed the relish of an occasional dinner of nicely baked beef, or mutton, or keenly as any of the family. Those who have had roast or boiled every day may get used to it, and lose the fine zest which *variety* gives to any one kind of wholesome provision. But by its coming only once a week, this zest was preserved. It was not this, however, that gave all the enjoyment to our Sunday dinners; it was the feeling of thankfulness which accompanied it—thankfulness to God for His bounties, and for the continued health and capability which He gave; and which made my father's hands sufficient for him. I have, I think, and now all that is necessary on this subject.

On Sunday the hot dinner was brought home from the bakehouse by a new baker's man; and when my father took it from the tray he asked whether Joe had left. Joe was the name of the man who had passed to and fro with our dinners for several years.

"No," said the new man, "he has not left altogether; that is to say, he is coming back agin so mussier it he gets over his illness; but he is very bad, and the doctor does not give much hope of him."

"Joe ill?" said my father; "why, this is sudden, isn't it? He seemed as well as usual last Sunday."

"He was taken ill on Tuesday night, the mun, "with terrible pains in his side and chest, and was obliged to go home; and he has kept his bed ever since."

Nothing more was said, and we all spent well remembered how about my father was all dinner time. It was noticed, too, by my mother that he had very little appetite.

"Don't you feel well, John?" said she, looking at him rather anxiously.

"Oh, yes, I am very well, my dear," he replied; "but somehow, I cannot enjoy my food to-day."

"You did not complain at breakfast time," said my mother.

"No; I did not complain. I had nothing to complain of, my dear," said he; and then he relapsed into his unaccustomed silence. Presently, however, he said, rather abruptly—

"I must go and see poor Joe this afternoon, after I do not know exactly when I can get home after dinner: it was not till we children were gone to the Sunday-school, however; but when we returned, he was still absent. I remarked it to my mother, as we sat at the tea table; and then we sat and wasted, wondering what had detained father so long. Presently he returned; and it was not often that I had seen his countenance so overcast with grief.

"John, what is the matter?" exclaimed our mother, starting from her seat on his entrance.

"Mutter enough," he almost sobbed; so down-pressed and sorrowful he was. "Oh! Mary," he went on, as soon as he became a little more composed, "I much have known it; but my dear Saviour knows I never thought of it—never. May God forgive me for his sake, little thought that all those years I have been a soul-murderer."

"John, John, what do you mean?" cried our mother, during from her seat in great alarm.

"Not so dreadful as the thing itself," said my father, with quivering lips. "Mary, and children all of you, I went on, "we have been sitting down to our dinner, and he has been mine; let us kneel down and pray God to pardon your father and husband."

"Oh! I knew, I knew," we knelt down, do say what it is you have on your mind," pleaded our mother, who, as she said afterwards, thought that her poor husband had gone distracted, and had lost his wits. "Sit down a few minutes, John, and get a little composed," she added, soothingly.

Well, our father was persuaded to sit down; for till then he had been standing; and in a minute or two he spoke in a calmer tone, though not less sad.

"Mary," he said, "I have been, for years, never rend our dinners to be baked at the baker's oven again on Sunday."

"Why not, John?" asked our mother, who wondered more and more as her husband's strange mood.

"I have been to see poor Joe, as you know, Mary," my father resumed, "and he has been talking to me, and I said something to him about his soul and eternity, Mary, and he—what do you think he said?"

"What was it, John?" said my mother in a faint voice. I believe that at that moment the truth rushed in upon her mind.

"My soul!" he said, and he looked up at me as if he would have looked through me—'You don't think I have a soul, do you?' 'Yes, Joe, I said, 'A soul that will live for ever!' 'Well, I never!' he said again; 'I am sure of it, Joe.' 'Ah!' he went on; and he groaned like; 'I reckoned you would say so; you, who are always so light and rum and ready to go to church or chapel, I know which, every Sunday morning.' 'Joe!' I cried out; for I guessed what his meaning was then; it dashed into my soul like lightning. 'Joe, you don't mean to say, you do not mean to let me finish:—' 'I mean to say,' said he, 'that my body is filled with overwork; and my soul, if I have got a soul, is starved to death, I know which, Mary. Stop!' then he said, 'How was I to hear anything about my soul, or take any pains about it, when every Sunday I was up so early and so late, and when I was taking care of them, perhaps, I was slaving for you?—out in the cold, heat, or rain, all weathers alike, fetching and carrying, and working away at the oven, baking your Sundays dinners for you.'"

"Oh! John," sobbed my mother; "and did poor Joe say all that?"

"A great deal more than that, Mary; and if you could have seen his looks you would never forget them."

"But, John, do you think that he would have been not baking dinners all the day long, and that if he had had the will he might have gone to public worship in the afternoon and evening?"

"I did, Mary—at least, I tried; but he would not hear me. He asked me whether I thought I should let a lad go out on a Sunday afternoon, if I knew he was ill, and having to get up in the middle of the night afterwards to begin Monday's work, and then work six, two hours in a day, and then sometimes twelve, and the days of the week, not to knock off till one and o'clock, if not later than that, on the next Saturday afternoon; and to pay that rate for your idler year? Mary, I could not answer him a word; but I fell down on my knees then and there, and begged God's pardon and your Joe's too, for my great sin, in helping to lay such a heavy burden on the poor fellow's body and soul. And now, my dear, you and your children know all; and I have made my peace with God, the new, and pray with me and for me, and for poor Joe, too."

We did kneel down, and my father prayed. I think I never heard or witnessed such strong and earnest pleading and wrestling of soul in prayer as I did then. He prayed for pardon for himself, for his guilty unconcern about a poor fellow-sinner's soul, and for all who were around him, for having been, unknowingly, partakers in the wrong. But most of all he prayed for poor Joe, that his life might be spared if it were consistent with God's will; and especially that his soul might be saved from eternal ruin.

I am sure that God heard those prayers; and, blessed be His name, He answered them. Joe did recover, he after a very long and dangerous illness; and my dear father was made the means, I verily believe, of conveying Divine instruction to his benighted mind. It was my father's prayer by his bedside, and his humble, penitent confession, Joe afterwards said, that softened him to hear about the Lord and Saviour; and always after that, Joe was eager for my father's visits. After his recovery, he was, as far as religion was concerned, a changed man; and though it was a long time, and subjected him to much scorn and persecution, he never would work again on Sundays.

As to our hot baked Sunday dinners, there was an end to them. It was nothing to us, my father said, that others did wrong; nothing that other professing Christian people acted inconsistently; if such one were to mend and amend, our own would cease. But, cease or not, he would be clear of it. It was not necessary either to our health or happiness, he said, to have a hot dinner on Sundays; and, in this part, if he never should see a hot joint of meat again on his table or anywhere else, it did not signify; but at the same time, he adhered, as far as he could, the doctrine of Christ his Saviour, and the holy self-denying religion of the Gospel in all things. And our mother perfectly agreed with him.

I do not say that there was no sacrifice—that we did not miss our hot Sunday dinners; but I am glad to know the change did not affect our happiness in any degree. And I have only to add that the time did come round—before the children who witnessed the scene I have described were dispersed in the world—when it was in my father's power to order, if he had chosen to do so, and to enjoy a hot dinner on any or every day of the week, barring Sundays.—*Tract Magazine.*

LABOUR AND REST.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." "*Six* days shalt thou labour." These are God's appointments. The first was pronounced as the first punishment of man's transgression, but even in wrath the Lord remembered mercy. He converted a blessing with toil. Health of body and mind are promoted by labour. But as constant labour would exhaust the body and depress the mind, a portion of day of rest, and consecrated to man the sweet and holy institution of the Sabbath, which he had first given to him in Eden, in the days of man's innocency. One of the most delightful thoughts on the Sabbath is that the weary son of toil on that day can have rest. The miner and collier, toiling for six days in the dark caverns of the mine and colliery, on the Sabbath can enjoy light and freedom from labour. The strong arm of the mechanic is at rest,—the weary back that has stooped all the live week over the hard work, can now rise up, and feel at ease. The clerk who has poured over his desk, writing with weary hand and fatigued eyes, can lay aside the pen. People who may have stood on many hours behind counters during the week, waiting on customers who had often been hard to please, can sit down in quiet, and enjoy the delightful change of repose. Oh, the sweet feeling of thoughtful that steals over the mind, as we think of all these sons and daughters of toil released, and at ease! How the labour of six days enables them to obey the delightful rest of the Sabbath! They have fulfilled the command—"Six days shalt thou *labour*," and they know what a blessing there is in obedience—they are enjoying what they now experience. And the merciful man is merciful to his beast; the poor weary horse rests in the stable or the field, the poor weary dog or ass, the strike of the heavy load, or the spur of the impatient rider. He is for a time at rest, and happy. How merciful the provision that has given to man and beast a sweet, calm season, when the tired body and the harassed spirits may know what it is to be still, and in the silent depths of the soul, to commune with God. Blessed is the time the weary and tear of work is over,—the storm of anxiety have ebbed away, and all is perfect calm.

And this is not all, we repeat it, positive delight may be, when a man and his poor families then meet together. It is the season of happy love, and home delights. The father is in the midst of his family, enjoying the smiles of his wife, and his children. He sees, perhaps, his little ones gather round his knees, and look up in his face with their laughing eyes, how they prattle to him of all the little incidents of the week—what they have learned at school—how they have helped mother in running her errands, or how they are learning to be good, and to love and reverence their father. The father can hear the mother's good report of them, gives them each a hearty kiss, and feels how delightful it is to have one day in seven, when he can be the delighted parent of family unity, and can himself in the light of his children's loving eyes.

But there is a higher joy still. The list of Sabbath-blessedness is not yet filled. There is the holy joy of rendering thanks and praise to the Great Giver of this good gift. A grateful and a devotional mind, is a continual feast. We are so constituted that we never can feel grateful without a sense of comfort to ourselves in the blessing. Gratitude is a home as we have described, there rises up the grateful voice to the Lord of the Sabbath, there is in the exercise a joy unspeakable. Then how happy it is to see the family go forth to the House of God! One of the best proofs of friendship that the Bible tells us of, is that "They took sweet counsel together, and walked to the House of God in company." And in the house where prayer is wont to be made," what a delight to look round and see neighbours and friends, and a great company assembled, who have holy day joy in join in the voice of supplication, and the song of praise; and to think as the melody ascends, that poor mortals are thus permitted to add their chorus to the angels' song—that the Church militant joins the Church above blend and become one in Sabbath joys.

Thus the rest from toil—the repose of the body, are conducive to the growth of Christian love and peace, and to the rising of the soul into the rare enjoyment of a Saviour's love. Hail blest-ed Sabbath! May the mercy rest in the Lord, for He hath dealt bountifully with them.

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NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Children's Friend for 1851. Vol. I. Nos. 1 to 6. Engravings, price 1s. 6d. Gilt edges, 2s. 6d. London: R. W. Hamilton. We have much pleasure in recommending this New Series of the oldest Juvenile Periodical which has been commenced in 1824 by the late Rev. W. Carey, of Whitechapel to the Duke of Sussex. We recommend our readers who have children, to purchase one of the numbers, and judge of its merits for themselves.

Sermons and Lectures, by Rev. Jas. Sherman, Rev. W. H. Collingridge, ITT, Aldersgate, *in Simple Form*. Not much pleasure from the perusal of many of these Sermons, tho' we divine such attention to the Sabbath-school. We feel assured that not a few parents will thank the authors for this version.

Reminiscences of the late Prince Consort, by the Rev. J. Kitto, Author of "Daily Bible Illustrations," &c. Price 1s. 6d. Every place in every working man's library. Mr. Kitto's recent operations in Palestine, and his intimate acquaintance with the Royal Family, and we feel assured that this little work will value you will be read with deep interest by all classes.

THANKSGIVING FOR PEACE.

The following lines on the surrender of Mesore. Morris and Hay by the Austrian Government, to Mr. Kossuth, a Hungarian, will give pleasure to many of our readers:—

To thee, O Lord, belongs the praise!
We are the subjects of Thy grace—
To Thee our grateful hearts we raise,
For Thou hast heard thy people's prayer.

Thine arm alone, Almighty Lord,
This great deliverance hath wrought,
Though we have met with Thy rod,
Not loved Thy statutes as we ought.

'Tis thine the judgment to command,
"Is thine the blessing to bestow;
Lord, teach us more to understand,
How much to sovereign grace we owe!

Hand joined to hand, no more we fear
The threatened fratricidal strife;
Remains of hate, we hope, are
No brother seeks a brother's life!

Though broad Atlantic waves divide
America from England's shore,
Yet may fraternity preside,
And discord's voice be heard no more.

United by those sacred ties
Which kindred nature together bind,
May we the Saviour's precepts prize,
And "follow peace with all mankind."

Lord, cease the light of Truth to shed
O'er every land in cheering rays;
Let all the nations, Lord, be led
Free, the same God to serve and praise.

Dispose the hearts of those who held
The sable race in slavery's chain,
No more to see them bought and sold;
Sold, for the sake of sordid gain!

We boast our freedom—may we see
How high our privileges rise;
And, with the Saviour's blessing,
Above all else beneath the skies.

And may we as a nation prove
Henceforth more faithful in our God;
Revere His word, His sabbaths love,
And spread the Saviour's name abroad.

A Workman.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To our Readers.—We cannot do better than refer to the table of publication. I trust only the Readers we address two or three months in advance. If one copy of a book but this month they will see it in the next. If we cannot insert letters in the "next Number" of our paper, we have not a place to insert them.

Thomas Paine.—We have received adult and instructive from the Hurstwood of Stephen Gadsby, which we intend to insert in our next or after.

The terrible calamity at the New Hartley Coal Mine, we believe is now over.

Anonymous communications cannot in any way be noticed.

Contributions for Gratuitous Circulation, from E. B. C., Dartmouth, Sa.

Rejected Manuscripts.—We are always glad to receive good articles, but we cannot possibly undertake to return those that are rejected.

A Workman Man in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who is canvassing for subscribers, writes as follows:—"When I first commenced, I thought it was a hopeless task, and I felt very discouraged, but I consequently few women listened to take it, but when I saw a few copies, I found it was a good thing to carry with, and showed it to my friends, who, I assure you, and gave me encouragement. I have sold about 50 copies, and I have not yet met with a single person who has seen it, but they are eminently receiving similar letters, showing the goodness of this producing a copy of it. I have sent to a number of them, and received Commending Cards for 12, 18, 20, and twelve for 30 copies. I have sent to Gentlemen, as my subscribers, and a few Commending lists, with the same effect, and I hope to be able to send a dozen, London, &c.

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PROFANE PARENTS.

Not long since, a teacher was conversing with her pupils on the evils and guilt of profanity. One little boy looked very much ashamed and distressed, hung his head, and at last burst into tears. His teacher kindly inquired the cause of his grief, when he exclaimed, "O, my father swears, and my mother too, sometimes."

What words were these to come from the lips of a child! He loved his parents, but his breaking heart must make this confession. And does it will be at the last great day of account; when children must rise up against their parents and condemn them.

Reader I if your parents are praying parents, never cease to thank God for so great a blessing; and if they are not, pray for them without ceasing. W. S.

> For he that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile.—1 Pet. iii 10

THE CHILD'S PLEA.*

Iris very beautiful and touching to observe how God often magnifies himself in the weakest of his children and works His will by the feeblest instrumentalities. A rough, hard-working man, whom we will call John Stern, was by the death of his wife, left in the sole charge of a little girl—his only child. Little Jane was not quite four years old when her mother died. Poor little lamb! no doubt she could remember very blank and lonely to her, when she had no mother's bosom to cling to, and her father, though he loved his helpless little one very dearly, yet sorrow had made his heart cold and hard. If grief does soften, it hardens the heart. To escape from his bitter thoughts, and, as he said, "to drown his care," John Stern used to go of an evening, when he had done his work to the public-house. He carried his child with him. When he first began this plan he was a sober man, and he meant to continue so, but "I can't leave my child, and I'll tell you your manners," is a very true saying. John could no more escape the contagion of drinking habits, than his children could escape the taint of evil manners, among these companions, and in that place. Generally, little Jane, after coughing a bit, and looking round timidly enough, would nestle close to her father and fall asleep in his breast. It might be supposed that either she saw or heard nothing of the place or people—as in her father's arms she was safe, yet the child, young as she was, had her likes and dislikes, and her faculty of observation, fresh as it ever is in childhood. She began to be restless and fretful, and when her father would snatch her up and carry her with him to the "pub-lic," but she was a very kind little thing, and said nothing.

One evening, John was going along as usual, and the child putting up her little hand to his cheek with a gentle caressing touch, whispered, "Father, don't." "Don't what?" said the father, hastily. The child faltered out, "Don't go." "Hold your tongue," said the man, angrily. "Oh, dear father, pray don't." "Hold your tongue," was repeated in a harsher tone. The little creature covered at the sound, clinging silently, nestled close to his cheek, without speaking another word; but as he walked along, having released the four fears, blunt manner, she felt her hands wetting his face, and her throbbings her heaving with sobs against his hand. Those innocent tears and tender words of the child's plea had touched a heart. Somehow, he felt a choking in his throat, and a moisture gathering in his eyes, and he grasped out, "Hold your tongue, I will, I will, I will—but darling—there, there—don't cry pretty one—I won't go, *that* I won't." "Never no more, father?" panted the child, raising her head, and looking through her tears. "No, never!" The child had triumphed. Her feeble hand, her feeble force had led him. From that time the tap-room, its habits and associations, were forsaken, and the place of God was sought, which proved to him, as to multitudes, an ark from the storms of the world, where he and his little Jane found safety and peace.

* "Mothers Meeting," at Sedbiff, Dec. 20th, 1861.

A TENDER REPROOF.

A VERY little boy had one day done wrong, and was sent, after parental correction, to ask in secret the forgiveness of his Heavenly Father. His offence had been in a passion, and he was very sorry for it. His mother followed to the door of his room. In laying accents she heard him ask to be made better, never to be angry again; and then, with childlike simplicity, he added, "Lord, make ma's temper better too!"

> Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it. Ps. xxxiv 13,14.

WHO TAUGHT YOU TO SWEAR?

MANY years ago, a party set out from a southern city, for a long, weary journey by stage. Amid all their discomforts, they all more grumbled than sighed. The stage driver was very cheerful, and seemed intent on making his passengers happy, as much so as had in his power.

Now that, "the fresh air of the mountains," young people, why must there be two sides to everything? Before the party halted, after the first day's journey, the jaded horses thought they had gone as far as was profitable, and it was contrary to their sense of right, that they were pressed on. Our hero on the box, coaxed, whistled, patted, and at last whipped them, but still they dragged heavily on: when, at length, loosing all patience, the pleasant sounds that had charmed the loiterers, were changed. There did not seem to be passion on the times, but heavily tried all other motives of speed, the driver now began to swear—as if profanity could impel forward a worn-out horse! "God" and "Jesus," that "dearest name of all names," were repeated with shocking frequency and carelessness. Some of the passengers were unmoved, but others could say with the prophet, "The reproaches of them that reproach Thee, fell upon me."

Among the passengers was an aged minister. He

> Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles.
> PROVERBS xxi. 23.

said nothing at the time, but when they stopped for the night, he undertook himself to talk with the young driver, asking him questions about his business and horses, manifesting an interest in all that he found interested him. When ready to start at break of day, he asked permission to sit on the box, that he might see the country, and talk with him. "Sir," said he, "I am very fond of the company of young men." This familiarity and condescension, completely won the heart of this would-be Jehu, and in the simplest manner, he gave all the information in his power to the old gentleman.

"You're a minister, are you?" he asked after awhile. "Yes, my friend, I am a minister of the —— Church." "Indeed!" he cried, "why, my mother's a member of that Church; and when I get home, I'll tell her about you!" and strong filial love beamed in his eye.

"Then your mother is a praying Christian—is she a good woman?" asked the minister.

"Indeed she is, sir," replied the affectionate son. I owe her everything. I don't know a single thing which she did not teach me."

"Are you sure of that, my young friend?"

"Yes, sir, for she died when I was small, and left us poor. We were three or four miles from a school, and as I was her all, sir, she could not trust me so far from her all day; so she taught me at home, till we moved away from there; and then I was old enough to go to work. Yes, sir, I will tell it to her credit,—she taught me all I know."

"*Did she teach you to swear, my son?*" cried the old gentleman, clapping his hands heavily on the driver's shoulder. "Did she, did your mother teach you to swear?" The youth looked thunderstruck. He coloured deeply, and hung his head in silence, "My son," said the minister, "you have told me that your mother is a Christian; I want to know whether she is the right kind of Christian mother—*did she teach you to swear?*" The young driver now looked up. There was none of that dogged insolence, which he sometimes saw in persons who have been justly reproved; no look of defiance which said, "Plain as words could say, "I can swear if I please; I'm my own master, pray, and it's not your business who taught me to do it." Only even in his sin, the rough driver showed the gentle touches of that humble mother's hand.

"I'm mortified, sir," he said; "I was *very tired*, and was very anxious to reach the next stage."

"And did your horses feel the oath more than the whip, my young friend?"

"Of course not, sir. And as to my mother teaching me to swear, she does not know that I ever took a profane word on my lips. I know it as never will know it; for I believe it would break her heart. I know as well as any minister can teach me, that swearing is a low and wicked, as well as useless practice; but I've been thrown into a good deal of bad company by my business, and have fallen into the habit, hardly knowing when I do it. I forget, when I live in my temper."

"Do you forget, when at home with your mother?"

"*Never*; her presence forbids it. I *could not* swear in my mother's hearing."

"And yet you can do so in the hearing of the God you insult, of the Saviour who died for you!" replied the aged minister. "God grieve the child of a praying mother for such impety!"

"Sir, you have heard *my last oath*," said the young man, deeply moved.

He was never after heard to use a coarse or profane word. O what a mighty power does a Christian mother exercise over her beloved children, restraining them from sin, or drawing them out of its meshes when once ensnared!

THE DYING CHILD'S REQUEST.

I ONCE knew a very sensible man, who said, "I always pay great attention to what an enemy says of me, for they never flatter. This is a good rule personally—it is often better where you apply it as the test of a principle. Infidels are the enemies of Christianity; any testimony of them in favour of Christian truth is sure to be wrung out from them against their will, and merits attention. An infidel father had a very nice, sensible little daughter, who had been well-trained by a good mother. This child was one of that large number whom pride has been guiled into infidelity. He thought himself very good and clever; and was offended at the Gospel, because it told him he was a sinner, and that he must come humbly and confidingly, as a little child to Jesus, before he could have pardon and acceptance with God.

He affected to entertain a weakness in his wife her attending the House of God; if her mind were as strong and her talents as great as his, she would not be the victim of such a delusion, was his frequent remark. Meanwhile, he was well content to enjoy the orderly, quiet home, and the respectable appearance this pious wife of his, by her good management, secured to him. He was very fond indeed of his little girl. Though he grew impatient often when the mother taught the child texts of Scripture and simple prayers. He seemed to consider that the child's good behaviour, industry, and intelligence, all came by nature; and so far from seeing that they were the results of the mother's good training of her child, he complimented himself by saying, "My Lucy is a clever little creature; to be sure I never expected that a child of mine would be a fool."

> He hath set his knowledge apart in his words: end a man of understanding is of an excellent spirit.
> PROVERBS xvii. 27.

Them was certainly a great difference in the love of these parents for their child. The father was intensely fond of her, and proud of her. He never saw a fault in her, unless she wounded his vanity by failing to strike little display of her talents in repeating her lessons, or talking. Then he would be very impatient, and even severe, and show his ill-temper for days. The mother made no great profession of affection, but she was always kind and patient and tender. Every manifestation of her little girl's good qualities were a source not only of joy to her, but of gratitude, for she gave God thanks for His goodness and mercy. Her child was God's gift to her on earth, and she, by His Grace, would train her for Him, and for Heaven.

Ah, reader, for nearer, than one thought, was that Heaven to Lucy. She fell ill suddenly, to the grief of her tender mother, to the sorrow and distraction of her father. He had never thought of death as in right times, any more than of life in its true signification; for both death and life are mysteries that only religion helps us to solve. The Christian clinging to Jesus knows that "in His life he shall have life, and that abundantly." That "death is the gate to endless joy." To the infidel life is a confused dream—death is annihilation; both of them are as nothing. Death is a great darkness, how can man wilfully blind himself until he stumbles into the dark abyss where hope never comes? Lucy lay on her sick bed, all that a skilful doctor and a tender mother could do to mitigate pain, or restore God's good gift of health, was done in vain! The mother had taught her to lisp her prayers, and to take the child through the dark valley to her eternal home. She had laid some hours still, at last she roused up and saw her parents watching, one on either side of her bed—she looked at them both with that penetrating gaze which is so different from the eyes that are soon to close on all mortal sights; and said, stretching out her hand feebly towards her father, "Father, I'm dying, I tell I am. What would you wish me to believe—what you have taught me, or what mother has taught me about Jesus?"

The man shook from head to foot as if smitten through with a dart. He answered, in a voice-trade, "Oh, Lucy dear, believe what your mother has taught you."

"Ah—yes! then—that is—is this—true mother dear, He's your Jesus and He's—mine." She spoke with difficulty, as hoarse and gasping for a few minutes all were still. Lucy, deeply moved, unpeaked her utterance—for a few minutes all were still. Then there was one look, one smile, the quivering lips whispered, "Blessed Jesus—!" Angel-tears alone heard the finish of the sentence, as the soul winged its flight to Jesus!

Creeping on her knees round the bed to her husband's side, the wife took his hand, and said, "He was her Jesus; He is mine: He wants to be your Jesus. Oh, pray—pray let me beseech you—pray this prayer, "Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief."

* * * *

Some years have passed since the scene recorded—and the infidel father has become an humble, happy Christian. The death of the child led to the conversion of the parent. Praying wives! Ye who have infidel husbands, let this encourage you to "pray without ceasing."

A PRETTY SIGHT.

THERE is a pump of very fine spring water in the Edgware Road, near where it intersects the New Road. On a blazing hot day in the middle of July, in this year, a group of merry children, "just let loose from school," were around this pump, getting a drink of water, when there came along, a broken down cart, with a kind-looking driver walking wearily at the side. As this man approached the pump, he looked compassionately at the horse; and calling to the children to "lend him a hand," he took his spade, which was slightly hollowed at the shovel end, and held it under the spout, while the children, laughing heartily, pulled the pump handle with a will, and the poor tired horse drank the jet of water out of the spade, to his evident content and refreshment. The man and the children seemed all as pleased at the opportunity of giving the horse a drink, that it did one's heart good to look at the entire group.

Many hard sights are seen in the Edgware Road, in this hard-working district, but it is comforting to know that sometimes kindly actions, and pleasant deeds, like sweet flowers spring up here and there in the hot and dusty paths of our earthly pilgrimage, sights that cause the involuntary exclamation, "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

The Shamrock.—It is an old tradition, that St. Patrick preaching one day on a grassy mound, and explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to his Christianities asked, "How there could be three in one? St. Patrick stooping down, plucked a shamrock from the turf, and, pointing to the three leaves united in one stem, told them it was an illustration of what he was endeavouring to explain. From that day the shamrock became the emblem of Ireland.

> Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips that they speak no guile.
> PSALM xxxiv. 13.

A CHILD'S DEATH.

In some rude spot where vulgar herbage grows,
If chance a violet rear its purple head,
The careful gardener moves it ere it blows,
To thrive and flourish in a nobler bed.
Such was thy fate, dear child,
Thy opening bud!
Pre-eminence in early bloom was shown,
For earth too good perhaps,
And loved too much—
Heaven saw, and early marked thee for its own!

R. B. SHERIDAN.

Few things are more formidable to the busy, than the visits of the idle. "Hickering the time!"

> Death and life are in the power of the tongue: and they that love it shall eat the fruit thereof.
> PROVERBS xviii. 21.

PRESIDENT EDWARDS AND HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.

In reading a few days ago the Life of President Edwards, my attention was particularly arrested by a resolution he made when he was about twenty years of age.

RESOLVED, *Never to allow the least measure of fretting, or uneasiness at my father and mother.*

And in another place he writes:

"*Have sinned in not being careful enough to please my parents.*"

What a thoughtful, considerate, and truly Christian spirit! What a blessing to himself, and what a joy to his parents! Who may not see in the conscientiousness and minuteness of this resolution, the true promise of the excellence and fidelity of his later days? To be in all things a faithful child to earthly parents is the almost certain pledge of being the faithful child of our Heavenly Parent, accepted of Him, and blessed in His service.

Let every youthful reader ponder this lesson. Think how often your hearts have burned within you at a father or mother's restraint, unwilling to yield to their counsels, reluctant to obey their commands, and really disobedient in spirit, even when obeying in the letter. And how often you have sinned in not being careful to please your parents; in not being considerate, respectful, affectionate, thoughtful to anticipate their wishes, and prompt to do in all things what they desire and enjoin.

It is a dark sign for the family,—the community,—the Church of Christ, that filial reverence, which, in men, even are practically thought of less moment at the present day than they were in the days of our fathers. The terms now are usually employed by young men, even, usually those who would be thought fashionable, when speaking of their parents, present a lamentable proof of this. The *father* instead of being referred to by that endearing name, is styled the "*old governor*." Instead of the attractive title of *mother*, she is termed the "*old mistress*," or the "*old lady*," in both cases age is referred to with deprecation and disrespect, and terms are employed sufficiently indicative of the absence of true reverence and affection, and furnishing a sad foreboding of the treatment their parents may expect when their sons pass beyond their control, or should they themselves become dependent in their old age. It is, therefore, the special duty of parents, Sunday-school teachers, and ministers, to call more frequent attention to the fifth commandment, and more earnestly to impress its spirit on the rising generation. As taught by this command, let every child endeavour to honour his father and mother in thought, word, and deed, and never to allow the least measure of fretfulness, or uneasiness, toward them; but, in the spirit of Christ, to please them in all that is right, and not to please God, the great Father of all who are faithful.

"IT COSTS TOO MUCH."

That glass costs too much. You say you only paid a trifle for it. Young man! Young woman! that paltry sum is not a millionth part of what it will cost you, if you do not take care. You may have to pay for it in health, cheerfulness, character, friends, credit, peace of mind, perhaps life itself. Is that glass worth all these? "You are sale enough to be tempted, and might just as rationally talk about safety when his boat is beginning to go round on the outer circle of the whirlpool, as to say he is safe enough when he begins to indulge this habit.

> The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water; therefore leave off contention, before it be meddled with.—Prov. xvii. 14.

BAD WIVES.

WHILE there are thousands of wives in this city, who have conquered that monster vice of drunkenness, through the example of a sottish husband, and have been goaded to it by cruelty, and unnatural abuse! there are hundreds, if not thousands, who have addicted themselves to this crime from sheer loathsomeness of nature, who cannot make the excuse of being forced into their excesses, by the cruelty of a husband! a sober, honest and industrious husband, have devoted his home, outraged his affection, and cursed his children, by discarding at once, the character of woman, wife, and mother in the rot and level revelry of pot-house life.

I am free to confess that the cases in which a woman sets the example in intemperance are not so numerous as those in which the vices of the husband provoke reckleseness in the wife. But still the former case is not an uncommon one, and, therefore, it demands notice and exposure.—*Rev. A. Murrell, Manchester.*

WHAT WILL IT COST?

That Sabbath Excursion costs too much. The last cost you dearly. It was as much as you could do, during the day, to banish painful thoughts from your mind. And when the gaudy pleasure of the day was ended, and the twilight time was arrived—the still twilight of Sabbath eve—those thoughts rushed in, like a mighty flood, and quenched their joys. You thought of the bargain you made, and called yourself a fool for making it. You thought of earlier days, ere your heart had learned to sin so badly. You thought of a mother, once the guide of your youthful steps, now an inheritant of the heavenly world. You thought that from her far-off home, she came to upbraid you, to plead with you, and to warn you of your danger. Ah! it was no wonder you thought that excursion cost you too much. It did cost too much. Take care, the tempter is coming again. Do not parley with him; do not listen to him for a moment. Sabbath-breaking costs more than it comes to, a thousand times over.

Worth Remembering.—The Rev. Mr. McCleverty, speaking to a youthful parishioner, uses the following language:—"You read your Bible regularly, of course; but do try and understand it, and still more to *feel* it. Read more parts than one at a time. For example, if you are reading Genesis read a Psalm also. *Turn the Bible into prayer.* Thus, if you are reading the first Psalm, spread the Bible on the chair before you, and kneel and pray, 'O Lord, give me the blessedness of the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly.' 'Let me not stand in the way of sinners.' 'Let me not sit in the seat of the scornful.' This is the best way of learning the meaning of the Bible, and of learning to pray." "Search the Scriptures!"

Sowing and Reaping.—Young man, stop! Your sinful course will bring you sorrow, and suffering. There is fearful truth in that text of Scripture, "Whatsoever a man soweth, *that* shall he also reap." Visit, if you can, the Lock Hospital, you will there see terrible proof of the truthfulness of this declaration. Men who once had strong and noble frames, are there gradually being eaten away with loathsome disease, as by a canker,—*reaping* the fruits of their licentiousness.

Swiss Custom.—It was formerly the usage of the Swiss peasantry to watch the setting sun, until he had left the valleys, and was striking behind the ever snow-clad mountains, when the mountaineers would seize their horns, and sing through the instruments, "Praise the *Lord.*" This was caught up from Alp to Alp by the descendants of Tell, and repeated until it reached the valleys below. A solemn silence then ensued, until the last trace of the sun disappeared, when the herdsman on the top sang, "Good night, which was repeated as before, until every one had retired to his resting-place.

Kindness.—"Can you manage your donkey, my man, without using a whip?" I inquired. "O yes, sir, Neddy needs no whip. I feed him well and treat him kindly, so he gives me no trouble. He's almost a *Christian*, sir! He knows the houses where to call, as well as I do. He knows Saturday night too, as well as anybody, for he has no work to do on a Sunday; that's his rest-day, as well as *mine.* If donkeys were *rightly* used, sir, they would rarely want a whip. Kind words and pats are much better than curses and blows any day!"

It is not hasty reading, but seriously meditating upon holy and heavenly truths, that makes them prove sweet and profitable to the soul. It is not the bee's touching of the flowers that gathers honey, but his abiding for a time upon them, and drawing out the sweet. It is not he that reads most, but he that meditates most, that will prove the ***sweetest, sweetest, sweetest, and strongest Christian.*** *Reader! imitate the little bee.*

> For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death.

When Antigonus heard some of his troops rather despondingly say, "How many are coming against us?" he asked. "But, my soldiers, how many do you reckon *me* for?" Whenever we think of *our* foes, and then of the Captain of our salvation, we may truly say, "more are they that be with us than they that be with them." Greater is He that is in us than he that is in the world. Christ is the great Captain of our salvation, and *He* never lost a battle.

A NOBLE CABMAN.

Not long before Mr. Williams' second departure for the South Seas, he had been attending a public meeting a few miles from town; and being obliged to return at night, a fly had been ordered to take him home. The journey was rather long for so late an hour, and he had to have given the owner of the vehicle some remuneration. But to his great surprise, when he came to his door and inquired the fare, the cabman replied, "Oh, sir, I shall take nothing from you. I drove to the meeting to-night and heard you speak, and it was an honour to have had you in my fly." Dying, however, as this was, Mr. Williams would not receive consent to deprive the poor man of his well-earned wages; he, therefore, pressed him to accept payment. But it was in vain. Yes, the money was laid down, he drew back; and, as Mr. Williams followed him, still holding his purse, to escape any further importunity, he sprang upon his box, and, saying that he had been well paid by what he heard, he cracked his whip, and drove off, leaving the Williams standing near his house, musing, but almost despondent, on this delightful evidence of earthly generosity.—*Prout's Life of Williams.*

Rise and Fall of Empires.—After the fall of the Portuguese Empire in India, a Portuguese ecclesiastic was asked by an Englishman when he thought his country should become able to resume its power. "As soon," replied he, "as the wickedness of your nation shall exceed that of mine." This was master of the true key to the interpretation of history, and of the causes of social prosperity, and rise and fall of empires. "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people." Great Britain, or any other nation, is truly "great, glorious, and free," just in proportion in which her people walk worthy of Christian, and maintain among one another the peace and influence of religion, and diffuse throughout colonial and extraneous territories the ordinary and enlightening knowledge of the Gospel. "Blessed are the people whose God is the Lord."

Drinking Fountains.—We understand that the efforts of the "Metropolitan Drinking Fountain Association," are seriously impeded, through the want of funds. The benevolent movement richly deserves the support of all classes. Working men throughout the Thy Kingdoms are specially interested in its success. The Committee dare to erect one hundred fountains in the chief thoroughfares of London, prior to the Great Exhibition, when swarms of visitors will throng the metropolis during the hot months of summer. We cannot but hope that the funds will be forthcoming. Contributions should be sent to Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., Treasurer of the Association, 14, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London, S.W.

Cruelty.—"Do you not," said a gentleman, "think cruel young men there, abusing that poor one-horse cell donkey? Mark my words, he will come to no good end. Long observation leads me to affirm that those who act with wanton cruelty towards animals, generally suffer severely in their own bodies. A judgment seems to follow them even in *this life.* How many lame, crippled, and club-footed men are there to be found amongst those who have had to do with horses, donkeys, and cattle? Let those who desire to test this matter examine the records of our hospital and workhouse wards."

The Four Seasons. SPRING. By Buket Foster.

"A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."

An, how wonderful is the advent of Spring! the great annual miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod, repeated on myriads and myriads of branches! the gentle progression and growth of herbs, flowers, trees, gentle, and yet irrepressible, which no force can stay, no violence restrain; like love, that wins it way, and cannot be withstood by any human power, because itself is divine power. If Spring came but once in a century instead of but once a year, or burst forth with the sound of an earthquake, and not in silence, what wonder and expectation would there be in all hearts to behold the miraculous change! But now the silent succession suggests nothing but necessity. To most men, only the cessation of the miracle would be miraculous, and the perpetual exercise of God's power seems less wonderful than its withdrawal would be.—From the writings of the Poet Longfellow.

It was inspiring and animating, this first awakening of Spring; to feel its warm breath stealing over the senses; to see the moist mellow earth beginning to put forth the green sprout and tender blade; and the trees and shrubs in their reviving tints and bursting buds, giving the promise of returning foliage and flower. The bleating of the new-dropped lambs was faintly heard from the fields; the sparrow twittered about the thatched eaves, and budding hedges; the robin threw a livelier note into his late querulous wintry strain; and the lark, springing up from the reviving bosom of the meadow, towered away into the light fleecy cloud, pouring forth torrents of sweetest melody.—*Washington Irving.*

Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness; and Thy paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.—Ps. lxv. 11, 12.

> A man of kindness to his beast is kind,
> But brutal actions show a brutal mind;
> Remember, HE who made Thee made the brute;
> Who gave Thee speech and reason, form'd him mute.
> He can't complain; but GOD'S all-seeing eye
> Beholds thy cruelty—HE hears his cry.
> He was design'd thy servant, not thy drudge;
> And know—that HIS Creator is THY JUDGE!

"The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

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THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

The Hartley Colliery Accident.

Drawn by John Gilbert.

THE HARTLEY COLLIERY ACCIDENT.

By John Harris, Cornish Miner.

By this fearful calamity, which occurred on the 16th of Jan., 1862, two hundred and fourty-five lives were lost. Lines on the occasion.

Morn came, and night departed,
Although it lingered late,
And on the eaves the sparrow
Was calling its lost mate;
When from his couch the miner
Arose, and kissed his boy,
And sought again his endeavor,
And dangerous employ.

He stoods down the footpath,
And leaps the village stile,
Thinking upon his baby,
And wife and home the while.
He dashed off the tear-drop,
That stole into his eye;
And turns to see his dwelling,
Though scarcely conscious why.

Alas, alas! poor miner,
Thou 'lt never see it more;
Or hear thy baby's footfall,
Upon the cottage floor.
Even now, the dark death-angel,
On dismal wing hath sped;
And in the gray of morning,
Is hovering o'er thy head.

Soon, down into the darkness,
With song does he descend,
To toil with the two hundred,
Whose lives so soon will end.
Sing, mother, to thy darling,
A sad and solemn strain;
Thy husband and his father,
Will no'er come back again.

A crash was heard, so sudden,
It seemed a bolt from heaven;
And soon it was discovered,
The engine-hob was riven.
Half fell within the building,
Half in the shaft was hurl'd;
Filling the only passage,
Up from the under-world.

Amid the falling rubbish,
And timbers creaking sound,
And groans of dying workmen,
A praying prince is found;
And one hard grasps the promise,
The Bible truths afford;
And one the robe of Jesus,
The ever-living Lord.

He risked his life for others,
Who trembled near the pit;
If he could save their bodies,
Or cheer the parting soul,
O how! noble deed!
Not shedding human blood,
But walking in the footsteps
Of my Redeemer, God.

The song of after ages,
Thy story shall rehearse;
And harps not yet unkindled,
Zephalim thy deed in verse.
And glory, fame, brighter,
Than ever warrior won,
Shall stream upon thy pathway,
And gold thy setting sun.

O hard! pour tones of sorrow,
Upon the heavy air,—
Four, five, six days departed,
And still those men were there.
O hundreds—sons and fathers,
And brothers in the gloom,
The gas and goodly blackness,
Which proved a living tomb.

Not one escaped to tell us
What cries and prayers were made,
How son embraced his father,
Within that dreadful shade;
Or brother cheered his brother,
And bade him look on high,
And trust his soul to Jesus,
As Death came stealing by.

All perished,—What a number
Of England's noble sons!
Her strength, her hope, her riches,
Her true hearts—gone!
When by the fire we cluster,
As sky's pale beams depart,
We'll think upon the miner,
And take him to our heart.

O Saviour, save the widow,
With grief and care oppress'd;
And, winter on her spirit,
O take her to Thy breast.
Shine through this dispensation,
Thou, who to all hast bled;
Uphold the sinking mother,
And give the orphan bread.

Oh! 'tis a fearful story,
We tremble at the sound,
And hope in great darkness,
They merry sought and found.
O! rather, scene of mourning,
And desolation deep!
Pa vermore shall Sorrow
And Pity o'er thee weep.

Falmouth.

It is with pleasure we present to our readers the above lines, by a hard-handed son of toil—a miner. So much has already been written upon this sad event, that we consider it unwise any to enlarge upon it. The gospel of our artist prompts an incident in this sad calamity which is worthy to be perpetuated to the

* See frontispiece. Thomas Watson, one of the miners who was in the broken cage, descended at the same time, took part of his life, and *pray* with some of his dying comrades.

honour of the working class, of which Thomas Watson is such an honourable member. It also gives us pleasure to put prominently the noble man who has been so generously contributed by the country for the relief of the bereaved sufferers. It is now over thousand pounds—twenty thousand dollars—that has been sent through the Lord Mayor of London! The real suggestion for the opening of this subscription was by a social *nobody*, who, having gone without his dinner, sent the cost of it to the Lord Mayor for the widows and orphans at Hartley! We trust that it may lead to a more general and permanent provision being made for those who are so liable to be left destitute by the dangers which attend the daily lot of those on whom they are dependent for the comfort of our homes. Neither will this and event be without its attendant good, should it lead to a more sincerely trust in, and, to the adoption of means by which the dangers which attend the minor in his work may be lessened, and that his daily toil may not be ever driving him on the border of the grave. We feel sure that England's statesmen, her men of science, and her philanthropists will acknowledge this claim, which in the recent accidental disaster makes upon their efforts to prevent the recurrence of such awful calamities. We cannot forbear to switch our pages of this letter from our most gracious sovereign the Queen, in relation to this painful event. It cannot fail to endear her to all classes of her subjects, and even to make a people who are already a noble example of true loyalty, still more loyal.

"Osborne, Jan. 23.

"Sir,—The Queen, in the midst of her own overwhelming grief, has taken the deepest interest in the dreadful accident at Hartley, and up to the last hour of her stay, she was constantly inquiring of the poor people, what might have been recovered alive. The appalling news since received, has affected the Queen very much indeed.

"Her Majesty feels that the sympathy, that her tendered sympathy is with the widows and orphans, and that her own misery only makes her feel the more for them.

"Her Majesty hopes that everything will be done, as far as possible, to alleviate their distress, and Her Majesty will feel a sad satisfaction in assisting in such measures.

"Pray let me know what is doing.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient, humble, servant,

C. B. Phipps.*

"Charles Carr, Esq., Hartley Colliery."

The following paragraph from *The Times*, of March 5th, contains facts too important and interesting for us to omit:

"The public subscription on behalf of widows and orphans, and other relatives of the unfortunate men and boys who lost their lives in New Hartley-pit, has reached the unprecedented sum of £20,000, and the fund is now in a very amply providing for the wants of these poor people and educating the children will, in all probability, form the substantial basis of a permanent fund for the relief of widows and orphans or other destitute sufferers except away by fatal accidents in the pits of Northumberland and Durham. The pits of those two counties, men and lads numbering about 30,000, are arranging to establish a fund of the description above-mentioned, the lads if possible, to be made landing on men and masters, and to have the sanction of an Act of Parliament. At a meeting of delegates representing the more important collieries in the coal trade, held in Newcastle-on-Tyne on Saturday, it was resolved that such a fund be established, and that the men contribute 1d. each a week, and the lads 1d., and that the relief provided by it for the present be for the widows only. The widows at Hartley are, with scarcely an exception, contributing themselves in a most exemplary manner. Most of the sober and respectable people had their lives assured for small sums,* and with these funds many of the women have paid off the debts owing at the time of their husband's death. Others less fortunate have arranged to do so by instalments. And a very pleasing little method of this kind has been adopted. One of the poor bereaved women was the wife of a young man, and being but recently married she had taken a few houses at the time of her husband's death. Her father, however, had been bedridden two years, through an accident in the pit where he was employed, and she and his father of maintaining the old man and bringing up the younger children fell upon the stepmother, a toiling careful woman. The younger woman had in the most tender manner hinted over the whole of her allowance to her poor afflicted father, and she has gone home and cheerfully toiled on.

* We cannot too strongly urge working-men to avail themselves of the advantage secured to their families by Life Insurances. If the boys referred to working-men's sons, it is a pity they do not join the "Railway Passengers" Assurance Companies, which insure weekly allowances in case of accidents, were more generally made known, much *distress* would be prevented.

PROVIDENCE COTTAGE.

Twenty years ago at the end of the village of S., in the vale of Mowbray, Yorkshire, there stood the village "pound," on a piece of waste land, in the centre of three roads—and the piece of waste land was the property of the refuse from the high roads. Stones and rubbish had accumulated upon it, from time out of mind.

John, one man, was steadily a worker of linens, but as this trade declined from the introduction of powerloom goods into the locality, he became a day-labourer at any employment that offered, and occasionally he was a hard-working man, had to struggle severely, and live economically, as only a labourer can live, to pay his way and make ends meet. Upon a very limited income, week by week he brought up his family respectably, and with the assistance of a frugal, and hard-working wife, he could say he took no one anything, for his family, and lives entered his mind about this piece of land, I cannot say, but the idea did enter, that if it were dug over, cleared and cultivated, it would make a good garden. But how was this to be got? After thinking matters over for some time, he thought it would be best to go to head quarters, and as the Lord of the Manor was living a few miles away, he went to him and asked if he might be allowed to cultivate this piece of ground. The Lord of the Manor approving of the idea, generously gave him a long lease of the land for a mere trifle.

The next thing was how to get it enclosed. This was about constantly by passers-by, make an eyesore to the stand, and using the staves for palings; and the farmers being kindly disposed, gave him a few rails occasionally, so that the difficulty was at time surmounted, and John had the pleasure of seeing his garden enclosed, and something like a gate hung to it. The "pound" was now found to be in the way, and he should very reluctantly remove it. It was strongly built of brick, and would not be removed without the consent of the parish authorities. They were applied to, and leave was given to remove it to a piece of ground near the village.

This was a task of no ordinary difficulty to a man with little means; he, however, set resolutely to work, and pulled it down, removed the bricks, and with the assistance of his son, an ingenious lad, built it where it now is. It was a monument of perseverance. It was fortunate for John that he had this strong, active, willing son who was an apprentice to a joiner in the neighbourhood. They both spent their leisure hours with pickaxe and spade, turning over the hardened soil, which they did to a great depth, and cleared it of stones and rubbish. It was a work of many months, and many hours their endeavours were well-rewarded, as it bore the first year a good crop of potatoes and rubbish.

As cash could be spared quickwood was bought, and gradually a growing fence was planted round it. Time went on, and as the garden prospered, fruit trees began to spring up in Autumn, and in spare wastes; there was the gooseberry bush—tea-bush—but how was this to be got? John knew that by wanting almost in vain, he could get bread, bought at some one-penny pieces to take them away, until sufficient were collected to build a house large enough to hold both wheelbarrow and tools; John's son, at one before and, was a joiner, but as he had a turn for anything, he tried his hand at building. His first attempt was not certainly a very finished performance; it was, however, strong and weatherproof, and kept both tools and wheelbarrow dry. The accumulation of bricks and half-bricks still went on, roofing materials were collected from the pounds, and gradually the garden, every available foot of ground was well-cultivated, and circumstances were obtained, so that John and his son all the crops were obtained, so that John and his son all the crops were obtained, so that John and his son all the crops

DR. FLETCHER AND THE DYING INFIDEL.

One morning, Dr. Fletcher of Stepney, received a request to visit a man who was a professed sceptic, and apparently near his end. On entering the chamber where he lay, he beheld the attenuated form of one who had been a tall, athletic man, struggling under the ravages of a disease at once the most painful and incurable. The Dr. addressed him by sundry kind inquiries, and expressions of sympathy, reminding him of the sufferings of Christ who gave himself a ransom for sinners, and through His atoning sacrifice they might obtain the forgiveness of sin, and be restored to the favour of God. Groaning of sin, and he replied, "Sir, I don't believe Dying, the dying man said, "Sir, I don't believe that; I wish I could, as my dear wife there does; she believes all you say." "Well, then," said Dr. F., "do you say you wish you could, and that is a great point towards obtaining it, if you are sincere. Now, what do you believe concerning Jesus Christ?" "Why," he replied, "I believe such a man once lived, and that he was a very good, sincere man; but that is all." It was a principle with Dr. F. when encountered with unbelievers, if they acknowledged the smallest portion of truth, to make it a vehicle from which to argue with them. This model he now adopted, and said, "Well, believe that Jesus Christ was a good man, a sincere man. Now do you think such a good man would wish to deceive others? or a sincere man use language that must mislead?" "Certainly not," he replied. "Then how do you reconcile your admission that he was a good man with his saying to the Jews, 'I and my Father are one,' when they took up stones to kill him, for he did not undeceive them, but yet assumed the fact of his Godhead; adding, 'My sheep hear My voice, and they follow Me: and I know them, and I give unto them eternal life; now could any mere man say I give unto them eternal life? could any angel, however exalted?" "No, Sir," said the dying man, with an excited voice, "Stop, sir! I never saw that before; a new light breaks in upon me—stop, sir! I feel as if a mountain had fallen from my shoulders! Holding up his emaciated hand, as if forcing that a bright object chosen to be the vessel of God, and to be used to save sinners! Yes, even me!" His feelings almost overpowered his feeble frame; but he should be forgotten, and the visitor left him, first commending his case to God by prayer, with the promise to see him again on the following morning. The next day he found him sitting up, but literally "a new man," displaying all the eagerness of a hungry man, seeking to be fed with the "Bread of Life." Expressing with the simplicity of a little child, resting in the promise of God, which are "yea and amen in Christ Jesus." He candidly confessed that though he had received the Gospel as unworthy of belief, he had never before read it. As the great truths were presented to his mind, he seized hold of them with an eagerness indescribable, while his former prejudices seemed now what he formerly thought the overwhelming enjoyment arising to be frequent in the overwhelming joy of heaven, from his experience of the love of Christ, and of his portion as his bodily frame wasted away, but his triumphed more and more. He had one little girl, his oldest and his joy increased. He gave her a copy of the Bible, capable of reading, and was pleased by his New Testament, which had been made specially useful to him in the way of instruction or consolation, and he desired her as the last request he could make, to read it daily; never to part with it, but to make it her guide through life, that it might be her comfort in death. Further he directed that all his infidel books should be committed to the flames, that the poison might be destroyed, and the plague stayed. He lived just one fortnight after Dr. F.'s first interview, and then died, under the full influence of Gospel hope.

How many, like this poor man, despise and endeavour to discredit the Bible, who have never read it for themselves, or only looked into it, to find objections with which to strengthen their infidelity. Is this rational? Is it honest?

THE BIBLE PATTERN OF A GOOD WOMAN.

No. 2.—The Inquiry.

The inspired writer begins his description of a good woman with an inquiry, "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies." (Prov. xxxi. 10.) The question that arrests our attention in this sentence is "virtuous." What is meant by that word? In common everyday language, the term "virtuous" is used by men and women—particularly the latter—in speaking of the character of any of their acquaintances, it means *chaste*. A modest, pure-minded lady or woman, in ordinary conversation is called "virtuous." If her conduct is light and bold, indecorous and unchaste, she is said to have lost her "virtue," to have fallen from her state of decency, and become a stranger to the purity of her sex, and the dignity of social womanhood. It is the most terrible doom that can befall a female, and the most against society is so said in its relative consequences, and so irretrievable in its personal effects. No wonder that the word "virtuous" is that which is usually employed to describe a woman's condition who has thus fallen. Her hopes of a good name, a happy home, a prosperous life, the love of family, the esteem of friends, all that is great and dear to woman, are now hopeless.

No man who really and truly loves a woman, would tempt her to her ruin. Selfish, cold-hearted, brutal men, quite as bad as the very worst of murderers, are those who betray women to infamy and shame. If a young woman reflected for a moment that the man who would tempt her to evil asks her to dishonour her family, to disgrace her sex, to ruin herself, and to defy her Maker; if she thought that his profligate affectionate proposal is less than all this, if she reflected that such a sin led to certain shame and misery in this world, and perdition in the next, surely she would turn from the tempter, and keep from the wretch, who, if she yields, seeks to betray her with a kiss.

My reader may say, "Why is society so severe on women who are not virtuous?" For this reason.—On female chastity the purity and legitimacy of families must depend. No homes can be pure and truthful—no human can be good or great, if the laws of chastity are not rigidly observed, and any violation sternly dealt with. Much heavier on women than on men fall both the natural and social consequences. This cannot be avoided in human laws. But a righteous God, who knows the limits of human power, will not let those too unpunished who escape earthly justice. "Secret sins" are set in the light of His countenance, and He will deal with them. In this solemn matter let none be deceived. "Though hand join in hand the wicked shall not go unpunished."

But while the word virtuous is used in this special sense in ordinary conversation, it means more than in reference to the tempter quoted. Of course it first includes chastity. That is, like truth itself, the basis of all the virtues in the female character, but it is not a virtue in itself, like the others. A woman has so much a right to be chaste, that while it is a heinous shame and sin for her not to be so, it is not a great merit that she is. We never greatly praise people for being what it would be infamous not to be. We expect honesty, chastity, truth, sobriety, in all, and there is no praise for honesty in having these. It is our duty to possess these qualities. Our Saviour, speaking of a very native excesse of all these virtues, and many other excellencies, says, "Having then all, say, we are unprofitable servants." Nothing is more weak and pitiful than to hear a woman boasting of being "virtuous" in the narrow sense, as if it were enough excellence for her to have escaped disgrace. Such women often are very harsh and cruel on those who fall. They make a parade of their own chastity, and think themselves very praiseworthy, when they have but little that the inspired writer includes in the word "virtuous."

The word as used in this passage, means "strength, courage," what we understand by the term ABLE. When the neighbours called the mother of our Lord Stephanus "a virtuous woman," they used a phrase that conveys the meaning of the word virtuous, as employed in this Scripture. "Canny" means knowing, apt, ready, competent.

If the word virtuous meant only chaste, the inspired writer would not say "Who can find?" covery so rare for in an age of the world's history, and certainly never in those days of the Jews, who were most strict in maintaining female purity, would it have been hard to find a virtuous woman. The difficulty was in the combination of moral qualities that were all included in the comprehensive word "virtuous." An able woman, having various duties well, and doing them efficiently—that was a rarity then, and it is not a common character now.

An inquiry such as "Who can find?" covers a notion that such is the character of a woman that should be sought for. When young people are thinking of forming attachments, and alliances of life-long importance, the question of "Who can find a virtuous woman?" suggests another, "Who seeks?"

Beauty, manner, dress, gaiety, these have all their admirers and seekers, and where true worth is valuable, but not outward show, rather than the inward grace, is chiefly the outward show, rather than the inward grace, is chiefly sought. Perhaps virtuous women would not be so rare if the qualities that go to make up the character had been sufficiently esteemed. If a woman with a skilful hand, had been prized as much as one with a poetic mind, it would have been better, both for women and for the world.

We are further told the value of a virtuous woman. Her price "is *far above* rubies."

The only wealth, and is, among the most rare and costly of precious stones. Only the very richest people could afford to possess them. There is a style of jewellery that suits the Queen's crown, and it is worth many thousands of pounds. The inspired writer took as his comparison, a gem pure, bright, beautiful, costly, and rare. Rubies give no richer emblem of a virtuous woman, and he says her worth is *far* above that gem. Oh, my dear reader—my friend and sister, unknown—is your idea of a woman's worth a high honour? Think of the sacred writer, inspired by God's Holy Spirit to write for our edification and instruction, and he endeavoured to encourage tender suffering womanhood, by showing her that no earthly wealth, no glittering gems, can equal her price in God's sight and in His sight, and yet He is not here speaking of the soul, that has a value greater than the whole world, but he speaks of the personal and moral qualities of woman's life, and makes the world better. Who is there that would not pray for grace sufficient for these things?

We shall see how the Scripture explains and describes this "virtuous" woman's character.

THE TURNPIKE-GATE KEEPER.

Two gentlemen were travelling a short distance together on the West of England, for the purpose of attending a Meeting of a Tract Society, one of them being an officer of distinction in the Society, which was established to distribute religious publications. During this short journey the pass officer sustained plentifully the good seed of the Word of God, and, in the spirit of a turnpike-gate, to pay the toll, he offered the aged keeper of the gate one of the silent monitors of the Religious Tract Society. The contents of the truth were brought home to the carriage, and seeing the hand of the pious officer, he feelingly exclaimed, "We are brethren." He pronounced the contents of the truth were known to him. The old man's manner evinced the deepest interest in the minds of the travellers, who were rejoiced to find in a humble and beautiful spot one of "the hidden ones" of the Lord. On a subsequent occasion, one of the friends obtained further information about the good man, and discovered that he was a member of a Christian church, and also a zealous distributor of religious tracts.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

A correspondent writes:—"A young friend of mine, is agent to an Investment Society, and has been instructed periodically to the members, the amount of their investment.

One morning during the Christmas season, he called to pay one of the members the sum of £20, the result of a weekly investment. He found the man seated at his breakfast table, and was asked to take a cup of coffee with him. During the conversation, he said to the agent, "I have saved this twenty pounds, entirely out of what I formerly spent in tobacco! Before I commenced, I remember, I was a most inveterate smoker, but breaking off the habit, has enabled me to save this sum of money, and receiving it at this time, makes Christmas look all the more pleasant."

Providence—"I could write down twenty cases," says a pious man, "when I wished God had done otherwise than He did: but which I now see, had I had my wise then He did: but which I now see, had I had my own will, would have led to extensive mischief."

THE KINDEST MASTER.

I was talking one day to a very cheerful old man, who was fond of speaking of the masters whom he had served. It was a pleasant thing to hear him tell of his many kind, good masters he had worked for. "Had you never once a hard master?" I said.

"Well may be I had, but I forget that sort, there's no pleasure in thinking of *them*."

I thought as I left him how much better it is to try and remember about the good, rather than the evil, that has troubled our poor lives; and thinking of masters, put me in mind of the best of all masters. "One is your Master, even Christ." Our earthly masters provide us work, give us leave to eat, pay us wages for our industry, and we think them, and serve them diligently. But our Heavenly Master not only gives us freely the food we need for our life, but He enables us to eat. He provides that we shall rest from our labour. He gives us one day in seven, as a time of rest and refreshment. He calls us to Him always, "I will give you rest." Do we think of that kind Master as we should? Are we grateful that He has so tenderly thought of us as to provide for our proper rest? We know it not. "He giveth His beloved sleep"—that great restorer of man's physical energies, well sought for, and well used, when the hours work, but not merely does He give us sleep. On His holy Sabbath we can "Rest in the Lord," enjoy the sweet calm of a day, when all labour should cease. We have the holy words, "Come with me to a desert place, and rest a while," fully compose itself in rest. Oh, dear brother workmen, let no vain desire for earthly pleasure, or earthly gain, unmindful of the claims of the heat of masters. For "His yoke is easy and His burden is light."

THE GOLD SEEKER.

About ten years ago I knew a youth, a son of a Minister of the Gospel, who was anxious to proceed to go to California. The discovery of gold in that region caused many of the young and adventurous to rush away to that land of golden grains of the earth. The youth I knew, whom I will call by his Christian name, only—Edward, had been used to a comfortable home, and had been well taught. He could not plead ignorance of the truths of Religion, for he had been a reader and hearer of the Bible from his childhood. But it is one thing to hear with the outward ear, and to see with the outward eye, and quite another thing to have the eyes and ears of the spiritual nature opened. The youth had never had been long enough astonished if any one called him an unbeliever. He was, dear reader, in that state in which thousands are—*indifferent* about his soul, and have not his Saviour, and about God's Word. When he heard of the gold found in California, he was all anxiety and earnestness. His mother was dead, and his father was a venerable old man, nearly at the end of his earthly pilgrimage. Edward obtained a reluctant consent from him, given more because he was tired of his son's importunity, than without a parting blessing, then from any real satisfaction.

"Ah, my son," said the old man, "how far you are willing to go, and what sacrifices and hardships you are willing to encounter, to obtain the gold that will perish in the wring of it. Would that you were but half as earnest to obtain the unfading wealth of your soul, which is more valuable than thousands of gold and silver."

Edward went. For a time there came home a few letters from him, by which his family learned that he found hardships and difficulties, and disappointments, in the distant land where he had gone. Then his letters ceased. By other means the family learned that Edward had been successful in regard rather than that he had expected to come home with something considerable. With these rumours, the aged father had to endure the sorrow of hearing that only tidings that could be good, for his poor wanderer, and be content. He had prayed for his poor wanderer, and was thus spared the hearing that when Edward, after long years, had amassed enough to make his home and great trials, had amassed enough to make his home and great trials, he was laid in the grave in Australia. The desire to visit other lands,—to colonize new countries,—to gain gold and independence, are all in the heart of many. The love of Jesus is the only thing that should be thought of before all this—the heavenly treasure, "the pearl of great price." How many, like this poor Edward, have left home, friends, and all that they could call dear, in the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you," and yet they will be found seeking for their Saviour, and all the things of the world, and leave the things of God, as if they must be in earnest with their fellow-men, but not with their Saviour. Oh, that we could believe what the Bible tells them, would they not with all their mind, with all their soul, with all their strength, seek for Jesus? "Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these shall be added unto you." "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you," and yet they will be found seeking for their Saviour, and all the things of the world, and leave the things of God, as if they must be in earnest with their fellow-men, but not with their Saviour. Oh, that we could believe what the Bible tells them, would they not with all their mind, with all their soul, with all their strength, seek for Jesus? "Seek first the kingdom of God, and all these shall be added unto you." "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you." "Seek ye

THE RANSOMED SLAVE

A British merchant was once travelling in the East, and took a passage in a small Turkish vessel. In the course of his voyage, he made acquaintance with an intelligent, warm-hearted and unusually interesting man, who was the slave of the captain. Seeing that he looked very unhappy, this gentleman inquired into his history, and found he had been born free, and had been made a slave in war. Having known what freedom was, this poor man felt all the misery of being a slave, far more than he could have done had he been always in this state; this was the cause of his sorrow.

The traveller felt great compassion for him, and longed to release him from his wretched condition; and at last he began to think of purchasing his freedom, but found it would be greater than all the profits of his voyage. Still he could not bear to leave the poor slave in his misery; so he resolved to pay the sum, and offered the price to the captain, who agreed to sell his slave to the merchant. While they were talking, the slave happened to pass by, and hearing only part of what was said, he thought the merchant was going to buy him for his own use. Impressed with this thought, he sprung forward, his eyes sparkling with rage, and cried out, "*Do you call yourself a freeborn Briton, and an enemy to slavery, and will you buy me for your slave!* Have *I* not as good a right to freedom as *you have?*"

He was going on in this way, when the merchant turned round, and looking kindly at him, said, "*I have bought you to set you FREE.*"

What a change came over the poor slave's feelings! He burst into tears, and falling at the kind merchant's feet, he cried out, "You have *taken my heart captive!* I am your slave for ever!"

Reader! turn to the Third Chapter of the Gospel of St. John, and there learn of a greater *ransom-price* paid by infinite love for *you!*

"CHOOSE THIS DAY WHOM YE WILL SERVE."

On the first Sunday in March, the writer on returning from a Place of Worship, walked down the Edgeware Road, and saw there a sad sight. There were more than a hundred working-men, dirty, unwashed, with their clothes all tumbled, their boots neither cleaned nor head, and their whole look wretched is the extreme. They were lounging at the corner of the Harrow Road, and against the lamp posts, waiting for the opening of the public-houses in the neighbourhood. They shivered as they stood in the keen East wind, and all had a sad, or early look upon their faces, as if they were weary of life. They did not look poor, for their fustian jackets and strong boots, if they had been clean, would have looked decent and comfortable; but it was plain that each and all had been late at the public-house on the Saturday night, had returned home to quarrel, to fight, or to lounge with unwashed flesh in miserable beds, and now they had crawled out to get more drink.

Meanwhile, coming along the road, was an old man, in a threadbare coat and well-patched boots. The writer knew him to be a poor man; but he feared God and kept holy the Sabbath-day. He had been at the House of God, and his poor dress looked bright and clean, and on his face was the glow of that "peace that passeth understanding." Oh, to see the contrast!

Do not the servants of Satan serve a hard master, who robs them of all the comforts of the week, and of the Holy day God bestows, as His best gift on man, and gives them in exchange a miserable life, a hopeless death, and a dreadful eternity? B.

For there is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus: Who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time. 1 Timothy ii. 5, 6.

Singular Anecdote.—Some years ago, a charity sermon was preached in a chapel in the West of England. When the preacher ascended the pulpit, he thus addressed the hearers:—"My brethren, before proceeding to the duties of this evening, allow me to relate a short anecdote. Many years have elapsed since I was late within the walls of this house. Upon that evening among the hearers came three men, with the intention of not only scoffing at the minister, but with their pockets filled with stones for the purpose of assailing him. After he had spoken a few sentences, one said, 'Let us be at him now;' but the second replied, 'No; stop till we hear what he makes of this point.' The minister went on, when the second said, 'We have heard enough now, throw!' but the third interfered, saying, 'He is not so foolish as I expected—let us hear him out.' The preacher concluded without being interrupted. Now mark me, my brethren—of these three men, one was executed at Newgate; the second at this moment lies under sentence of death in the gaol of this city for murder; the other (continued the minister, with great emotion), the third, through the infinite goodness of God, is now about to address you—listen to him!" "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous his thoughts."

The Bright Side—Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event, is better than a thousand pounds a-year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "For every bad there might be a worse, and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck." When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man." This is the true spirit of cheerfulness and submission—one of the most beautiful traits than can possess the human heart. Resolve then, my fellow traveller, to see this world on the sunny side, and you have almost won the battle of life at the outset.

A Sagacious Dog.—A very curious incident is related of the ingenuity of a Parisian shoe-black in training his dog to a very cunning trick, which shows the sagacity of the dog, more than the honesty of his master.

"An Officer in the Forty-fourth Regiment, who had occasion when in Paris, to pass one of the bridges across the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously well polished, dirtied by a poodle-dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man, who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice, and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterwards he was found with his former master running his old trade on the bridge."—*Extracted from Jesse's Gleanings of Natural History.*

We knew a dog which would, on the ringing of the bell by the postman, scamper to the gate, and bring the letters to the house.

"Keep this book for me, if you won't have it for yourself—It belonged to my poor mother."

"IT BELONGED TO MY POOR MOTHER."

"I, you one, vote that we burn the book, as a testimony against its opinions."

"Agreed, agreed!" shouted the throng, and the plan would have been put in immediate execution, but Henry Wilson stepped forward with a flushed face, and, with an unsteady step, yet his mother's memory not utterly obliterated. Taking up the book, he exclaimed, "Let ask my leave first, the book is mine!"

"Why, Henry! you turned methodist? you left the noble ranks of the 'Moral Regenerators?'" shouted many voices.

"No, no, not I!" returned the youth. "You may burn your own Bibles, if you like; it's not because it is a Bible, I save it, but for another reason that I'm bound to tell—the long and short of it is, you don't burn my book without my leave, and I won't give it."

Hisses, groans, laughter and gibes were freely uttered, and filled the room with discord; when the Bible, afraid that the party would break up in confusion, effected a successful change in the feelings of the assembly, by striking up a tune to a popular song with such a company. Meanwhile, Henry effected a retreat from the place, and too much excited to heed consequences, he boldly went up to the room where he thought he should find Alice. The rescued Bible was in his hands. As he drew near the open door of a room, where a light from within guided him, he saw an eldest son of the landlord, a boy of about five years old, kneeling down in his nightdress at the knee of Alice, whose back was towards him, and repeating after her the Lord's Prayer. Spell-bound, he paused on the threshold, the soft accents thrilled through him; he trembled at the words, like a tree shaken by the wind; his infancy came vividly before him; in an instant, he seemed again a child at his mother's knee, he mark face bending over him;—her gentle voice spoke to him with him;—and how had he treated this mother's love! how honoured that dear teacher's instructions? He stood unnoticed by the keen arrow of remorse. Oh! yes, much beside the crucible of misery, who bear and forbear the waywardness of youth, with a love that "hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things," is not cast down. If the good seed has been sown in faith and prayer, and purchance your mental sight may never behold the produce, yet at the great day ye shall reap a joyful harvest.

Henry Wilson made a desperate effort, when the child's prayer was concluded, and knocked at the open door to announce his presence, when Alice turned and approached him. She was startled to perceive his pale face, and he was for an instant unable to speak.

"Why are you here, what do you want?" she inquired.

"To give you this," faltered the youth, presenting the Bible to the startled girl. She put it back gently, and was declining the present, when he said vehemently, "Don't refuse my request, Alice. Be a friend to me. I've wished for months to speak to you, and now I'm not able. Keep this book for me, if you won't have it for yourself—it belonged to my poor mother. You'll use it properly, and take care of it; I'm not worthy to have it."

From "The Wanderings of a Bible," by Mrs. C. L. Balfour.

And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves: for charity shall cover the multitude of sins. Use hospitality one to another without grudging.—1 Pet. iv. 8, 9.

SHEEP, IN THE FIELD AND THE FAIR.

One of the loveliest sights in the country is that of the sheep and the lambs enjoying their freedom in the beautiful green fields. One of the saddest sights to be seen in the city is when these same innocent and harmless creatures are cruelly beaten and goaded to the fair, or the slaughter-house. These poor animals which have to be killed for the food of man, are surely entitled, at least, to be treated with kindness and consideration. If these lines fall under the eye of any drover, we hope that they will remind him that God who declared not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice, is not unmindful of cruelty practised on the defenceless cattle

Lady and Officer—A lady on her way from Edinburgh to Glasgow, was very much annoyed by an officer, whose conversation was interspersed with oaths. The lady sat for some time without speaking. At length she could not longer keep silence. "Sir," said she to the officer, "can you talk in the Gaelic tongue?" To this he replied in the affirmative, evidently with great pleasure, expecting to have some conversation with the lady in that peculiar dialect. She then politely requested that if he wished to swear any more, it might be in that language, as the practice of swearing was very offensive to herself and the rest of the company.

A word fitly spoken—Among of sceptical opinions, travelling in a stage-coach, who had indulged in a strain which betrayed licentiousness and infidelity, seemed hurt that no one either agreed or disputed with him. "Well," he exclaimed, as a funeral procession slowly passed the coach, "there is the *end* of all!" "No!" replied the voice of the person directly opposite to him; "No! *for* AFTER *Death is the judgment.*" The words produced a good effect at the time, for they silenced the speaker; and, let us hope that they were, by God's grace, ingrafted in his heart, and brought forth the fruits of repentance, "unto life eternal."

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BRITISH ALMANAC
Victoria R.
GOD HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF THE EARTH
PEACE
PLENTY
ART
SCIENCE

THE GREAT EXHIBITION;

OR,

ENGLAND'S WELCOME TO THE WORLD.

THE union over which Queen Victoria reigns sent out, a few years ago, at the instigation of "Albert the Good," an invitation to all the governments of the world, to send specimens of their productions of art, science, and manufacture, to the Great Exhibition of 1851. The call has been promptly and cheerfully responded to from all parts of the globe, and there is now gathered together in the huge building at Kensington, one of the most remarkable collections of "sights and wonders," ever witnessed in the history of the world.

The Exhibition of 1851 drew hundreds of thousands to the great metropolis, but this year, it is not impossible, that the visitors will be counted by millions. Our beloved and widowed Queen, as the representative of her people, holds out the friendly hand of welcome to our brethren of every clime and colour.

"Let it not be forgotten that this great gathering of human beings will take place during Christmas and solemn obligations. It will present an opportunity, such as probably will never occur again to the present generation, for showing our concern for the spiritual welfare of foreigners. We are glad to find that the Bishop of London, and the Committee of the Open-Air Mission, have early made arrangements for providing the Gospel, in various languages, during the Exhibition months.

We hope that the national reverence for the Lord's-day will be such as will furnish a powerful protest against those who come from countries where the observance of the Christian "rest-day" is almost unknown, and where the sins and iniquities of half Europe have arisen during six days!" England's greatness amongst the nations arises from her regard for the Bible! and the 'Sabbath.' Let these be dishonoured, and her glory will wane.

In our next we hope to give some particulars of the great Exhibition likely to interest our readers.

CHEER UP.

Never so gloomily, man with a mind!
Hope is a better companion than fear;
Pensiveness, ever benignant and kind,
Gives with a smile what you take with a tear.
All will be right;
Look to the light,—
Morning is ever the consolatory of night,
All that was black, will be all that is bright.

Many a foe is a friend in disguise;
Many a sorrow a blessing most true,
Helping the heart to be happy and wise,
With love ever precious and joys ever new.
Stand in the van,
Strive like a man!
This is the bravest and cleverest plan,
Trusting in God, while you do what you can.

Tupper.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

One prayer-meeting of this year will be ever memorable. It was recorded in a few words by a dying man, almost the time-keeper at the Bethel Colliery, were "We all had a prayer-meeting at two o'clock." Now, reader, try for a moment to realize that prayer-meeting. Men were calling out to each other—their voices fell on the ears of relatives and friends, and through the gloom and horror of great darkness would come the answer, "I am coming, father." "Yes, my brother, I'll come here beside me." "Let us kneel together," and thus most of them got arranged in that dark hour. On, what a fervent prayer, with loving hearts for the thousands of believers would rise to the Just! what muttered, and unutterable love, would swell in the hearts of those doomed men, in their last prayer! But they are not permitted to spend the time in wailing and despair. No! Though all is dark, cold and sunless, many of their souls are light in the Lord. Twelve years men had served God in the mines, and their faith was strong, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him." "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth him good," would be their words—and in the solemn hour there was but one resource, PRAYER! Out of the horrible pit they cried! What fervour of supplication, what entire submission, what tender yearning for the dear ones they should see no more; what triumphant trust in God, the all in all to them! He heard their cry; softly, as a mother hushes her babes to sleep, the Saviour came. They knew no darkness, for in His light they saw light. They knew no sorrow, for He wiped away their tears. They knew no anxiety, for He whispered to many a father's ear, "I will provide." They knew no rocking pain, for with so gentle a touch the silver cord was loosed, that hushed and softly folded hands, and brother leaned beside brother, and friend by friend, calmly fell asleep.

Ah! and we are warranted in the belief, that not only those who had lived known and served God, were saved, but that prayer-meeting, souls were given to the cry of prayer. Those who exhorted had scals to their ministry. If among them were those who never before had prayed, they prayed then:—

"Aneas 'mid their songs replieed,
And strict behind they pray."

Reader, let us think more than ever we have yet done of prayer. Let us remember prayer moves the arm that moves the universe. Let the motto of our lives be, "Praying always, with all prayer."

SUBMISSION.

Oh, it is easy in life's tranquil day,
When all around is peace, to kneel and pray—
"*Father! thy will be done!*" but when that will
Calls us to suffer and to part still!
When God's mysterious ways are all unknown,
When clouds and darkness veil His awful throne
Oh! how we need His all-supporting hand,
To bow submissive to the high command;
To trust Him still in life's bewildered day,
And in meek resignation thus to pray.

The Lost Motion.—A motion was once made in the House of Commons, for raising and embodying the militia, and for the purpose of saving time, to exclude them on the Sabbath. When the proposition was apparently about to pass, an old member stood up, and said, believe in an old book called the Bible." He then sat down. The members looked at each other, and the motion was dropped.

THE VIOLET'S MISSION.

A secluded wood on the outskirts of a busy, busy town, grew the subject of our tale, side by side with myriads of other flowers. We were pale flowers, their delicate tints contrasting beautifully with the rich dark hue of the violets, fresh golden buttercups, gaudy dandelions,—above all flowers the tallest and strongest of little developing fingers,—woodbines, crimson-tipped daisies, and others, each varying in colour and perfume. A little brook flowed through the wood, with miniature cascades and pools, and on the side next the town, ran the turnpike road. The flowers lived together very sociably, they had a language of their own in which they held conversation, and sometimes they crept into the little circle. A sort of pre-eminence was, however, unanimously accorded to the violets, and especially to the pale violet and one other, a little darker the violet that went to the dusty town and never returned, and this was her happiness. Every morning, soon after sunrise, there came from the town a pale, sad-looking girl, who gathered large bunches of the wild flowers, which she put into a basket and carried away with her. This wholesale spoiling of the flowers caused little commotion amongst the drowers, particularly one morning, when they all combined to hear the decision of the violet, their queen, on the doubtful question of beauty, and the diversity of opinion expressed; certain hardy tufts of daisies having acknowledged, in a wish to go and see more nearly the lofty buildings, the fashionable churches, of which the dim distance gave such an uncertain idea, which desire was strongly disapproved by neighbouring groups of primroses, as rashly inquisitive and foolhardy, while further objections expressed their opinion, that their friends were cared off for some dreadful purpose, though it was plain in opposition, that the gentle way in which they were picked and arranged, was considered the lightest idea. Thus disputed, the point was referred to the violet, who promptly, yet decidedly, stated her belief, that every flower had a special work to perform in the earth, and that it would be wrong in any, on becoming conscious of her particular and individual duty, either to shrink from its consummation, or to wish another lot. Seeing the astonishment of the hearers who thought her somewhat wandering from the subject, she continued, "Let me, then, my friends, be excused from trying to fulfil our mission, whether it be to form part of the sunny landscape, or to cheer the sick in the wretched dwelling of poverty and sorrow." "And do you think some of us have a mission in yonder smoky city?" asked the blue-bell, as she bowed gracefully to the fresh breeze that shook the dew from her bright bell. I believe whole world make any reply, the gentle wood-anemone turned their attention to the object of their debate, who was approaching the spot, with a basket on her arm, remaining traces of hostile feeling instantly gave way to pity, for the earnest, feeble-looking creature. Her figure was slight, even to attenuation, her pale countenance exhibited, typed in some way by the expression habitual to want and dependence, had in it a certain something indicating a cheerful fortitude, which was considered a special gift, which made the observant beholder grieve to see the absolute poverty, apparent in her dress and general appearance. The very bright, cheerful smile, that, and confusion she had left behind, seemed to revel in the enjoyment of the fresh morning air, and the sweet fragrance of the flowers; for the violet, perceiving her approach, rose, and she bounded joyously over the soft green carpet, utterly oblivious, in her free-hearted appreciation of Nature's delicate gifts, of the hunger that has breakfast was not yet earned. She first hand her basket with the thick rich moss from the foot of the tree, and then placed her flowers in it, throwing them, though unconsciously to herself, artistic taste in the arrangement and actually taking for her centrepiece the flower loved and looked up to by her companions,—the violet, queen, who, true to her professed principles, was ready to her subjects without a murmur, and then quietly bestowed down amongst the other sellers, whom she sought to cheer and encourage, while the violet, invigorated by her pleasant employment took up her fragrant burden, and wreathed it on her way, spreading over the exiled blossoms, a huge canopy, that effectually screened them at once from the now powerful rays of the sun, and clouds of dust arising from the passing vehicles and other sources. The violet was screened almost entirely from the outer world found ample food for meditation, for, in fact, learnt during her seclusion, that the name of her mission was to bring her own ultimate destiny was to be *sold*, by the and Kitty in the public market. Accordingly, when again exposed to the light of day, she was carried to the market, and in what appeared to her, a perfect Babel of sights and sounds, her impressions of which were most unfavourable, and would have frightened her, but for Kitty's familiar look and touch, which reassured her and made her over more determined not to shrink from her duty. But to the bewildered little flower, the sound of passing, the passers-by appeared mostly rough and rude, and although some of them stared at her, they scarcely noticed poor Kitty, but, instinctively pitied her, and commiserated her by her intelligent countenance, or thereafter garments. But Kitty's market was not here; she soon quitted these unfriendly regions for a more retiredspot out of the town; here, the streets were broader, quieter, and less crowded, and the interminable line of shops disappeared, giving place to dwellings, the abodes of gentlemen of merchants and tradespeople, to whom Kitty purposed displaying her odorous little flowerets, as they required to be dressed for the evening, hoping the unusually fine morning would relax their purse strings, as it raised their spirits; and so had Kitty hoped on many a bright morning before, and she walked from the wood, moving on her hard lot, and each time had the expectations been disappointed by the chilling rebuffs she received; by expressions made her feel a nuisance, while stern necessity prevented her from becoming low earnest and persevering. This morning, however, she met with more than customary success. The gentlemen were not her only purchasers,—there were nurses with rosy-cheeked, wilful children whom nosegays would pacify, and please, and bright-eyed little girls, tripping merrily along with their schoolfellows, whom the violets and primroses could nearly bereave of their available half-pence. To several of these just-like violets would willingly have consigned herself, for they spoke pleasantly to Kitty and *seemed* less selfish than their elders, but Kitty seemed decidedly unwilling to part with her; she was very nearly carried off, however, by a curious-looking old gentleman, who was dressed very queerly, and earned a gold-headed cane. He seemed very much pleased at the unexpected nosegays to choose his nosegay, but relinquished it, on perceiving her attention to a young lady. "Ah! I recognizing her another, dear me,—how is she,—no better, I'm afraid, eh?" was asked in a quick, jocose way Kitty shook her head, and her eyes were filled with tears. "Ah, dear me," continued the gentleman, "and, your father, I suppose he is about as usual,—dear me, its very unfortunate, very sad, very sad, but be hurried away, grieved to see the flush of shame on that pale cheek, at the mention of him who ought to have been her pride and glory. Poor Kitty, her brother, with tender and grateful feelings, till his quaint figure disappeared, and then, covering up her remaining and prettiest nosegay, she directed her steps homewards. Leaving the handsome streets she had been traversing, she repaired to far different scenes; threading her many way through crowded alleys, and courts, and lanes, she stood in a short time before the threshold of her home, but what a home! Her heart sank as she entered and gazed around. Dirt, and misery and confusion prevailed in this miserable apartment, and in one corner crouched rather than sat, the miserable, besotted being, she blushed to call her father. Poor Kitty, sick, she poor child passed into the inner room, where lay her sick, and almost broken-hearted mother,—her only friend,—her sole protector, and she could not, could not, she sobbed, lingered by that lonely bedside,—a silent witness of the Christian fortitude there displayed; but Kitty, after procuring the necessaries of life, could not remain longer without thinking what she was doing, and held her in her fingers, while talking to her mother. She dared not go to sleep, for fear she should not yet finished, and upon her exertions alone depended this patient suffering parent, and a high-spirited, impetuous little brother, for the sake of whom she bore all this the attention little violet learnt from their conversation. So Kitty bade adieu to her almost only friend, and hastened to leave her unfortunate home. Long many streets, again to be jostled by the nothinking multitude; it might be, to meet the bitter sneers, the unfeeling taunts of those who passed by, and Kitty dreaded to meet them, yet she must as she gained the outer room,—for the sot by the fireplace she could have no respect, no reverence,—almost nothing she could feel for him, but yet the spark of affection for her erring parent, lingered unextinguished in the faithful Kitty's heart, and this it was, made her hesitate ere she left him. One could not be expected, remembered, perhaps reproached him, but all that was over now, it would have been worse than useless; she only gazed in silence on the unshaven countenance, the bloated features, and could say or do anything, not already tried, for his reclamation. Suddenly she thought on the flower in her basket,—"Father!" she said, gently, but the bowed head moved not from its attitude of shame and sullenness.—"Father, here is a violet, it is just like what grew in the Trent meadows, and in Rose Cottage,—brother is worse, but I think I may leave her; good bye," and she was gone. The wretched man raised his head as the door closed, and sat for a while, to look at his daughter's parting gift. Ah, Kitty, you have touched a chord in that fallen nature, that will vibrate as you would wish, yet, ere you left your father, moved by the sight of the simple flower, weeps,—not the mandlin tears of drunkenness, but the manly, honest drops of repentance. Thoughts crowded on him, as he looked on the mere flower, but deep in that impulsive nature the memoirs of the past which have been awakened—thoughts of the happy home in Rose Cottage, where he was a happy, honest, and God-fearing man, and thoughts, dark and remorseful, of the downward path, by which this one day, this flower had been the means of turning down in poverty and misery;—and all this through a flower, yes, because there is a natural love and taste for those little evangelists that expiated in silence, and perfume, he leans his elbow on the rickety table, and gazes at the violet, with a heart swelling with remorse and anguish. He sees himself again, in imagination, gathering the purple blossoms for his little sister,—now a young man, full of life, and hope, and energy, roaming with the bride of his youth, amongst the flowers, through those familiar Trent Meadows, with his light-hearted little daughter, and at these memories arise, what is he now? He can bear his thoughts no longer, he seizes his hat, and rushes from the home,—alas, whither? May He who made the flowers, preserve him from their fierce temptation."

It was now when the violet heard again Kitty's welcome footsteps. She was in a fever of impatience, for, of about ten or eleven, the violet rightly guessed to be her brother. In a fine open countenance displayed all the impetuosity and generosity of her father, with traits of the firm patience which characterized his quiet sister. The violet rejoiced to see the influence Kitty had over him, and internally congratulated herself on having taken charge of their troubles in the deepening twilight. Troubles and difficulties they both had, which the boy's enthusiasm scarcely recognized, but he was the needed consent encouragement from his devoted, noble-hearted sister. But while they talked, a shadow fell across the doorway, there had been no knocking, passing the door with steady steps, spoke cheerfully to them. Kitty started with glad surprise to hear those tones, firm and kind as of old, and looked in joyful gratitude, while her father told how he had seen his old master, and had obtained work, and now he meant to pay every debt, and start afresh, and be happy, and be good, better father, little Jim boisterously demonstrated his joy, and manfully began to lay plans for the bright future; while the new arrival turned to the sick-bed, exclaiming "Mother, dear mother, I've come home, sober, and says he means to keep right, and oh, we shall be happy, and you must soon be better now." Parents and children rejoiced together, to the infinite satisfaction of the violet. That night, while prayer and praise were for the first time offered in that humble home, the violet faded and died on the table, contented and happy,—its mission was accomplished.

L. S. W.

Rest not thyself in searching into other men's lives; the errors of those own are more than thou canst answer for. It more concerns thee to mend one fault in thyself, than to find one a thousand in others.

He that cannot forgive *others*, breaks the bridge over which himself must pass.

Forgiveness, good and gracious is Kitty and *caused* less selfish than their elders, but Kitty seemed decidedly unwilling to part with her; she was very nearly carried off, however, by a curious-looking old gentleman, who was dressed very queerly, and earned a gold-headed cane. He seemed very much pleased at the unexpected nosegays to choose his nosegay, but relinquished it, on perceiving her attention to a young lady. "Ah! I recognizing her another, dear me,—how is she,—no better, I'm afraid, eh?" was asked in a quick, jocose way Kitty shook her head, and her eyes were filled with tears. "Ah, dear me," continued the gentleman, "and, your father, I suppose he is about as usual,—dear me, its very unfortunate, very sad, very sad, but be hurried away, grieved to see the flush of shame on that pale cheek, at the mention of him who ought to have been her pride and glory. Poor Kitty, her brother, with tender and grateful feelings, till his quaint figure disappeared, and then, covering up her remaining and prettiest nosegay, she directed her steps homewards. Leaving the handsome streets she had been traversing, she repaired to far different scenes; threading her many way through crowded alleys, and courts, and lanes, she stood in a short time before the threshold of her home, but what a home! Her heart sank as she entered and gazed around. Dirt, and misery and confusion prevailed in this miserable apartment, and in one corner crouched rather than sat, the miserable, besotted being, she blushed to call her father. Poor Kitty, sick, she poor child passed into the inner room, where lay her sick, and almost broken-hearted mother,—her only friend,—her sole protector, and she could not, could not, she sobbed, lingered by that lonely bedside,—a silent witness of the Christian fortitude there displayed; but Kitty, after procuring the necessaries of life, could not remain longer without thinking what she was doing, and held her in her fingers, while talking to her mother. She dared not go to sleep, for fear she should not yet finished, and upon her exertions alone depended this patient suffering parent, and a high-spirited, impetuous little brother, for the sake of whom she bore all this the attention little violet learnt from their conversation. So Kitty bade adieu to her almost only friend, and hastened to leave her unfortunate home. Long many streets, again to be jostled by the nothinking multitude; it might be, to meet the bitter sneers, the unfeeling taunts of those who passed by, and Kitty dreaded to meet them, yet she must as she gained the outer room,—for the sot by the fireplace she could have no respect, no reverence,—almost nothing she could feel for him, but yet the spark of affection for her erring parent, lingered unextinguished in the faithful Kitty's heart, and this it was, made her hesitate ere she left him. One could not be expected, remembered, perhaps reproached him, but all that was over now, it would have been worse than useless; she only gazed in silence on the unshaven countenance, the bloated features, and could say or do anything, not already tried, for his reclamation. Suddenly she thought on the flower in her basket,—"Father!" she said, gently, but the bowed head moved not from its attitude of shame and sullenness.—"Father, here is a violet, it is just like what grew in the Trent meadows, and in Rose Cottage,—brother is worse, but I think I may leave her; good bye," and she was gone. The wretched man raised his head as the door closed, and sat for a while, to look at his daughter's parting gift. Ah, Kitty, you have touched a chord in that fallen nature, that will vibrate as you would wish, yet, ere you left your father, moved by the sight of the simple flower, weeps,—not the mandlin tears of drunkenness, but the manly, honest drops of repentance. Thoughts crowded on him, as he looked on the mere flower, but deep in that impulsive nature the memoirs of the past which have been awakened—thoughts of the happy home in Rose Cottage, where he was a happy, honest, and God-fearing man, and thoughts, dark and remorseful, of the downward path, by which this one day, this flower had been the means of turning down in poverty and misery;—and all this through a flower, yes, because there is a natural love and taste for those little evangelists that expiated in silence, and perfume, he leans his elbow on the rickety table, and gazes at the violet, with a heart swelling with remorse and anguish. He sees himself again, in imagination, gathering the purple blossoms for his little sister,—now a young man, full of life, and hope, and energy, roaming with the bride of his youth, amongst the flowers, through those familiar Trent Meadows, with his light-hearted little daughter, and at these memories arise, what is he now? He can bear his thoughts no longer, he seizes his hat, and rushes from the home,—alas, whither? May He who made the flowers, preserve him from their fierce temptation."

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L. S. W.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

In 1755, Washington, then a young man twenty-four years of age, was stationed with 1,500 men at Winchester, in Virginia. At that time an election for members of the House of Burgesses was taking place, and the contest between the candidates was very exciting and severe. A dispute took place between Mr. Payne and Washington, in which the latter gave offence that he knocked Washington down with a stick. Washington, in turn, and scarcely thinking what he was about, or what was expected, Washington, upon mature reflection, finding he had been the aggressor, sent a challenge to Mr. Payne on the morrow, and accordingly he met Mr. Payne the next day, and exchanged the hand in a friendly manner, "Mr. Payne," said Washington, "yesterday I was in the right; to-day I find I was wrong yesterday, but I wish to be right today. I find I was in the satisfaction, and if you think that was sufficient, I shall be happy to shake hands with you." It is hardly necessary to state that ever afterwards they were as.

FRANKLIN ON WAR.

It would be well, not only for America, but the World, if the following remarkable words from the pen of that great man were pondered over by his countrymen:

"After mature deliberation to consider the folly and wickedness of war, and the little or no advantage obtained even by those nations which have succeeded in it, I think the money it has been kept to think, should *never been, nor ever will be*, and it is better to go to WAR, or A BAD PEACE. All wars are folly, very expensive, and very mischievous.

"When will mankind be convinced of this, and learn to settle their differences by arbitration? Why not do it at first, instead of at the end of a war? Why not do it, instead of fighting and destroying each other? We daily make great improvement in *natural* philosophy; but I think I wish to see the moral philosophy—the discovery of a plan that would induce and oblige nations to settle their disputes without *first cutting one another's throats!*"

PERSEVERANCE.

A BEAUTIFUL Oriental proverb runs thus:—"With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes silk." Encouraging! Let this be a lesson to the impatient and desponding! And what difficulty is there that man should quail at, when a worm can accomplish so much from a leaf of a mulberry?

AT HOME IN GLORY.

"How delightful to think of glory," and a young Christian, when dying, said to her sister, "Death is but a step into it. Jesus, the Lord of glory—the Lord of glory—is come! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"—"Almost home! My precious Bible!" said, after a long illness, "Almost home! My precious Bible! I shall be with Christ, which is better by far than to read Christ every word. I never thought I should be so happy when I came to die. I am so happy as I can be out of heaven!"

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDALLION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Medallion which appeared in our February Number has been carefully printed in a separate form, and may be obtained of the Publisher, price 1d.

Wm. Ashton, Bolton.—Your Medallion is very good.

CHAPTER III. of *Bible Pattern of a Good Woman*, is deferred until our next number.

MESSRS. HOWARD'S FROM CANVASSING LETTER.—"I have only just commenced canvassing, and have already obtained thirteen subscribers, and I feel very confident of getting 50 in all."—Jamaica.

"I received the Canvassing Bills five days ago, and have already with one exception, obtained the signatures of twelve new subscribers for the *British Workman* and *Band of Hope Review*."—Independent Chapel Sunday Schools.—W. H. Lanspon.

"Our village only contains 400 inhabitants, and I have got 40 Fifty Subscribers to the *British Workman* and *Band of Hope Review*, and I hope to succeed in getting the remaining 10 shortly, and a few are taken by tradespeople, but the greater part by laborers, and children belonging to the Sunday School."—J. M. Jackson.

"The result of the canvassing has far exceeded my expectation. I did not anticipate that I should have to write for more, but I find a good circulation here already. I gave the canvassing cards to my Sunday School teachers, and they have taken in two, big, six new subscribers. I doubt not that with a little more time, I shall have above 100."—J. C. Coleman.

"Bills for canvassing could be supply House-to-House Visitors Bills (post-free), to any of our readers who are kindly desirous of canvassing for the *British Workman*, by forwarding a P.O. order for 1s. to the address to the Editor, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. T. C.

NEW BOOKS.

Just Published. The Gardener's Daughter, or, Good Words for Little Folks. A Monthly Magazine for Boys. Price One Shilling, post free. We strongly recommend this Monthly affordable magazine for young women, as a very proper one for domestic servants. It deserves a place in every house.

Just Published. A Mother's Lessons on Kindness to Animals. With numerous Illustrations. Price One Shilling.

Never Give Up; or, Christian Perseverance. Illustrated by Men and their Wives. Price Fourpence. Post-free.

Passages in the History of a Shilling. By the Author of "Stories Illustrative of Proverbs."

Our Moral Wastes, and how to Reclaim Them. By Rev. J. H. Wilson. With illustrations. *Sad Estates* Price 1s.

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"This book may be said to typify some thing of that royal road to learning of which one has sometimes heard; for as mostly illustrations, type, paper, and binding, serve to instruct the Alphabet, has, we imagine, been yet produced, which will last the newest comparison with it."—*Illustrated London News.*

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HEN AND CHICKENS.

See how tenderly the mother-hen watches over her brood. When danger approaches, they run under her wings and are safe.—This is a faint image of God's loving care over His people.—"He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps." How confidently the chickens repose under the sheltering wing of their mother—and how safe is the child of God under the protecting arm of his Heavenly Father.

"Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord? The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

Comfort for bereaved Parents.—Some one has said of those who die young, that they are like the lambs which the Alpine shepherds bear in their arms to higher, greener pastures, that the flocks may follow.

NED LEE'S LITTLE FREEHOLD.

BY SELBIE BROOK.

"Willie doesn't seem so well to-day, Ned."

"Doesn't he? Where is he?"

"Sitting in the back garden. He's been talking such queer things, all about heaven and angels. I'm afraid—"

Instead of saying what she was afraid of, Mrs. Lee took up the corner of her apron and held it to her eyes.

"O he's all right, Jane. Here I've got somethin' for him," and Ned Lee took from his grimy pocket a large orange.

"I'll fetch him in," said Mrs. Lee. "He mustn't stay any longer out there. I thought the air would do him good."

A minute afterwards she re-entered the kitchen with her crippled child, Willie, a little fellow of twelve years.

His face glowed with pleasure as he saw his father, for it was not often that Ned Lee came home to dinner. He had become linked with a set of reckless companions, who cared nothing whatever for their homes and families, and he, who had been such a loving husband and father, was gradually growing as bad as the worst of them.

"I'm so glad you're come home, father;" said Willie, earnestly.

"And I've brought ye this orange, Willie."

"How good!" said the child, looking up into his father's great red face, with an inquiring expression. Presently he added, timidly, "P'raps you'll take me to church next Sunday?"

"I don't know about that, Willie," said his father, turning away, "church ain't on my line now. It's for good folks, ye know."

"Father, oughtn't bad folks to go to learn the way to be good?"

"Well, I suppose they ought. Anyhow I don't think it's just the place for me."

"But p'raps you'll go with me just once, eh, father?"

"P'raps, Willie."

Ned Lee turned to his dinner. It was but a scanty allowance. With sundry murmurs of dissatisfaction he quickly disposed of it, and then walked out to his work.

"Haven't you had your dinner, mother?" asked Willie.

"Yes, dear, all that I wanted. But I wish I could get something nice for you."

"I couldn't eat anything, mother. Did Jane and Walter take their dinner to school?"

"Yes."

It seems so quiet while they are out, mother. Yet I like to see them, and if they wouldn't make so much noise I should like them to be at home always. Next week is Easter, and I said they would have holidays. I'm thinking what I shall do then, for my head aches so."

"They'll be good and quiet while you are sick," said Mrs. Lee. "But I dare say you'll be easier before then. I know you would if you could get out in the fresh air more."

"Father never takes me like he used to, mother. I wish he would n't stay out so, especially at nights. I lie awake waiting for him, and when he begins so dreadful, I'm so frightened." Willie's blue eyes filled with tears. His mother had just finished tidying the kitchen.

"I make up your little bed again, Willie?" she said. "You might go off to sleep a bit this afternoon."

Willie thankfully consented, and in a few minutes was asleep. His mother sat beside him with her sewing.

Meanwhile, Ned Lee was trudging off to work. On the way he met two of his night companions. One of them accosted him by saying, "Next Monday, ye know, Ned! How much shall you stand?"

Ned recklessly rattled some silver in the pockets of his trousers, and answered slowly, "Well, I've saved a smartish bit, but somehow I don't feel quite right about goin'."

"Ned," said one of the men, "our trip wouldn't be nothing without you. Just think of the songs you can sing! Bless the boy, you must come." And the other man entered. "I thought as much as Ned Lee would want to back out at the last. Do you want to have a spree all to yourself, Ned?"

Ned's face which was always a very questionable red, grew a still deeper colour as he turned upon the last speaker, and with a frown, replied, "If I didn't have a score with my mates, you may depend I should n't have one to myself. The thing is, that boy o' mine is goin' to a shadow, and never quite a bit of somethin' from mornin' till night, and I have been thinkin' as it don't seem just the ticket for me to go off spendin' a lot o' money as 'ud buy him ever so many little comforts."

One of the men turned into a load, coarse laugh, and shouted, "A pretty excuse, that!" but the other replied,

"You be best judge, Ned. If ye do seem a heap o' money to spend on a trip, I've thought o' that myself, and I'll be bound before the day's half over we shan't know whether we're in the town or country. So for the matter o' that we might just as well be at home. But then, again, I thought, we never do have a holiday, and a treat all to ourselves, and it's only once in a way I've a good mind to go. But I shall see ye again before Monday, and we can talk it over."

The two men turned away, and left Ned ruminating. His hands were still in his pockets, and jingle, jingle went the silver through his fingers. He was talking to himself.

"I'm afraid I'm very selfish. Now if I'd thought this money was for anybody but myself I should never have saved it up. It would have gone dribbling into Old Gripes' till long ago. Think how I've pinched for them at home for it. No meat they haven't had for a week, and nothin' for poor Willie but that trumpery orange." Then the tempter whispered to the half-penitent Ned, and he resumed his mental talk. "Certainly, as Tom Sykes said, we never do have a holiday. P'raps I shall go. Jane don't know as I've got this money, and it'll be all the same in fifty years, whether I spends it on myself or no. I've worked hard for it, and I've got a right to it all, if I like. Anyhow, I'll spend expenses on Willie to-night, as I goes home." Thus did he seek to quiet the voice of conscience.

That afternoon Ned went on with his work very quietly; he did not exchange a dozen words with any of his fellow-workmen.

When the six o'clock bell rang, he threw on his jacket, and took the nearest way home. He bought Willie a little fancy loaf for his tea, and, what he was sure the sick child would like far better, a wee bunch of white violets. Ned's neighbours all agreed in saying that he "had not any heart left in his bosom, or he would not neglect his wife and children as he did, and treat them so unnaturally."

Certainly, his conduct was very dreadful; but nevertheless, we maintain that he had a heart, yes, and a warm, loving heart too; if you wanted to find this out, you had only to begin talking to him about his poor crippled, deformed Willie. Ned appreciated any little kindness done to his suffering child far more than if it had been done to himself. Yes, spite of all his faults, and they were many and great, Ned deserved praise for several thoughtful acts of love. He loved Willie very dearly.

When he arrived home, he found the child still lying on his little made-up bed, in a corner of the small kitchen.

"Are you really come home to tea, father?" said Willie, looking round in surprise; for as we have before intimated, Ned Lee very rarely came home to meals.

"Yes, sure," replied his father in a cheery voice, "and see, I've brought ye somethin' better than fielddaises."

"O how lovely!" exclaimed the child, "are they violets, father? Did you buy them for me?"

"All for you, Willie."

"You're very good, father."

"No, I'm not, child," said Ned, turning away, "I s'pose that is not much to give,—a few flowers."

"But then it shows you remembered me," said Willie, raising his large blue eyes to think his father. "And sometimes I think, that perhaps when you get out you forget all about me."

"I never do, Willie. At least, not very often. But come, can't you sit up and have some tea? I've brought ye a little loaf, fit for the Queen!"

Willie smiled, and allowed his father to lift him up. That night Ned went out as was his wont, and, will the reader believe it, after witnessing his kindness to Willie, returned home at midnight in a state of intoxication.

The child knew it. He had lain awake waiting and listening for his father as the church clocks struck hour after hour. He knew the sound of his footsteps, for he heard his loud, angry language to his poor unoffending mother; and great tears crept down Willie's pale face, and rolled on to the hard pillow of the nursing cause. Willie begged that he might be allowed to remain in bed. "Do let me, mother," he pleaded, "and I won't call out once. I feel so weak." Mrs. Lee reluctantly consented. She had strange fears about Willie, but she thought that so long as she could get him up and about the house and garden, there was no cause for alarm. Long. That regret of his to lie in bed smote her heart painfully.

Sunday morning dawned upon the world. The sun rose over the quiet hills and flooded the earth with glory. The wild birds seemed to revel in its light and beauty, as they poured forth notes of sweet melody. The balmy breath of spring played on Willie's face as he lay near the open window of his little bedroom.

His father came in to say good-bye. He had made an engagement to meet some of his fellow-workmen for a stroll that Sabbath morning, and as the weather was so fine he was in high spirits.

"Good-bye, Willie," cried he gaily. "You'll be dressed before father comes back, eh?"

Willie turned his head, but did not reply. "Shall I call mother now?" continued Ned Lee.

"No, father," said Willie, quietly. "I shan't be able to get up to-day. I'm sorry, because I did want to go and hear the preacher so much. But it's no matter. You'll come home early, won't you, father, because I might want to say good-bye to you again?"

"You mean I say it again, because you think I do come home I shan't go out no more to-day. I shall sit by you this afternoon."

But time came and went, and the sunny afternoon passed away, still the father came not.

"Mother," said Willie once, "I wish you'd read me a bit out of the Bible, about Jesus making those poor men walk, that had been obliged to be in bed such a dreadful while. I've sometimes tried to think how glad they must have felt when He said to them, 'Rise, take up your bed and walk.' It's the pity in him's here to care some people now, isn't it, mother?"

His mother did not reply; she was weeping.

After a silence, during which Willie had been watching the white clouds sail across the blue sky, he said, "I shall soon walk now, mother. Is father come? I want to kiss him."

"He won't be long, I should think, Willie. He hasn't had his dinner."

Just as it was growing dusk, Ned Lee came home.

"Where's mother?" he said quickly to Jane and Walter, who were sitting whispering together in the kitchen.

"Upstairs, with Willie; and he's so ill, father."

"O nonsense; no worse than he always is, I suppose." But Ned's careless manner changed as he reached the little bedside and gazed on Willie's face. A sweet smile flitted upon it, and his large eyes seemed radiant with quiet joy.

"Willie!" called his father, as he touched the child's thin hand.

"It's no use speaking," said Mrs. Lee, "he don't know me a bit."

"Don't talk like that," said Ned nervously, "he's dreamin' or somethin', he'll come round presently."

"I believe in my heart he can see angels, or heaven, or something bright," said Mrs. Lee, while tears ran down her face. "He's been looking up like that ever so long."

Ned sat down on a low chair, and breathless with a vague feeling of his dying child. He saw the drooping lids slowly close over the beautiful eyes; and without a word of parting, or a farewell kiss, happy little Willie passed out of his world.

It was midnight, and Ned was still at that silent room. His wife was there too.

"Ned," she began very softly, then hesitated a moment. "Ned, it seems hard to talk about it, but we must,—what are we to do about a coffin?"

Ned rose up, and pushing aside the window-curtain, looked at the beaming stars. He was thinking. They had lost a child before, a little thing of a few weeks old, and it had been placed in a rough, cheap coffin.

"Jane," he said, turning round suddenly, "I've made up my mind. Willie shall be buried properly. I'll pay for all, coffin, and ground, and all. Nobody shall be able to say that the place where he's laid isn't mine,—my own," he added firmly. His wife looked up in astonishment.

"Now, we're very poor, Ned; shall you do it?"

"I will do it," he replied, and taking from his pocket some silver, he counted out the shillings which he had intended to spend on the trapeze. "There's the beginnin' of it, Jane," he said with a trembling voice, "and I'll work night and day till I've got the rest. Don't trouble, master'll keep me on overtime. He's got heaps o' work."

Ned was a mystery to himself just then. He felt a new man. He stood up proudly for a moment after giving utterance to his honest, manly determination; but when his wife laid her trembling hand on his, and said with a gush of thankfulness, "God bless you, Ned, that's good," he broke down, and wept like a child.

"It's all I can do for him, now," said he, "and I'm determined I'm all to do, I can do to help."

Mrs. Lee's neighbours were surprised on the day of the funeral to see, instead of the box-like parish hearse, a little light-coloured coffin, with silver-looking nails, borne down the street, and behind it a few weeping relatives, poorly but neatly dressed in mourning. Still greater was their astonishment when they learned that Ned Lee had actually bought the ground where his child was buried; and now, when mentioning Ned's name, they are in the habit of saying, "Ah, he's been a different man ever since Willie died."

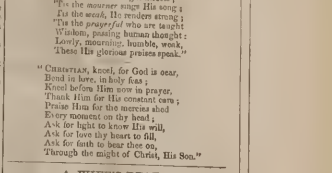
True, Ned Lee is the most affectionate of husbands, and the kindest of fathers. Their little freehold—for so his in the quiet graveyard is often bright with fragrant flowers, and in the early springtide the mound is tinged with delicate white violets, which the hand of affection places there.

Ned's companions sneered much at him when he first neglected them at night to go home to his wife and children, but now they never speak of him but with respect; and Ned deserves it too, for through God's blessing on his endeavours he is now in a prosperous condition. He does not forget what he once was, but is humble and kind in his demeanour to those who are still wandering in the ways of sin and folly, and tries by every means in his power to influence them for good.

There is no little Willie to say, "P'raps you'll take me to church to hear the preacher, father?" Nevertheless, Ned is now a regular attendant, and takes great pleasure in going. He fully agrees with what the poor little cripple used to say, that "bad folks ought to go to learn the way to be good."

As I live,
saith the Lord God,
I have no pleasure in
the death of the wicked; but
that the wicked turn from his
way and live: turn ye, turn
ye from your evil ways; for
why will ye die, O house
of Israel?
EZEK. XXXIII. 11.

Sometimes Ned and his wife talk together in the quiet evenings after the labours of the day are over, about getting another little freehold—and a place for the dead, is never, but a pretty dwelling for the living; and after murmuring for some time about the same, Ned generally winds up by saying, "If it hadn't been for Jim I don't think I should ever have thought of bettering myself anyhow." The "Jim" alluded to being the poor lame young orphan out of the "little freehold" over which grass and flowers wave through the live-long summer.



LINES OF CONSOLATION.

"He filleth the hungry with good things," &c.

"'Tis the *humble* God protects;
"'Is the *meek* His light directs;
"'Tis the *mourner* sings His song;
"'Tis the *weak*, He renders strong;
"'Tis the *prayerful* who are taught
Wisdom, pleading day and night:
Lowly, mourning, humble, weak,
These His glorious praises speak."

"CHRISTIAN, kneel, for God is near,
Bend in love, in holy fear;
Kneel before Him even in prayer,
Thank Him for His constant care;
Praise Him for the mercies shed
Every moment on thy head;
Ask for light to know His will,
Ask for love thy heart to fill,
Ask for faith to bear thee on,
Through the might of Christ, His Son."

A WIFE'S DEATH.

Now a few of our readers have been called upon to part with the partner of their joys and sorrows, and the mother of their children. In how many households have the cheerful voice, and the loved form has been carried out, and committed to the silent tomb? And in every household these partings must come; husbands must lose their wives, or wives their husbands; and the greater the affection, the greater the affliction. What a comfort if husband and wife are disciples of Christ! how it takes away some of the sting of parting, when the assurance is enjoyed that they shall meet again, meet

"Where death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more."

How should this thought be an inducement to both to be Christians, that their parting may not be eternal! We shall meet again! Delightful thought! how it mitigates the bitterness of death!

T. H. W.

"JUST AS I AM."

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and wars without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

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JOHN ELLERTHORPE, THE HERO OF THE HUMBER.

We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with a portrait of Mr. John Ellerthorpe, the Foreman of the Humber Dock, Hull, (who, for his bravery in saving the lives of thirty persons from drowning), has recently received the Silver Medal of the Board of Trade. This rare honour has been well bestowed, by Sir Emmerson Tennant. At a public meeting of the inhabitants of Hull, who assembled to do "honour to the brave," Mr. Alderman Fountain was commissioned to give a special vote of thanks from the Royal Humane Society; and Mr. Taylor, on behalf of numerous subscribers, presented to Mr. Ellerthorpe a Purse of 100 Guineas, and a valuable Watch and Guard. Towards the contents of this purse Lord Palmerston forwarded £20 from the Royal Bounty! We hope that Mr. Ellerthorpe's valuable life may long be spared, and that when his days of earthly honour are ended, he may, through faith in a crucified Redeemer, lay hold of the "Crown of Everlasting Life."

REAL HEROES.

In a brilliant speech by the worthy Bishop of Durham, on the New Hartley Colliery calamity, his Lordship said—

"Well, my friends, I cannot but say to you that we owe it as a token of sympathy and respect to those noble-hearted men who have been for nine days working at the risk of their lives, to save those poor suffering persons in the pit. I think we can hardly realize to ourselves the noble conduct of those men. Fancy to yourselves, that the shaft will only allow two men down it at one time. One man represented it then to me. He said they had only a piece of wood about as broad as one's hand to sit upon while down the shaft, with a torrent of cold water pouring continually upon them for the two hours they were down, and not knowing but that at any moment some stone might fall from the side of the shaft and crush them, or that the stythe might rise and suffocate them. Yet those noble men were willing to risk their lives, and go down day after day in the effort to save their fellow-men. While visiting the poor sufferers, I met three of these men in a house which I entered. They were simple, unaffected men, and showed no pride in their work. They seemed to think they were *simply doing their duty*, and appeared to think that there was not a man on the spot who would not have done as much as they did. On Thursday, I saw one of these men. He had suffered from the noxious gas, and his face was swollen from the effects of it at the time I saw him; yet there he was when I left, clothed again in his miner's dress, ready to go down and proceed with his work. I call these men the *real heroes* of the people, and I feel that Northumberland may well be proud of possessing such men. I feel that the whole country must be proud of them. *I would sooner meet such a man, and shake his hand, than that of the bravest man who has earned his reputation, not in* SAVING *her fellow-creatures, but in* SLAYING *them.*" (Loud applause.)

THE HAPPY LABOURER.

Not long ago, I was visiting in the neighbourhood of East Grinstead in the beautiful county of Sussex. Whilst wending my way to the village church on the Sabbath, I was much pleased with the clean and tidy appearance of an old man in his well-washed smock, accompanied by his equally clean and tidy wife. Anxious to know what kind of a home they had, I ascertained where they lived, and on the Monday called at their cottage. I found it a little English gem. Order and cleanliness were visible throughout the rustic dwelling. The well-cultivated garden at the back of the cottage was stocked with fruit trees and vegetables, yielding more than enough to pay the rent of both house and garden. The good character gained by the worthy couple had secured for them the advantage of two indoor lodgers, so that a weekly surplus could be spared for the Savings' Bank, forming 'a nest egg' against 'a rainy day.' Better still, the aged couple could look 'upward and onward' to a home above.

Were I commissioned to find out the happiest man in the country, I should not go amongst the men of wealth, living in their mansions; for with their great luxuries, they generally have great cares. But I would rather visit the rural populations, and amongst the hard-handed sons of toil would seek for a healthy and pious labourer who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, but who, with a contented and grateful heart, can lie down to rest, at peace with the world and at peace with his God.

Frugality is a fair fortune, and industry a good estate.

Do thy best, and then leave the success to God.

Bishop Patrick.

Those best can bear reproof who most merit praise.

NO GETTING AWAY FROM PRAYER.

In a town near Portland, some years since, an irreligious and profane man became united in marriage to a young woman, whose father was a devout and consistent Christian. The young couple either resided with, or in the vicinity of the wife's father, so the young man was frequently brought in contact with his father-in-law. This soon became disagreeable to him. The godly example, which was a continued reproof, the occasional word of exhortation, and the prayers to which he was sometimes obliged to listen, excited in his heart such disgust, that he determined to leave the place. He proposed to his wife that they should remove to the eastern part of the town, assigning as one reason for the step, that he wished "to get away from her orthodox father." To which the wife replied, "You may go away from him, *but you can't get away from his prayers.*"

They left the place and settled in a distant town; but the wife's remark had made an ineffaceable impression on the husband's mind. He had, indeed, separated himself from the society of his father-in-law, but he felt that he could not *get away from his prayers.* He knew that those prayers were daily ascending to heaven for blessings upon *him*, and especially for his salvation. The thought haunted him for years. He could not get rid of it. At last, in connection with other influences, it was the means of bringing him to offer prayer for himself. He became a believer, and has since died in the Christian faith.

> Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand. Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.
>
> PHIL. iv, 5, 6.

One great mistake of life is looking to the clouds for happiness, instead of looking *above* them.—*Adam.*

Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again: wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart, trusting in thy God.—*Longfellow.*

A passionate man rides a horse that runs away with him.

CECIL AND THE GARDENER.

It is said of the well-known Richard Cecil, that when he was at college, he had many doubts and perplexities of mind, and had to meet with many vexatious fatigue men offer to piety: and that, under such circumstances, he was one day walking in the Physic Garden, and he observed a very fine pomegranate tree, growing through the stem, near the root. "Sir," said the gardener, on his inquiring about the tree, "we have to shoot so much away, before nothing will do but it I was Bishop of London, I would cut it in the stem, and where it was cut through, there I would to bear plenty of fruit." This explanation, relating a simple occurrence to his condition, was so home considered, so instructed, so strengthened, so learnt more, so free from cumbrances than from all the books he ever read.—"Where the word of a king was he chastened."

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

We rejoice at the marvellous progress of the Drinking Fountain Movement. Several beneficent persons have recently come forward and endued the "wells by the way" for the charity and wages professions. As an illustration of the necessity which exists in London for these street Fountains, we may name that at the "Gurney Fountain," in front of the Royal Exchange, upwards of 6000 persons have drank of the refreshing water in one day! The Earl of Carlisle spoke truly when he said, "Erect Drinking Fountains, and habits of intemperance will soon shew a diminution, and with a diminution of intemperance will be lessened the most *prolific* of all sources of crime." Those who desire to further the erection of Fountains will do well to communicate with the Secretary of the "Metropolitan Drinking Fountains' Association" (No. 11, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London. S.W.), who will gladly furnish drawings of Fountains, with information as to cost, &c.

> BLESSED is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.—Ps. xli. 1.

☞ *All Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. S. W. Partridge, the Publisher, 9, Paternoster Row, London. E. C.* ☞ *Rejected Articles cannot be returned.*

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SUSPENSE.

Engraved, by special permission, from the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

Anecdotes of Dogs.—The pencil of Sir Edwin Landseer, and the pen of the venerable Mr. Jesse, have done much during the last twenty years, to awaken in the public mind feelings of regard and admiration for that noble and useful creature—the Dog. We feel assured our readers will be gratified by the possession of the above engraving of one of Sir Edwin's favourites. The life-like anxiety with which the dog is listening for his master's footstep, may teach man a lesson of fidelity to his 'Master in heaven.' It is impossible fully to estimate the value of dogs, when they are well trained, well fed, and kindly treated. One of our poets has well written:—

"With eye upraised, his master's look to scan,
The joy, the solace, and the aid of man;
The sot has a guardian, and the poor man's friend,
The only creature faithful to the end."

The Miller's Dog and the Letter.—Mr. Spink, Miller of Dunningham, in consequence of a scarcity of water, gave his son leave to travel a day or two with his grandfather at Marsham, a distance of about four miles. On the following day there was a fresh breeze, and finding he should require the boy's assistance, and having no person to send after him, Mr. Spink determined to try what his dog could do. A note was written and tied round the animal's neck, and he was forthwith despatched on his errand. On his arrival at the house, a good deal of merriment was caused by the dog not allowing any one but his young master to touch the note, but he successfully performed his mission.

A Friend in Need.—A shepherd's dog belonging to Mr. G. Machin, farmer, of Stoke, showed a remarkable degree of intelligence which proved exceedingly useful to a man who were driving a flock of sheep. The sheep were the property of J. H. Tomlin, Esq., of Stakefield, and the man in charge were almost at their wit's end in trying to drive them to their destination, the difficulty being increased by the approaching darkness. Mr. Machin's dog, which happened to come up, although quite a stranger to the man, volunteered his assistance, and went with the flock to their destination, about a mile distant from where he met them. Having done his work he returned home!

Recovery of a Watch by a Dog.—An English gentleman some time ago, went to the French Vauxhall Gardens with a large mastiff, which was refused admittance, and the gentleman left the animal with the body guards who are placed there. The Englishman, some time after he had entered, returned to the gates and informed the guard that he had lost his watch, and the sergeant, that if he would permit him to take in his dog, he would soon discover the thief. His request being granted, the gentleman returned to the place of what he had lost, when the sagacious creature immediately ran about amongst the company, and traversed the gardens, till at last he had lost of a man. The gentleman insisted that this person had got his watch, and on being searched, not only the missing watch, but six others were discovered in his pockets.—*Spectator's Weekly Record.*

A Robber Captured.—Some years ago, a person respectably dressed, went to a house in Deptford to take lodgings, under the pretence that he had just arrived from the West Indies. Having agreed on the terms, he said he should send his trunk that night, and come himself the next day. About more o'clock the next day he arrived, and was immediately carried into the lodger's bed-room, and the family went retiring to rest, their little house-dog desiring his usual station in the sleep, placed himself close to the door of the chamber where the chest was deposited, and kept up an incessant barking. On the chamber door being opened, the dog flew to the intruder, scratching and barking most furiously. All the efforts to get the dog out of the room were in vain. Suspicion was excited, the police were called in, and on searching, when, to their utter astonishment, they found in it, "the lodger," who had been thus conveyed into the house, with the intention of robbing it.

☞ We shall be glad to receive any authentic and interesting anecdotes of Dogs or Horses.

DEATH ON THE LINE:

OR, THE SUNDAY EXCURSION TRAIN.

"Oh, where is the place? *Do show me the place!*"

The demand, which was rather an entreaty, proceeded from an elderly woman, very respectably dressed. She was intensely excited. Tears were flowing down her cheeks, where time had already made its furrows. The same excitement was on every countenance. Evidently some great calamity had occurred. We followed the old woman and her guide into a large room, where a most awful and ghastly spectacle presented itself. Upon various tables lay *twenty-five corpses!* There were the old man and the young; mothers, daughters, sons, and husbands; some of these limbs crushed out of every type, some of immunity.

What was the cause of all this? No powder-mill had exploded, and sent forth its fatal flames. No avenging army had spread slaughter and destruction around. The old woman had alluded to, passed from one mangled body to another, and her cries, as she gazed at her, proved in heart-rending language.

"Oh, sir!" she said, "this poor lad is my son. He would go. I wanted him not. And now—you see. He was a good boy, sir."

"Do you think," said I, "that he had given his heart to God?"

I had doubts myself; for I thought a man that had truly come to Christ, would know the value of the Sabbath as a means of grace, and would not spend it in his own pleasure. Still I was anxious to know if there had been any signs of repentance, for who knows but in that awful hour, God, who is *here*, may have heard the dying cry of some who, in the hour of extremity, implored salvation in the Saviour's name.

"Why, sir," replied the woman, "he went to church sometimes; and he never swore nor got drunk."

"But did he pray?"

"Why yes, sir,—sometimes."

This was poor encouragement. Still I felt interested in the young man; and having directed the weeping mother to Him who himself wept at Lazarus' tomb, I pursued to call on her.

On fulfilling my promise a day or two after, I found the history of the widow's son was as follows.

Thomas White was an only son. His mother petted it with a foolish fondness. She was blind to his faults and they grew of themselves on her nature; and then her linker took no fleet. His father had died when he was very young, leaving a small annuity to his widow. Out of this, Mrs. White apprenticed her son to an engineer. This winter was a pleasant one, and frequently conversation with his apprentices urged them to give their hearts to the Lord. Young White felt softened and resolved to do so. It was the early stirrings of the Holy Spirit, whose "viewless wings" is seen in every good thought and holy emotion. For a time he regularly attended the house of God, and seemed earnest about his soul. But in an evil hour he formed the acquaintance of a young man, who was light-hearted, gay, and dissipated. He ridiculed White so unmercifully that he led him to avoid all mention of religion, while he assisted only more to show his fellow-men his influence. Companions are helps, either good or bad. If they do not assist us heavenward, they aid in our ruin.

Young White was ashamed of his friend's society, and he gradually yielded himself entirely to his influence. The first stirrings of conscience were quenched. Sunday evening was spent in drinking and smoking. One day he and several others were out bathing. Ever fond of adventure, White sought the deepest part of the pond. He had never learned to swim. He felt the cramp; and before he had time to cry out, he sank. Presently one of his companions called out, "Where is White?" A dozen voices replied, "He was there a moment ago; and he was recovered. For a time he hung between life and death. Amid his returning consciousness, came a resolve once more to turn to God. In an agony of soul he sought for pardon through Christ. Several weeks passed. Every one who visited him, believed White was a changed man. In one of time he recovered; and while sitting out one day, he encountered his old companion. White had resolved he would shun him; but it was in his own strength his resolution was made.

"So I hear you've turned a saint again, Tom," he said. "I thought you would. I knew that there was much good sense for that; but I heard the parson declare you were really converted."

"Tom was startled.

"Is it true, old fellow? No, I see it is not. So come to my lodgings, and we'll have a hottle together—it will do you good."

With an accusing conscience, but unable to resist, White consented. He listened to the rhiald scorn heaped upon religion, and the hollow sophisms which it contained, and he felt himself a partner in the sin. Despair seized on his soul. In vain did poor Thomas White try to drown the voice of conscience in sin—it still made itself heard.

In the time Mrs. White removed to Brighton. Here Tom's evil companion led him still more rapidly downwards. All the time conscience kept urging him to return to God. Yet he was ever the plea was urged, "I will by and-by." It is one of the most fearful problems in life existence, *that God's patience is so great.* We think if a man is spared one hour, or even three, and he does not amend, that he has no further claim on the divine mercy. But just think of the numberless times the Lord delights to give, and how long he will be the closed door. He knocks gently, then loudly. There is no answer, and you He knocks again and again, and still waits, long after the inhabitant has grown weary, wicked, and dead.

About this time a storm occurred at Brighton. It was one of the severest ever known. The wind, which was almost a hurricane, blew down the deserted streets, bringing down frail tenements and chimneys in every direction. The sea lashed to fury by the tempest, threatened to wash away the newly-built parade. One man was actually blown down by the fury of the wind. Young White and his profligate acquaintances were returning home on this memorable night. The storm made no impression on their minds. Just, however, as they were turning the corner of a street, a chimney-pot was thrown from a tall house, and White, as he fell, struck White, and he fell senseless to the earth. White was tried home to his wretched mother, and this time all hopes were given up. The scene could be described, his conscience awoke at the sight of an impending death.

"O God," he cried, "have pity on me! But there's no pity for me, I have sinned too much. There's nothing but hell *for me.*" In vain did the minister plead with him on the infinite love of Christ, willing, at all times, to save to the uttermost. Satan urged his repeated backslidings, and despair rested on his soul. Yet, ever by show-fires, after much prayer, his mind grew calmer. He seemed to be in a state of mental confusion. But it was only a transient beam of light. His soul was overpowered. The impression was not lasting. In his heart of hearts, he believed in the sins that he loved, and hoped, *by-and-by*, he should yet be saved.

Thomas White recovered. His heart was not grateful. He thought not of the mercies he had hitherto spared him. He not only returned to his old companions but formed an acquaintance with a young female of doubtful character. She was a fitter friend with money, extortionate demands were made on the lender, who still hoping, even against hope, in her son's future reformation, gave him all she had.

It was Saturday night previous to the accident. White and the female we have alluded to were spending what they called a gay evening at a public-house. The former was much the worse for liquor, and before he left, promised to take her to London on the morrow. When the morning came, he was dressed himself with care.

"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

"To London."

"Don't go, Tom," said she imploringly; "stay at home with me, and take me to church. You're never at home now."

"No! I want go, mother; and if I stayed, I shouldn't go to church."

"Oh! Tom, you haven't been since you got better. What will become of you?"

He seemed staggered by the question, but tried to laugh it off by saying—

"You're very doll-to-day; but never mind, you'll see I shall become quite a religious man by-and-by."

She saw him depart, despite her entreaties; and with a heavy heart she returned to her room, where she indulged in a flood of tears.

At the station he met his wicked companion.

"Come along," he said in high glee. "I mean to have a jolly day. The old lady tried to keep me at home to go to church; but it was no go." And with an irreverent laugh they entered the carriage. A few hours later, their mangled corpses were brought back, and the frightful intelligence of the catastrophe conveyed to their homes.

Reader, does not this sad story produce, as with a voice of thunder, "*Sight not your conscience! Trifle not with sin!*" "To-day, *if ye will hear the voice, harden not your heart!*"

THE COLPORTEUR IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Awaiting ourselves of the increased facilities of travel, by railway, we lately visited the Highlands of Scotland, and it may be worth while to state, that we had a ticket which took us to Aberdeen and back in a most comfortable carriage, travelling at the rate of thirty miles an hour, for £2 6s.! The fare from Aberdeen to Inverness was 10s.; so that we travelled 1270 miles, with a month to ramble among the mountains, for £3 6s., for little more than a half-penny a mile! And let the tourists note these facts:—North of the *Tweed there is no railway traffic on Sundays to speak of that the law compels in the carrying of the mails.* And these non-Sunday travelling railways are the best paying railways in the kingdom, for, with one exception, not that arising from early mismanagement, they pay four and a-half per cent. dividend, while the Sunday-travelling railway companies pay on an average only three per cent!

Well, here in the neighborhood of Strathpeffer, in the Highlands. Walking over miles of ice glens, and rising occasionally to the mountain level, the grandest scenery appears to view. The population is spare, and the people are poor, but wherever we meet them and they a smiling face, they receive you joyfully, and may be trusted to any extent. Enter their houses, and though they are but hute, you will find them generally clean, with a well whitened hearthstone, and the dell-worn ornamenting the walls, clean as a mirror. There are no books in the cottages, but all have the Bible, and catechisms on a shelf near the fireplace, or ingle nook. The children around are poorly clad, and as for shoes and stockings, they are generally worn until the age of ten or twelve, but where can you find more healthy-looking children, and where happier firesides! The food of the people, old and young, is oatmeal and milk, potatoes and herrings, with every variety of vegetable diet. Animal food is rarely to be seen. When Dr. Johnson was compiling his Dictionary, he defined the word "corn" thus:—"In Scotland, food for men—in England, food for horses." "How will that do, Boss?" said the Dr. to Boswell. "Very good," replied James. "Tell me where will ye find such men, and where such horses?" James was right, and the healthy, happy looks of those poor people, who live chiefly on the oatmeal attest the soundness of his opinion.

In the course of our tour we came upon a cluster of men in one of the dells near Strathpeffer, and we were interested in a display of books or pictures, which a quiet-looking middle-aged man there was expounding in his case. This man was the Scottish Colporteur, and on perusing his stock, we found that it mainly consisted of Bibles, small books and tracts, with a few scenes, the "British Workman" and "Cottager" conspicuous. In display, he told us, that he had nearly subscribers for it in the Glen, and that even where the people could only speak Gaelic, they were persuaded to take the pictures home, and meet together in the winter evening to listen to the stories so read by some of the younger folk who attend the village schools. This man was a pensioner of the Scottish Society for his periodicals in the highlands, and that the demand for popular literature was daily on the increase. He was a man of much piety, and quite as much an evangelist as a colporteur, for he was ever ready to speak a word in season which would benefit the soul. He performed baptisms among his people, and quite so much because there are many people who reside at Strathpeffer to drink its healing waters, and it was pleasing to find that his efforts were well sustained by the local proprietors, who helped to support him in carrying forward his work. Surely in view of such facts we may well say that "knowledge is running to and fro and being increased."

W.

☞ The Colporteurs of the "Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland" (Office in Belfast), are doing a great and good work, and deserve the liberal support of all classes.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The 1st of May, 1862, was a memorable day in the history of our country. The opening of the International Exhibition of the Industry of Nations was an event long to be remembered by all who were present to be present. Just as the clock struck one, the sun coasted a flourish of trumpets, and the organ, pealing from the centre of the Great Building, sounded the Turones, Dukes, Earls, Bishops, Ambassadors, Lord Mayors, Lord Provosts, Ambassadors, Lord Mayors, Lord Provosts, Ministers, Generals, Admirals, Men of Science, Poets, with immortal laurels, few were there. Those who were present, when it ended, "*in chief ceremonies*—our beloved sovereign, and her Consort—Albert the Prince. Passing round the building, the procession approached the Great Organ, and of the great orchestra, when 2000 instrumental and vocal performers joined forth in a strain of harmony never excelled—the National Anthem, "God save the Queen." Then came Meyerbeer's tuneful song, composed for the beautiful lines by Poet-Laureate. Then Albert's March, the Prince's composition, and Gounod's Hymn to the Queen, in an impressive prayer. Then the Hallelujah Chorus was sung with a power and effect never equalled. On the National Anthem being repeated, the Duke of Cambridge, as Her Majesty's representative, then proclaimed the Exhibition "Opened."

Some critics have complained that the International Exhibition building of 1862 is inferior to that of 1851. Perhaps when all the decorations planned by the architect are finished, there will be some ground for this object. One thing is very certain, that the building of the present Exhibition is very far superior to the previous one, and is defined by every department of art and manufacture, and of every kind of machinery. The machinery department is truly *wonderful.*

There is one thing in which the Commissioners of the present Exhibition have, we humble admit, made a mistake, viz:—The admission of the public on Sundays. There were unjustly excluded from the Great Exhibition of 1851. Perhaps when all the decorations planned by the architect are finished, there will be some ground for this object. One thing is very certain, that the building of the present Exhibition is very far superior to the previous one, and is defined by every department of art and manufacture, and of every kind of machinery. The machinery department is truly *wonderful.*

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☞ Working men, who are visiting London, there to Exhibition, will do well to call at 244, Strand, where they will find a Refreshment Room, Lodging, if possible, Sabbath as to avoid being victimized by lodging-house keepers, and Sabbath Rest, by using railway stalls on the great cheap trains from the country.

CLERICAL CONFERENCE.

An important Conference of Clergymen was held at the London Coffee House, Ludgate Hill, on Friday, the 1st of May, to which the Dean of Carlisle presided. The part of the meeting, which we have here to do, was promulgating hints of temperance, more especially in the industrial classes. The testimonies of various Clergymen as to the good effect of Temperance Societies have attended the formation of Temperance Reading Classes, &c., in their respective parishes, were very cheering. Dr. Cumming said that the present action the Clergy will prove a great blessing to the country, and one next we shall give extracts from some of the speeches.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

To Booksellers.—We have received many letters from Boxes in the country, inquiring where they can obtain a supply of the "British Workman." To our Libraries, we will undertake to supply the Publication, in Boxes, free of carriage, for twelve months, to any address, on receipt of twelve stamps for postage.

Our correspondent, "Sarah," in Dundee, Scotland, writes as follows:—"This being an agricultural district, we have very little and matured, yet, in the place, we have a small school in arbor, contained the whole charge, and every boy connected with it, is a reader of the "British Workman." Sometimes they copies from a bookseller, and we very seldom lose one."

An Enquiry for the Parson or Curate.—A number of Workmen have written to us, from the following premises:—"I have much pleasure in informing you, that through the liberality of a gentleman in Dundee, I am supplying a copy of "British Workman" to every cottager, yellow office, and pointed the hotel. I have also distributed a copy of the "Sailor's Friend" Workman' may induce others, to have it in their power to do likewise. Would you be good enough to send me a few volumes for the benefit of the working classes, I write to what."

As many of our Subscribers are desirous of obtaining some of the subject, we have to state that orders for supplies of Back Numbers, Tracts, Bibles, Hymn Books, Cards, Prize Tickets and "Children's Friend," will be received by a publisher at the end of the year, as well as at the beginning.

NEW BOOKS.

A Mother's Lessons on Kindness to Animals. With numerous Illustrations. 1s. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

The Gardener's Daughter; or, Mind whom you Marry? By Rev. C. G. Howe. With Eight Illustrations by Dear. Price Cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. This work is recommended by very admiring warning to young women, as a suitable prize for school-girls, it deserves a place on the shelves.

The Late Prince Consort. Reminiscences of his Life and Character. By the Rev. F. H. Wilson, author of the "Royal Wedding." With Illustrations, and Portraits of the Royal and Windsor Castle. Price One Shilling.

A Mother's Lessons on the Lord's Prayer. By Mrs. Balmer. With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s. 6d. Illustrated cover, 2s. 6d. Plain cloth, 3s. 6d. Gilt Edges, 4s.

Third Edition. The Bible the Book for all Ages. By Rev. Dr. Cumming. Price Sixpence.

Never Give Up! or, a Story for Working-men and their Wives. Price Sixpence. Post-free.

Passages in the History of a Shilling. By Mrs. Balmer. Price Sixpence. Post-free.

Our Moral Wastes, and how to Restore them. By Rev. J. H. Wilson. With Illustrations. 2nd Edition. Price

MONTHLY PERIODICALS.

The Children's Friend. Sixteen Pages, with numerous illustrations. Price One Penny. No. 18, will be published on the 1st June. All the back Numbers may be had.

Band of Hope Review. With costly illustrations. By John Ellery, Henry Ansley, Harrison Weir, &c. One Penny Monthly.

PACKETS BY POST.

☞ The Publisher will forward packets of "British Workman" to any part of the United Kingdom, Channel Islands and Ireland, Africa, France, or Belgium, post free, as follows:—

4 copies for 1d., or for one year at			MUST BE
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All orders, with remittances, to be addressed to Mr. Sawyer, 7, Paternoster, Row, London. E.C.

BRITISH COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION

COLPORTAGE.

An attempt has been made to introduce the system of Colportage into London and the provinces, by the "British Colportage Association." Pious, earnest-hearted, self-denying men, who have at heart the interests of their fellow-creatures, are needed for this work.

The Colporteur who has laboured for some months amongst the sailors in the ships in the London Docks, has been much blessed in his work. By his persevering efforts thousands of tracts and books have been sent forth to every part of the navigable globe.

Those who are interested in promoting Colportage operations are invited to correspond with the Rev. J. H. Wilson, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. E. C.

DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.

The effect of the American War, is now being *fearfully* felt in the manufacturing districts. Not a few of the mills are standing, and thousands of hands are out of work, and wanting bread. The rich, we feel assured, will be ready, out of their abundance, to assist their starving countrymen. Oh, how earnestly should *all* classes, but especially the *working classes*, pray "Give peace in our time, O Lord."

The heart which bleeds for others' woes,
Shall feel each selfish sorrow less;
The breast which hopeless bosoms,
Reflected happiness shall bless.

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.—Prov. xxxi. 10, 11.

THE RECONCILIATION.

"I never picked up a man in a market-place. It was said to me, 'He is a brute—let him alone.' I took him home with me, and kept him fourteen days and nights through his delirium; and he nearly frightened Mary out of her wits, one night, chasing her all round the house with a knife in his hand. But she recovered her wits, and he recovered his. He said to me, 'You wonder, I think I had a wife and child?' 'Well, I shouldn't,' 'Yes, I have—and God bless her dear little heart! My Mary is as pretty a little wife as ever stepped,' and he I asked him where they lived. 'The five two miles away from here.' 'Why, did you see them last?' 'About two years ago.' Then he told me his sad story. I said, 'You must go back again.' 'No,' he replied, 'I haven't go back.' I was—me was better without me than with me. I'd be a curse to them.' Now, I have knocked her, and kicked her, and abused her; do you suppose I will go back again? But at length he consented to accompany me to the house. I knocked at the door, and his wife opened it. 'Is this Mrs. Richardson?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, this, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Richardson, this is Mrs. Richardson. Now come into the house.' They went in. The wife sat on one side of the room, and the man on the other. I wanted to see who would speak first; and it was the woman. But before she spoke she fidgetted a good deal. She pulled up her apron till she got hold of the hem, and then she pulled it down again. Then she folded it up nicely, and jerked it out through her fingers, an inch at a time; and then she spread it all down again; and then she looked all about the room, and said 'Well, William,' and he said, 'Well, Mary.' He had a large handkerchief round his neck, and said, 'You had better take the handkerchief off, you'll be cold.' Then you saw she began to tumble about it. The knot was large enough; he could have untied it, if he had liked, but he said, 'Will you untie it, Mary?' And she worked away at it, but somehow or other, her fingers were clumsy, and she could not get it off;—their eyes met, and the love light was not all quenched; he opened his mouth wide, and she held into them. It you had seen those white arms of hers, about his neck, and he sobbing on her bosom, and the child looking at us wonder-struck at me, and then at the other, you would have said, 'It is not a brute, it is a man, with a great warm heart in his breast.' Oh, how many thoughts and lessons might be drawn from a drunken man and women would avoid your drunkards, and point them to the cross of Christ." J. B. Gough.

THE BIBLE PATTERN OF A GOOD WOMAN.—III.

MUTUAL CONFIDENCE.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." Prov. xxxi. 11

The very life of marriage is founded upon the husband and wife being, in fact, one, in their interests, their griefs, their toils, are all one, and therefore any misunderstanding or suspicions must strike at the root of this union, and tend to divide them.

A young woman just beginning her married life should avoid more than anything else that may mar, however apparently trifling, should seem to dispel even for a moment, the brightness of that pure light of love which shows itself in mutual confidence. It is, however, in this as in other matters, little things that are called trifles, seem to these are allowed to introduce secrecy, and thus to sap the foundations of confidence. Women having to provide out of a small income the money wanted for the household, and not finding the task easy, often acquire ways of concealment, or deceit, about money matters. They make complaints, "That they have to wait for the money, or they trench upon truth which ought ever to be sacred, by adding to, or taking from, the price they have given for an article, and thus contriving to have a little money to be, and ever afterwards the husband has a misgiving that in money matters he is being deceived, and he either resents it, or grieves that his confidence is thus abused. Often the wife's difficulties are thus greatly increased, and instead of having her husband as her ally and counsellor, he becomes her secret enemy. Instead of her being the link of the blessing merry between her husband and wife, that has been ordained by what at first were more foolish secrets, we would imagine only, concerning the trifling matters of her home, the good of her husband, and the welfare of her children, so as to be that there be no petty trickery, no paltry concealment, no mean deceit, on the subject of money matters; nor indeed on any other subject; for if once there is a want of truthfulness on one subject, it increases and is prone to lead to a habit of dishonest love. The writer once knew a young woman who married a skilful mechanic, earning good wages. They were much in love with each other, and their cup was very prospective of great happiness. The young wife was a good manager, and very proud of her household skill. She wished to make her husband think that she could keep house on a less sum than any woman of their acquaintance; in particular she felt a rivalry with her husband's sister, who was a very industrious, hoarding woman. Now there was no sin in this young wife—Mrs. Jones was well and her—nothing to reveal. Every person, man or woman, should try to do, whatever may be their business or employ, in the very best possible manner, but all this should be done in truth and sincerity as it basis. For some time, by dint of denying herself many things which, as her husband earned good wages, was not a mean way of beguiling life, Mrs. James continued to keep the house and provide a good breakfast and supper for her husband out of a very small sum. Then winter came, and furing was dear, and she foolishly could not bear that there should be any increase in the expenditure. It happened that there was a dressmaker lodging in the house, and Mrs. James got some work from her, and never said a word about it to her husband. She made a secret of a matter that had no harm in it, but out of the secrecy came harm. Earning a little, she not only made up any excess in the winter-housekeeping, but Mrs. James began to think she would get herself some rather smarter clothes than those she at present possessed; accordingly when she procured herself a bonnet, and a smart mus bonnet, in answer to his inquiries how she got it, she said in a laughing way, "Oh, I know how to manage, I can make a shilling go as far as other people's eighteenpence."

The husband proud of his wife's talents, boasted of the to his sister, who felt sore there husband's earning dealing. Well knowing how far money would go, and a little jealous of her own reputation as a manager, she threw out hints that her brother's wife must have plenty money he knew nothing of; hints which even while they were not believed, made the husband uneasy. The dressmaker, who was aware of the secret, was questioned by Mrs. James, lest she should be take advantage of it. She was in a great quandary, and she endeavored to flatter, and coax, and threaten, by turns, and succeeded in keeping Mrs. James quiet with a lace of dress. The new bonnet of her husband was noticed, and the husband began to wonder how his wife contrived to have so much money, and when he found other articles of attire to match the bonnet, which their apparance, he was satisfied. There are some men who never trouble themselves overmuch at money, but some are quiet and brooding. Mr. James was of the latter disposition, his confidence was shaken, he was ready to feel,—he was wounded and mortified. Gloomy words and angry replies were heard in their dwelling. Instead of going home one evening night, James went to the public house, and there one of his companions said that he had seen "Mrs James as smart as any lady, and where did she get that?" The man observed he thought he was merely James that night, for the first time, drank deeply until he was quite intoxicated. He was carried home, and from his bewildered state, he was the lodging of a fellow-workman, who lived near the public house, to sleep.

The next day he was ashamed of going home. A drinking comrade ever ready with a lie, went to Mrs. James and said that her husband had gone into the country on a job. Poor James was ashamed of coming of drinking for the next week. On the Thursday, just as James began to think he had acted very badly, and resolved to go home and tell his wife, and seek at her consolation, he saw her, in his dinner-hour, at some distance walking in all her finery, with his friend the dressmaker. James did not imagine the conversation of his wife. It was enough in his present state of mind to rouse all his suspicions that she was dressy and gay in his absence. Dressed in clothes he had not bought her, and in the bitterness of his anger he resolved he would leave her. An offer had been made him only the week before to go to Canada; he had refused it then, now he hurried off to the docks, tearing he should be too late—saw the man who offered him employment—gave him a piece of money, and then wrote a letter to his wife, upbraiding her with her deceit, he embarked at once.

Here there were doubtless great faults on both sides, but the foolish secrecy, and the vanity of the wife first brought on the trouble, by breaking down the husband's confidence in her. Too late she proved over the deception she had practised, though at first meaning no harm. She went to her sister-in-law and explained it all, and in the spring of the year she left her husband, and went to join her husband in Canada. It was a bitter lesson, and cost them many tears and sufferings, but when they come together in Canada, each resolved, that come what might, they would have no secrets for the future.

Mutual confidence preserves the husband as well as the wife from temptation. If a husband sees the strict economy and judgment, he is not tempted to be a hard, close man of business. He can afford to be liberal. Many a man has nothing to give to the cause of God, or to a distressed fellow-creature, because his wife is careless or selfish, and exacts the uttermost farthing from him. So that the luxury of giving, and the good of God, means cannot be enjoyed by the husband, and he is tempted either to unfair ways of getting money, or to niggardly ways of withholding it, when he would wish to be the good and liberal man that he might have been if his heart could have secretly trusted the wife of his bosom.

The testimony "She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life," (v. 12.) is that when a wife should eminently desire. She must remember the fact that her husband will be either for good or evil. There is no neutral ground of mere indifference. God made her to be a help meet. There are some temptations that peculiarly beset men, and there is the temptation to drink. Companions invite—drinking houses abound. Sore to it, wife, that you make your home a place of peace, comfort, and love; have your dinners ready, your fire and above all let you be a cheerful, kind, and loving wife—his helper in sobriety, and in devotion. Put away from you the drinking and's cup. Thousands of women if all ranks are wives drunkers. They keep your husband has temptations to be fretful, and to dislike life till his mind too much. You, in your house, as you lift up your heart to God, are kept, as it were, in the cleft of the rock. Safe from many temptations. Pray for your husband—pray with him. See what a lovely thing is domestic piety. In your gentleness, your loving purity, your self-denial, let him see you have been with the meek and holy Jesus, and learnt of Him. It is not in human nature, bad as it is, to resist the tender sweetness of a wife's calmness, when it is duly, and lived up to the petitions of her prayers—who keeps the Sabbath holy, and leaning on her husband's arm is his joy and solace as they "take sweet counsel together, and walk to the House of God in company."

HAPPY WOMEN.

A happy woman! A woman whose temper is buoyant, sprightly and cheerful,—whose bosom is a perennial fountain of love and joy, and on whose cheek the smile of content and gladness plays continually, light and cheering as the solar ray, such a woman is a treasure beyond price. Happy, thrice happy, is the man who possesses such a treasure. Her presence, unlike a cloud, overhead, inspiring joy and vigour; it throws a brightness over the darkest scenes of life, and, amidst its disturbances and disquietudes, she alone can calm the troubled spirit. Men make a fearful mistake when they marry for money, or talent, or style; the sweetest, most valuable wife is one who possesses the magic art of being constantly cheerful and happy, and at whose presence, not only her poor, but or low, the bright sparkling fountain of joy bubbles up immediately in their hearts. Do they live in a straw-thatched cottage, the presence of this disposition, his cottage becomes brighter than gilded chandeliers in an Alderman's hall. Do they not brown bread, and drink cold water from the spring, affords them more real satisfaction than the sullens are's costly dishes, and iced champagne. Nothing ever goes wrong with them; no trouble is too serious to divert them from making the best of life. Was ever the stream of calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of a happy face falling across its turbid tide would not call up an answering ripple? Is the sky ever so cloudy and night. "A merry heart," says Scripture, "doeth good like a medicine." Oh, your joyless tempered people know not half the good they do. Long after the mere physical impressions of look, voice, and gesture, are all expressions of joy and gladness, brings back a portion of the bliss with it. Yes, when business, or sickness, or care, or wine bloom misery loses nearly all its anguish. No matter how cross and crabbed you feel, Mr. Grumbler; no matter if your bitter humor has made your dwelling the abodes of tions and trials of life, and your stomach with pills and tonics, only set yourself down by the side of one of those smiling, cheery women,—listen for a single quarter of conversation, yield yourself up to the influence of her spirit, and we are not afraid to predict that she will soon be quite a cure. The long gloom has always your mouth will relax—the cloud of settled gloom will vanish, no one knows where, and in the place of sadness, a genial smile, like a gleam of sunshine, will dance in your light up your face. Do you ask why? I answer, "Tell me why it is, that in your morning's walk you are delighted with the warbling of the thrush, or the blackbird, or the lark, or the skylark, as he mounts towards the skies? Why is it, you look with much interest and pleasure upon the early flowers and blossoms, which spring up in the presence of a brighter and more genial season? The philosophy of the one will furnish an explanation of the other.

Oh! those happy women! how often their slender shoulders bear the weight of burdens that would cause strong men to bow themselves. How often their delicate hands guide the ponderous machinery of life with such marvellous touch! How we look forward through the weary toilsome day to their fireside smiles. How often then their cheerful eyes are the only lights, where we behold only clouds charged with thunder. No wonder we pronounce one ever will know—until the day of judgment how much we owe to those helpful, cheerful, uncomplaining women.

T. H. W.

ABIDING IN CHRIST.

Parliament Dwight used to say to his classes, as they went out from under his care, "Young men, it is not great talent, it is not great learning that is to enable you to do good, but abiding in Christ." He added, "the young man of whom we expected least all the way through college, has now attained to the greatest excellence and usefulness, and has done the most to the upbuilding of the name of the Master." That man was Dr. Nettleton. The more he sought, the less was glory and dependent all the way through his college course; but he afterwards showed off that dark mantle, and richly exemplified the power and beauty of the religion of Jesus. He was eminently a holy man—lived in the shade of Christ, and wherever he went Christ went with him, and glorified himself through an earth of clay.

The presence of the Holy Spirit is the great reward secured to the soul by "abiding in Christ." Many seem to consider it impossible for a mere creature to have of this presence, such as they suppose they might have by a mere physical manifestation. But this unbelieving is the fruitful source of faith; and the stronger our faith and the more we pray and prevailing our prayers, the more will Christ abide in our hearts, and the more we will shall we know and feel the Spirit working in us to will and to do His good pleasure.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. John xv. 7.

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

Oh, be kind to each other!
Life is but a span;
How soon ye may wear
The sad tears of woe,
For a brother, a sister, a friend loved and dear,
Reposing in stillness on death's sable bier.

Be kind to each other!
For little ye know
How soon ye may weep
O'er a desolate home.
Or years for the friend that have passed away
To dwell in the light of a happier day.

Be kind to each other!
And strive day by day
To render some kindness
To soften life's way;
And remember that friends the last ones should be
To sneer at the faults in each other they see.

Be kind to each other!
For short is life's span;
We must soon be laid down
All the good acts we can.
Each hour should recall as it passes away,
Some being made glad by love's kindly sway.

THE PROGRESS OF SCANDAL.

My friend adressed me, at ever I took a house in a terrace a little way out of town, to be very careful that it was the right sort of people, for I must be very careful for my reputation. For I must be well aware that a story never loses by telling, and, consequently, if I lived in the middle of a street, I was sure to be talked of, and to have which might be excluded to my prejudice, would only have had the distance to travel on either side of me, and therefore could not reach me half so fast, by the time they got down to the bottom of the terrace, as the twice that might be conducted of the wretched individuals who had the misfortune to live at the top end of the street, so that I should be certain to have twice as good a character in the neighbourhood as the top end. For instance, I was informed of a lamentable case that had occurred a short time since.

The servant at No. 1, told the servant at No. 2, that her master expected his old friends the Hardyes to pay him a visit shortly; and No. 2 told No. 3, that No. 1 expected the Hardyes to come down in a fortnight; and No. 3 told No. 4, that it was all up with No. 1, for they couldn't keep the house on any whereupon 4 told 5 that the officers were after No. 1, and that it was as much as he could do to prevent himself being taken in execution, and that it was nearly killing his poor dear wife; and so it went on increasing and decreasing, and it got to No. 32, who confidently assured the last house, No. 33, that the Bow Street officers had taken up the gentleman who lived at No. 1, for killing the poor dear wife with scandal, and that it was confidently hoped and expected that he would be executed!

From "Many Thoughts on Many Things."

CAUTION TO SMOKERS.

Mr. Editor—If you think the following hints will do any good, please insert them in your paper. I was a smoker, and the symptoms I have name I have felt; having left it off, I have regained my old health.

S. B. T.

Dalston.

It were well if smoking had no pernicious effects. Besides the desire for drink which it engenders, it leads to habits of extravagant expenditure; and as, as I am about to show, destructive of health and energy. The first effect of the use of tobacco is that of a stimulant, the secondary effect that of a sedative. Now the fancies of those who do not understand the terms "stimulant" and "sedative," I will explain—"Stimulant" is anything which tends to quicken the vitality and quicken the various functions of the body for a time. "Sedative" is anything which first acts as a stimulant, and afterwards, is followed by a torpor and sleepy disposition, which lessens the vital powers and functions of the body. There is a peculiar feeling imaginatively resulting from the use of tobacco; say the smoking of one or two pipefuls, that of a calm, dreamy sensation, very pleasing to the smoker, but extremely enervating or weakening to both mind and body. It has been sometimes argued that after smoking, that mind is capable of more profound and concentrated thought, and it may indeed seem so; but there is not really any excession of mental power, but simply is always diminished by the effect of a narcotic (that which produces sleep or stupor) but that the physical sensations are rendered less acute. A further argument is known by most men, tends greatly to check perspiration, hence secretions which are intended to pass off through the skin are thrown back into the system, and consequently the poisoning themselves in some form which is injurious to the organs more particularly affected, and this possibly unknown to the sufferer, upon whom it has gradually stolen. It is but seldom that a person much addicted to smoking has a florid complexion; he becomes, although formerly ruddy, pale and sallow, and should he be

By Birkbeck Foster. SUMMER.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth.—Psalm civ. 14. And I will send grass in thy fields for thy cattle, that thou mayest eat, and be full.—Deuteronomy xi. 15. These wait all upon Thee; that Thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That Thou givest them they gather: Thou openest Thine hand, they are filled with good—Psalm civ. 27. All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.—Psalm cxlv. 10.

SUMMER SONG.

The sun is careering in glory and might,
Mid the deep blue sky and the cloudlets white;
The bright wave is tossing its foam on high,
And the summer breezes go lightly by;
The air and the water dance, glitter and play,
And why should not I be as merry as they?

The linnet is singing the wild wood through;
The fawn's bounding footstep skims over the dew;
The butterfly flits round the flowering tree,
And the cowslip and blue-bell are bent by the bee;
All the creatures that dwell in the forest are gay,
And why should not I be as merry as they?

Mary Russell Mitford.

A SUMMER MORNING'S SONG.

Up, sleeper! dreamer! up; for now
There's gold upon the mountain's brow—
There's light on forests, lakes, and meadows—
The dew-drops shine on flow'ret bells,
The village clock of morning tells.
Up, men! out, cattle! for the dells
And dingles teem with shadows.

Up! to the fields! through shine and stour;
What hath the dull and drowsy hour
So blest as this? the glad heart leaping
To hear morn's early song sublime;
See earth rejoicing in its prime:
The summer is the waking time,
The winter time for sleeping.

The very beast that crops the flower,
Hath welcome for the dawning hour.
Aurora smiles! her beck'nings claim thee;
Listen—look round—the chirp, the hum,
Song, low, and bleat—there's nothing dumb—
All love, all life. Come slumb'rer, come!
The meanest thing shall shame thee.

Oh, happy, who the city's noise
Can quit for nature's quiet joys,
Quit worldly sin and worldly sorrow;
No more 'midst prison-walls abide,
But, in God's temple, rest and wide,
Pour praises ev'ry eventide,
Ask mercies ev'ry morrow.—*Tollens.*

Whosoever thinks himself wise enough, or virtuous enough, is in a fair way never to be either.

"WHAT'S THE USE?"

"What's the use Dick of spending your time over that fiddle—come with us and have 'a glass,' like a man!"

"No, thank you, Tom," replied Dick, "I love my home and my music better than the public-house. I mean to practice until I become a *first-rate* player."

Working-men! amongst the skilful musicians who took part in the memorable opening of the grand International Exhibition last month, more than one 'Dick' might be seen in the great orchestra!!

Working-men! Working-boys!—Redeem the time."

An interesting anecdote of an Agricultural labourer, who, by wisely filling up his "spare hours," became a celebrated musician, will shortly appear in our pages.

The Bird-World.

The activity of birds when they have young is most surprising. We have a record of the observations made on a pair of blue titmice, when rearing their young. The parent-birds began their labour of love at half-past three in the morning, and did not leave off until after eight o'clock in the evening, after being almost incessantly engaged for nearly seventeen hours.

A person counted their various returns to the nest, and found them to be 475. Up to four o'clock, as a breakfast, they were fed twelve times: between five and six, forty times, flying to and from a plantation more than 150 yards from their nest; between nine and ten o'clock, they fed them forty-six times, and they continued at their work till the time specified, sometimes bringing in a single caterpillar, and other times two or three small ones. The number of destructive insects removed by birds when feeding their young must be astonishing, if they are in any degree as active as the two blue titmice, so patiently observed by the person. Great as the number of returns to the nest seems to be, it certainly does not exceed that of the common swallow. Don't kill the little birds!

Procrastination.

Archbishop Tillotson, the ablest preacher of his day, thus sets forth the folly of the great majority of mankind: "Many men pass fifty or sixty years in the world; and when they are just about going out of it, they bethink themselves, and step back, as it were, to do something which they had all the while forgot—viz., the main business for which they came into world, to repent of their sins, and reform their lives, and make their peace with God, and in time to prepare for eternity."

Six loosely to the world's joys. Have a feeling of chastened gratitude and thankfulness when you have them; but beware of resting in them, or investing them with a permanency they cannot have. Jesus hint his eye on *heaven*, when he said "*you joy no man taketh from you.*"

What a pity it is that this earth, which is so full of God's goodness, should be so empty of His praises; and that of the multitudes that live upon His beauty, there are so few that live to His glory!

Price of a Bible.—In the reign of Edward I. the price of a fairly written Bible was £37. The hire of a labourer was three halfpence a-day; the purchase of a copy would, of course, have taken the earnings of above fifteen years and three months.

GOOD CONDUCT TOKEN.

The Directors of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway have set a good example, by presenting their old servant, Thomas Foby, with a Silver Medal, which bears the following inscription:—*Presented to Thomas Foby, by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company for good conduct during twenty-three years' service as pointsman.* A railway pointsman,—in whose hands the limbs and lives of hundreds of thousands of human beings are yearly intrusted,—who for nearly a quarter of a century has maintained "a good name," is worthy of honour. Long may he be spared!

The following is extracted from an excellent address just issued by the "Lord's Day Observance Society."

LIVE AND LET LIVE;

A PLEA FOR OUR OMNIBUS-MEN.

Of the 1200 omnibuses licensed for the Metropolis, 100 run on an average ten single journeys every Sunday. These employ not only drivers and conductors, but also horse-keepers, washers, time-keepers and others. Thus these servants, many thousands in number, are each fourteen or fifteen hours a-day, and on all days alike. For the convenience of the public, they are exposed to all the changes of the weather, to heat and cold, to winds and rain. Many of them are married men with families, but they seldom see their children, save when they are in bed. These men are most earnest for relief. In their behalf we now call upon you not to employ them on the Lord's-day. Through us, they now appeal to each Sunday traveller who now employs them. For justly feel that it is by individual demands, like ours, that this evil is created and continued; and that you are personally answerable for depriving their fellows of this God-given rest, and for depriving them of the enjoyment of spending its hours with their wives and children in their homes; and, above all, for depriving them of the only opportunities of hearing of, and preparing for, the heavenly, the eternal rest.

Are you an Artisan? The public responded to your call, when you asked that ten and a-half hours should be the limit of your day, although you already had the enjoyment of your Sunday. Surely, then, you let a fair play will move you to help to secure to your fellow brother man rest on the Lord's-day.

Are you engaged as a Clerk, Salesman, or Assistant in a wholesale or retail business? Have not the public responded likewise to your appeal for "early closing," and for the Saturday half-holiday? Then you are, therefore, the enjoyment of these, besides that of the Lord's-day? Is it then fair or right that these men, who have carried you to your places of business in all weathers, during the week, should now be deprived of their rest for your pleasure?

Or are you now being driven in an omnibus to some distant church or chapel? Can any one feel surprised that many among this class of our public servants are small low on the scale of society, seeing that they never hear the glad tidings, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.) In no the impression of what is due to the Lord's-day derived from what they witness among church-going people, who tempt them to profane its hallowed hours for mere convenience? No man can be said to keep the Sabbath, who keeps it at the expense of tempting another man to break the Sabbath.

As you reverence, then, that Father of all, who has given to all His children alike a rest of one day in seven, and as you pity these wearied, hard-worked servants of the public; and as you would give them opportunity for that preparation for heaven, without which there is no hope for their knowing rest in the next world any more than in this; and as you would like that they should have this day, as you have, to spend with their wives and children, do not, by now riding in omnibuses on the Lord's-day yourself, employ these drivers and conductors, horse-keepers, washers, time-keepers, and others; but try by your example and influence to pay for them, what you now have, a weekly day of rest.

Thomas Foby, Pointsman on Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway

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BRITISH WORKMAN

General Downing.—"So you are the impudent fellow who will not work on a Sunday?"

HE WHO SERVES GOD SERVES A GOOD MASTER.

"REMEMBER, I must have the bridle on Monday," said Mr. Harcourt, as he turned to leave a shop where he had been giving some orders about his harness.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Benson, the master, coming forward, "but it will not be possible to get it done by Monday."

"Not possible," returned Mr. Harcourt, stopping short. "What nonsense! Why, there is all to-morrow."

"To-morrow or Monday, sir," returned the shopman firmly, but respectfully.

"Well, what of that?"

"We do not work on a Sunday, sir."

"Then I shall go to those who do. You can put the bridle in the carriage," added Mr. Harcourt, turning to the man to whom he had given the order.

"We can get it done by Tuesday, sir, without fail," interposed Mr. Benson.

"It may well be too late," returned Mr. Harcourt, and then without another word, he stepped out of the shop, and bidding his groom take the bridle from the man, he got into his phaeton and drove off, muttering to himself, "The old humbug! I will make him repent his folly."

Mr. Benson watched the carriage till it turned the corner of the street, then, with something like a sigh, went back to his seat, and continued his work. He had lost Mr. Harcourt's custom—he had seen of that. He was a new customer, just recommended to him by a person whom he greatly desired to oblige, and he was a man who knew what good work was, and who did not mind what he paid for it, and paid promptly, too; and just now such employments would have been invaluable to Mr. Benson. He had had some heavy losses in trade, followed by sickness in his own family, and a little ready money coming in at this moment would have set him in right again. It was a sore temptation that had just tried him, no doubt about it; and his heart smote him as he thought how near he had been to yielding. He had had to be God, who giveth the victory, the temptation had been conquered, and as Mr. Benson sat down to his work again, it was with a tranquil feeling, as he remembered that he who serves God serves a good Master, and may be content to look to Him for his wages.

It was some few hours after, that a man had left the shop that Mr. Wilcox, a clever, pushing saddler, who lived in an adjoining street, came bustling in, looking wonderfully cockish and self-satisfied.

"Well, Benson," said he, as he rubbed his hands one over the other with uncommon glee, "you have been and done it, has it, eh?"

"Done what?" inquired Benson, as he looked up quietly from his work, making a good guess, however, as to his visitor's meaning.

"Knocked down your own luck with one hand, and given it to me with the other."

"You mean, I suppose, that Mr. Harcourt drove on from my shop to yours."

"Exactly; and I thought the least I could do was to come and thank you, and tell you how happy I should be to work for as many more as you like to send."

"I would not tell you I shall have no more work if I can keep," replied Mr. Benson, trying hard not to show that he was annoyed; "but, God helping me, I will never go against my conscience—not for any man nor any money."

"Well, every one to their taste. These are not days to refuse good work when it is offered; and as to your scruples, they are all nonsense, just as if there was any sin in putting a needle and thread through a bit of leather on a Sunday. The better the day the better the deed."

"Remember that those keep holy the Sabbath-day. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work." They are plain words, and there is no mistaking their meaning," said Benson, quietly.

"Oh, if it comes to quoting Scripture," returned Wilcox, with a sneer, "I can quote text for text—'The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.'"

"I do not see as the one text takes away from the other," replied Benson. "God gave the Sabbath to man, knowing well that a day of rest is as necessary for the good of a man's body as it is for the well-being of his soul. That is just the beauty of God's laws—they are made quite as much for man's good as for His own glory."

"That is a cut above me," said Wilcox. "I only know I will never turn my back on a good order. I know my own advantage a little too well for that."

"Has it ever struck you," asked Benson, looking up from his work, "that a man may be blind to his own actions when he thinks himself wiser than his Maker?"

Wilcox hesitated a little uneasily, and Benson continued—"When I was a youngster I lived in a time when a celebrated surgeon, and I remember well his saying that the animal part of our nature needed rest, as much once in seven days, as the body of a horse does, and, therefore, he did not bring it forward in a religious point of view. It was simply, he wanted to get the most work possible out of those animals, but he always took care that his horses and his servants had, at least, one day's rest in the seven. Many is the story I have heard him tell of the way horses were cut, and human strength broke down, without one day's rest, and that is a truth any man can find out for himself."

"But even if I were to grow old and lose pay for the sake of the argument," returned Wilcox, "if a man wants to get on in the world, he must be ready to risk something to carry his point."

"I think he risks more who goes against God's laws, than he who conforms to them," said Benson.

Wilcox's only answer was a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders.

"It is an old saying," continued Benson, "that 'honesty is the best policy,' and, to my way of thinking, the same truth holds good in respect to godliness. As far as my experience goes, I have found the Apostle was quite in the right when he said, 'Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come.'"

"I cannot say my experience runs in the same line," returned Wilcox.

"Keep God's commands, and never fear but He will keep you. It is a safe line of action, and I am not afraid to hold it," said Benson.

"Well, so long as you are satisfied, that is all that signifies," replied Wilcox; "but I think you would be puzzled to tell me of any man's worldly prospects that were ever improved by neglecting his worldly business."

"That is not exactly the way in which I put the case," said Benson, "but I can tell you an instance of a man whose worldly prospects have been wonderfully improved by his neglecting what the world would call his open and manifest interest."

"How so?"

"You know Lennox?"

"What, the great omnibus proprietor?"

"Exactly."

"I should think so. All the world knows Lennox. I only wish I could know him."

"I have known Lennox since he was a boy. In fact, he is a sort of connection of mine—a second cousin. He was such a fine-looking, high-spirited boy, that he took the fancy of Simmons, the horse-dealer, who happened to be buying horses in the town where he lived; Simmons took him up with him to London, and Lennox turned out such a sharp, handy chap, and such a first-rate judge of a horse, that he became a sort of right-hand man to Simmons, and he lived in his house. In course of time Simmons died, and Lennox thinking, I suppose, it would be a good thing to step into such a situation, he made up to the widow, who, flattered by the admiration of her handsome young suitor, gave him herself and her business."

"I can see the wisdom of the transaction, but I confess, I do not see the sanctity of it," interposed Wilcox, with a laugh.

"For a time all went very smooth," continued Benson, without noticing the remark; "Lennox was contented to carry on the business, and he made quite a little heel to what might be the future. He was always amongst the first to come on any new idea that promised to be a money-making one, and when the omnibuses were first started, he saw in an instant that they were likely to turn out a good speculation, and employing his property in the purchase of them, on his own, he started as an omnibus proprietor, and week-days and Sundays his carriages might be seen on the road. It was just what Simmons would have brought it about then. To get a fortune together first was all that he thought about. But somehow, if it was first come, it seemed to be first served. He was constantly thinking of how his men cheated him; how they one overdrove the horses, how that one drank, and how that other embezzled the money. He had but one remedy—himself, his men, and his horses must work the harder, to supply all deficiencies.

"Things were in this state when a new minister came to the parish in which Lennox lived. He was a true servant of God, he was; one who knew the business on earth was but a trust, and Master's will, and win souls for heaven. Where good was to be done, there you were sure to find Mr. Percival, and it is hard to say, he thought of his own ease or his own comfort, if he could take either the one or the other to the home of sickness or sorrow.

"It had been a very different sort of man that had been before him in the parish, and there were many things going on there that Mr. Percival, Mr. Percival the quiet but spotting went so much against him as the habit of constant Sunday trading, in which all the most wealthy parishioners participated, that he determined on a plot of weeds, that Mr. Percival knew right well, and so he did not expect that seed-time and harvest could come in his same month, and he set himself to work, forgiving the good seed here a little, there a little, leaving it to God to give the increase. It was no very easy thing to get into Lennox's ear, he was so taken up with his trade, he had no time to spend in talking about matters that did not concern him,' he said; 'he had enough, and more than enough, to do to look after his business.' He had, so, many a time Mr. Percival called, and he could never catch sight of his man.

"But if Mr. Percival could not lay hold on Lennox, there was one thing that could and did lay hold on him, and with such a firm grasp as could not be shaken off; that was sickness. Lennox was not only a child, but a beautiful little fellow he was, and Lennox loved their child dearly, and when the child was seized with a sudden illness, and the doctor shook his head, and his clergyman were, for the first time, brought face to face, and, for the first time, Lennox began to feel there might be something worth living for besides this world of ours, and something more were having than the money which could not purchase, so, not one hear's more life for his child, but that the grave closed over that bright boy, it went nigh to break the father's heart, so sensitive, in the bitterness of his spirit, 'My son, my son, would God I had died for thee, my son!'

"And if it had not been for Mr. Percival, I do think it would have gone hard with him, he was so utterly broken in spirit; but Mr. Percival was not one of them that crush out the smoking flax, and, by the grace of God, his man's counsels, Lennox began to see things in a very different light to that in which he had ever seen them before, and in good earnest he began to turn to the Lord, and to seek and to serve Him. But there was one point, he could not see, and Mr. Percival could not make him see, that he was bound to give up running his omnibuses on a Sunday.

"I am not saying that you are not right," I have heard him say to Mr. Percival, "I have no doubt, sir, it would be better if we could keep close to the letter of the commandment, but it cannot be, sir, competition is too sharp for that. I had not my omnibuses on a Sunday, I should be driven off the road, and my fine business would be smashed. I cannot do that, sir—I cannot do it." And you see God is a beneficial God, surely in a matter of necessity He will not be extreme to mark what is done amiss.

"'God is no doubt our friend, but He is, at the same time, a just and a jealous God,' would Mr. Percival reply. 'He never gave a commandment that He did not mean should be obeyed to the letter.' Lennox would reply, reply upon it, Lennox, He will accept of no excuse for the wilful breach of any one of His laws. It is not whether we think or do not think it necessary, that is the question; it is that God has said it, and therefore it must be done.'

"But Lennox would not give in, and month followed month, and still, Sunday after Sunday, his omnibuses were running their course. Lennox, meanwhile, was not a happy man. He was serving two masters now, and that is a trade that never answers. He grew morose and silent, and masters did not seem to be going very well with him. A poor passed away. It was the anniversary of his little boy's death. I had seen a great deal of him of late, and I happened to go to speak to him on business that very day. He was out when I arrived, and I had to wait for him. When he came in, I was shocked to see how haggard and worn he looked.

"'What is the matter, Lennox? Are you ill?' I asked.

"'No, not ill,' he replied, and then he added quickly, 'I have been—to his grave, and I have made a resolution there, and, please God, I will keep it. Benson,

"'The next Sunday there were none of Lennox's omnibuses to be seen on the road, and he and each of his men as chose to accompany him, attended service at Mr. Percival's church.

"'And you want me to believe that his good fortune dates from then,' said Wilcox.

"'No, I do not expect you to believe anything of the sort,' replied Benson, "for it would not be the truth; leastways, not according as we want judges. The first year, Lennox's change of conduct were very hard months to him. Everything seemed to go cross. Hay and corn were dear, one or two of his best horses died, and, at the height of the summer season, when Sunday travelling pays well. Of course there was many a man glad to pick up what he threw away, and as the business declined whilst that of his rivals flourished.

"'What a fool Lennox has been,' said one, 'he has knocked down his own luck.'

"'Let be,' said another. 'He will soon learn wisdom by experience, and hold back again.'

"'But mark the thing; Lennox had thrown in his lot, once and for ever, with those who feared the Lord. He had counted the cost, and he had made up his mind that it was better to be lost in God's service on earth would, he felt sure, be put to the right side of the balance in heaven. He knew the capital was safe, and he was content to wait for the interest.

"'And it was not so long neither, before it began to be paid, and in a way that he had not hoped nor looked for it. Business was not a man to do things by halves. He was not going to do right himself and stand by and see those in his employ cheated, and so he gave it at once out to understand, that he would not put up with any swearing and drunkenness, no, nor any Sabbath-breaking neither, amongst his men, and that as he did not like to live by his rules, might leave him. Many of the men took him at his word and did leave him; and for a time, masters were obliged to put about, and, as they could, had to turn to himself, and do many a thing which he had been accustomed to have done by others. And as he got down to the bottom of the work and gain insight into matters, he began to see how it was it had been fast come, fast go, and to grave a shrewd guess that, with all his business knowledge, he had made a blunder, it would be better off without it than with it. Sure enough, a regular system of cheating came to light, and no wonder. If the men had thought of their principal's good, instead of harm of cheating God out of his rights; why should they see more harm of cheating their master out of his? Money, and money only, was the idolatry out of God's time, the other had done the same by that which belonged to man.'

"'It is very unusual,' interrupted Wilcox, angrily. 'You might as well say at once, Benson, that every man who does not agree with you is a thief.'

"'I do not, indeed, sir, I do not,' replied Benson, he side him with stands before judge and jury. To my way of thinking, he is a worse thief who steals from God than he who robs his fellow-man. There may be compensation for one fault, there is none for the other. He who steals God's time and takes away His honour, can never pay it back again, here nor hereafter. I have always thought, in His mercy, He did not forgive usual, and more—that for Christ Jesus' sake, He will not, on our true repentance, return and abundantly bless our efforts to serve Him. The more we love Him and serve Him and serve Him, the more we shall feel that we can never make up for lost opportunities. A wound may be healed, and the place may grow strong, a scar may not hurt, yet it in no way improves one's beauty, and that is just what Lennox feels. He is a prosperous man now, and he knows it, but he is not, and he never can, where the scar shows plain, ay, and the wound aches too, as he looks back on the past and thinks of that little grave to yonder country.

"'Be that as it may, it is many a year now since Lennox has found for himself that, he who serves God serves a good Master. It is not, he says, that he desired his good fortune from the hour in which he thought himself in greatest difficulty and must hard bested. It was not, he says, that he was in a hurry that was the making of him; and though there was a hard push for a time, yet, as soon as it was generally known that Lennox was a man of his word, and that he was good wages for a good day's work; that he required no more of any man than that which was right; that he never discharged a man without a good reason, and, of course, all the steady men were anxious to serve under a master on whose principles they knew they could rely; and what with the men who had been turned off, were cured for, his horses were better driven, waste and extravagance in the stables ceased, and the money which used to find its way into the men's pockets went to the house into the master's till; while the horses, profiting by less than those drivers by the change in their circumstances, have thrived and do their work every inch of it, and, in a word, the business is more than double what it was in the seven, that the saving in the purchases of horses and hay proved an incomfortable item in the profit-sheet of Lennox's yearly account-book.'

"'And from this, you would argue,' said Wilcox, 'that I am to throw up Mr. Harcourt's order, afterwards to become a first-rate customer; thank you, I am not such a fool.'

"'I am not arguing on the point,' returned Benson, 'I was asked me why I did not undertake Mr. Harcourt's order, and I have told you. You should know me to show you an instance where a man's worldly advantages were improved by a steady adherence to God's commands, and I have given you an apparent loss, and I have given you one, and I could give you many another. It is not for me to dictate your line of conduct to you, seems to wait for his wages, it is only that the money is being put out to better interest than we can get here. That is good for a man to have will be made up to him some time or other. As for what is not good for him to have, why, he is better without it, there is no doubt about that."

But as Wilcox returned to his own shop, he had considerable doubts on the point, and thought he would be a great fool and himself a very clever man. The Benson harness was sent home on the Monday; the order was promptly paid; a fresh order was given, and Wilcox again congratulated himself on his good luck.

It was some weeks after, and they had been a great trouble to Benson, that another carriage turned up at his door, and Mr. Harcourt, well-appointed dog-cart, brougham, drawn by a comfortable, well-fed horse, and driven by a coachman whose well-made livery was quite in keeping with that of the equipage.

Whilst Benson was wondering who the gentleman could be, the carriage-door opened quickly, and a tall, handsome, an military sitter, got out, and walked into the shop, with an air of decision as if he was accustomed to give his orders and be promptly obeyed.

Benson was surprised to see a little excitement when he took in its arrangements, and made his own estimate of the character of its possessor.

"I hope, my good fellow," said Benson, "you are the patient fellow who will not work on a Sunday."

Fortunately for himself, Benson was a good physiognomist. Looking at his visitor, he felt sure that, however abrupt the words might sound, no insult was intended, and so, with a smile, he answered, respectfully, "I do not work on a Sunday, sir; I do, I hope, not follow, as a necessary consequence, that I am wanting in respect to my employers."

"Well, I like that, at least, so my friend Harcourt says. He gives you but a bad character."

"I am sorry for it, sir," began Benson; but he ran out him short.

"Actually refused his order, and told him you would not do his work; do not you call that imperticence?"

"I do not think it, sir."

"Yes, you had. You were free to choose between serving God and pleasing man, and you made your choice, and I, for one, commend you for it, and I can assure that I am here to-day. I am General Lovemore, I have been looking out for some time past for a man on whom I could rely, and I have heard of you from many quarters. The moment I heard Mr. Harcourt's story of you, I made up my mind you should have the work if you could take it. I know it will be a great loss to you, and serve God as fearlessly, would be the man who would set his face for by his neighbour."

The General proceeded to detail to Benson the nature of the order he proposed to give him, Benson in a moment that such a prospect of well-doing was opening before him, he could not but feel a little in his business. Nor was he mistaken—that order was the foundation of Benson's present prosperity. People eyed the man who had the courage to stand up and serve God altered fortunes by that name; and as he had to do the future with consciousness that, if all goes well, prosperity is the result of God's blessing, thankfully acknowledging from whose hand the blessing came, and that he made experience, for himself of the truth of the old proverb, "He that serves God serves a good Master."

And so will it ever be, though it may not be always shown to us, as in the cases of Lennox and Benson, by the increase of worldly prosperity. A man who makes a great mistake who followed their example, and, in the hope of gaining a little reward. Be could take no more certain way of defeating his own intention. If a man serves God, he must do it for God's sake. Attempting to earthly prospects, he is not serving God at all, he is only serving himself and his own interests. Let no man, who would be a servant of God, be deceived. If he who reads the inmost thoughts of the heart, will keep to scorn this pitiful imitation of religion.

Let us, then, seek first the kingdom of God, and honesty to seek first the kingdom of God, not counting the price he must pay for it, content to forego present prosperity if God in His wisdom, seems it best for us. He has up in heaven; this man will, for the most part, find that even in this world he has made a wise choice. God not only rewards, but also, in the sense of compensation, and, if

> To the multitude of words there wanteth not sin: but he that refreineth his lips is wise.—Proverbs x. 19.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

When Robert Peel, then a youth, began business as a cotton-printer, near Bury, he lodged with his partner, William Yates, paying eight shillings and sixpence per week for board and lodging. "William Yates' oldest child," says our author, "was a girl named Ellen, and she was soon became an especial favourite with the young lodger. On returning home from his hard day's work at 'The Grove,' he would take the little girl upon his knee, and say to her, 'Nelly, than bonny little dear, wilt thou be my wife?' to which the child would readily answer, 'Yes,' as you would do, 'Then I'll wait for thee, Nelly; I'll wad thee, and none else.' And Robert Peel did wait. As the girl grew in beauty to wards womanhood, his determination to wait for her was strengthened, and after the lapse of ten years—years of close application to business and rapidly increasing prosperity—Robert Peel married Ellen Yates when she had completed her seventeenth year. The child and girl, whom her mother's lodger and father's partner had nursed upon his knee, became Mr. Peel, and eventually, Lady Peel, the mother of the future Prime Minister of England. Lady Peel was a noble and beautiful woman, fitted to grace any station in life. She possessed rare powers of mind, and was, on every occasion, the high-toned and faithful counsellor of her husband. For many years after their marriage, she acted as his amanuensis, conducting the personal part of his business correspondence, for Robert Peel himself was an indifferent and almost illegible writer. She died in 1803, only three years after the honoured husband had conferred upon her husband. It is said, that London fashionable life—to unlike what she had been accustomed to—proved injurious to her health; and old William Yates was accustomed to say, "If Robert hadn't made our Nelly a 'Lady,' she might ha' been living yet."—*Self-Help.*

BIBLE PATTERN OF A GOOD WOMAN.—NO. IV.

Industry.

She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar.—Proverbs xxxi. 13, 14.

Every one—high and low, rich and poor, who desires to live usefully towards man, and faithfully towards God, must be a worker. It is a very great mistake to which the poorer classes sometimes fall, when they imagine that people of rank and wealth live lives of indolence. The records of the very first family in the realm refute that notion. The Sacrificial Priest, and the Prince of peace, was eminently a worker. His time and thoughts were always occupied, and the amount of noble work he did on a vast variety of departments was astonishing and wonderful. Our illustrious and beloved Queen is a diligent worker. Our Prince of Wales could not have made his great attainments in scholarship, and have been so active in his travels; always ready, alert, and observant, unless he were a worker. And through all the intermediate grades of society there is brain-work, constant, exhaustive, valuable. The mind that plans comes first, and then the honest skilful labouring hand that executes.

Women are not exempt from this condition of work. And it is well they are not, for nothing is so miserable for mind or body, for health or comfort, as idleness. Idle people are always fretful, restless, and unhappy. They are in a world where all is activity. The very winds and waves impress their ceaseless work. Those dissatisfied with themselves, are dissatisfied with all around them. So, my dear readers, you whose lot is cast among those whose special inheritance is toil, be not discouraged on that account; there is a blessing rests both on your toil and on it.

The Scripture tells us of a time when women of the highest rank had to obtain wool and manufacture the cloth; or flax, and spin and weave the linen. For hundreds of years the entire clothing of the whole family depended on the industry of the women. In our own country, in early times, the fleece used to be brought home, and it was often in large households carded, spun, dyed, woven, and made into garments under the superintendence of the lady, who presided over the house. So general was the distaff and spinning-wheel in early times, such as those described in the words we have quoted; and in the early history of our own and other countries, that women obtained a name from the their ordinary employment, and were called 'Spinsters.' In process of time this came to be the designation of unmarried women only—and the married were called 'Housewives.' Not, perhaps, that they spun much less, but that they had to manage all the home affairs of the house.

In modern times the household spinning and weaving has ceased. The great manufacturing towns of the North of England provide now for the humblest classes, garments that were once only within the reach of the very rich. And the comforts of families of all ranks have been increased, while the toil of women has been lightened. But every woman who has but a small income, and wants to make her household comfortable—and this should be her constant aim—finds enough work to employ her every day in the week, and much hours of the day. If she has no larger to "seek wool and flax," she still must work "willingly with her hands."

Do my readers notice that word "*willingly?*" Oh, how much difference it makes whether the work that must be done is done "*willingly.*" I know two young married women, both are industrious, but there is a great difference in their spirit. The first—I will call her Mrs. Moan—tells you with a sigh, "I never thought when I married that there would be half the cares and troubles I have found."

"How so? Your husband seems sober and kind."

"Oh, dear, yes, he is; but his wages are small, and I'm obliged to slave and save, and it sometimes tires and wearies me past bearing, to make both ends meet."

And this murmuring and grieving was uttered to the husband, who bore it all patiently for a time, but at length he wearied of it, and thought he had enough to bear. "How can I help it?" And this brought tears and discord, and brought the little children, poor, half-naked, there flowed in the butter waters of contention. Do my readers know no such cases?

The other young couple whom I have in my mind, I will call Mrs. Brisk. She always sees the bright side. "My Richard works very hard for his money, but what a blessing that he has such good health. And house rent to be sure is very high, but I'd rather pinch a little in other things, and have a nice comfortable little home. It's such a blessing to see Richard come home from work our fireside, reading a bit aloud to me, that I'd work my fingers to the bone to make all nice and snug against he comes home. I'm always at it I know—my work's never done, but it's such a blessing to see the children and the place, and Richard, that though I'm right down tired every night of my life, I'm ready to jump up and sing." The word "blessing," my readers will see is often used by Mrs. Brisk. Need I say that she is a woman who has felt the mercy of God in her child's death, and this has made her notice some of the many blessings that God bestows on all, but which the poor, self-contented, discontented woman, never knows.

Many cares—daily cares, hourly cares, must the patient striving industrious wife and mother have, but in the main of all of these goes with prayer, the power to work willingly will be given. The spirit "to will and to do of His good pleasure" will be imparted.

Industry is sure to bring its reward. The more habit of a mother regularly employing time well, is a good example to her children. They too will be busy from their infant years, and want to help mother. They will learn to be tidy, and cheerful, and active; for an industrious mother in her daily life shows them the way to be so, and children love to copy her, and the young folks are growing up, they will become willing helpers. The mother's cares may not be less, but her toils should be, as her strength begins to fail. And if a whole family are workers—none of them wasters, it is the rule—unless some great calamity comes—that the wealthy condition of the household improves. The wages of the sons, and the work of the daughters, add to the family stock, like the merchant ships, which every wind blows to our shores, bringing their produce for the comfort and benefit of man. And of the good industrious mother who has worked herself, and brought up her children to work also, it may be said in the words of Scripture, "She bringeth her food from afar." Cultivate, therefore, my dear toiling sister, an active, hopeful spirit. Shun idleness as a disease that injures body and soul. "Work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh in which no man can work."

PENNY BANK FACT.

At a Penny Bank established in the worst part of a large town in Yorkshire, a beggar boy presented himself one night, put on a penny, and received a penny back. He regularly deposited a copper on each Bank-night after that, until the sum amounted to three shillings. He then applied to withdraw it. "What do you intend to spend it on lad, said—" I hope you are not taking it out to spend foolishly this Whitsuntide?" "No," said the boy, "I am not, but mother's very poorly, and can't go to church this long time, we are so poor, and father drinks so; but I have saved this money that mother may have a bonnet and gown to go to church in. I have on a clothesman who will sell me them for three shillings, and mother shall have them and go to church as she wants, and then I will save again." The boy was rescued from his beggar's life, and having served his probation satisfactorily in the Shoeblack Brigade, he is now employed as an errand boy in a warehouse where only his bereaved mother knows his history.

THE CLERICAL CONFERENCE.

The following are extracts from some of the speeches delivered at this interesting gathering:—

"Drunkenness is the chaplain of all other sins, and if it could but be slain, a host of sins would at once be put to flight. What victories would the church of Christ then win, and what results would they not achieve, if from their long and sorrowful sowing time."—*Rev. Talbot Greaves, M.A.*

"I believe that it is the one thing which can be proved more clearly than another, it is that if for the love of the people and for the love of humanity, a man would only exercise a little self-denial in the matter of total abstinence, it would be one of the very best things he could do, both for his body and soul, as well as for his country."—*The Dean of Carlisle.*

"I am quite satisfied that England will never occupy the position which as a Christian country she ought to be in, till the great stumbling-block of drunkenness has been removed."—*Rev. Thomas Hutton, M.A., Rector of Sithan.*

"If through the means of the total abstinence movement we can, by God's help, bless some homes in our parishes,—restore peace to some husband and wife, and give bread to some starving children, it is worth our while, so men, not to say as clergymen, to assist in this great moral and social effort for doing good."—*Rev. Robert Maguire, M.A. Incumbent of Cheriswell.*

"We should all remember that this work is God's work, and if we join in it with earnest and continued prayer, I have no doubt that before many years are past, the country which, by the exertions of its Christian men, has got the great slave question settled, will be also delivered from the curse which has so long rested on her brow, of being a nation of drunkards."—*Rev. H. J. Ellison, M.A., Vicar of Windsor.*

Matthew Henry, a little before his death, said to a friend, "You have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men; this is mine:—That a life spent in the service of God, and communion with Him, is the most comfortable and pleasant life that any one can live in this world."

I LIVE NOT ALONE FOR MYSELF.

"I LIVE not alone for myself," said a beautiful flower one fair morning, as it lifted to the sun its crest sparkling with dew-drops. "I live not alone for myself. Mortals come and gave on me, and breathe my fragrance, and go away better than they came, for I minister to their perceptions of the beautiful. I give to the bee its honey, and to the insect his food; I help to clothe the earth in beauty."

"I live not alone for myself," said a wide-spreading tree. "I give a happy home to a hundred living beings; I grant support to the living tendrils of the vine; I shower the choicest vapours in the air; I spread a welcome shadow for man and beast; and I too help to make earth beautiful."

"I live not alone for myself," said a laughing mountain streamlet. "I know that my tribute to the ocean is small, but still I am hastening to carry it there. And I try to do all the good I can on my way. The tree and the flower love my banks, for I give them life and nourishment; and even the grass, which feels my influence, has a greener hue. The numerous frail life and happiness in my waters, though I glide onward, only a silver thread; men and animals seek my brink in sultriness their thirst, and enjoy the shadow of the trees which I nourish. I live not alone for myself."

"I live not alone for myself," said a bright-hued bird as he soared upward into the air. "My songs are a blessing to man. I have seen the poor man sad and despondent as he went home from his daily work, for he knew not how to clothe and feed his little ones. Then I mined one of my sweetest lays for his ear, and he looked upward, saying, 'Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet my heavenly Father feedeth them. Am I not better than they?' and the look of gloom changed to one of cheerfulness and hope. I live not wholly for myself."

"I live not alone for myself," should be the language of every thinking, reflecting mind. It is the language of duty, guiding to the only paths of happiness on earth, and preparing the soul for manhood bliss throughout "the measureless, enduring of eternity."

HOME-FEELING.

I once knew a man, Robert S., who was the youngest son in a large family. He had some years been left at home, when by the death of his father, and changes in circumstances, he had to leave his native town in search of a situation, and he became a travelling agent for a commercial house. Robert was a quiet domestic man, who was not fond of travelling, or the constant change of scene, that his occupation involved. But he was a Christian, and therefore knew that it was right to learn and labour diligently to do his duty in that state of life, into which it had pleased God to call him." I was much struck with some letters that he wrote to his widowed mother, in which he said, "You who know the spot where I was born, can always have a home-feeling; I go to my Heavenly Father's House. Wherever I am in our native land, there is always one sacred place that I can call my Home. There I think of yours—of all our family engaged in prayer and praise—there in spirit I can meet you all. However distant, I can feel I are one in Christ Jesus. What should do without a Sabbath, and a place of worship I know not."

Reader, have you that sweet home-feeling, that sweet feeling of a rest in a home, that holy domestic joy in the house of prayer that is the Sabbath, to His Heaven, and realize the feeling:—

> No more a wanderer, nor a guest,
> But like a child at home.

THE HONEST BOY.

Dr. Adam Clarke was a learned and much esteemed minister. He wrote a Commentary on the Bible. He was born in Ireland. There is an anecdote told of him in youthful days which we think may interest our young readers. Here it is:—

There was a lad in Ireland who was put to work at a linen manufacturer, and who was at work there, a piece of cloth was wanted to be sent out which was short of the quantity it ought to be; but the master thought it would be made the length if he kept stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself, and bade the other. He then said,

"Will, Adam, pull."

"I cannot, sir."

"Why," said the master.

"Because it is wrong, sir," said Adam, and he refused to pull.

Upon this the master said that he would not do for a linen manufacturer, and sent him home; but that boy became the learned Rev. Dr. Clarke, and the friend of the Duke of Sussex. The strict principle of honesty in his youthful days, instilled by the right teaching of good parents, laid the foundation of his future greatness.

Kind words are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home that the world can show. Use them, and *especially* in the domestic circle.

There is in St. Petersburg, a good old custom, requiring every person taken up drunk, male or female, to sweep the streets the next day for a number of hours.

A Tattoo for Mothers and Nurses.—She who would tell a frightful story to a child, or allow one to be told, ought to have a guardian appointed over herself.

Liverpool and the Slave Trade.—The American Minister has advised Earl Russell that the slave ship 'Nightingale,' recently captured with nearly 1000 slaves on board, was actually 'fitted out' at Liverpool! Every lover of his country is interested in bringing the offenders to justice. Working-men of Liverpool! your honour is tarnished unless this charge be cleared.—P.

> The hand of the diligent shall bear rule: but the slothful shall be under tribute.—Proverbs xii. 24.

> The lip of truth shall be established for ever: but a lying tongue is but for a moment.—Proverbs xii. 19.

FAMILY ECONOMY.

There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for his family, if there be a continual leakage in the kitchen, or in the parlor, it runs away, he knows not how; and that demon *Waste*, cries "More," like the horseleech's daughter, until he that provides has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it.

A WORD OF COMFORT.

Isaiah xl. 1.

Comfort take, thou child of sorrow,
All is ordef'd well for thee;
Look not for the anxious morrow—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

Child of grief, does this world move thee?
Transient sorrow and transient pain!
Think, oh think, of worlds above thee,
Countless worlds—a glorious train!

There are mansions now preparing
For the redeemed,
Here a pilgrim, and wayfaring,
There shall be thy long abode!

There shall thou abide for ever,
With thy Dear and Precious Friend;
Nought from Him thy soul shall sever,
In a world that knows no end.

There, amidst celestial choirs,
Eye to eye, and face to face,
Thou shalt see thy tribulations,
Sent as messengers of grace.

Comfort take, thou child of sorrow,
All is order'd well for thee;
Look not to the anxious morrow—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

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> The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth.—Psalm cxlv. 18.

EVENING CLASSES.

We are glad to notice that the interests of the workingclasses are not overlooked in the agricultural districts. In 1856 a few members of the Church of England in Louth, Lincolnshire, commenced a Free Evening School for those who were anxious to improve themselves. A room was hired, a paid master engaged, and forty lay friends undertook to teach in rotation. These volunteers in the good work included solicitors, bank clerks, tradesmen, and even schoolmasters, who after the toils of a school-room all the day, were willing to impart knowledge to their poorer neighbours. The promoters would have been repaid if only fifty scholars had offered themselves, but to the surprise of every one, nearly 200 men and youths, from the age of fourteen to sixty, applied for admission. The school was opened for the six winter months on four evenings in every week from seven to nine, and at the close of the first session, the managers felt that the success of the undertaking, with God's blessing, justified them in carrying on the work. For five years the school has been opened with increasing success, and we are glad to say that to accommodate the numbers who still apply for admission, the friends of the institution are building a new school-room, with classroom, and library, and rooms for scholars who prefer a quiet hour in the evening *with friends and without the pot* and pipe. Much good has been done by this institution, and we rejoice to state that the managers do not forget that "one thing is needful," and they, therefore, seek above all things the eternal welfare of their scholars. In connection with the school is a Free Library, containing 400 volumes. This library enables the scholars to carry to their homes a source of pleasure and improvement, which their circumstances would otherwise forbid. As a proof that the library is valued, we may mention that out of 3,700 volumes taken out in two years, only two volumes have been lost. Our engraving shows the Senior Class in the Louth Free Evening School, while under tuition by their energetic friend, Mr. Colam. The Secretary of the Institution, T. P. Allison, Esq., Solicitor, Louth, will gladly furnish any information to friends who take an interest in evening schools. We hope that many of our readers in the agricultural districts will be encouraged to correspond with Mr. Allison, and take steps for promoting the welfare of the agricultural labourers, many of whom, at present, can neither read nor write.

(FREE EVENING CLASS AT LOUTH, TAUGHT BY MR. COLAM.)

"TO DO GOOD, AND TO COMMUNICATE, FORGET NOT."

THE BISHOP AND THE WORKSHOPS.

The Great Northern Railway Company has an establishment for the repair of locomotives, about two miles from Peterboro.' There are between three and four hundred workmen employed in the shops, and for their accommodation, the Company has erected a number of good dwellings forming a village, to which has been given the name of "New England." Among the men collected at "New England" from all parts of the country, there are many—who, surrounded by these material comforts which good wages enable them to secure, are still mindful of the higher interests of life. In consequence of the visit of the Bishop of London to the Midland Railway workshops at Derby, some of the men suggested that the Bishop of Peterboro' should be invited to address them at "New England." The suggestion was approved, and the authorities facilitating the object, an invitation was sent to the Bishop. Although the worthy Bishop is far advanced in years, and the infirmities of age are deeply felt by him, he at once cheerfully accepted the invitation. It may, perhaps, be unknown to some of our readers, that the present Bishop of Peterboro' was tutor to our gracious Queen, and in that capacity assisted to develop those qualities of heart and mind which have endeared her Majesty to her people. That the relationship was not merely a nominal one, is proved by the fact that she has from forgetting her venerable teacher, the Queen continually manifests her sympathy with him personally, and testifies in pleasing ways, her respect and attachement. It was then the *Queen's tutor* who accepted the invitation to address the railway workmen at "New England."

Thursday, March 14th, was the day appointed for the visit. The preparations were few and simple. A large shed or building called the "erecting shop," in which "sick engines" are laid up in hospital, as it were, was chosen as the place of assembly. On a platform a simple desk was placed, and a few chairs for visitors placed around. By shortening the breakfast-time the men on this day extended the dinner-time, so that shortly after one o'clock they had eaten a hasty meal, and were gathered together in front of the desk at which the Bishop stood. After a short prayer from the vicar of Peterboro', the Bishop began his address. He did not select a text, but in homely words, and in a familiar manner, spoke to his hearers.

He said he had met them in accordance with their own wish, and he hoped it might be for their good. Religion, he said, was not a separate thing, but a thing which had to do with all the relations of life. Christian credit was the foundation of that good name which the British merchant, tradesman, and workman bore in the world, and recent exceptions in the commercial world showed how weak man was in himself, and how much he needed the guidance of God's love and the help of His Holy Spirit. He commended the desire to make their homes happy ones, and to secure their own advancement in life, and pointed out that these objects were promoted by the right understanding of spiritual truth. Enforcing the necessity of industry, and the economy of time as furnishing means of, and leisure for, moral and intellectual improvement, he cautioned them against wasting precious moments in the perusal of foolish books. He expressed his satisfaction at knowing that many of them were readers of the "British Workman." The Bishop then directed attention to their *work* in the world—work for their own benefit, and that of all connected with them, and all about them. He enforced the necessity of rest, and explained the appointment of the Sabbath as meeting this requirement. Exhorting them to the observance of the Lord's-day, and to the cultivation of the spirit of prayer, he alluded to the frequent occurrence of accidents in connection with railways, and the suddness of a sudden call before the judgment-seat of God, and concluded by an excellent exposition of the good effects which will follow a reverential regard of God's laws, and holiness of heart.

The interesting proceedings closed with the Doxology and Benediction.

The Bishop of Peterborough.

COST OF SMOKING.

"I ONLY smoke six cigars a-day," said a young man to his friend—"they only cost threepence a-piece."

"Why," replied his friend, "do you know how much money you are throwing away, beside injuring your health? In fifty years' time you will have puffed away in smoke nearly Two Thousand bright guineas of gold!"

BENEFIT your friends, that they may love you the more; benefit your enemies, that they may become your friends.

No man can avoid his own company—he is bound to be at least make it as good as possible.

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

One Christmas-Eve, in an upstair room of a small house in one of the bye-streets of the town of Birmingham, were assembled three little girls, of ages varying from nine to fourteen. They were sitting round a small fire, and up in the further corner of the room was a bed, the curtains of which were carefully drawn round. A small candle was burning on the table, and the faces of all the poor children bore the impress of sorrow, while their eyes were fixed on the dark corner where the bed lay, from which there came betimes a sigh, deep but low, as from a heart full to overflowing with grief.

"Sarah," said the youngest of the girls to her next sister, "it yet keeps snowing fast, and father has not come home."

"Hush, Maria," said the sister spoken to, "you will disturb mother, and I think she's gone to sleep."

"No, I am not asleep," and a quiet voice from the bed, "but I think I shall soon be asleep, but such a sleep as I have never had yet; but come here, my children, bring the candle closer to my bed, and you, Elizabeth, get the Bible and read to me."

"Where shall I read?" said the oldest of the girls.

"The Sermon on the Mount," said the dying woman; and she listened while a chapter was read. Just at the conclusion, she was seized with a severe fit of coughing, which brought up a quantity of coagulated blood, and then she lay down upon the bed exhausted. "It will soon be over," said she; "how I wish your father would come; but he will not be here for hours yet." After a few minutes, she asked her children to kneel down around her bed, and she prayed. Her prayer was often broken by the sobs of her daughters, and often too the fearful disease under which she was rapidly sinking, denied her utterance. But she prayed long, and her prayers were for her children, and fervently too for her husband. "Bless him, O God," said she in broken accents, "and grant that he may see the error of his ways." She then faintly said, "Kiss me, my children, and love one another—love your poor father; tell him I prayed for him."

But it is time we said something of the family, and why this misery had come upon them. Fifteen years before, the woman whose pinched up cheek was looking so ghost-like in the flickering light of the fire, as it cast its beams here and there as the flame varied, was young and comparatively wealthy. She was the only daughter of a respectable tradesman. In the bloom of her womanhood, she had married the man of her choice—the son of a man of wealth. All life's stream gave promise of happiness. With youth and health and prospects fair before them, they had started with joyous hearts. But fifteen years had passed since then. Prosperity were all gone, and the lower of her youth had drunk deeply of the intoxicating cup, and it betrayed him.

For several years things had gone well with them. Her husband was industrious and had money at command, but after awhile he became fond of company, neglected his business, lost his money, then his credit, and at last his goods were taken for debts he could not pay. Instead of rallying, he sunk lower and lower still in the social grade, and at the time spoken of he had been for some years a *confirmed drunkard!*

Often had his wife traced him from one public-house to another, and heard by all the seducements she knew, to go home, but seldom was her success. In the time of Autumn, and in the early Winter she had followed him like his guardian angel to bless him, and he was blessed. But it was one now. Hard times, expensive to the weather, and the proper nourishment, had brought on a decline, and the poor creature lay down in the verge of another world.

Two of the children sobbed themselves to sleep, one was yet awake. The fire had burnt out, for there was no coal in the house to feed it with; the candle had been blown out as soon as the mother visited to sleep, for the only candle they had. The wind had ceased, and the stars shone brightly, and the snow was heaped against the windows by the wind, making the glass sound as it were going to break.

Sarah, the eldest, was awake, had sat a long while listening to the stormy weather, and thinking of her home within—building up castles of her future life, and how she would comfort her mother in years to come if God should spare her life, but she too fell asleep, and dreamed she was in a garden full of flowers, and her mother and father were there, and the little brother who had gone to heaven years before, and the sisters too, and they were all so happy, for her father had given up strong drink, and her mother looked so quite well. The poor child was just enjoying all the happiness, when she was awoken by the watchman crying the hour of midnight. Hastily wrapping a shawl round her, she went down for a light.

"A merry Christmas, my dear," said the watchman, for he had known her for years. "Hasn't your father come home yet?"

"No," said the child, "but he will soon be here, and I think mother will soon get better now."

"I hope it will," said he, as she turned away from his lantern with a lighted candle.

"I doubt it though," said he, as another tear. He looked after her as she thinkt the door, washing his poor night, and shook his head mournfully. "Poor little lass!" said he, half alcoul and half to himself, "you are a good child, you are," then pausing on his way, he took up a copy of *past twel-ebs* but in a subdued voice, for the candle was shining through the window of the sick room.

In a short time the door of the house was opened, and a bloated figure tottered in. "Show a light, fetch a wench," said he, and Sarah ran down to light her poor drunken father up the stairs. "A merry Christmas to you, Maria," said the poor drunkard, approaching the bed.

"Hush, father, mother's asleep."

"Then light me here, child, and let's see if she looks any better."

The girl did as she was bid. She raised the candle so that the light should strike upon that part of the bed where her mother lay. Her father opened the curtains, but as the light fell upon that marble face, a loud cry rung through the room, uttered by the father. The mother was dead asleep, but it was the sleep of death.

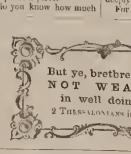
The dead are soon forgotten, but for some months that man was steadier. He then went back to his old ways. Lower and yet lower he sank, till in a fit of drunkenness, he

sold his goods, and turned his daughters out into the world.

Many years after that, one calm Summer's night, a man lay among a bed which close to one of the windows, in one of the wards of the Birmingham Poorhouse. Life was fast ebbing away, and it had been one of pain and suffering. His brow was damp with the death-sweat, and a young woman was wiping it away as it gathered thick. "God bless you, Sarah," said the dying man, "I shall soon be gone. Oh, had I lived a steady life, and avoided the public-houses, I might now have been a rich and a good man. Do forgive me, Sarah?"

"I do forgive you, Father, pray to God to forgive you." His glassy eyes were looking up at his daughter. He clasped her hand. "I might have been a good man, but for *strong drink!*" He slowly relaxed his hold of his daughter's arm. His spirit had passed to the last account.

Reader, this is no fiction. The man lived, and died in the poorhouse, while man in the same town, lost in the poorhouse, while man in the same town, with not half of his prospects, have kept their engagements! *But he loved the drink*; and that ruined him.



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BRITISH WORKMAN

The Feed, from the painting by J. F. Herring, Sen., Esq., F.R.A.

THE FEED.

In presenting our readers with an engraving from Mr. Herring's famed and beautiful painting of "The Feed," we feel assured that we are imparting pleasure to thousands of working-men and their families. The noble and useful horse really deserves his regular and plentiful "feed." When well trained, well fed, and kindly treated, the horse is one of the most valuable of servants that man can possess. Mr. Herring's companion plate of "The Halt," is now in the engraver's hands.

LIVE AND LET LIVE!

A plea for Publicans and their Servants.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACQUIAH FRANKHEART."

One bright Sabbath forenoon, not fifteen years ago, a pedestrian, hot, dusty, and perspiring, neared at a well-known, and much-frequented village in the county of York, famed for the salubrity of its air and water. We will name it Wells. The place was thronged, as though it were a market-day, and vehicles heavily freighted with gaily-dressed and merry passengers, were rolling in from the surrounding towns and hamlets.

Our traveller stepped into one of the inns in quiet to refresh himself. The larger rooms of the Red Lion being so crowded with visitors, he was asked to walk into a small private apartment, whither the landlord was in the habit of retiring, when anything was relish for the society of his usually noisy customers. Whilst partaking of his repast, the traveller was joined by the host, in whose countenance there was much more of care, anxiety, and abstraction, than his great-footed recreant able with so charming a day, and so thriving a trade. In a few minutes a conversation was commenced, the purport of which was as follows:—

"Very busy this morning, sir."

"Busy dad you observe, sir?" said the landlord, suddenly unbuttoning his waistcoat, himself, and beaming at the stranger. "Busy? yes, busy enough. Too busy, sir!"

"Good thing for you, landlord, this influx of Sunday visitors" the man observed, just by way of making himself agreeable to his entertainer. "Not like this, every Sunday?"

"Every Sunday in the summer months it is. Sunday did I say? Sundays are no Sundays to us, sir."

There was a contempt for the thing which the traveller could not understand.

"Ah, likely enough. But you prefer it, for it *pays* you sir."

"Prefer it! great mistake, sir. Very great. It isn't from choice, but necessity, that I open to-day. Driven by competition, sir. Forced to open. We have to open Sunday than all my Sunday gains. I envy those who can be quiet on such a day, go to church, eat, rest, think, read, and pass on Monday morning with more or less experience to bless their Maker for the Sabbath. I wish with all my heart, people would stay at home on such a day, and mind, as they ought to do, their houses and families, their souls and church."

Our friend was astonished. He little expected hearing such a homily, in such a place, and by such a speaker. He replied:

"Oh, but that's a vain wish. The tide's sure to flow on in more mass. People are becoming more enlightened, you see. Less obedient to the Bible, less fond of church and chapel. They'll have, and enjoy, their Sundays."

"Am very sorry to hear you thus speak, sir. Churches and chapels may have their faults. They have. But if you saw as much as I do, of some who are, as you say, less obedient to the Bible and church, you wouldn't so exclaim. I assure you. To my ears that phrase has a dreadful sound. I see what beasts those who take up the cry make of themselves. You don't, sir, think that having their Sundays, that's all right enough. I've not a word to say against it. But with that many of them are not content. They'll have the Sundays of other people also. Thousands of us have no day of rest, by reason of being forced, in a way, to toil for the convenience and pleasure of others. I dearly pity my servants. They are anything more than drudges. And yet we must do it, or give up the business."

"Oh well," the man answered, "somebody must serve, you see. If they're well-paid, they're not hurt."

"Sometimes, sir. There are inconveniences for which money cannot compensate. Sundays are forced to submit. There's a girl of mine, now, a steady, hard-working young woman, who this minute is all tears and sobs and sadness, because I can't let her go to see her father and his family to-day. One of them is near to death, and prays to see her. Now I admit it's natural she should wish to go. And I would let her go to-day, if she's not had a Sunday for months. Moreover, she's a first-class servant; and her parents handsomely offer to sacrifice a week's wages, and to be at the place and return to-morrow, if I'll grant them their request. But what can I do? I can't spare her. I should be locked fast in an hour if she were to go. And all owing to those Sunday visitors who *will* have their Sabbaths, but, who will have them at the cost of other people's. Now isn't that a hard case, sir? what would you do?"

"Well, I should pay her of course," he replied with a sigh. He became sad all at once, from which circumstance the landlord inferred that he was a business man after all. "But I should say to her, 'Now it would be most inconvenient your going away to-day; and as you have Sunday wages for Sunday work, I expect you to do your yoke.' Wouldn't all be right?"

"Certainly."

"But how would her family be likely to view it? And how would this little one take it who's ill?"

"Oh, they would be disappointed, no doubt. But they would have to submit if you forced her to remain at her work, which *I* should do. But I must depart. For myself," he continued, pulling out a purse with no little estimation, to settle his bill. "I suppose of people, working-people in particular, seeking and enjoying an out and an airing on Sundays; and if the practice does compel a few servants to stay a dozen hours instead of going to their parents to gossip, why it doesn't do them a great deal of harm, and an effort, they must bear their earnings, and when independent, turn every day into a Sabbath."

After more remarks and reflections of a kindred character, Smith left the Red Lion and resumed his journey, pleased with, rather inspirited by, the gay holiday appearance of Wells, and chuckling at the thought, that religion and its abettors, would find such places very formidable rivals to their temples.

By four o'clock, he reached his destination, a quiet farmstead, on the border of a far-stretching common. Here his brother resided, a hale, cheerful man, who had a large household, and a kind heart. This brother, the eldest of the family, had taken by request, and adopted, the only child—the infant of our friend the traveller. This child had been ill for several days, which mournful fact had occasioned this visit from a parent. He was a beautiful, and had been a interesting boy, no less a favourite at the farmstead, than the had been beneath his own father's roof. The illness with which he was seized had made such rapid progress, that when John Smith arrived, death had mercifully released the little sufferer.

This to the family was a severe stroke. It had shattered an idol; it had awakened tender ties. It had brought darkness over a hearth, a work-age light and cheerful, mourning and lamentation into a dwelling, which recently was rioting with the voices of joy and mirth.

Of course Mr. Smith shared the great grief. His heart bled drops of poignant anguish. How hollow now seemed the bliaiety of Wells, with which he had been so fascinated! How insipid the pleasures he had considered at such a high term a-day! How vain the noise and show, the feasting and mirth he had defended!

When calmed down in the evening, he asked for Sarah, his brother's eldest daughter. A heavy moan, and an enormous shake of the head, were her father's reply. His inquiry was earnestly repeated. The answer was, that she was not in service; a fact with which John Smith had not been made acquainted, and one which his brother Thomas deeply deplored, inasmuch as the deceased child had expressed a desire to see her, that he might pillow his aching head on her welcome arms. Why hadn't they summoned their daughter? They had done so, they said, but they had asked that she might be permitted to spend that Sabbath with them? Yes, and had hoped to see her, but were disappointed. They supposed she could not be spared.

Mr. Smith grew warm and eloquent, satirical and indignant. He supposed she lived with some superstitious profiteer, who would not let her travel on the Sabbath, even though it was to visit and comfort a dying child. In his heart he cursed such hypocrisy, mentalreading that to a mere mortal seemed to betray a blow. He conversation with the landlord occurred to his mind. Here, he thought, is a case in point, a family denied the presence of one of its members when most needed, by an absurd regard to what is called Sabbath observance. Mr. Smith resolved to be more zealous than ever in advocating the right of Sunday visitors to their homes. This beck and bid of church and chapel, he mentally denounced with unmeasured severity. With a view to relieving Sarah from her brother's burdens, he said:

"And where is Sarah, Thomas?"

"At Wells."

"In service there?"

"Yes."

"It's singular, I called there this morning, I said, oh, I do wish, I'd known,"

"At which house do you call?"

"The Red Lion."

"The Lion kept by Foster?"

"This very minute," John Smith answered.

"Why she's a servant there!" Thomas exclaimed.

The brother now became pale as his deceased child.

"Oh!" he exclaiming, and his hands throbbing temples with his hot palms. "What have I done? Did you," he asked wildly, "offer to sacrifice a week's wages if she might come home?"

"I did," Thomas answered, staring at his brother in utter bewilderment, for he was almost quite prostrated by a sudden rush of self-recrimination, compunction and remorse. His own loss had counselled the detention of his daughter, his own selfishness denied his suffering boy the little assuagement of his affliction, that would have resulted from her presence. How different appeared the Sunday's refusal to give this servant her Sunday, when it turned out that it was his brother's daughter! John Smith's views of Sabbath observance were entirely changed by this incident. They became less one-sided, less selfish; more just and Christian.

How true the words of Scripture: "He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made. His mischief shall return upon his own pate, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate."

Reader! there are thousands of publicans, and tens of thousands of their servants who in this Christian land have no *Sabbath*, but are crying aloud for the mental welfare rest. In all parts of the country many of them are longing for the *general* closing of public-houses on the Lord's day. Many, very many, would *all* are compelled to close, we shall be thankful." An Act of Parliament imposing the closing of public-houses from Saturday night to Monday morning, we feel assured would be a boon to the nation—a blessing to all classes of Society. To none would it prove a greater blessing than to the working-classes.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

Profit and Loss.—"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

The Being who propounded this problem knew the value of the soul, and of the world; He knew the value of the world, for he fashioned it; He knew the value of the soul, for he redeemed it; He sees its peril, notwithstanding the infinite value, and he gave this sum in the arithmetic of eternity, to be weighed out by the scholars, not and faith, or to be worked out *there* in remorse and anguish without mitigation and without end.

DR. GULLY ON SMOKING

This celebrated Dr. Gully, has made the following remark—on the use of tobacco:—"Give up the deleterious mixture of tobacco in the shape of *snuffing* and *smoking*. Both tell injuriously on the nerves of the stomach, as well as on the brain. Nay, more, I defy any one to cure a nervous disorder, or a shattered constitution, whilst the patient is allowed to snuff or smoke tobacco. I would have no patient who refused to give it up; the physician should control, not pander to his patients."

A NOVEL PUBLIC-HOUSE.

Mr. W. D. Littlewood, writing to the *Standard*, says:—In my rambles through Derbyshire, I passed the village of Osmaston, near Ashbourne, and came upon the little public-house in the place, was much amused to find the old world in the parlour a list of rules framed, which appeared to me so original, that I took the trouble to write off the following copy of them. The landlady of the house assured me the regulations were strictly kept.

"Rules to be observed at this house:—

ON THE LORD'S-DAY.

1. No ale whatever to be drunk on the premises.
2. Families may be supplied with ale to drink with their meals at home."

ON THE WEEK-DAYS.

1. On no account to allow oaths, profane language, or cards.
2. No ale to be filled for any one if he appears to have had enough, or if he comes in after having been drinking elsewhere.
3. Never to furnish more than two glasses of spirit at a time.
4. No ale to be filled after nine o'clock, and the house to be closed at half-past nine o'clock.
5. As the house is kept open for the accommodation of travellers and those transacting business in the parish, parties are not allowed to frequent the house *for the mere purpose of drinking.*

N.B.—It is particularly requested that every one frequenting this house will, to the utmost of his power, assist the landlord in maintaining the observance of the above rules, and preserving at all times peace and quietness."

We hope that Mr. Littlewood next travels through this village he will find that the landlord has amended this rule, and closed entirely on the Lord's-day.

WASTE NOTHING.

Some gentlemen went out one day to solicit subscriptions in order to send Bibles to the heathen, who have none. They went from one house to another, and at last went up to one where they had not previously called. As they stopped on the door-step, they overheard the landlord in his parlour talking to a girl in the kitchen for wasting a new match every time she wanted to light a candle.

"Let us go," said one; "we shall get nothing here A man who scolds about a match will never give anything to the Bible Society."

"We can try," said the other.

They went in, and told their errand. The gentleman took out his purse, and gave them more than any one else had, enough to fill the Bibles for twelve families. They were astonished at his giving so much. "They told him how they had overheard him talking about the match, and did not expect anything from him.

"O, that is the very reason," said the gentleman, "why I can give so much to send the Bible. I allow nothing to go to waste, and thus, by saving all I can, I have money with which to do good."

NIGHTINGALES AND OUR OTHER SUMMER VISITORS.

There is something very delightful in loving and being loved; and there is a greater pleasure than seeing all the birds in my garden happy. They feel they are in safeguard with me. I open my window, and I bid them enter. Every morning I hear them, on the grass-plot, and in other convenient places, pans and dishes of various depths filled with cold spring water. Down they come—blackbirds, thrushes, hedge-sparrows, nightingales, blackcaps, garden-warblers, robins, wrens, &c., &c., and when they have done drinking, what a droll sight it is to see them plunge bodily into their baths! What a fuss they make! How busy they are they perform! They dance, they stride, they caper. See them racing on the lawn, and then "sobbing their toilet!" How very happy they are! Listen to the melody of their sweet voices, and close companionship in the garden. Who would be without such summer visitors?—William Kidd.

"MY FATHER WILL TAKE CARE OF ME."

A gentleman lately returned from a journey, relates an incident, pleasingly illustrative of our Saviour's declaration, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein."

When the train reached B——, a gentleman who had been engaged in conversation with another, accompanied by his little seven-year-old travellor adieu, and said to the child, "Good-bye, Charley: take care of yourself."

"*My Father* will take care of me," replied the little boy, with a sweet voice gladdening to his father, and amusing to the bystanders.

How true it is that the very first, as well as the very last, lesson for him to learn who would enter the kingdom, is to trust in God as a child.

How many an anxious fear for the future would be removed, could we learn even to say with the guileless confidence of that child, "*My Father* will take care of me."

A BEAUTIFUL FRENCH TRAIT.

A very pleasing characteristic of the population of France is their extraordinary respect for age. It has ripened into a deification of grandmothers. There are few able to provide for their own support who would not consider the asking of public relief for their superannuated or helpless parents an indelible disgrace.

SELF-DENIAL

Are you called upon to exercise self-denial? Abraham looks down from heaven upon you, and tells you he was ready to sacrifice his beloved Isaac. Are you afraid of a little ridicule? Moses looking down from Noah's building an ark; Moses rejected the honours of Pharaoh's court, and underwent as many taunts and scoffs as you are likely to do. Are you called to lay down your lives for the testimony of Jesus and a good conscience? Stephen tells you a storm of stones fell upon him, and broke open the prison, and set the prisoner free; he was not caught; and as a bird, took wing and flew to heaven. Are you assaulted with temptations? Christ knows how you feel, and tells you that he had much stronger temptations than you have, and yet he got safe to heaven.—*Hopkins.*

HOW TO REDUCE THE POOR-RATE.

Mr. Cronin, one of the London City Missions, says as follows:—"Where our meets are, we have a 'British Workman,' and 'Band of Hope Review.' One man in the parish of St. Giles, who, for the last six years, was reduced by no means to read a 'British Workman,' but was induced to read it, and but was so struck with an anecdote of a poor man in drinking, and finding it was a true one, he read a many days, that he resolved he would try the experiment. From that time the beer money was saved week. At length he was overtaken by sickness, unable to work, but he had sufficient to pay his two shillings of which were left when he was in employment. His wife told me all the tears in her eyes, and added, 'My husband never could have such a joyer to him at that time, as to see the pile of Keeping him from going into the public-houses, shillings.'"

"DO WHAT THOU HAST TO DO."

Whatever thy hand finds to do, do it with all thy might.

BY MRS. J. H. SIGOURNEY.

Do what thou hast to do.
When thou hast opportunity,
While yet thine ears can hear the call
That wakens speech to thee,
While thou hast power to walk
Whilst thine hot veins are warm,
Whilst thine ear is open to the voice
To understand thy way.

Do what thou hast to do.
And not to other men
They may thy wishes overrule
Thy motives misconstrue,
Thy purposes pervert
Thy plans with selfish care.—
Now, while the lifelike moments fly fast,
Do what thou hast to do.

Do what thou hast to do,
Before the night of death
Shall sever thee from time,
Thus swiftly wrapt the world
In darkness and the tomb.
For thoughts, and deeds, and words
On blossoms bright and fair
Behold! the grave is for them spread.—
Do what thou hast to do.

On Being Good.—

If there be a thing on earth which angels cannot enjoy and which they are not capable of, it is the pleasure of doing good, of being a blessing, of there be a part, which they are not capable to perform, it is the doubtful honour of being good, for it is a thing which they never have occasion to perform, and have abused and perverted it to perform it.—*Burke.*

Our Manners,—

Manners are more important than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the law depends. The law touches but few but and then, in but few instances. Manners are what make, or preserve, purify, exalt or debase, barbarise or civilise, a nation, steady, uniform, insensible operators, the tone of the moral world. Laws are but the last grip that give the colour to our lives. Accordingly to their nature, good or ill morals, they supply them, or they tend to annoy them.—*Burke.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

Bankrupt Savings' Banks.—We feel the danger to the Savings' Bank, and cannot see how it can be avoided. The Savings' Bank, *Journal*, but we cannot refuse the insertion of a paper that has already been left that more will be given the word "limited" to the Savings' Bank, and the Post Office Savings' Bank, working on the same lines, we cannot insert it. It will be short enough for us to insert it.

Sunday Letter.—We shall be glad to receive an article on the subject of Sailors who have or design seeing some abstinence from intoxicating liquors.

Sailors' Temperance Society.—Would be glad to receive an article of Mr. S. W. Partridge, the Publisher, 9, Paternoster Row, E.C. Received Articles cannot be returned.

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DEATHS THROUGH CRINOLINE.

SURELY a week now passes over without the newspapers recording "another" Death through Crinoline. If females will wear hoops and wire, surely they might take the precaution of procuring from the chemist the simple preparation which prevents light dresses from burning. A few pence at the most would have saved not a few from horrible deaths during the last twelve months. A word to the wise is sufficient. PREVENTION is easier than CURE.

BIBLE PATTERN OF A GOOD WOMAN.—NO. V.

EARLY RISING, METHOD, ARRANGEMENT.

"She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens."—Prov. xxxi. 15.

OUR last treated of the duty of industry; but it is possible for a woman to be industrious, and yet not to show much good sense in her industry. Have my readers never known a mother of a family who was always at work, and yet always in a muddle—who began one thing before she had finished another, and then left off and turned to her first work, and then allowed herself to be called off and interrupted, and forgot what she was doing, and rushed off in a hurry to make things all straight, and was flurried, and perplexed, and cross and full of complaints—who knew how she should work mastered her? Such women often sit up over-night to do some forgotten piece of needlework or ironing, then they go to bed tired and overwrought, and rise in the morning; they rise in a fright and find they have forgotten to have the wood dried and ready for lighting the fire. They are late in getting breakfast, it is late. The early morning cleaning is not done. The children are not made ready for school in time. Then is scolding and tears in abundance. The day is spoiled, and all in disorder after breakfast, and before it can be put right there is some marketing to be done for the dinner—which a little management might have arranged beforehand—and while the poor toiling wife and mother has gone to make her purchases, the fire gets so low that on her return home, no cooking can be done, and afternoon tea there is either a meal not enough dressed, or a disorderly place to eat it in; and there will be sure to arise complaining and ill-temper. And washing, or mending, or extra cleaning is required in the dwelling, all is hurry, annoyance, breakage, waste. Plenty of toil, but no comfort; much pain and no progress. Now a woman who wants to have a comfortable home must use her head as well as her hands. Every kind of work wants forethought. I was once staying with a good housewife, in the North of England, who, with the help of her young daughter, kept her house in such beautiful order, and had her afternoons and evenings so free for needlework and reading, that I watched the ways of the dwelling. I found that every evening, for a little time, by bonnet went away, and on my inquiry I found it was to visit her little larder, and arrange for the next day's meals. Sometimes to set her bread ready to rise for the morning's baking, and always to put sticks ready for fire-lighting, and to fill the kettle with filtered water, and place it in the hob, and then in cold weather to make sure of not having the hob too hot before water could be obtained for the morning's meal. These things seem but small matters to write about, but life is made either happy or miserable by apparently small matters. The Bible tells us of the importance of little things as a part of the business and duty of life. Every woman should try to be not only industrious but methodical—not merely a worker, but a manager.

There is a good deal to be said about early rising, and it is, as in everything else, a wise method should be adopted. Every one requires the refreshment of good sound sleep, and enough of it. God, in his great mercy, has made the night suitable for rest, and certain of darkness, and its quiet, for the repose of man and beast. Man should try to take regular sleep, and begin their night early, for there is no greater mistake, as far as health is concerned, than in denying the natural rest of night the rest of sleep. Women want an hour more sleep than men, and grown children certainly want at least two hours more sleep than adults. Early to bed and early to rise, you want to rise early, and remember this fact—people have lived to a great age in all climates and nourished by very different kinds of diet, but they have all adopted one plan in common—they have all been early risers. There is a purity and freshness in the morning air, and an exhilaration of spirits in being early breathing the pleasant morning air. I know a good clergyman, in Essex, who has lost his health by living and labouring amongst his parishioners in a most unhappy marsh locality—yet the torture of rheumatic gout does not break down the active spirit of the faithful minister of Christ. Early in the morning he rises to do good, and his testimony is, "But for the brief bright freshness of the morning, I know not how I should get through the day."

But of course every sensible mother will know that her children must have enough sleep. She will arrange that there shall be a *fixed time* for going to bed and getting up. In winter there is not much gained by early rising. Take an hour at least from the morning, and put it to the other end of the day then.

But I think the wife and mother must not shrink from the dark cold morning, if her husband has to go out early to his work. She should rise and get him a cup of hot coffee or porridge before he goes into the keen morning air. This would preserve many a man in health and sobriety, who now is taken with cold chills, and goes into the public-house for the deadly morning drink, that eats off the coat of his stomach, to say nothing of the craving for more drink that it creates.

A neighbour of mine had a son, who went to a situation four miles distant from his home. He had to be there at seven o'clock, winter and summer. In bad weather it was an hour's walk for the youth. Up rose the mother at five o'clock, gave her boy a nice warm meal before he started. Sent him off glowing and cheerful, always in time. As I saw the pleasant parting each day between them, it warmed my heart. "That youth will never forget his dear kind mother," I said.

It pleased God that trouble should come to them. The youth met with an accident that shook his constitution, and he died in early manhood, a mature Christian; with his dying breath he blessed and comforted his mother. She was a simple-minded woman, and when I spoke to her a few words of sympathy in her bereavement, she said, "I feel thankful I am that I made him comfortable, the little time God lent him to me."

Yes, in every duty, however humble, that is rightly performed, there is a comfort both for the doer and receiver. So let not my fellow-working sisters who read these lines think that the text (above) is only for rich ladies who have great households and servants to manage; it belongs to every woman who is getting up early in the morning, can make man, woman, or child, house or home happier or better. Do this much in the fear of God, relying on the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and the blessing will come.

THE DEAF MOTHER.

THE following curious anecdote is related of the Countess of Orkney, who died 1790:—

Her ladyship was deaf and dumb, and married in 1765, after she had lived with her husband Murrah, first Marquis of Thomond, at his seat Rostellan, on the harbour of Cork.

Before the birth of her first child, the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw her husband approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. She watched her mistress cagerly.

The countess, having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, took out a large stone, which she had concealed under her shawl, and, to the horror of the nurse, raised it with an intent to fling it down immediately. Before the nurse could interpose, the countess had flung the stone, not however as we had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor; where, of course, it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke and cried. The countess, who had watched her maternal emotions to the result of her experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy. She had discovered that her child possessed the sense of hearing in perfect health. She exhibited, on many occasions, proofs of intelligence, but none so interesting as this.

DRUNKEN WOMEN.

MR. JARDINE, the well-known Bow Street Magistrate, when sentencing a drunken woman to be imprisoned for her violent and abusive conduct, said:—

"A great deal of public indignation is frequently and not unnaturally excited by the published details of assaults committed by men on women. It would be only right, however, if the *other side* of the question could be occasionally exhibited in order that there might be some check upon the wonder sex might learn something of the provocation to which the men, in too many instances, are compelled to submit. Here, this very day, out of nineteen charges, before me, there are no fewer than fifteen against women for drunken and disorderly conduct, and this is by no means an exceptional case—it is a thing of *almost daily occurrence*. I often wish that people had an opportunity of examining the records of the London police-courts, and noting therefrom how much more rapidly these charges are on the increase against women than against men.

KEEP THE WIFE AT HOME!

WORKING-MEN! adopt as a maxim, nay, make it a guiding principle, that a married woman's place is *home*. Every aspiration in her early life was directed towards the formation of a home; now that she has, by your assistance, obtained one, as the fond hopes that you would love, honour and protect her, do not sully your character by neglecting her, by allowing the woman of your choice to toil all day away from her *home*, and which should be to be the centre of her affections; her earnings may appear at first sight a pecuniary benefit, but you lose all that is holy and lovable, you lose a comfortable and happy home by the absence of your wife.—*From Essay on "Married Women at Home," by H. Stallwood.*

> Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.—Prov xxxi 28

> Every word of God is pure: He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him.—Prov xxx 5.

> "Hous! in that word how many hopes are hidden,
> How many hours of joy serene and fair;
> How many golden visions rise unbidden,
> And blend their hues into a rainbow there.
>
> Round *home* what images of beauty cluster,
> Links which unite the living with the dead;
> Glimpses of scenes of most surpassing lustre,
> Echoes of melody whose voice is fled.
>
> *Home* is the place where we have ever blended
> Our hopes and happiness, our tears and sighs;
> Whence our united worship hath ascended
> An grateful incense to the listening skies."

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

LORD SHAFTESBURY, who has so long laboured for the welfare of the working-classes, inquired at one of the Social Science gatherings—

"*Is it not better for married women to stay at home than to go out to work?*

"*Does not the working-man LOSE more by his wife's absence from her domestic duties than he gains by her earnings at industrial employment away from her family?*"

REV. R. CECIL AND THE ROBBERS.

"ABOUT the year 1778," says his biographer, "Mr. Cecil was appointed to two small livings at Lewes, in Sussex. At this time a very singular providence occurred to him on the way from London to serve these churches. He was detained in town till noon, in consequence of which he did not reach Mr. Cecil's Gospel-Common till after it was dark. On this common he met a man on horseback, who appeared to be intoxicated, and ready to fall from his horse. Mr. C. with his usual benevolence, rode up to him in order to prevent his falling. When the man immediately seized the reins of his horse. Mr. C. perceiving that he was a desperate villain, endeavoured to break away, but the man threatened to knock him down if he repeated the attempt. Three other men immediately rode up, and demanded of Mr. C. the money of them. On perceiving his danger, it struck him, 'Here is an occasion of faith;' and that direction occurred to him, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee.' He secretly lifted up his heart to God, imploring that deliverance which He alone could give. One of the men, who seemed to be captain of the band, asked him who he was, and whither he was going? Mr. C. told them, very frankly, his name and profession. The leader said, 'Sir, I know you, and have heard you preach at Lewes; let the gentleman's horse go; we wish you good night.'

Mr. Cecil had in his pockets £16 of Queen Anne's money, belonging to his church, which he had been to London to receive, and the loss of which would have been to him at that time a serious matter; yet his person and property were alike untouched."

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

THE *Times* of October 5th, 1857, gave an account of the total loss of the steamer Central America, by one of the survivors out of 500 souls. "The storm continuing daily with unabated fury, and no hope left, the passengers, many of whom were ladies, took to the lifeboats, and gave way to despair. One man unloosed his belt of precious metal, screwed round his waist, dashed it on the deck, lest its glittering weight should help to drag him down when the ship went down. A purse, full of precious coins, lay about the saloon unheeded—who would commit a theft on the brink of eternity? and another man, in a delirium of grief and terror, tossed out of his bag, gold dust, to the value of thousands of dollars. At last the vessel struck, and her 500 passengers and crew, with a cargo worth two millions of dollars, sank into the sea. "I guess," said the survivor, "I had been about four hours in the water, and had floated away from the boat, when the waves ceased to make any noise, and I thought I heard my mother say, 'Johnny, did you eat your sister's grapes?' I had not thought of my mother for years at least. I had a beautiful sister, who died of consumption, more than thirty years ago; and when she was sick, I was a boy of eleven years old, and I was very fond of her hot-house grapes. Those grapes were left in the room when I was, and, naughty boy as I was, I devoured them all. Mother came to me after I was gone to bed, when she couldn't find the grapes for sister to moisten her lips with in the night, and she said, 'Johnny, did you eat your sister's grapes?' I did not add to my iniquities, by telling a lie. I owned it, and mother went away in tears, without punishing me. It occasioned no qualms of conscience, for many years after; but for twenty years at least, I had never thought of it, till, when I was floating about, benumbed with cold, I heard it as plain as ever I heard it in my life, say, 'Johnny, did you eat your sister's grapes?' I don't know how to account for it. It did not alarm me, though I thought it was the presage of my death." This story brings up one moral. It was the boy's conscience waking up in the man, the memory of the young selfish sin,—the notch on the green tree, still visible in the dry.

> Whoso is partner with a thief hateth his own soul: he heareth cursing, and bewrayeth it not.—Prov. xxix. 24.

> A man's pride shall bring him low: but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit.
> Proverbs xxix. 23.

DIVISIONS OF TIME

GOD, as the creation of the world, made the first division of time by setting up "the sun to rule the day, and the moon to rule the night. This making morning and evening, and that light and shade which occurs every twenty-four hours, which we call a day. The changes of the moon, which it takes twenty-eight days to complete, made the next division of time, that we call a *month*. In something more than twelve of these moons or months, the earth completes her journey round the sun. Seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, mark the seasons, which, when complete, we call a *year*.

These *days, months, and years*, are regulated by the earth's motion and the heavenly bodies, and are what in common phrase we call "natural divisions of time."

No thoughtful mind, in seeing them can forget the mighty hand of God; and it is indeed a cruel e tongue that in talking of nature forgets that God speaks to us in all His works—"that in wisdom He made them all."

But from the creation there had been also another division of time that has not depended on changes of light and shade, heat and cold. A division that there is nothing in the outer works of God in nature to resound out of. A division that God made into a sacred *law* which He faithful Himself, and commanded Rational immortal creature—man—to fulfil also. "HE RESTED THE SEVENTH DAY AND HALLOWED IT."

So God Himself, by the Holy institution of the Sabbath, divided TIME into weeks. He consecrated this division by His special blessing.

"The Lord of light and glory; the mighty God; the everlasting Father—fainteth not, neither is weary." The wisdom of creation did not exhaust Him, for He is omnipotent. Yet He rested from the seventh day, and crowned His created week with His loving blessing.

Man wearies over his daily toil; he becomes faint and worn with his days' work. God has graciously provided for his body a rest; and for his mind a blessing in that rest. In His infinite goodness God has so ordered it that man cannot continue the days without rest, nor the weeks into a year, without thinking of the Sabbath as God's special division of time. The golden links in the long chain which reaches from creation to this present week.

What a weary world it would have been for man's body, what a gloomy, cheerless world for man's soul, if God had not given us the Sabbath, as the sweet consecration of the week's toil, the holy preparation for "that rest which remaineth for the people of God."

THE SABBATH-BREAKER.

GOD says to him, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. In it thou shalt not do any work." But he resolves to go to his work, or to some place of amusement. God says, "Thou shalt not," but he says by his conduct, "I will." As he proceeds towards the place, God virtually bids him stop; but he says every step he takes, he says, "I will not." Each moment he is there at his work, God bids him cease; but he says, "I will not."

Reader! Are you a Sabbath-breaker? Then thus you contend with God. Is it right thus to disobey your Maker? Is it safe thus to set yourself against Him? What will you do when God rises? Pray you "be reconciled to God." Cease this contending with your Maker, and seek peace through faith in Christ.

THE SABBATH-KEEPING CHIEF.

AN Englishman who was once on a visit to one of the chiefs, or villages, on the beautiful Bay of Plenty, New Zealand, was, one Sunday morning, called to the master of a vessel then lying in a part of the harbour belonging to the native chief and his tribe. He said: "The chief will not let me leave the harbour to-day, he says it is the Sabbath; it is a great object to me to put to sea this morning; a word from you will go a long way, and he will not dispute that with you, he says he is bound to me give orders to set sail." So, after church, the Englishman said to the chief: "For once, let the Captain avail himself of the breeze, and go out of the harbour." The Chief rose, as is customary with the New Zealand Chiefs, when speaking, and looking steadily into the speaker's face, began to expound very solemnly and emphatically "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work:" &c., till he came to the text, "Thou shalt not stranger that is within thy gates," which he uttered in the *most solemn manner*, and sat down. The effect of such a rebuke from a converted Heathen Chief, in close contrast with the character of Nehemiah inflicted upon the sellers of fish and wares on the Lord's-day.

"PITY THE LITTLE ONES;"

Or, the Haymaker, the Taproom, and the Ditch.

NOT long ago, going out very late at night, on one of my burn service expeditions—it was towards midnight—I found a poor little boy, cold and drenched that it came from a little girl, who was sitting sobbing by herself, while all around the noiseless quiet of the summer night was broken but hardly a much was heard in the wing. The child by the tone of her voice, was evidently not one of my overparish. I asked her what was the matter, and where she was going to sleep. She said she was going to sleep under a haystack, and that she was waiting for her father, who had not come. A slight embarrassment on part of the child, made me inquire more further. I asked her how old she was; she told me she was not more than ten. She told me with that amount of hesitation, which I should fully expected, that she had in one so young or one so little cared for, that her father was lying in a ditch on the other side of the road, drunk. Night after night, I gathered, this unhappy victim of intemperance kept his little daughter waiting for him through the tedious hours beneath the hedge of which she had now become the constant companion, until the furnace of his intoxication had rolled away, and morning had shone on the scene of domestic sorrow. The child was motherless. "My mother died when I was very young," fell sick of a fever last May, and we buried her. My father felt so unhappy at home, that he tramped off with me to get work, and he has been here, but every night I have to wait for him, as I am doing now. I wish sir, that you could only go and wake him, because I am so sleepy and so tired, and if he finds me gone asleep when he comes to the place he left me in, he is sure to give me a biding." I went across to the man, and found him in a perfectly hopeless state after an hour or two in the tap-room, and he was going to spend the, as he had done other nights, in the ditch. What a picture! What a scene! What a spectacle drawn again from the results of the tap-room and its victims.—*Rev. H. Monro's Tracts.*

"OLD MORTALITY"

It always gives us pleasure to present to our readers whatever may tend to stimulate self culture, and also to record instances of success resulting from determination and perseverance. The above engraving is taken from a beautiful statue recently executed by Mr. Anderson of Perth, a self taught sculptor. The figure represents Robert Paterson, the well known "Old Mortality," of Sir Walter Scott. This worthy old Scotchman travelled far and wide, to visit the tombstones of the Covenanters, for the purpose of restoring the inscriptions, that the worthy names they record of those who suffered and died for the liberty of their country may be still remembered and perpetuated to future generations. We hope that the success of Mr. Anderson as a sculptor, will encourage our readers to make good use of *their* leisure hours.

War.—Though I believe that theoretically the Quakers are wrong in proscribing all wars to be unjustifiable, yet I confess that, historically, exceptions to their doctrine have been compunctively few; that is to say, as in every war one party or the other, I suppose, must be to blame, so in most wars both parties have been blameable, and the wars ought never to have taken place at all.—*Dr. Arnold.*

VOLNEY IN A STORM;

Or, Fair-Weather Infidelity.

Samuel Forester Bancroft, Esq., accompanied Mr. Isaac Weld, jun., in his travels through North America. As they were sailing on Lake Erie, in a vessel on board of which was Volney, notorious for his Atheistical principles, he was very communicative, allowed no opportunity to escape of ridiculing Christianity, and behaved altogether in a very profane manner. In the course of the voyage a very heavy storm came on, insomuch that the vessel, which had struck repeatedly with great force, was expected to go down every instant. The masts went overboard, the rudder was unshipped, and the whole scene exhibited confusion and horror. There were many female passengers and others on board; but no one exhibited such strong marks of fearful despair as Volney—throwing himself on deck; now imploring, then imprecating the captain, and reminding him that he had engaged to carry him safely to his port of destination, and vainly threatening him in case anything should happen. At one moment he was quite frantic, and raged like a madman; at another, in wild consternation, he looked into some of Voltaire's works, which he generally carried in his bosom; then despair seized him, he uttered the most incoherent expressions, and offered a large sum of money to the captain, to prevail on him to attempt what was utterly impossible, namely, to put him ashore in a boat.

At the probability of their being lost increased, this great mirror of nature, human or inhuman, began to load the pockets of his coat, waistcoat, breeches, and everything he could think of with dollars, to the amount of some hundreds: and this, as he thought, was preparing to swim for his life, should the vessel go to pieces. Mr. Bancroft remonstrated with him on the folly of such acts, saying he would sink like a piece of lead with so great a weight on him; and at length, as he became so very noisy and unsteady as to impede the management of the vessel, Mr. Bancroft pushed him down the hatchway. Volney soon returned, having lightened himself of the dollars, and, in the agony of his mind, threw himself on deck, exclaiming, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, "Oh, my God, my God!—what shall I do? what shall I do?" This so astonished Bancroft, that notwithstanding the moment did not very well accord with flashes of humour, yet he could not refrain from addressing him thus: "Well, Mr. Volney—what! you have a God now?" To which Volney replied, with the most trembling anxiety, "O yes! O yes!" The vessel, however, safely reached the place of her destination, and Mr. Bancroft made every company which he went into echo with this anecdote of Volney's acknowledgment of God. Volney was for a considerable time so much hurt at his weakness, as he called it, that he was ashamed of showing himself in company at Philadelphia, and afterwards he said that these words had escaped him in the instant of alarm, but had no meaning.

Infidelity, then, will do only ashore, in fine weather: it will not stand a gale of wind for a few hours. How then will infidels weather an ETERNAL STORM?

There is an unfortunate disposition in a man to attend much more to the faults of his companions which offend him, than to their perfections which please him.—*Greville.*

BOARDING A SLAVER.

"A Right of Search" treaty with America has been concluded, and the American cruisers may now render good service in the capture of slavers. President Lincoln has by this treaty done more towards the suppression of the horrid slave traffic than all his predecessors. The capture of the "Nightingale," with several hundred slaves on board, has brought to light the astounding fact that this American vessel was actually "fitted out" as a slaver in *Liverpool!* We hope that all the guilty parties will speedily be visited with their just deserts.

ENGLISHMEN! IS IT JUST?

At the large Anti-Slavery Meeting in London, in June, over which the venerable Lord Brougham presided, Mr. L. A. Chamerovzow, the energetic Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, said, "So far back as the year 1817 the British Government concluded a treaty with the Government of Spain for the suppression of the abominable slave trade. Four hundred thousand pounds of British money were paid to Spain for the abolition of that traffic. Spain took the money, but from that day to this has never carried out the treaty. Spanish Governors connive at the importation of slaves into Cuba, and become rich through the receipt of "blood money." At the present time upwards of 30,000 slaves are *yearly* landed on Spanish territory! It still costs this country fifty a million a year to put down the slave trade. If Spain acted faithfully this money would be saved to the nation, *i.e.* a penny off the income tax would at once be saved. Englishmen! Is this right? Ought we not to urge upon our Government the *duty* of insisting upon the Spanish Government to carry out the treaty, or return our money?"

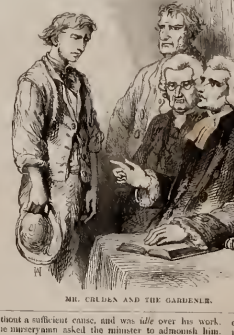
INDOLENCE REPROVED.

Mr. Cruden was an intimate friend of the Rev. David Wilson, minister of the Presbyterian congregation, Bow Lane, London. They were in the habit of paying frequent visits to Mr. Gordon, a pious nurseryman. One evening Mr. Gordon informed Mr. Wilson, that one of his men, who usually attended divine service at Bow Lane, sometimes absented himself from public worship without a sufficient cause, and was *idle* over his work. The nurseryman asked the minister to admonish him. The man was accordingly called into the parlour, and Mr. Wilson concluded a kind address with these words: "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy."

"Have you done, sir?" said Mr. Cruden.

"Yes," replied Mr. Wilson.

"Then," rejoined Mr. Cruden, "you have forgotten one half of the commandment: 'Six days shalt thou *labour*, and do all thy work,' &c. It is as much the duty of a man to give his master a fair day's work in exchange for his wages, as it is for him to observe the Sabbath."



MR. CRUDEN AND THE GARDENER.

"Give peace in our time, O Lord!"

DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.

It is believed that there are not fewer than one hundred thousand operatives in our manufacturing districts, "out of work," or on '*short time*.' The consequence, if not starvation, is truly appalling. Thousands of industrious, and worthy families, have struggled with in the History of England, such a crisis as now is witnessed is is now presented by the poaching and low *sufferings* of those who have "no work," owing to the want of cotton, occasioned by the blockade of America. The wide-spread evils of American war, and the American war, are now being felt perhaps more deeply in England, as in the United States.

Many worthy families in Lancashire and Yorkshire have sold most of their furniture and clothing for bread, and although now at the point of starvation, yet they shrink from asking for parish relief. Noble independence! To such we would say, "Under the painful circumstances in which you are placed it is no sin to make use of your homes, to accept relief from the poor's rates. These rates were originally intended for the assistance of the deserving poor, and not for those who are too idle to work. Accept them, and thankfully continue to God this temporary relief. When work again is plentiful, for lack of you idle who now you now repine, and the sphere where that you desire to live by honest industry.

May the Hand of Power, soon be heard throughout our blood-stained world.

MAKING EVERY DAY VALUABLE.

When you rise in the morning form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easy to do a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the unfortunate, an encouraging expression to the disconsolate, trifles, in themselves light as air, yet do it, at least for the twenty-four hours, and if you are young, depend upon it it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you down and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most moderate arithmetic, look at the result; put one person, only one, happily through a day—that is, three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year; and suppose you live forty years only after you commence that course of mildness, you have made 14,600 human beings happy, at all events, for a time. Now, worthy reader, as an example? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and too easily accomplished for you to say, "I would if I could."—*Sidney Smith.*

Booksellers' Advertisements.—There are upwards of a thousand towns in the United Kingdom from which we have not yet received the address of a simple Bookseller or News-Agent! We have to ask the addresses of all the Booksellers, News-Agents, and Bookseller's agents in the Three Kingdoms, so that we may occasionally forward them Hand-bills, Circulars, &c., in order to extend the circulation. If our readers, when purchasing copies, will kindly inquire "Have you sold up your address to the 'British Workman' yet?" and, please do so," we shall feel very much obliged to them.

CRUZER'S BOATS ABOUT TO BOARD A SLAVER.

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THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

THE WASHING DAY. BY L. HUARD

THE POOR WASHERWOMAN.

"I DON'T ASK, I have half a mind to put this bed-quilt into the wash to-day. It does not really need to go either; but I think I will so do it down."

"Why will you put it in, Mary, if it does not need to go?" asked her good old aunt, in her quiet and expressive way.

"Why, you see, aunt, we have but a small wash to-day; so small that Susan will get through by one o'clock at the latest, and I shall have to pay her the same as though she worked all night, I am afraid."

"Stop a moment, dear," said the old lady gently, "Stop a moment, and think. Suppose you were in the situation poor Susan is, obliged, you tell me, to toil over the washtub six days out of the seven, for the bare necessaries of life; would you not be glad, once in a while, to get through before night, to have a few hours of daylight to labour for yourself and family; or better still, a few hours of daylight for rest? Think how hard it must be for a woman to earn a living; begrudge not the poor creature an easy day. This is the fourth day in succession she has risen by candlelight and plodded through the cold here and there to her customers' houses, and toiled away existence. Let her go at noon, if she gets through; it will be a great boon to her to have come from the sickbed of some loved one, and she counts the hours, yes, the minutes, till she can return, fearing that she may be one too late. Put it back on the bed, and sit down here while I tell you what one poor washerwoman endured, because her employer did as you would to make one's self easy. And my old eyes were dim and blurred and wiped away the tears that from some cause had gathered in her sacred eyes, and then with a tremulous voice resumed the interrupted story:—

"There was never a more blithesome bridal than that of Ada Lee. None ever had higher hopes, more blissful anticipations. She married the man of her choice, one of whom any woman might be proud;—few, indeed, had a happier life in prospect than she had.

"And for two years it was all that it promised on her path. Her home was one of beauty and real comfort; her husband was some kind, gentle, loving man, as in the days of courting; and her cup of happiness was full to the ever-lasting adding new comforts to his home, and new joys to his heart. And, as he heard and heeded these blessings, God had given another; a little one stood by the bed-side, its tenant a golden-haired baby-boy, the image of its noble father, and the delight of its weak and weary mother.

"But I must not dwell on those happy days; my story has to do with other days. It was with them as it has often been with others;—when the cup was sweetest, it was dashed away. A series of disappointments and reverses occurred with startling rapidity, and swept away from the home of Ada Lee her and their babe. Spared to one mother and to that, they bore it to her heart, and in a distant city began a new fortune. Well and strong for the labour of years, and at length again once more to see the sunlight of prosperity shine upon their home. But a little while it stayed, and then the shadows fell. The husband was taken ill, and for many months upon a weary couch, languishing not only with mental and bodily pain, but oftentimes for food and medicine. All that she could do, she did; but it was little, very little, at hand. She went from one thing to another, till, at length, she who had worn a satin garment upon her bridal-day, toiled at the washtub for the means to live. A cheerfulness, long, long before light, she would put on when she came home; for her husband was too sick to tend even the fire or stoke a light, and he, too, with what a shivering heart she would draw near, fearing ever the last to be late. It is a fact, that for six weeks, at one time, she never saw the sun shine upon her child, save by lamp-light, except on the Sabbath. Her little babe would have been so have had, once in a while, a small washing gathered for her by a neighbour.

"One dark winter morning, as she was preparing the frugal breakfast and getting everything ready before she left, her husband called her to the bedside.

"'Ada,' said he in almost a whisper, "I want you to try and come home early to-night; be home before the light goes, if you can.'

"'I'll try,' answered she, with a choked utterance.

"'Do try, Ada. I have a strange desire to see your face by daylight. It was Friday; I have not seen it since Sunday. I must look at it once more.'

"'Do you feel worse?' asked she anxiously, feeling his pulse as he spoke.

"'No, no, I think not; but I do want to see your face once more by sunlight. I cannot wait till Sunday.'

"Gladly would she have tarried by his bedside till the sunlight had shone upon his white visage, but it might not be. Money was wanted, and she must go forth to labour, that she her husband. She reached the kitchen of her employer, and, as she rubbed tears wasted for the basket to be brought. A smile played on her face as she assorted its contents. She could get through early, if she would, yes, and if she burned, perhaps by one. Love and anxiety lent her strength to her weary arms; and five minutes after the clock struck she was at her work-table as usual, when the mistress came in with a couple of bed-quilts, saying—

"'As you have so small a wash to-day, Ada, I think you may do these yet.' After the mistress had turned her back, a cry of agony, wrung from the deepest fountain of the washerwoman's heart, gushed to her lips. Something it as best she could, she set to work again, and rubbed, rinsed, and hung out. It was half-past three, when she left for home, *an hour too late!* and the aged narrator sobbed.

"'An hour too late,' continued she, after a long pause. "Her husband was dead—yes, almost gone! He had strength given him to whisper a few words to this half-frantic wife, to tell her how he longed to look upon her face; that he could not see her above, he lay in the shadow of death. One hour she pillowed his head upon her suffering heart; and then *he was at rest!*

"'Mary, Mary dear!' and there was a soul-touching emphasis in the aged woman's words, "he kissed my poor washerwoman: instead of striving to make her day's work as long as may be, shorten it, lighten it. Few women will go out to washing daily, unless their needs are pressing. No woman on her bridal-day expects to labour in this way; and he sure, Mary, if she is constrained to do so, it is the last resort. That poor woman, labouring now so hard for you, has not always been a washerwoman. She has been happier. She has passed through terrible trials too. I can read her story in her pale, sad face. Be kind to her; pay her what she asks, and let her go home as early as she can.'

"'You have finished in good time to-day, Susan' said Mrs. M——, as the washerwoman, with her old cloak and hood on, entered the pleasant room to get the money she had earned.

"'Yes, ma'am, I have; and my heart, ma'am, is relieved of a heavy load; I was so afraid I should be kept till night, and I am needed at home.'

"'Is there sickness at home?' asked the aunt, kindly."

Tears gushed to the woman's eyes as she answered, "'Ah, ma'am! I have been thinking of those dear ones he will be quite so to-morrow. I know it, I have seen it too many times; and none but a child of mine years to attend to him. Yes, I must be quick and speedy.'" In grasping the money she had toiled for while her baby was dying, she hurried to her dreary home. Shortly after, they followed the husband who had never known from sorrow, and the aged matron whose hair was white with trouble, followed her to her home!—the home of drunkenness, of the drunkard's wife, and the drunkard's child. The little dying boy knew its mother. But at midnight he died, and then blind hands took from the mother the breathless form, and, with tender, trembling touches, it tiny limbs, bathed the cold clay, and folded about it the pure white shroud; yes and did more;—they gave, what the poor mother could not, a coffin.

"'O, aunt!' said Mrs. M——, with tears in her eyes, "'if my heart blesses you, how much more must poor Susan's! Why, I can feel for the poor washerwoman too late. It has been a sad yet holy lesson. I shall always now be kind to the poor washerwoman. But, aunt, was the story you told me a true one—all true, I mean?'"

"The reality of that story whitened this head, when it had seen but half-summers as many as mine; and it has been one of my keenest sorrows. It is not strange, therefore, that I should pity the poor washerwoman."

THE MINER AND HIS SICK WIFE.

THE managers of one of the branches of the Yorkshire Savings' Bank, were visited every week by a workingman, who regularly deposited a part of his wages. This he did for a considerable time, and he was commended for decent appearance (for though a coal-miner his person and dress were scrupulously clean) attracted their attention. One evening the manager of the institution, when drew the whole of his deposits, and in due course called for his money. On handing the amount to him the manager inquired what he would employ it in some useful way, for by means of a gentle jarring hint of his kind, depositors are often induced to allow their money to remain in the Bank, instead of fritering it away on unworthy objects. The miner, with the greatest simplicity, and as the broadest "Yorkshire," replied that his wife was recovering from a severe illness, that the doctor had ordered her nourishing food, would get quite well, if she could, go for change of air to the country, and that he had been grieving at having no means of securing her health. The manager, deeply thought himself of his money in the "Bank," and *that* was the reason why he had come for it! The deposits so regularly paid in, accumulated, and, perhaps, the worthy miner seemed highly delighted at the prospect of his wife's restoration to health. As he left the room he expressed in a most feeling manner his deep *gratitude*. The "Savings' Bank" he said had led him to husband his earnings and thus provide for a "rainy day." Had this man's Bank been a Public-house, or Gin-palace, by chance, his wife would, in all probability, have been laid to him. This pleasing incident shows what a benefit, under God's blessing, the Savings' Bank is to the working-classes, and how gratefully they are appreciated by those who take advantage of them.—*Communicated by one of the Managers.*

THE RICKETY DRAWER;
Or, Religion in the Workshop.

"YOU are not going to put in that piece of wood, Richard?" said one workman to another.

"Yes, I am. You will be the wiser for it."

"But some one may be wronged."

"No very serious wrong. The worst that can happen, will be a rickety drawer."

"But, Richard, if you will take the trouble to go up into the third story, and select a better-seasoned piece of wood, you will then be able to furnish a drawer that will always run smoothly."

"I am not going to take that trouble. Mrs. Thompson would be very far from putting herself out as much for me."

"It doesn't strike me that you have anything to do with Mrs. Thompson's disposition towards you, in the case. It is a simple question of right and wrong. You aim at work on a wardrobe, for which she has agreed to pay our employer a certain price. The understanding is, of course, that the wood used in workmanship are to be of good quality. Now, if you put in that piece of wood, you will wrong both Mrs. Thompson and our employer, who will receive a wardrobe of inferior worth, and he will be injured in his business; for Mrs. Thompson would hardly engage him to make another piece of furniture, since he failed to keep his word in this. Your doing this thing, Richard, is according to my notion, a violation of Christian duty."

"I don't see that Christian duty has anything to do in the matter. Mrs. Thompson me master of the price, and I am not too jovial paid for my part of the work. So, you need not be afraid to be hunting about after seasoned wood. This piece comes nicely to my hand, and I am going to use it."

"I have nothing more to say," replied the fellow-workman, "except to repeat my judgment of your act, and call it a violation of Christian duty. Our praying, singing, and Bible-reading, Richard, will not help us heavenward, unless we are just between man and man. The Christian profession is nothing without the Christian life. Our religion, in order to change as radically, must descend into all our commonplace business. It belongs as much to the shop as to the family, and as much to the family as to the church. If you put in that piece of wood, knowing, as you do, that it will render the work you are making permanently defective, you will burn your own soul."

"Don't trouble yourself about my soul," was the rather sharp reply. "I will take good care of that. If you hadn't said so much about it—magnifying a molehill into a mountain—I might have selected a better piece of wood. But this shall go in now. I'll risk the consequences."

"The risk is never be greater than you imagine. It generally is in all such cases," was the grave reply.

And here the remonstrance closed. Richard Wheeler, the journeyman cabinet-maker, used the unseasoned piece of wood, and went on to finish the wardrobe, which was sent home at the time agreed upon, and the price paid. The wardrobe was a fine one, which had been accurately to its place that it might be opened and shut by the hand of a child. In doing this he took care to remove the rickety drawer.

"Why have you done this?" It was the sudden question of Mrs. Thompson, as Richard, having made all right, was about leaving the house.

He was confused.

"I did not send for you to do this."

The dark eyes of Mrs. Thompson looked out from their hollow sockets upon the almost startled workman.

"There was an unseasoned piece of wood in the drawer, and Richard, speaking with as much calmness as he could assume, "I wrongly made it, I am, and I alone am to blame. Mr. Cartwright believed my word. It would have cost me a deal of seasoned wood, according to agreement. He never meant to wrong you. He is an honest man. Oh, ma'am! if you can forgive me, do, for, for my sake, for my soul's sake, for you have been one of the most wronged of them."

"I can do no less than forgive," answered the lady, "and I hope God will forgive also, for you have been the agent of a great wrong."

The journeyman cabinet-maker retired with a lesson that he tried to bring his religion into practice, and, by God's help, he was successful, in a good degree. It was about this time, that he began really morning beneath. Before he depended on the state of feeling, but now on just acts to his neighbour, grounded in a religious principle. T. S. A.

OLD JACK, THE SAGACIOUS HORSE.

THE whole of the stone required for Waterloo Bridge, London (excepting the Dalmatian marble) were brought ready-worked from Aberdeen), was hewn in Scotland, and ready for the erection on the Surrey side. It was transported on to the spot, and was conveyed along railways, in the first instance over temporary bridges of wood, and it is a remarkable circumstance that nearly the whole of the material was drawn by one horse, called "Old Jack," a most sensible animal and a great favourite. His driver was, generally speaking, a steady and trustworthy man, though he was fond of the pleasures of Bobbsbailiff. As the railway along which the stone was drawn passed in front of the public-house door the horse and truck were usually pulled up while Tomkeyes fed his "drawing." On one occasion the driver stayed so long that "Old Jack," becoming impatient, poked his head into the public-house, and, stretching forward his great collar between his teeth, through in a gentle sort of manner, pulled him out from the midst of his companions, and thus forced him to resume his day's work.—*Smiles' Lives of Engineers.*

NEITHER WORK, NOR WAGES;
Or, the Cotton Famine.

HAST thou a home with comforts store'd,
A cheerful home, with plenty, and to boot
Raiment to suit our changeful year,
No pressing claims, no baling fear—
Dear children, blooming, and a wife to bless,
The mother sharing in their glee—
Fair skies, and prospects rich and bright
Filling your hearts with thankfulness?
And hast thou not a thought to spare
For those whose hearts are rock'd with care?
Just look around, and see this shadow door
See the bare walls, the naked floor,
No fuel there, no table spread,
But children crying for their bread.
How wan and sunken their appearance,
Whilst all around is dull and drear!
No smile upon the parent's cheek,
No warm sun-light to make the sky
Of all they valued most, bereft;
With scarce a chair or table left.
The cotton gone, hands are idle still,
The engines hush'd, and closed the mill.
Yet once they seemed so well to do,
Their mores's joyous, and their hearts free.
All labouring for their common weal,
With minds to think and hearts to feel—
Honest, contented hear-stay,
They joy'd to work and stand alone.

How has this dismal change occurr'd,
Have our poor neighbours sadly err'd?
Are they the idle thriftless poor
For whom there is no hope, no cure?
Ah! no, dear friend, 'tis a great shame
No fuel dishonour stains their name,
And in the midst of such distress,
'Tis little that their lips confess:
Shrinking from beggary, they try
To shun the cold unfeeling eye;
And silent bebrave, wonder and faint,
Bear on, and utter no complaint!
Have they not filled as with surprise,
And wept the scene of the wise?
Their patient bearing felt and known
In other lands as in our own?

Brave, noble spirits! He who hears
Your secret prayers, and sees your tears,
Will never turn His ear away,
In this appalling cloudy day;
He who has suffered human grief,
Will surely plead for your relief;
And prompt the liberal soul to feel
Responsive to the warm appeal!

Preston. E. B.

An appeal to British Workmen on behalf of their starving fellow-countrymen.

THE distress in our Manufacturing districts is truly fearful. In Blackburn and Preston about one-half of the entire working population are dependent upon parochial and charitable help for bread. We have been urged to invite the readers of the "British Workman" to aid in relieving their distressed fellow-workers, and we feel assured that thousands will cheerfully respond to the appeal, by giving or collecting, not less than sixpence each, for this benevolent purpose.

The following gentlemen have consented to act as a Committee for receiving contributions, and distributing them to the various Local Relief Committees; or in such way as may from time to time appear most desirable:—

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, *President.*

SAMUEL GURNEY, Esq., M.P., *Treasurer.*

HON. A. KINNAIRD, M.P.	F. CROSSLEY, ESQ., M.P.
JUDGE PATTEN.	H. F. BARCLAY, ESQ.

MR. T. B. SMITHIES.

Hon. Sec.—MR. R. H. BURDEKIN.

☞ *It is particularly requested that all Contributions be addressed to* THE TREASURER, *at the office of the "British Workman," No. 9, Paternoster Row, London.*

A FARMER'S TESTIMONY.

MR. PETER BROWN, an extensive Agriculturist at Houghton in Huntingdonshire, writes, "I have for many years carried on my farm without giving my men any stimulants, and I find that they do their work quite as well as those who take beer, and I am *not subject to the annoyances usually accompanying the employing of spirits*, in the harvest. I sometimes spray my labourers before harvest, and find that they lose less weight than the beer drinkers. I give the men an equivalent for the beer in money."

Some of the largest Yorkshire farmers have adopted this plan with the most pleasing results. Cotton or oatmeal and water, has been supplied from time to time, the money saved has been distributed amongst the hands. Many tradesmen's benevolent societies, for providing clothing for working men, have been established by the hearty hands through the adoption of this course. Oatmeal and water is one of the most *strengthening* liquids that hard-working men can possibly have.

SPEAK GENTLY TO CHILDREN.

SPEAK gently to children. Every day of their lives adds another page to the book of memory, which in after life will be perused with pleasure or pain; and as they turn over leaf after leaf of this interesting volume, they should find no harsh words—no unjust accusations or unkind treatment stereotyped there, but instead, gentle words, kindness of manner without harshness, and the mistaken kindness of manner without harshness, and the mistaken kindness of manner without harshness, and the mistaken

'I have my Ticket.'

I was recently in the Railway Station at Worcester, when a young man entered the carriage where I was seated. I took my ticket out of my pocket, and showed it to him, saying, "My young friend, I have my ticket."

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I see that you have it."

I then added, "I do not *hope* to have it. I have not now to ask for one, or to wish I had a ticket. I have it—that is a certainty. Just in like manner, I have salvation. I do not *hope* I may some day or other be saved; I have not to ask now to be saved—I *have* salvation. Through God's unspeakable mercy, I am saved."

The young man looked at me with astonishment, and said, "Well, this is very strange; I could have got to Birmingham for about half the fare by the other line; but somehow I could not book that way. Something said I must come by this train, and I felt I must get into this carriage. Now I'll tell you: there is a man works in the same shop with me, and he says the same thing you say. He says he 'has eternal life;' and mind you, he not only says so, but everything he does shows he has. Since you! he has no fear of death at all; and when he has any trouble, this having 'eternal life' makes him so quiet and happy, that I cannot help feeling that he has got something that I have not. And no matter how we chaff him, we cannot touch him; for he tells us he has found '*eternal life*' by reading and believing the Bible. For myself I must tell you, I used to read Tom Paine and Voltaire; but somehow, when I got reading at night, I said, 'Tom Paine, then cannot not give me eternal life;' and I felt so miserable, I banged the book on the floor."

As he uttered this sentence, he suited the action to the word with great earnestness, and then putting his hand in his side pocket, he brought out a beautiful edition of a Pocket Bible, and said, "I have now got the book that makes known eternal life, but I cannot say that I *have* it. I want to *feel* that I have it."

I said to him in reply, "When the clerk had your ticket on the window-board this morning, did you say, 'I must *feel* that I have it, before I take it;' or did you first take it, and then feel that you had it?"

"Oh!" said he, "I now see how simple it is! *I must first receive salvation, and then I shall feel that I have it.*"

(From Railway Tracts.)

"ONLY FIVE MINUTES TO LIVE."

"Not have only five minutes to live," said the sheriff to a young man, who for the crime of murder, was condemned to die.

The sheriff took out his watch and said, "If you have anything to say, speak now, for you have only five minutes to live."

The young man burst into tears, and said, "I have to die. I had one little brother; he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I loved him; but one day I got drunk, *for the first time in my life*, and coming home, I found my little brother gathering berries in the garden, and I became angry without a cause, and killed him with one blow with a rake. I did not know anything about it until the next morning, when I awoke from sleep and found myself tied and guarded, and was told that when, my little brother was found, his hair was clotted with blood and brains, and he was dead. Whiskey had done it. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once. I have only one word more to say, and then I am going to my last Judge. I say it to young people—never! *never!* NEVER! touch anything that can intoxicate!" As he pronounced these words, the drop fell, and was launched into an endless eternity.

I was melted to tears at the recital and the awful spectacle. My little heart seemed as if it would burst, and break away from my aching bosom, so miserable were my feelings of grief. And there, while looking with streaming eyes on the body of that unfortunate young man, as it hung between heaven and earth, as unfit for either, there it was that I took the pledge never to touch strong drink! Long years have passed away. White hairs have thickened around these temples, then so ruddy and so young, but I have *never* forgotten the last words of that young man, I think God that I have *never* violated my promise. When the tempter has offered me the sparkling goblet, the words of that young man have seemed to sound in my ears again.

Right use of Talents.

MEN are often applauded on account of the talents they possess, rather than for the use to which they apply them. We do not sufficiently consider that our endowments, whether mental or physical, are gifts of the Creator; and the higher those endowments, so much the greater is the offence if they are applied in any way to a vicious or unworthy purpose.

REFLECTIONS ON AUTUMN.

THE impression we feel from the scenery of Autumn is accompanied with much exercise of thought: The leaves then begin to fade from the trees; The flowers and shrubs, with which the fields were adorned in the summer months, decay; The woods and groves are silent; The sun himself seems gradually to withdraw his light, or to become enfeebled in his power. Who is there who, at this season, does not feel his mind impressed with a sentiment of melancholy; or who is able to resist that currency of thought, which from such appearances of decay, so naturally leads him to the solemn imagination of that inevitable fate which is to bring on alike the decay of life, of empire, and of nature itself.—*Alison.*

THE SEASONS. AUTUMN. BY BIRKET FOSTER.

MARKETING TOGETHER—A GOOD SIGN.

SOME years ago there lived in Navigation Road, in the City of York, a well-known working-man, who, although a sober-minded woman when sober, was frequently in a state of intoxication. He was a man of great muscular strength. Not unfrequently did it require the united power of two or three policemen to lodge him securely within the walls of the police station. A member of the York Temperance Society visited this man shortly after his release on one occasion from the jail. He listened with deep interest to the entreaties of his visitor, and before they separated, he agreed to sign the temperance pledge.

On a subsequent call, whilst encouraging the man to persevere, the visitor spoke of the temptations which old comrades would still throw in his way for the purpose of inducing him again to visit the public-house. "Yes, sir," said the wife, "last night as we went to market together we passed *three* public-houses where he *used* to drink. There were old companions of his, drinking at every one, and they *tried hard* to get him in."

"How long is it since you went to market together?"

"Oh, sir," said the wife, in reply, "he had never been with me to market for *seven years* before last Saturday night!"

[In corroboration of this interesting fact, we may state that within a few weeks of the above interview, we had the pleasure of seeing the working-man alluded to, in a good Sunday suit of black broad-cloth. He was on his way to the House of God, a place he had not entered for many years! We hope that this fact will encourage those who are seeking the reformation of the intemperate, to '*persevere*' and '*never despair*.']

Value of 100 Souls.

A FRIEND of missions once called on a merchant to solicit a subscription on behalf of the Society for propagating Christianity among the Jews. "So you are going to convert Jews, are you?" the merchant sneeringly asked. "With all your efforts and means will you be able to convert one hundred?" "Well," said the collector, "say a hundred, and as you are a good accountant, will you please sit down and calculate the value of one hundred souls?"

"WHAT shall a man give IN EXCHANGE for his soul?"

HOMELY HINTS ON HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.*

THE series of excellent "Hints on Household Management," by Mrs. Balfour, which appeared on the cover two years ago, have, by request, been reprinted in a collective form, and may now be had through any Book-

MARKETING. (From "Homely Hints on Household Management.")

seller, price One Shilling. The various chapters of this valuable little book will be found specially useful as "Readings" at "Mothers' Meetings." As a present from a mistress to her domestics, it will be an admirable companion to Mrs. Ellis's "Widow Green and her Three Nieces," which has been read with pleasure both in the cottage and the kitchen by so many of our Subscribers.

* Homely Hints on Household Management. By Mrs. Balfour. With Illustrations by Ian Ancley. Price 1s. Post-free. Published at the Office of the "British Workman," No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.

STILL HARDER TIMES!

LAST year we urged our readers to encourage the utmost frugality, believing the "hard times" were before a large part of the working classes. We desire to repeat the word of kindly admonition. In case the American war continues and longer, the effect will, during the winter of 1866, be most calamitous. Those who are "in work," will do well to lay aside *something* weekly in the Savings' Bank.

POST OFFICE SAVINGS' BANKS.

WE are not surprised to find that the *great boon* conferred on the industrial classes, by the opening of upwards of two thousand Post-Office Savings' Banks is being appreciated. Working men now have *government security* for their hard-earned savings. Writing not have *something* in the Bank, even if it be but a shilling! You will find a refuge during the "rainy days" that we see are approaching.

A HARVEST HYMN.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

God of the year! with songs of praise,
And hearts of love, we come to thee
Thy bounteous hand, for Thou hast shed
Thy manna o'er our wilderness.—
In early spring-time thou didst sing
O'er earth its robes of blossoms—
And its sweet treasures, day by day,
Rose quick'ning in Thy blessed ray.

And now they whiten hill and vale,
And hang from every vine and tree,
Whose pensile branches bending low,
Seem bow'd in thankfulness to Thee—
The earth, with all its purple jobs,
Is answering to Thy general smiles,
And gales of perfume breathe above,
And lift to Thee their voiceless songs.

God of the seasons! Thou has blest
The land with sunlight and with showers,
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles,
To crown the sweet autumnal hours—
Praise, praise to Thee! Our hearts rejoice
To view the blessings of Thy hand,
And on the incense-breath of love
Go off to their bright home above.

☞ IN THE PRESS. GOOD NEIGHBOURS, GOOD WIVES, AND HAPPY HOUSES. By the author of "Cottage Sketches."

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THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

CARLETTA AND THE MERCHANT.

Illustrated by John Gilbert.

CARLETTA AND THE MERCHANT.

"If I could have your faith, Hawkins, gladly would I—but I was born a sceptic. I cannot help my doubts any more than I can the results they lead to. I cannot look upon God and the future as you do; it is my temperament, and the peculiar bias of my mind, it is utterly impossible."

At such John Harvey as he walked with a friend under a dripping umbrella; for the night was stormy and very dark, though the brilliancy of the shop-lamps made a breezy point of view quite the reverse of cheerful. John Harvey was a sceptic of thirty years' standing, and apparently hardened in his unbelief. Everybody had given him up as incurable. Remonstrance was so fairly and calmly made an impression on the rocky soul of his heart. Theologians disliked the light of his massive face, and humble Christians sighed as he passed them. A man with such capacities, they said,—with such generous impulses (for John Harvey's heart was big enough, with an intellect so enriched, and powers of the keenest sort, and yet no God! no hope for the future!—walking with the lamp at his feet unenlightened. Ahs! it was sad, very sad!

But one friend had never ceased him up. When spoken to about him—"I will talk with you by-and-by for that matter until I die," he said; "and I will have faith that he may yet come out of darkness into the marvellous light. And oh! how wonderful that light will seem to him—that up to long!"

And thus whenever he met him (John Harvey was always ready for a talk), "Mr. Harvey, I wonder if you the truth upon him. In answer on that stormy night, he only said, "God can change a sceptic, John. He has more power over your heart than you have, and I mean still to pray for you."

"Oh, I've no objections, none in the world—seeing is believing you know. I'm ready for any miracle, mind, but I tell you it would take nothing short of a miracle to convince me. However let's change the subject. I'm hungry, and it's too far to go on to-night, mind this stormy night. Where? how the wind blows. Here's a restaurant, let us stop here."

How warm and pleasant it looked in the long, brilliant dining-saloon! Clusters of gas-jets streamed over the platter and colour of pictures and gorgeous carpets, and the rows of marble slabs reflected back the lights as well as the great mirrors.

The two merchants had eaten, and were just on the point of rising, when a strain of wild music came through an open door—a child's sweet voice.

"Hush-sh! word that is pretty," said John Harvey; "what marvellous power in those tones!"

"Out of here, you little baggage," cried a hoarse voice, and some one, evidently pounded angrily to the door.

"Let her come in," said John Harvey, springing to his feet.

"Wouldn't allow them in this place, sir," said the waiter, "but she can go into the reading-room."

"Well, let her go somewhere, for I want to hear her," responded the gentleman.

All this time the two had seen the shadow of something hovering backwards and forwards on the edge of the door; now it disclosed a slight little figure, wrapped in patched cloak, patched hood, and boots of a sort not fit for a sweep. Curious to see her face—she was very small—John Harvey turned her to the farthest part of the great room, where there were but few occupied, and then motioned her to sing. The little one looked timidly up at the dark wall of other darkness, but a flush rested there; and out of the thinness and pallor, under the of hood temples, deepened by masses of the blackest hair, looked two eyes, whose sadness and tender pleading would have touched the hardest heart.

"That little thing is sick, I believe," said John Harvey compassionately. "What do you sing, child?" he added.

"I sing Italian, or a little English," she said softly.

John Harvey had been looking at her shoes. "Why!" he exclaimed, and his pity quickened, "her feet are wet to her ankles, absolutely; her shoes are full of holes."

By this time the child had begun to sing, pushing back her hood and folding before her her little thin hands. Her voice was wonderful; and simple and common as were both air and words, the power and pathos of the tones drew together several of the gentlemen as the reading-room. The little song commenced thus—

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

Never could the voice, the manner, of that child be forgotten. There almost seemed a halo round her head; and when she had finished, her great speaking eyes turned towards John Harvey.

"Look here, child, where did you learn that song?" he asked.

"At the Sabbath-school, sir," was the simple answer.

"And you don't suppose there is a happy land?" he continued, half afraid of the many eyes upon him.

"I know there is; I am going to stay there," she said, so quietly, so decidedly, that the men looked at each other.

"Going to stay there?"

"Yes, sir. My mother said so. She used to sing to me until she was sick. Then she said she wasn't going to sing any more on earth, but up in heaven."

"Well—and what then?"

"And then she died, sir," said the child, tears brimming up and over on the dark cheek, now commonly flushed scarlet.

John Harvey was silent for a few moments. Presently he said—

"Well, if she died, my little girl, you may live you know."

"O no, sir! no sir! (very quickly)—I'd rather go there, and be with mother. Sometimes I have a dreadful pain in my side, and cough as she did. There won't be any pain up there, sir, in a beautiful world."

"How do you know?" faltered on the lips of the sceptic.

"My mother told me so, sir."

Words how impressive! manner how child-like and yet how wise! John Harvey had had a praying mother. His chest laboured for a moment—the sobs that struggled for utterance could be heard even in their deep—and suddenly drew a gold piece toward them.

"Child, you must have a pair of shoes."

John Harvey's voice was husky.

Simultaneously hands were thrust in pockets, purses pulled out, and the astonished child held in her little palm more money than she had ever seen before.

"Her father is a poor consumptive organ-grinder," whispered one. "I suppose he's too sick to be out to-night."

Along the sloppy street went the child, under the protection of John Harvey, but not with shoes that drank the water at every step. Warmth and comfort were here now. Down in the steep den-like lanes of the city walked the man, a little cold child-hand in his. At one place a broken door they stopped; up broken, creaking stairs they climbed; one poor, unhinged door was opened, and a wheezing voice called out of the dim darkness—"Carletta!"

"O father! father! see what I have brought you! take it! see! take it!" and down went the hoarded silver, and, vaulting her excessive joy, the poor child fell, crying and laughing together, into the old man's arms.

Was he a man?

A face that, dark and hollow, all overgrown with hair, black as night, and uncombed—a pair of wild eyes—a body bent nearly double—hands like claws.

"Did he give you all this, Carletta, my child?"

"They all did, father; now you shall have soup and oranges."

"Thank you, sir—I'm sick you see—all gone, sir! had to send the poor child out, or we'd starve, sir. God bless you, sir! I wish I was well enough to play you a tune;" and he hobbled painfully toward the corner where stood the old organ, hoise covered—the hinge in tatters.

"It's no matter," said John Harvey with difficulty. "I'll come and see you some other time;" and he gripped his way downstairs.

* * *

One month after that the two men met again as if by agreement, and walked slowly down town. Threading innumerable passages, they came to the gloomy building where lived Carletta's father.

No—not lived *there*, for as they passed a moment, out came two or three men bearing a pine coffin. In the coffin, the two men saw the poor musician, with eyes open, provided them had been any such, slept the old organ-grinder.

"It was very sudden, sir," said a woman who recognized his benefactor. "Yesterday the little girl was took sick, and it seemed as if he drooped right away. He died at ten last night."

The two men went silently upstairs. The room was empty of everything save a bed, a chair, and a mere pinafore for a pillow. The child lay there, now white, but pale as marble, with a strange polish on her brow. Oh, how those dark eyes on the instant became eloquent, John Harvey felt as they met his! the dead.

"Well, my little one, so you are no better."

"Oh, no, sir! father is gone up there, and I am going."

"*Where?* John Harvey turned unconsciously towards his friend.

"I wish I could sing for you," she said, and her little hands drooped.

"Do you wish to sing?"

"Oh, so much—but it hurts me. It won't hurt me up there, will it?" Strange question! child looking, thus there seemed such wonder in her eyes?

"Did you ever hear of Jesus?" asked John Harvey's friend.

"Oh, yes!"

"Do you know who He was?"

"*Good-bye*," interrupted the child, with a sweet smile.

"Hawkins, this breaks me down," said John Harvey, and he placed his handkerchief to his eyes.

"Don't cry, sir; I can't cry. I'm so glad!" said the child exulting; and she looked up as if heaven's light were already dawning on her.

"What are you glad for, my dear?" asked John Harvey's friend.

"To get away from here," she said deliberately. "I used to be so cold in the long winter, for we didn't have fire sometimes, and I couldn't play the tunes, and sing about heaven. But I did have to go out, because they were sick, and people looked cross at me, and told me I was in the way, and she looked up at mother told me never to mind, when I came home crying, and kissed me, and said if I was His, the Saviour would love me, and God would love me, and would give me a better home and I gave myself to Him, for I wanted a better home. And oh, I shall sing there, and be so happy. Christ sent a little child to me, the schoolmaster told me He would, and that angels would carry me up there. Oh, I feel so sleepy!"

With a little sob she closed her eyes.

"Harvey, are faith and hope nothing?" asked Mr. Hawkins, pointing to the little face taking on such strange beauty, as the hospital doctor came in.

"Don't speak to me Hawkins; to be at that little child I would give all I am worth," was the broken response.

"And to be like her you need give nothing—only your stubborn will, your sceptical doubts, and the heart that will never know rest until it rests at the feet of Christ. O my friend, resolve, by the side of this little child, who is soon to be 'singing in heaven,' that you will be a follower of my Saviour. Let reason bow here, before simple, and sing, faith."

There was no answer. Quietly they sat there in the deepening shadows, as the hospital doctor came in, stood off a little way, shook his head. It needed no close inspection to see what was going on.

Presently the hymn ceased, the arms were raised, the eyes opened—yet glazed though they were, they turned still upward.

"See! see!" she cried. "Oh, there is mother! and there are the angels! and they are all singing—all singing."

Her voice faltered, her arms fell, but the exclamation of joy lingered on her face.

Feebly she turned to those who had ministered to her, feebly smiled—it was a mute return of thanks for all their kindness.

"There is no doubting the soul-triumph there," whispered Mr. Hawkins.

"It is wonderful," replied John Harvey, looking on both with awe and tenderness. "Is she gone?"

He sprang from his chair as if he would detain her, but the chest and forehead were marble now, the eyes had lost the fire of life; she must have died as the lay looking at them.

"She was always a sweet little thing," said the nurse softly.

John Harvey stood as if spell-bound. There was a touch on his arm; he started and turned.

"John," said his friend with an impressive and affectionate look, "shall we pray?"

For a minute there was no answer—then came tears; the whole frame of the sceptic shook as he said—it was almost a cry,—

"Yes, pray, pray!"

And from the side of the dead child went up agonizing pleadings to the throne of God. And that prayer was answered—the miracle was wrought—the lion became a lamb—the doubtera believer—the sceptic a Christian!

This incident narrative is published as a most little Tract, by Mr. Lang of Hull, and by Hamilton & Co. Price One Penny.

> For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.
>
> MATTHEW XVIII. 20.

WITHOUT GOD.

A sort without God is like the moth without the sun. Quench in the heavens the orb of day, how dark, how dumb, and dead would be the earth beneath! No flush of morning's rising, no genial heat of high noon, no mellow glory. Darkly would the rivers flow, the brooks complain, and the waves of ocean roll; hushed all the voices of the groves; shut and sensitive the flowers; silenced the music of the heart. Darkness would cover man; and poor stricken nature would lie cold and mute as a corpse, her great vital heart slowly ceasing to beat. As the sun is the vital light of the natural world, so is God of the spiritual. Where He is not, there is no true life, no real joy, no abiding peace.—Without His presence and friendship, life is dark and dead, cold and comfortless. It must be visited by an ever-recurring gloom, foreboding of disaster; a sense of want and dissatisfaction of God and His judgments. There may be the short-lived intoxication of pleasure; momentary forgetfulness in the heat of some eager race for the world's prizes; and there may be some delusive hope; but, in the pause of sober thoughtfulness, the shadow comes back, and night resumes its reign. The soul is desolate without God.—*Rev. M. Stone.*

A NOBLEMAN'S TESTIMONY.

THE EARL OF LICHFIELD, when Chairman of the Grand Jury at the Quarter Sessions, held in July, 1881, delivered one of the most able addresses ever heard in a hall of justice. The following extract is worthy of the notice not only of every magistrate, but of every employer and every working-man in the land. His lordship said:—

"Gentlemen of the Grand Jury—the calendar which will be put into your hands is of a very long one, and contains the names of 77 prisoners charged with felony, and 10 with misdemeanors. These numbers are perhaps not much in excess of the average number of cases tried at these Sessions; but I regret to say that this circumstance does not adequately represent the actual state of crime in the country at the present moment. There are now 679 prisoners in the gaol of this county, considerably more than the average for the last several years. There is much of them, it is true, undergoing punishment for minor offences; but there should be no great or even a number belonging to the criminal class, is a circumstance which calls for serious reflection, in order, if possible, to find a remedy for such a state of things. As a means of accounting for it, it is natural to look to the state of trade in the district. It is generally acknowledged that crime tends to increase in times of bad trade, and to decrease than in times of depression, such as I am sorry to say we have lately experienced in this country. Many causes may have had the influence which the fluctuations of trade have over the state of crime in the country; but, after all, in nine cases out of ten, its origin may be traced to habitual intemperance, which once given way to, become so deeply rooted, that they cannot be checked even for a time. When in the receipt of full wages, the indulgence of this pernicious habit, upon which so many of the working classes spend money so entirely out of all proportion to their means, may possibly leave something barely sufficient to maintain their family in miserable poverty, when there are no wages, if properly spent, would suffice to support in comfort. But when work is scarce and earnings become less, all goes to the public-house, and the support of the family, who are left to starve or steal; and the man, hardened by a life of debauchery, his intellect impaired by drinking, and his moral sense blunted, and otherwise shrink from. The terrible results of intemperance are to be found not only in our gaols, but in our workhouses, and in the lunatic asylums. Every one who has any experience in the management of the latter is well aware that two-thirds of the cases which come there are the result of intemperance. The great increase of insanity which at this moment necessitates such a large outlay in providing additional accommodation in this county for the pauper lunatics, proves to what a fearful extent the indulgence of drinking is carried among the working population, especially in the mining districts; and I believe that if any cause had been wanting for calling your attention to this subject in my capacity as chairman of this Court, would, I think, have been sufficient for alluding to it as I have done. *I would earnestly entreat every employer of labour and all who have any influence over the working-classes, not only as a matter of duty, but for their own interests, and the interest of society at large, to endeavour by every means in their power to promote habits of temperance around them.* I am convinced that much will be being done, and much more will be done, if all who have any influence over the work ing-classes will assist in giving a hearty encouragement to the efforts which are now happily being so generously made to educate the rising generation in such a manner that they will be able to understand all the results which must arise from indulgence in drinking, and enable them fully to appreciate the benefits to be derived from leading a life of thriftiness and sobriety."

AN APPEAL TO THE DRUNKARD.

WRITTEN BY A PUBLICAN'S DAUGHTER.

WILL you suffer me to address to you a few words of advice and exhortation? It is of the highest importance I would speak, and will that I am about to utter, the less effect when, I tell you that I have lately, and I see the misery caused by drinking? I am a publican, and my circumstances have obliged me to take part in a business which my conscience abhors. Long have I prayed for opportunities of speaking to poor men and women who have become enslaved by the dreadful vice of intemperance, but I never have been to me at present, and now it has occurred to me, I feel, that I may do good through the medium of the "British Workman." The hope that God put the thought into my heart encouraged me, and most earnestly I pray that my words may be blessed and reach me to say to poor drunkards, "Come, let us reason together." For a long time now I have been an abstainer (and, my friends, I am not the worse for it, but the better, I trust, by far), and for having convinced me that such a course was in reach day do I see more and more of my conscience from the liquor traffic. Oh, may the day come speedily, when the gin-palaces and the public-houses shall be closed; then instead of seeing men, women, and children, cursing, swearing, fighting, and giving to abuse and beat their wives and children, all will be peace and happiness. Look at your wives, my friends, is drink doing for you? Does not your home look poor, cold, and comfortless, and your wife ashamed of her dress (if not, you know not how cold it may be do, I know from bitter experience, for I was the drunkard's drawn her arrest of your children? Look again at your children, are they as they should be? Look again at your wives for God's sake! No; what is to hinder them from becoming depraved and wretched, perhaps guilty of the most heinous crimes? Are you happy with your wives? they get into trouble? It is your own doing, dear fellow-drunkard, you know it, my friends, those there ought not to be. Think, oh think—time and tide wait while you think—that you have all the time and tide to think, and yet you are poisoned your mind more, the drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God? Life with all is uncertain, but how frequently do we hear of drunkards being suddenly cut off. What an awful, what a solemn thought; this moment may be the last required of me! If this were the case with you or your friends, how should we feel, and how should we feel, and how should we feel, summoned into the presence of our Judge, and that Judge our Redeemer and Saviour—what account should we be able to give? Have we been faithful, or unfaithful to us? I have, and are it be too late, to convince you of what you are. To-morrow is not to be depended upon, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Is this warning pass unheeded, I fear it will please Christ give you another. Some drunkards with whom I have conversed have told me that it is useless for them to try, they cannot, cease from drinking, however much they would like to do so. Am you of this class? I hold such an idea, it is unworthy of you! Rouse yourselves, and with God's assistance, you can conquer; can you resist degrading thoughts, and looking upon the liquor fatally resume to taste the intoxicating cup. Many temptations will come, and many times your former associates will laugh and jeer you; heed them not, but remember your heart in prayer to Him who is ever ready to hear and answer prayer, and help you to conquer you. But, if an evil hour, Satan should gain the mastery, and you should stumble and fall, do not despair, but with humble and penitent repentance go straight to God and lay your burden at the feet of Christ, Jesus. He will not cast you. Has He not said, "Come unto me all ye that labour are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Again "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Nothing is too difficult for Christ.

Now let me show you a few ways in which you can help themselves moderationists. God has perhaps in his mercy, given you more self-command, you can go down your public and drink moderately, and yet, perhaps, for a lower reason why you should be a stumbling-block in the path of your weaker brother? For the sake of others, let your "moderation" be so great that you will not intoxicate, drink, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbles, or is offended, or is made weak." Will you not use the word and join in this great work, thereby spreading joy and happiness among your fellow-men, and saving for yourselves a rich award?

And now to those who are abstainers, I would say God speed. Continue your labour of love. If often fail, be not discouraged; one soul soon to Christ a rich compensation for a lifetime of disappointment. Pray for the success of your labours. Do not despair. He thinks could I speak all that is in my heart it would turn some effect. Oh, how it brows to do some good; although feebly, would that I could devote my life to the Temperance cause. It is my constant prayer that I may be made useful in this blessed cause, that the education given me, not paid for with the pittance of my hard-earned wages, and God's help, in trying to reclaim those who have unfortunately become drunkards. Oh, let not my writing be

British Workman Office,
9, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.

DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE, &c.

Relief Committee.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, *President.*
SAMUEL GURNEY, ESQ., M.P., *Treasurer.*

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Hon. Sec.—MR. R. H. BEDERBY.

Any of our readers who are disposed to contribute towards the relief of the famishing thousands in our manufacturing districts will oblige by remitting to the TREASURER, SAMUEL GURNEY, ESQ., M.P., No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. E.C., as above.

It is particularly requested that no letters will lastly address their letters, with contributions, to the TREASURER, and at the same time write their addresses very plainly, so that in every case the Treasurer's receipt for the amount may be forwarded by post.

Extracts from Letters.

I Rankine, Esq., of Kensington, writes, "I am much concerned about the distress in Lancashire, and willingly contribute a guinea to the Relief Fund. Hoping of the contributors who can afford it, will send in a weekly or monthly amount (from Christmas Eve), for a short period, be both to the poor sufferers, and to myself, I think it such a plan, be greatly increased. I purpose sending you £5 as a week for two months. The cheque enclosed herewith, (£27 7s.) is for the last payment, and I hope to be able to send £1 10s. from each of my sons, George and William. They will also give 2s. 6d. each per week for two months."

The Rev. W. Ashton, Family sends, "Collections made at the family Prayer Table for the poor suffering families in Lancashire, £1 5s. 10d.

An aged Widow writes, "I enclose the worth of stamps, for the Lancashire Cotton Weavers, from an indigent Widow, of Gatescore."

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S FARM.

AMONG the many valuable institutions established by the late Prince Consort for improving the condition of the labouring classes, is the Shaw Farm (Windsor) evening class, at which the laborers on the royal farm are taught reading, letter-writing, arithmetic, and direction. This institution is continued by her Majesty, and in August last there was a meeting for the distribution of prizes awarded by her Majesty. Ever since the establishment of the class, specimens of writing, arithmetic, letter-writing and direction, were, at the close of the season, submitted to her Majesty, and those who always evinced the most lively interest in their humble efforts of his farm-labourers. His Royal Highness was wont to compare each year's progress with the preceding, and award prizes to those who had shown progress, and to those register exhibited punctuality in attendance. This year the prizes were distributed by her Majesty, who has been graciously pleased to signify that the class is to be continued, and that the same course with the prizes will be adopted, viz., a first prize to a new comer on the farm, an illustrated Bible, and subsequent prizes to be bank-deposits. On the present occasion, the following prizes were distributed in the name by the Rev. Thomas Hooke, M.A.; ten bank-deposits—seven of £1 5s. each, and three of £1 each—and seven Bibles. A certificate from the Society of Arts was presented to William Smith, one of the men on the farm, for proficiency in geography, arithmetic, and English history.

We hope this example of the Prince Consort, with our beloved Queen, will be followed by many employers.

BIBLE PATTERN OF A GOOD WOMAN.—NO. VII.

CHARITY.

"She stretcheth her hand to the poor; yea, she stretcheth forth her hands to the needy."—Prov. xxxi. 20.

THERE are two very common mistakes. The first is, that charity is a duty which belongs specially to the rich; and the second, which indeed grows out of the first error, that it consists in giving money.

It would be very sad for all, rich and poor, if these two general opinions were really true. All society is bound together by the bonds of mutual help and dependence, and these ought to inspire mutual love and respect. If only the rich had the privilege of being able to stretch forth their hands to the needy, they would be deprived of one of the greatest sources of pure enjoyment—the luxury of doing good, the comfort of giving the tear of sorrow, and awakening the joy of the mourner the glow of gratitude and love. And if money were the whole proof of benevolence, the great majority of the world, having but little of that, would be debarred from usefulness.

It is true that wealth is a great talent, all honour to those who use it wisely and faithfully, as stewards servant from the Lord, and who never forget in their distribution that "the silver and the gold are His."

But how much of love and pity and tenderness there is in this world, that is quite apart from mere money. Some of the poorest in this world's goods have been among the most benevolent. Hannah, the brave young widow woman who had to live by going out to work, and I remember that after a hard day's toil at laborious domestic work, she would set up all night with a sick neighbour who had no one to nurse her. That was true charity.

Among the large and valuable class of Sabbath-school teachers, the majority are not rich, nay, many of them have to live by their toil, and the female portion, who work for their livelihood, in many cases contribute to those that are hardly worked and humbly paid. Yet see how the young shopwoman, or the pale dressmaker, after all the toils of the week, drops off to meet her little class at the Lord's-day. She gives to the children of her poor neighbours the only home she has—and she gives it with a cheerful face and a loving heart, and "is the soul for her dead." Her own spirit is refreshed by the sweet smile of the approving smile of Him, who said, "Forasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me;" and her heart is comforted by the love of the little ones, who very unpretend, must feel, even while they do not entirely understand, her kindness. There will come a time in the history of the most thoughtless, when they will look back and think of her precious words, and will springs up and produce the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Such women are in the least sense stretching forth their hands to the needy.

How many instances are on record, of works of benevolence being begun by young people, who had little of this world's wealth, yet they have effected great results. The Infant School system that is now so general in England and other countries, was first of all practised by a servant-maid of the good pastor Oberlin.

The first ragged-school in the kingdom was taught by John Pounds, a poor cobbler of Portsmouth, who gathered the children in his little shop, and taught them while he worked at his shoe-mending.

But my readers may say, "our work is at home, and we cannot go out at all to teach or to give." True, and your home may be a centre, where are only all that is good and kind and gathers, but from which charity may be diffused; and it is always in your power to show benevolence, by being obliging and kind.

Two women lived in adjoining cottages. One was the wife of a workingman, and I will call her Mrs Self. She was hard-working and saving, and her husband was in consequence a thriving man, he had money in the Savings' Bank, and he belonged to a Building Society, by which, in ten or twelve years, the house in which he lived would be his own; they had one child—a little girl. Now it seems to announce happiness, that prosperity hardens the heart. If people do not own the good hand of God in prospering their lot, and are not grateful to Him, they are the worse rather than the better for their success in life. A widow—Mrs. Allen, and her young child, lived next door. The widow was a waistcoat-maker, and worked very hard to keep her little home together, and provide for her boy, who was but an infant when his father died. Now there were many ways in which Mrs. Self might have helped her neighbour; in the summer time when she prepared her husband's supper, she might have boiled the widow's kettle at her fire. She knew that often the poor woman would not have of her work to make a fire, and had, therefore, to go without her refreshment that she needed. Once she offered to do some needlework for Mrs. Allen, and made quite little acts of kindness as might be done for her. But her offer was not accepted. Mrs. Self seemed envious of Mrs. Allen, she was one of those who not like any one to be praised for their industry, and the widow being very near to her person, and a regular attendant at public worship, was much suspected.

When Mrs. Allen took her work home, she used to carry her boy with her, but it was a long way she had to go, and the child was not well, and it gave her pain heavy for his mother to carry him. It would have been a kindness of Mrs. Self had offered to let the child stay in her house, while her mother went to fetch her work. But she never did, and once when she was asked, she said, "she had enough to do to look after her own child."

One rainy day the widow set out with her child, but the little fellow cried with the wet, and his mother was obliged to return and put him in her room, then was no fire there and the window was safe, and she left him amid playthings on the floor, she locked the door and went out, feeling very uneasy. The anxious look on her face was seen by her selfish neighbour, who, after she had passed, called her back, saying, "Well, Mrs. Allen, you may leave the key with me, I then Willy cry, I'll go in and fetch him, but you know I am very busy, and I've a husband to see to, and there's no end to the work that a man makes in a place."

Mrs. Allen felt the key and faintly thanked her—for she thought of her home, when she had a husband, and her memory was gone for her.

Mrs. Self's little Mary was three years older than her neighbour's child; and, as the mother was often too busy to look well after her, she was very prone to mischief.

It happened that a hawker of crockery came to the door soon after she was left, and Mrs. Self in the hope of exchanging some old clothes and buying a bargain of him, was very busy contending and haggling, she did not notice that her child, whom she had sent off with an angry word when the weekly cake was not in the house. Intent on her batter, the absence of Mary was not observed.

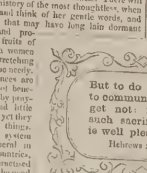
Meanwhile, the poor little creature had picked up the key of Mrs. Allen's room, and gone off to play with Willy. She easily pushed the old lock, as I was at home welcome to the little fellow. Poor little creature, thoughtless of Mary, must have prompted her to lock the door on the inside. Very likely the child knew her mother's hoarding would employ her fully, and she hoped to have her game of play and get back unnoticed.

The fireless grate on that wet day, must have struck the child as very uncomfortable and so she resolved to imitate her hand at lighting a fire; and for this purpose rummaged the cupboard, climbing a chair to get the box of lucifer-matches, that was kept on a shelf.

Of course, all that poor little Mary could do, was to light the brands, and to Willy this would seem very pretty pastime.

Suddenly there were hard cries. Mrs. Self, who was hanging up a jug she had bought, heard Willy scream, and looked round for the child. She could not find it. In great confusion she ran about the room calling on Mary, when to her horror she heard the child's cry mingled with Willy's. A man coming up the opposite road looked towards the cottage, and shouted "Fire!"

Running as he called, towards Mrs. Allen's. Almost distracted, and screaming at the top of her voice, Mrs. Self went up her neighbour's stairs. The basement was always locked, and med as a store.



But to do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.
Hebrews xiii. 16.

She shook the door in vain, but the man's strong arm burst it open, and there enveloped in flames, were the two children! To rail them up in the rug and carry them was the work of a few moments, but the rescue was too late! Willie was in a fit with fright, and did not live half an hour, dying more from the shock than from the burns. Mary lingered three days—was able to tell how the calamity occurred, and then sank. Now, a little neighbourly kindness in taking care of the children, or, if child would, humanity speaking, have prevented this great affliction. In the middle of Mrs. Self's grief, and she was nearly heart-broken, for her child was as the very light of her eyes; the bitterest pang was that she had refused the widow's request. She had a violent fever, and was delirious for some days. She had been so disobliging to her neighbours that none of them were willing to assist her, except one—and that was the widow she had so injured. In the midst of her own great grief she felt for the woman who had in the same affliction. But the generous feelings prompted the kind and that the widow rendered. She sent with tears, and learned of him, "If the calamity not those that treat you well, your Heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses." Many as to peace, that seemed for ever gone, she was able up her room and came to live with them, and as a Christian, she brought a blessing with her, for though she was poor, she had strengthened her heart in the Lord.

The poor and needy, are a very large class. We are all in need of sympathy and help, and kindness. Loss of health, of friends, or other misfortunes come to all, rich as well as others, and the good cause that tends the sick bed, the faithful servant that takes an affectionate interest in her employer's family, the kind neighbour who is ready to speak a word of comfort, or to act an act of freendliness, "Stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she stretcheth forth her hands to the needy."

THE HOLYDAY.

"WHAT! it kind that he asked a holiday for us," and a fine happy-looking boy who was speaking of the request to a gentleman in his school, who, on leaving the house, had asked that the boys might have a holiday. It is a common occurrence when a distinguished person visited our public schools, for him to ask for a holiday for the boys, and no doubt some of the boys exclaim as the words of my little friend, "Was it not kind of him?"

There is a Friend who has given us all a holyday—a perpetual holyday. Every Sunday is a holyday—a return to be our comfort and blessing. In that happy day fathers can meet with their little children, and friends can meet and walk together, and talk of the goodness of God in company. "Was it not kind of Him to give us this holyday?" Shall we not prize His gift by renouncing on that day the Giver, by neglecting Him, by talking to our little ones at all His love, by hearing of His grace and goodness to the children of men? Oh, men of God be thankful for the Sabbath—it is your holyday.

CHOSEN IN THE FURNACE.

LET those who have made up their minds to follow Christ not expect things great and smooth upon earth. God has prepared better things for you, which though not pleasant on brought to you, yet will be very sweet, and He has chosen for you; He has chosen contrary to your desires, but He will some day bring you to approve of His choice. Remember what the Apostle warns against: Him, that you are murmuring against your own good. "It has pleased the Father to give you the kingdom." Our Lord's words are, "Blessed are ye when men revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." Shall we not prize His gift by renouncing on that day the Giver, by neglecting Him, by talking to our little ones at all His love, by hearing of His grace and goodness to the children of men? Oh, men of God be thankful for the Sabbath—it is your holyday.

NEVER GIVE UP!

WE are thankful to find that our recommendation of Nelsie Brook's valuable little book * has been attended with good results. Already, have we heard of three very interesting narratives being devoted to the information of two noted drunkards. If this little work were read and lent (as it is hoped) by those who are good readers) at the "dinner hour" in factories, workshops, manufacturing, machine, mechanics, &c., it would, we believe, produce most pleasing results.

* Never Give Up! A Christmas Story for Working-men and their Wives. By Nelsie Brook. Price sixpence.

CAN YOU READ AND WRITE?

THE Registrar-General's Report on Marriages in Ireland shows that amongst the Protestants married in 1861, twenty-five per cent. of the men and twenty-six per cent. of the women had to sign with a X. The number of Protestants marriages in Ireland in the year 1861 was 8862. The Roman Catholics are not so numerous.

It is painful to reason upon the moral condition of so many thousands who are not able to read or write! How can such persons build the responsibilities of a Christian family, when they "*Train* up a child in the way he should go, if they can neither read nor write? We feel assured that the more true friends of the Irish Irish population who are forming evening classes for the instruction of adults, will probably be of *blessing* to the law prohibited the publication of banns of marriage until both bridegroom and bride could, in the affirmative, answer the question, "Can you read and write?"

In many cases it would be a blessing to the

"OLD OSCAR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN BROWN, ESQ., M.D., AUTHOR OF "BAD AND BIS FRIENDS."

How can a dog understand without understanding? asked Dr. Lavington, and the question remains unanswered. In our strivings to exalt "the man" we sometimes do injustice to the "lower animal;"—to Trusty or Tear 'em who has not in than respect to be his betters, the power of self-defence. The nature of the dog has a higher development—its unchanging fidelity, depth of insight, and bravery in the moment of danger. Did you never observe how your Trusty scan is a stranger—how acutely he sees ours him, and takes up his likes or dislikes? What will he not do for a friend? What has he not done even for a hard master?

Here is "Old Oscar" for instance; long and fondly well his memory be cherished. Never was there a more kindly, a nobler member of the canine family. All his life, had been spent at the farm of Heathside, and scholar. He been beyond the boundaries of one of the indest parts lies in the North of Scotland. Thoroughly accustomed to country customs and rural quietude, any time he did go to town, he lay old master made to say, "he was never like himself ere he got out the road again."

Oscar was above the average size, and never can we forget his shaggy coat, and the hairy shell that clung close, the long bushy tail, and that fine open face, with its long and soft, running up in triangular form right under his massive head.

"Old Oscar"—but to us he was always *old*—had little of the worldly in him. He had nothing of the offensive or quarrelsome in him, and often did he endure the grossest indignities without retaliation—not in a cowardly cringing spirit, but with a calmness and dignity which one could not but admire. Doubtless some regarded it as sheepishness, some as contempt. Phrenologists might have said he had not the organ of combativeness, yet he was a man of a high order that "understanding the "which makes many a member of the "higher order" wear a more precious mien. He was decidedly averse to fighting—and would have shuddered at the cruel practices, and the only stroke in the way he ever did was when he was in Liverpool with his general character.

In his morning walks, which he took with constitutional regularity, Oscar had to pass the mansion of a neighbouring squire. As sure as he reached the gate, out came my lady's favorite, a little black shaggy hair, those sharp ears, it and not contented with yelping as most curs are, it would follow a few yards industriously biting the heels of its big brother, who, patiently and clear trot along, regardless of the pain and annoyance, except now and then with a significant growl or a wag of that huge tail of his. One morning Oscar stopped, and sat down at its old work, picking and scratching, in its own provokingly slow way, he irritated and festered heels of our long-suffering friend. Oscar stopped, and deliberately considered was wrong; had that quiet spirit at last been disturbed? Turning round he seized his tormentor by the neck, as a cat would her kitten, and shook it as a terrier would a rat close by. Waiting in some distance he put his venim beneath the hedge-marker, and doubtless dearing reform hopeless planted his foot firmly upon it. In a few weeks he turned round again, and trotted along to his morning duty as if nothing had occurred. The body of poor "Violet" was buried in the garden, and flower were planted on its grave. The wicked and worthless seldom had their mourners.

Oscar was useful in his way. He could go to the shop and bring home a pound of sugar or an ounce of tea; and other times have we seen him jogging along with a neat little wicker sarcophagus, in all black shaggy hair, he could do this without even the assistance of a slip of paper, stranger as this may seem to outsiders. Those country shopkeepers, understanding in all things Scotch, are broad-cloth, are not like the shopkeepers in your great cities. Oscar knew "ye gun money" or jar, with an instinct which baffles each other, and which only experience can understand, they give you exactly what you want. Oscar knew the difference or difference half-penny tied into the corner of his basket, and he never failed to be brought home his ounce of tobacco or pound of sugar. Never was he known to go wrong or to be turned aside from his course—into an alehouse, or, indeed, anywhere.

But one schoolboy days form the brightest spot in our remembrance of Old Oscar. Bright days indeed those were, dimmed only by one dark shadow. Regularly did Oscar come out the way to meet us, sometimes leaping and frolicking, sometimes calm and demure. Either way we never dared to be late, lest there should be carried a powerful influence; somehow we fell into his mood, and he was always—in mirthful or sad. In daylight we gambolled with him; when night came we felt happy and secure in his companionship. How strange it would have seemed to be been absent from his place!

Could it be? Yes, it was quite true, we felt that Oscar met us not, and it *did* seem strange. We came up to the old whitewashed lowlifed'ld, he was not to be found.

Oscar had a companion, a little black and tan terrier master, who had grown up with him his constant playmate, though "little master," full fifteen years. He too was missing; somebody must enquire! Whither had they gone? An aged mistress gathered over their disappearance. It was thought they would be found together, and the neighbours turned out to search for them, as country neighbours do on such occasions, with a deep and honest sympathy. We sought them at the old jaunt haunts, and at those spots of those special rifle that overhung the sea. From "Mary Cave" to "Hell's Hole," from "Hell's Mouth," we sought them in vain, looking now up and down those rocks and ravines, then down by the pebbly shore. At times we would stand in one place, then call their names—Oscar! John!—Called they be then? Sometimes we sat down on rocks! It was now quite dark, and we could see the sea-gulls and the sea-pies, and hear the sea-pies, the quiet murmur of which was only broken by the stray, over-loud voice of the one or the sighing of a disturbed wafow. There we sat a listening and hoping, to save our own, which rested in the solitude to deepen our gloom and lengthen our fears.

The night passed on,—a night of sorrowful fruitless watching, never to be forgotten. Dawn came; and as the company—now small and weary, for only had can hope against hope and still struggle—were gazing their way along "the lanes," the old man, ever foremost in the search and watchfulness, watchful, caught a glimpse of "something strange" peeked on the edge of a lofty

"OLD OSCAR," THE FAITHFUL DOG.

precipice. It was Oscar! His name was called—loudly and lovingly reiterated, but he heeded not. There he sat, looking eagerly, fixedly downwards. Alas! the tale was too certain, too sad were these foreboding. Overpowered, the old man sank to the ground, and was carried home, muttering, amid expressions of deep sorrow and anguish, "My pur laddie! my pur laddie! and Oscar wi' him too!"

John Williams had gone out a-nesting with Oscar, as he had often done before. He had missed his footing, and fallen a height of more than two hundred feet. Dead, dashed in pieces on the jagged edges of the precipice, the fragments of his body were scattered on the level rocks below like a shower of clotted blood.

Nesting! How is it thus year after year it counts its victims? Is there, after all, such a charm in the possession of a few wildfowl eggs? It is not in the prize, but there is a fascination, wild and strong, in scaling the dizzy heights, in creeping along the shattered shelvings, and peering into those mysterious recesses, familiar only to the marmot and the mew. Ay, and there is a fascination in telling of adventures and heartbreath escapes, the very thought of which makes one's blood grow cold. Brave natures cannot resist it, led on by a love of danger and daring which most possess in some degree, and which well-trained and rightly directed, forms one of the noblest elements in man.

By the assistance of a boat the mangled remains of the hapless youth were gathered up, and carried by sorrowing friends to that home he had "left so late," full of life and hope.

There, on that cold eminence, through the long solitary night, sat his faithful companion, eagerly watching, his ears bent downwards, his eyes transfixed. Nor would he stir from that spot till the mournful company moved on, and then he followed at a distance, stopping at intervals and looking back, with that long, melancholy whine which the traveller hears at midnight, and, somehow, quickens his step homewards. "It is only a dog," you say. True; but that "dumb brute," as you call him, knew he had lost a friend, and *felt* the separation. Could as much be said of some who flatter in their fashionable mournings?

Covering and trembling, Oscar entered the house and crouched into that corner beneath the old oak table he had so often shared in other days with one now lost for ever. He refused to eat or mind any one, and spurned all entreaties to leave his couch. But our story is soon told. One morning Oscar's place was vacant. No one saw him leave it; no one knew whither he had gone; and in vain was he sought among his former haunts. A few days afterwards, poor Oscar was discovered by some fishermen, cold and stiff, near that rock on which were found the shattered remains of John Williams. Some spoke of blind instinct, and some of self-destruction; but such were the facts, and it is not for us to speak of causes. Oscar was carried home to the old standing, and buried in the garden beneath a plot of flowers which had been planted and tended by the hand of his late friend and companion.

These incidents which assumed form several years ago, are here thrown into narrative, and dedicated to the genial and manly defender of dogs—the biographer of "Rab," with whose memorable counsel I conclude:—

"Every family should have a dog," says Dr. Brown, when speaking of his Toby and Wyhe, and Dick, and all the rest; "it is like having a perpetual baby; it is the plaything and crony of the whole house. All must upon Dick. And then he tells no tales, betrays no secrets, never talks, asks no troublesome questions, never gets into debt, never coming down late to breakfast, or coming in by the Clubbs *too early* to bed—is always ready for a bit of fun, lies in wait for it, and you may, if choleric, to your relief, kick* him instead of someone else, who would not take it so meekly, and, moreover, would certainly not, as he does, ask your pardon for being kicked." H. O. N.

* We are sorry to take any exception to the words of the generous-hearted Dr. Brown, but we protest against this license for kicking.—Ed.

Dignity of Labor.

When Lysander tonight presents to Cyrus, the prince conducted his illustrious guest through his gardens, Lysander, struck with so fine a prospect, praised the manner in which the grounds were laid out, the neatness of the walks, the abundance of trees planted with an art which knew how to combine the useful with the agreeable; the beauty of the glowing variety of flowers exhaling odours throughout the delightful scene. "Everything charms and transports me in this place," said Lysander to Cyrus; "but what strikes me most is the exquisite taste of the person who drew the plan of these gardens." Cyrus replied, "I drew the plan and entirely marked it out. Many of the trees which you see were planted by my own hands." "What!" exclaimed Lysander, with astonishment, "is it possible that, with those purple robes and splendid vestments, those strings of jewels and bracelets of gold, those buskins so richly embroidered; is it possible that you could play the gardener, and employ your royal hands in planting trees?" "Does that surprise you?" said Cyrus; "I assure you that, when my health permits, I never sit down to my table without having fatigued myself, either in military exercise, rural labour, or some other wholesome employment, to which I apply myself with pleasure."

There is a dignity and a health-giving power in labour which even the noble and the wealthy, do well, like Cyrus, to secure for themselves.

ONIONS AND RENT.

There are two cottagers living in an English village, under the same landlord, charged the same rent, and each having a small garden. One of them spends his evenings in cultivating his garden, whilst the other wastes his time in smoking and tippling. The former always has his rent ready for his landlord; the latter is invariably behindhand and in debt. The former is a cheerful man, the latter is a grumbler.

Passing by the two cottages, we stopped to admire a fine bed of large onions, which the industrious cottager had just pulled up for market. On inquiry, we found that the proceeds of these would almost pay the year's rent, besides leaving a good supply of these useful vegetables for home consumption during the winter!

Working men in the country! Cultivate your gardens, and you will probably soon live "rent free," and have something to spare for the poor, as well as leave a "nest-egg" in the Savings' Bank, for "rainy days" and old age.

MY PRAYER.

Let me not die before I've done for Thee
My earthly work, whatever it may be.
Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled,
Let me not leave my space of ground untilled!
Impress this truth upon me—that not one
Can do my portion that I leave undone;
For each one in thy vineyard hath a spot
To labour in for life, and weary not.
Then give me strength all faithfully to toil;
Converting barren earth to fruitful soil.
I long to be an instrument of thine,
To gather worshippers into thy shrine;
To be the means, one human soul to save
From the dark terrors of a hopeless grave.
Yet most I want a spirit of content
To work where'er thou'lt wish my labour spent,
Whether at home or in a stranger clime,
In days of joy, or sorrow's sterner time.
I want a spirit passive, to be still,
And by thy power, to do thy lordly will.
And when the prayer unto my lips doth rise,
"Before a new home doth my soul surprise,
Let me accomplish some great work for Thee."
Subdue it, Lord! let my petition be.
"O! make me useful in this world of thine,
In ways according to *thy* will, not *mine*."
Let me not leave my space of ground untilled:
Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled,
Let me not die before I've done for Thee
My earthly work, *whatever* it may be.

A CONVERTED COACHMAN.

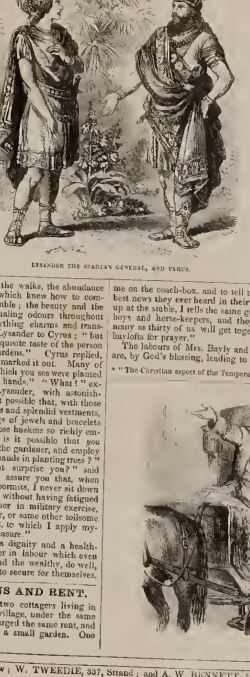
Coachmen have many opportunities of doing good. As a class, they are exposed to many temptations, but we rejoice in the belief, that not a few humble and earnest-hearted Christian men are to be found on the boxes of the carriages and broughams which throng the wealthier portions of our great cities and towns.

In an admirable tract just issued by that worthy authoress, Mrs. Bayly, she gives an interesting account of one of the experience meetings in the Potteries, at which a coachman rose and said:—"It used to be a weary time waiting outside the theatre for the ladies at night, but now I spend it in telling the people of Jesus, and it don't seem no time. Many and many a man has stopped from going to the public-house to listen. I get a lot of footmen around me sometimes, and I take a text and speaks to them about Jesus, and often and often, a hand is stretched up from the crowd to shake hands with me on the coach-box, and to tell me they have heard the best news they ever heard in their lives, and when I puts up at the inns, I tells the same good news to the stable-boys and horse-keepers, and they listen to me, and as many as thirty of us will get together in the stables or haylofts for prayer."

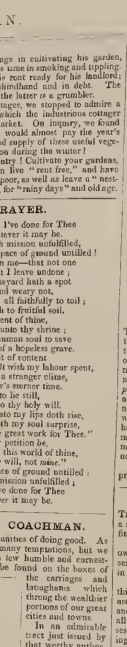
The labours of Mrs. Bayly and Miss Adeline Cooper, are, by God's blessing, leading to remarkable results.

* "The Christian aspect of the Temperance Question." Price 2d.

"THE PROCEEDS OF THESE WOULD ALMOST PAY THE YEAR'S RENT."



LYSANDER THE SPARTAN GENERAL, AND CYRUS.



OLD YACOUB.

Travellers to Jerusalem, who have visited the Jordan in that celebrated city, have been much pleased with the smiling face and kind manners of old Yacoub, one of the attendants. The example of this Christian man, is worthy of imitation by every hospital attendant or nurse. He always *has a smile and a kind word for his patients*, thereby doing much to lighten their sufferings and hasten their recovery. The importance of cheerfulness of spirits being manifested by hospital attendants towards the patients cannot be too strongly emphasized. We have reason to believe that our paper finds its way into many sick wards, and we trust that this honorable mention of a humble resident in the "Holy City" will not be forgotten by the attendants in hospitals.

In the Hebrew and Arabic languages, "Jacob" is pronounced as if written "Yacoub."

JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

The late Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, was a striking illustration of the truth, that "godliness is profitable unto all things."

Addressing the young on one occasion he said, "I owe all that I am now to a minister, all that I was possess of this world's good things, and all the hope I have in heaven, to *religion*.

"I was a poor, unknown boy, an apprentice in a draper's shop, and in that humble and comparatively useless situation, in all probability I should have lived and died, but for *religion*. I repeat it, religion has done all for me; made me what I am, given me what I possess here, and hope for in the future world. One evening as I was standing in the shop-door with my apron on, I saw people moving on to the village chapel. The hurry of the day was over. I turned into the shop, and rolling my apron round me, off I started. But oh, it was the '*time of love*.' The bow drawn at a venture, found its arrow into my heart, and he who went thither in sport, remained to pray; come back crying, '*God be merciful to me a sinner!*' And that 'man of God,' late reverend and ever-to-be-lamented Sidrey of Exeter, was he who shot that arrow.

"If there was a diamond in me, it was religion that gave it polish; if there was gold, it was unto for the Master's use till *religion* had purified and refined it in heaven's own mint. All that I am I owe to religion. 'By the grace of God, I am what I am!'"

Who would not desire to possess the power, the purity, the usefulness, the respect and honour, the favour and love, both of God and man, enjoyed by the late John Angell James? *True religion* can do as much for you as it did for him. "Godliness is profitable unto all things."

Notice.—ALL the back numbers of the "British Workman" may now be had through any Bookseller or Newsvendor.

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THE RECLAIMED COACHMAN AND HIS AUDITORS.

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BRITISH WORKMAN

A LESSON FROM NATURE.

The useful cow furnishes a beautiful example of maternal affection. Her love and watchful care of her offspring forms one of the brightest pictures of rural life. The diligence which she bestows in keeping her pretty calf *clean*, is worthy of imitation even by some who do *not* belong to the *dumb* creation. Very few calves, comparatively speaking, die from natural causes. Tens of thousands of *children* do. Is there no reason for such a contrast in the mortality between the brute creation and human beings? We think there is. Terrible as the distress now pressing upon the working-classes in Lancashire, a valuable and impressive fact is being brought to light which will we trust teach a national lesson, never to be forgotten. Notwithstanding the scarcity of food, caused by the dearth of employment, yet, the rate of mortality among infants has been *far less*, in Lancashire, during the last twelve months than has been known for many years! How is this strange fact to be accounted for? Simply because the mothers, from not being able to get work at the mills, have stayed at "*home*" and taken care of their babies themselves instead of leaving them to children and nurses! Let both husbands and mothers, not only in the Cotton Districts, but elsewhere, seriously ponder this startling fact. As a rule, is it not a wife's duty to be 'a keeper at home?' Is it not a mother's first duty to look well to her *children*? Money got by the wife working at the "mill," when home and children are neglected, is, in the end, not a gain to the working-man, but a loss, which may be felt for generations to come!

TO THE PRUDENT AND FRUGAL.

If you wish to save a little money, and to place it where it is quite safe, where you can add to it from time to time easily, and obtain enjoyment of it promptly, you should deposit it in a Post Office Savings' Bank.

These Banks are open for the receipt and repayment of deposits, on every working day, in most cases from nine in the morning till six in the evening, and on Saturdays from nine till eight.

In these Banks you may make deposits to the amount of one shilling, or of any number of shillings, or of pounds or shillings, provided you do not deposit more than £30 in any one year.

When you make your first deposit you will receive a numbered book, on which your name, address, and occupation will be written, and in which the date and amount of your deposit will be entered. Prefix to the cover of this book you will find printed a clear statement of the Regulations which the Postmaster-General has made for your guidance and protection, and which you should read carefully and attentively.

On the day on which you make your deposit, the Postmaster takes your money, and transmits the amount that has received the money from you, and in two or three days afterwards you will receive a printed letter from the General Post Office in London to inform you that your deposit has been duly reported. If you do not receive such a letter within ten days from the day on which you made your deposit, you must write to the Postmaster-General for it. The letters which you receive, you must keep in the order of your numbered book. Whenever you make any other deposits, you will have to take your numbered book with you to the Post Office Savings' Bank, that the date and amount of the deposit may be entered in it; and whenever you make a withdrawal, you must take care that you get the printed acknowledgment of it from London.

While your money lies in the Post Office Savings' Banks, you will be allowed interest on it at the rate of two pounds and ten shillings for every hundred pounds—that is, you will have sixpence a year or one halfpenny a month for every complete pound which you deposit.

You not but have to pay a small yearly charge for your money, if you write to, or receive from, the General Post Office in London with respect to your deposits, nor will it be right for you to spend your hard-earned money, but it you have it, you will have to pay one shilling for a new book; you must therefore take great care of it, and you had better have a cover made for it, of linen or cloth or leather, to keep it clean and in proper condition.

In conclusion, you should bear in mind—

1. That if you have any money in the Post Office Savings' Banks, it will be as safe as if you had taken it to the Bank of England.

2. That if you be a depositor in the Post Office Savings' Banks, and change your place of abode, you will not be obliged to draw your money out and carry it with you, but you may go on adding to it at any other Post Office Savings' Bank wherever you may be.

3. That you may have your money paid to you wherever you please, no matter where it was that you deposited it.

4. That parents may deposit for their children, and that women, whether married or single, may deposit on their own account.

5. That the Post Office Savings' Banks will be open for eight hours of every working day, and that you may consult your own convenience as to the time of making your deposits, and will not have to wait long, or in a crowd.

6. That you will have a small yearly charge on your money, and be put to no expense in depositing it, or drawing it out again.

7. That the Postmasters are forbidden to disclose the names of depositors, or the amount they may deposit, to anyone but the Postmaster-General and his officers in London.

If you bear all these things in mind, you will see that, at the establishment of these Post Office Savings' Banks, Government has done a great deal for you, which will be not comparatively easy for you to lay by a little money in a safe place against a rainy day.—*F. J. Sandmore.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REFORMED THIEF.

What I Was—

What I am—and how I became so—will, if these things are unimportant to others, they are not so to me; for they constitute what I must digitally by the name of my personal identity.

I might have been the son of a duke or an earl, a merchant or tradesman, mechanic or housebreaker, for anything I ever knew. Whatever I may be in the tiny breast as the infant lips say "father" or "mother," those pronouns were never name. Where I was born, or under what circumstances, I know not. Cast on the rough waters of life to do battle with evil from my cradle, I never had leaving one friend capable of telling me. My early recollections are of being in a large house, where I associated with them gratitude to the great God who mercifully preserved my childish life to experience the good about which I shall by-and-by speak.

If you have visited London, you have often seen, amidst the throng, more or ran, a miserably-clad woman, singing doleful ditties, with two or three half-starved, wretched-looking children clinging to her skirts, or, if she were their mother, and by every dramatic art they can bring to bear, appealing to the sympathies of the hard-hearted, while the piercing wind whistles round them and the shivering forms of those little ones to an early grave. Now, I was one of such as they, from about three years old until I might have been seven. Not that I was always in the habit of calling the same woman mother; but I distinctly remember shifting quarters for at least a dozen times. Whether these changes were for the better or the worse I cannot say, but they used to tell me I was a sharp boy, and that I could turn a penny into into a solemn one, or pass from a laughter into a flood of tears at a minute's notice; and for this I had to get the dexterous fingers of the gingles pouted into my childish lips, with some nice bit bun of the delicious which formed a part of every evening's bundles on a mother's lap and pack these until morn. One in heaven This was not my lot. Some are taught this way in childhood to the Hope of God. Not—oath me. I dare not tell the things I heard and saw before the first seven years of my history had passed. So horrible were they!

Have you ever seen ragged little fellows in such vicinities as Leather Lane, the New Cut, with their sharp, keen suspicious eyes,—indications of a brain prematurely developed,—lurking about the neighbourhood of some apple-stall? He is going to try his hand at the second class of lessons taught in our streets. While the man or woman in these crowded thoroughfares, is busy with their customers, this wretched little moral slips something from the stall, shifts it to the hands of a companion, and shuks away to enjoy the fruit of their mischief taken. Such boys are generally, in the little chief of some nine years old, instructed by some one whom he looks up to as a little blighter in life, ventures to try London Bridge. It's a new experience to him. He slips his hand into a gentleman's pocket. He secures the handkerchief; and, as he turns to take the other half of the apple to the companion, he is seized by the police. It is his first appearance before the magistrate; so he is kindly warned and lightly sentenced. Now, he is wondering what he will do. Where is he to get a living? He feels, however, the importance of stealing with more ease. A series of adventures follow; and he is at last, for the first time, in a policeman in the city. Seeing those about him who venture on deeds which awaken his emulation, he is very anxious to imitate them. He succeeds, and, if first his film form is found useful in being inserted into the hole of some coal-cellar by which he passes into the house and opens the door for the other accomplices, he is taken up as in my case, mercy prevent, he finds himself in the penal settlements, or ending his days on the gallows. All this, excepting the housebreaking and transportation, was at the age of seventeen. All my life, I had been without a father or mother, or home or friend, or even one uneasy twinge of kindness to cause me to look back on that first period of my life, and remember what I must have been in my childish infancy, and what a power of circumstances forcing high or low, according as the lives wandered, I am amazed at that grace of the Friend of the outcast which saved me when I was, and made me what I am. What that is you shall hear.

What I am.

Far away over the sea that girts the shore of the island which to thousands is properly called happy old England, I order hard by the Mediterranean, the same blue sky, lighted by the same sun, fanned by the same breezes, and cared for by the same Providence. Giant forests are there, filled with the tenants of centuries ago; verdant plains are there, covered with the finest grass; rivers are there, moving majestically for miles; birds and beasts are there, in numbers and variety equal with convenience and beauty; and there, too, is a new colony of right-hearted, earnest Christian men and women who have brought with them the manners and feelings, customs and habits, laws and religion, of their native old fatherland. There is work to be done in this colony; but there are hearts and hands that can do it. There is employment for all; and for that employment there is remuneration. Now if you ask me what I am, I answer, I am an inhabitant of this colony; and if any of the boys and girls of London, who, if they were only here, they should lay off some of the branches of the tree which they have felled; they should see the ground we have cleared covered with beautiful flowers; they should go up our river to our strange-looking busts; they should see the bright flowers in the hedges which fringe the roads we have made; and they should look on many strange things which they don't see in the Regent Street or the Thames. Our houses are not, it is true, like those in Belgrave, but if you were here, I could show you a large shop or store where there is a good stock of sugar, tea, coffee, rice, hammers, hatchets, saws, chisels, nails, tools, and a variety of other things, very useful to a boy in London like me. What I am in that store, and what a good trade was going on there, I'd take you by the hand and lead you into a large room at the back. Here the people eat all they have to eat. I suppose we must not call it either breakfast or dining-room, but an eating room; and plenty of good things I can tell you are on sitting-room for 'high days and holidays.' Here, when your friends, and enjoy social life. A goodly number of bedrooms are upstairs for the family; and a spare one beside for any ragged-school boy who may ever take it in his head to visit us; and when I had shown you all the house, the garden and out-buildings, I should then with a feeling pleasure of pride, I think, from what I have been, say to my young friend, I am the master of this store and house, that's what I am!

Last year one of the settlers came from the interior to collect specimens of native flowers. There was much a pleasant water in those place; so he returned with fever. Poor fellow! He was good to me, and I wish I could take him home to lay him in our beautiful and quiet cemetery. A few days more and his amiable wife followed; but before she died she said to me, speaking by her, and her lisptremblied as she said it, "be a mother to my poor Ellen, when—" unable to finish the sentence, she fell asleep in death.

Ellen was a good child, about the age of Jairus's daughter; but she took ill last spring, and there she is, poor girl, confined to her bed. I have no one else there, for one watches by her side, who is to the orphan girl a second mother. You should see her there making the sufferer's bed, or cooling her drinks, or preparing with her own hands some delicate morsel, or administering the medicine, or telling her something out of a stale newspaper about the home of England, or reading to her a verse or two out of her mother's well-worn Bible, or kneeling in solemn prayer to Him who has promised to be "a father of the fatherless." This woman is called by her neighbours, an angel of mercy, and I believe she is a humanised. An opinion in which I must heartily unite, for you must know she is my wife; and, therefore, I am her husband, that's what I am! Yes, I repeat it with gratitude, that's what I am.

It's a beautiful Christian boy, and it would do your heart good to see the children frolic in the meadows like lambs, or climb the trees like squirrels, or imitate in their play what their parents do in earnest. At the time I am writing, there are three children right before the window, gambolling on the green. The baby is two years old; the black-eyed little fellow is four, and that merry laughing girl a little over six. The sun is getting very hot; and the mother is taking his little baby-sister out of the sunshine into the shade of a magnificent tree; while the eldest of the three is decorating the mother's cap with the wild flowers which bloom around. Where is the father that would not be proud of such children? Well, that is what I am. These happy little things call me father; and I don't know who is the happiest, they in saying it, or I in hearing it.

Beside all this, I'm a teacher in our Sabbath-school. I have my class and my class loves me; and right pleasant time we have together. More than this, I am a member of the church. I am not to tell you whether it is an Episcopalian, Wesleyan, Baptist, or Independent church; it is enough to say it is a church, where Christ crucified, is presented in every sermon. I must yet tell I hope I can say, I am a member of Christ, cleansed by His blood, justified in His righteousness, renewed by His spirit, and preserved by His grace. This, then, is what I am; I'm a member of a colony; I'm a successful man of business; I'm the husband of a good wife, I'm the father of merry-hearted, laughing children; I'm a teacher in a ragged-school; I'm a member of the church, and I'm *our with Jesus*; and now I've a heart to say, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

I have told you what I was, and what I am. You shall now hear how I became so.

How I became so.

It was a cold winter's night, the snow had been falling for all the day, and was still falling, most earnest, I had fallen into disgrace about something; and so was thrown on the streets that night for a lodging. I passed it in a hollow beneath a railroad arch. There were some other boys with me, but, for the first time in my life, I felt lonely. The ground felt harder than usual to lie upon; the wind whistled more dreary than I had ever known it; and I think a tear came to my eye, a strange thing for me. But I remember very well, as the light crept in through the chinks by which, unobserved by me, I had went in and out, a little chap we used to call Tom Taunly, said to me:

"Neil, I wish I was a ragged-school yesterday."

"A ragged-school!" I exclaimed, "Is that anything like the House of Correction?"

"Oh! no," said Tom rather seriously, "taint a bad sort of place. I have some of fine folks, who get a good many of such as us, and then they talk and read to us."

"Don't you think, Tom," I said, "they want to catch us, and then give us in charge?"

"Well, I don't know about that; but, one of them said to me, 'I Wouldn't it be nice if you could get a living without picking pockets?' I gave me a shilling too, Neil; and she looked so kind at me I couldn't help crying."

"Tom," said I, jumping on my feet, as if some new light flashed into my dark soul, "let's have a try! what shall we do?"

"Pudge-Arry," said Tom, "told me, he got a tremendous lot of tin, by carrying carpet-bags and things for the people that carries out of the railway-station."

"Good!" I shouted, and the sides of the roof trembled ring with my voice. "Let's go, Tom." "Let's go, Tom."

All was quiet as we neared the grating: and we listened as thieves only can listen. A footstep was heard in the distance: suddenly it approached, and by its sound, I knew it to be a policeman. But he passed on, and all was silent as death. Stealthily we made our way above-ground, and very early that morning, under the shadow of the railway, we set foot for the first time on the region of honesty.

"Please, Sir, shall I carry your parcel?" "Please, Sir, do you want anybody to take your bag?" were questions we asked of strangers, of unfortunate, most of whom hurried by without taking the least notice, while some growled out, "Get out o' the way!" and others would even help us to stand aside, by a gentlemanly movement of their foot. It was the beginning of the battle of honest life. For a time hope fought well, and we pushed on in spite of all. Another train came in, and now like a rifleman, I took my aim. I looked well at the faces of all, and selected a handsomely-dressed lady, for my next engagement.

"D'ye want a boy to carry your parcel, please ma'am?" I asked.

"Yes, my little fellow, take that, and keep close to me."

The strange feeling that swelled up in my heart, as I took the parcel, and consciousness for the first time, in my black history, that I was trusted with the property of a stranger, I shall never forget. I think that lady saw at a glance what I was feeling, and so as we walked quietly over London Bridge, she said to me—

"You must have hard work, my little man, to get a living, honestly, I fear."

"Yes, ma'am," I stuttered out, while a thousand recollections like grim ghosts haunted me.

"Where do you call your home? Have you a mother?"

"I don't know ma'm," I replied almost overpowered with the gentle tone of her voice, or some mysterious power in the words "have you a mother?"

"Poor child!" she exclaimed, "God save thee! can you read?"

"I never went to school ma'am!"

At this moment a private carriage stopped where we were. The lady told the footman to take the parcel of me; and then she gave me a sixpence, and giving me half-a-crown, she said, "It must be hard work for you my poor fellow not to steal: but be *honest* my good lad, and *fear God!*"

In a moment or two my first customer was gone, and I lingered on the bridge, wondering at the strange new life that was springing up within me, at the touch of that lady's loving sympathy. I was half-ashamed of myself: but why these newly-awakened feelings died out for a time, you shall see.

Again I was at the Terminus, looking for Tom, in order to have some heart into which I might pour my overflowing joy, by telling my good fortune. But no Tom was there: and never from that moment have I seen him; no strange occurrence in the history of young thieves. Still a feeling of bitter loneliness deepened in my spirit, as I found I was without my little joy.

Another train now arrived: and I was preparing in measured tread, we knew it to be a policeman. But he passed on, and all was silent as death. Stealthily we made our way above-ground, and very early that morning, under the shadow of the railway, we set foot for the first time on the region of honesty.

"Please, Sir, shall I carry your parcel?" "Please, Sir, do you want anybody to take your bag?" were questions we asked of strangers, of unfortunate, most of whom hurried by without taking the least notice, while some growled out, "Get out o' the way!" and others would even help us to stand aside, by a gentlemanly movement of their foot. It was the beginning of the battle of honest life. For a time hope fought well, and we pushed on in spite of all. Another train came in, and now like a rifleman, I took my aim. I looked well at the faces of all, and selected a handsomely-dressed lady, for my next engagement.

"D'ye want a boy to carry your parcel, please ma'am?" I asked.

"Yes, my little fellow, take that, and keep close to me."

The strange feeling that swelled up in my heart, as I took the parcel, and consciousness for the first time, in my black history, that I was trusted with the property of a stranger, I shall never forget. I think that lady saw at a glance what I was feeling, and so as we walked quietly over London Bridge, she said to me—

"You must have hard work, my little man, to get a living, honestly, I fear."

"Yes, ma'am," I stuttered out, while a thousand recollections like grim ghosts haunted me.

"Where do you call your home? Have you a mother?"

"I don't know ma'm," I replied almost overpowered with the gentle tone of her voice, or some mysterious power in the words "have you a mother?"

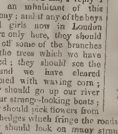
"Poor child!" she exclaimed, "God save thee! can you read?"

"I never went to school ma'am!"

At this moment a private carriage stopped where we were. The lady told the footman to take the parcel of me; and then she gave me a sixpence, and giving me half-a-crown, she said, "It must be hard work for you my poor fellow not to steal: but be *honest* my good lad, and *fear God!*"

In a moment or two my first customer was gone, and I lingered on the bridge, wondering at the strange new life that was springing up within me, at the touch of that lady's loving sympathy. I was half-ashamed of myself: but why these newly-awakened feelings died out for a time, you shall see.

Again I was at the Terminus, looking for Tom, in order to have some heart into which I might pour my overflowing joy, by telling my good fortune. But no Tom was there: and never from that moment have I seen him; no strange occurrence in the history of young thieves. Still a feeling of bitter loneliness deepened in my spirit, as I found I was without my little joy.



Another train now arrived: and I was preparing in high spirits to ply my new vocation, when a lady in an angry voice ordered me off.

I suppose he knew me. A change of position, or only innocentine conspicuous; and I still found an opportunity to say, "Please, sir, do you want anybody to carry your carpet-bag?" Most refined people, of the tall gentlemanly, with long face and grey eyes, ordered me. My heart beat high. Another lady approached, and I was mistaken.

"I think, I know you," said he.

"Do you, sir?" I replied.

"Yes, I do," he added, in a stern and indignant tone, giving me at the same time such a withering glance the new life within, quailed before his blighting glance. "Do you remember picking my pocket in Regent street, last winter? Have you forgotten it, you ragged-school thieves? And now, I suppose you're good carpet-bag and parcel boy? Well, you will be a urchin, if you don't be off this very minute, I'll give you in charge!"

By the time he had ended his speech, his suspicion of my motives had done its deadly work. I better life that had been awakened, was crushed out, fully against my inclination, I had to leave the place, and shall now hear how I became so.

But mention of my ragged-school days, and the boys who were so dear to me, I was at that time, I was a boy, with four others, in a desperate attempt to force my way in carrying off the plate we awoke the sleeping family, desperate indeed, I was, in making the attempt.

Slipped, and fell an immense distance to the bottom, managed however to squeeze myself into a cellar. While the boys ran off, I was left behind, I was obliged to secure my mates; they had left me to my fate, when I heard on their reaching the door, the report of a gun, and the cries of the family. After some time they returned, and I succeeded in making my escape, I was surprised to get in the fall, and it was therefore with my left shoulder, I was obliged to commenced my first Cross, a cab dashed from the road, I was thrown down, and so my prevented my running, I was knocked down on the spot, I was taken to a cutsmar consciousness, I was in myself in the hospital, where I remained many months. Among those who visited me, was a lady, whom I instantly recognized as my first customer, a primary benefactor. She had not forgotten me, she was the same gentle, kind, sympathetic, heartedness woman. She brought me little delicacies, read to me, and had the difficulty of a much strong living without a character, told me about my ragged-school; read me letters she had received from my mates, and I felt as if I had met to the Cross of Calvary, where I believe I then found peace, through the blood of the Lamb.

I grew up from that sick-bed, a new creature. The world was before me: the cool hatchet of his war was to begin: but by the kindness of the lady to whom I am morally indebted for all I am, and all I hope to be, I was enabled to commence the battle of life, under a cloaked sky, and surrounded by flowers, I have written to call my young friends, what I was, what I am, and how I became so.

HOW TO IMPROVE TRADE.

It is wonderful what may be done by working-men, for the promotion of trade, if they will take care or see more and spend it at the public-house. The following fact narrated by Mr. Ashley, Esq., the authoress of "Rude Homes," tells its own story.

"In conversation with a tailor some time ago, he said, 'Since the Workmen's Hall has been built, I have made for the men three forty-four pairs of trousers, besides two suits at £4 4s. and three suits at £3 13s. Fifty-two pairs of trousers have expended in my year £70. For making heavy garments, I have received £30. Besides this, I have made about 30 suits for the Sunday-school boys, and I have made a loss by making of me, and the cloth people are very glad to see me for a customer; for, when I take my work home to my wife, she says, we can't afford to spend so much of money, and I have not so stand treat for my friends, and so I pay ready-money for my cloth; which is good for me, and good for the people I buy it of, also."

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

To express great and noble thoughts in simple and pure language, is a high excellence of literary style. In this as in other respects, the literature of the Bible is unsurpassed.

The Lord's prayer is an admirable illustration of this. As given in Matthew, it consists of sixty-six words, forty-eight of which are words of one syllable; and of the others, each one is perfectly simple and expressive and understand. There are many persons who probably cannot remember the time when they could not repeat this prayer, or at least they were puzzled with the meaning of any of its words.

Equally simple, natural, and easy is the structure and arrangement of its phrases and sentences. Let any person write down these words in which he asks for any blessing, or in which he bears another ask for it, and he will find the arrangement perfectly natural and easy, and he will soon be sensible of the difference. To repeat the petition, "Thy kingdom come," or "Give us this day our daily bread," is a much more simple or easier legible. Can you do it? There is no learned scholarly, no accomplished writer, or eloquent speaker, who may not find improvement in studying the style of the prayer.

If it be desirable that we be able to express our thoughts and our desires simply and well, who is worthier before Him who regards not the *sound* of our words, but only their *honest meaning*, let us study this prayer. So has may we learn to address Him in language not from all gaudy adorning, and all deceitful ambiguity.

British Workman Office,
9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE, &c.

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As of our readers who are disposed to contribute towards the relief of the famishing thousands in our manufacturing districts will oblige by remitting to the Treasurer, SAMUEL GURNEY, Esq., M.P., No. 2, Freeman's Court, Lombard Street, E.C. as above.

We shall be particularly respectful to those who are kindly collecting for us, with acknowledgment in the TREASURER, and of the Treasurer's receipt for the amount, to enable them to account for the money collected. We will also forward the Treasurer's receipt to the donors.

If, as we address, has been forwarded.

The Treasurer acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of the following contributions, up to 2nd October:—

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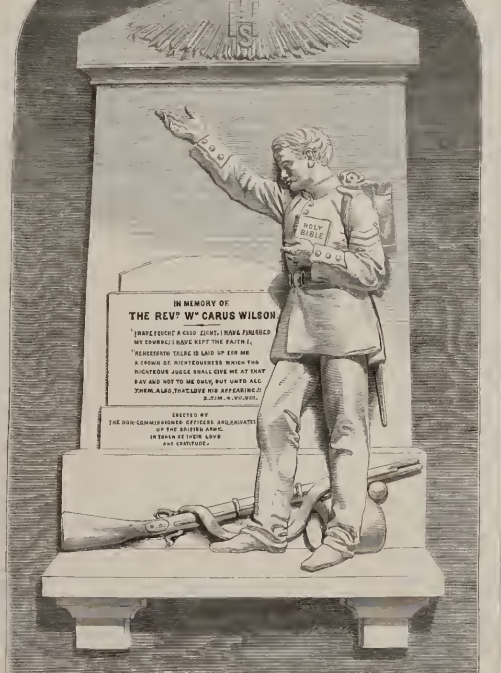


MONUMENT ERECTED BY SOLDIERS, TO THE MEMORY OF THEIR FRIEND THE LATE REV. W. CARUS-WILSON, M.A.

GRATITUDE OF SOLDIERS.

For many years the late Wm. Carus-Wilson, of Ventnor, took a deep interest in the welfare of soldiers. His visits to ships with troops about to leave our shores, and his kind counsels and liberal distribution of tracts and papers for perusal during the long voyages, will long be remembered by thousands. For some years prior to his death, he was in the habit of sending by post, monthly, packets of periodicals to several hundreds of privates and non-commissioned officers in India, and other parts of the world. He did this at a very considerable outlay of money, and labour. Our soldiers have given a substantial proof of their grateful remembrance of Mr. Wilson, by the erection of a beautiful monument in Newport church (Isle of Wight), of which, through the courtesy of Mr. Westmacott, the celebrated sculptor, we are enabled to give our readers an engraving. We are glad to learn that the family of the late Mr. Wilson purpose continuing the excellent practice of sending monthly packets of periodicals to soldiers, but they require some pecuniary help in so doing. We shall be glad to give the necessary address to any friend disposed to help in this good work.

SPEND YOUR EVENINGS WELL!

We once knew a little Sunday-scholar whose regular attendance, good-conduct, and clean attire, arrested our attention. He had thoughtful, judicious parents, who made it a matter of prayerful anxiety that he should be trained up to be *industrious*. Instead of rambling about the streets at night, he was encouraged to spend his spare time in something useful. He was fond of flowers, and loved to read books on botany. He persevered, and rose step by step in the attainment of useful knowledge. The little Sunday-scholar now occupies a most honourable and distinguished position in the scientific world. He is one of the first Botanical authorities in England, and is enjoying the rich reward of "evenings well spent." Parents! take a hint from this fact.

ADVICE TO SOLDIERS.

BY MAJOR SALIS, OF THE MILITARY TRAIN, WOOLWICH.

THE *bane* of our army is *drink*; therefore take the advice of an old soldier and give up all intoxicating drinks. You really do not want them; they will not make you strong, but will often prevent you doing your duty in a cheerful and happy manner. Do not mind your comrades sneering at you because you drink water. They would be very glad if they could do the same, but alas! drink has become so habitual to them that they have not the courage to leave it off. I do hope to see the day when there will be very many total abstainers in the army. What an army, comrades, England would have, if composed of such men! There would be few desertions, very little crime, and an increased number of clever men. Every man would have a clear head, and a steady hand. I am delighted to say that drunkenness has decreased of late, and I hope in a short time it will entirely cease. Why not form a society among yourselves, with a determination of giving up the drinking of all strong drinks? Do try your best to prevent this *terrible sin* of intemperance. It destroys both body and soul. It robs the married man's wife of all comfort in her home, and eventually of her husband, who is generally carried to a premature grave, leaving his poor children destitute, and in many cases beholden to strangers or the parish. I am sure that all single men in the army can, if they give up drink, *save* a little money. This should be placed in the Savings' Bank. If you save a penny or twopence per day, you will be surprised at the amount it will reach in a short time. Non-commissioned officers might save still more. Remember that 1d. per day is £1 10s. 5d. per year; 2d. per day is £3 0s. 10d. per year; and 3d. £4 11s. 2d. per year. This would accumulate to a respectable sum by the time you have completed your service, and you would find it very useful on getting your discharge. Pray also remember that good-conduct money follows good-conduct, viz., 1d. per day at three years; 2d. at eight; 3d. at thirteen; 4d. at eighteen, 5d. at twenty-three; and 6d. at twenty-eight years. This is an inducement for you to be steady, and well-conducted. Oh, how much better you will be in *body, mind, and pocket*, if you give up that terrible foe of the British soldier—*drink*. A little courage, my dear *comrades*, and you can conquer drink. By trying water for a fortnight, then a month, the *grog-shop* and *canteen* will, at last, be *passed*. Try! pray try! and you will, in addition to all this, prevent the orderly-room clerk from writing as he does on the Sunday, keeping up the records, copying your courts-martial, or making out charges against disobedient and badly conducted men.

☞ It has given us much pleasure to receive letters from officers and soldiers in all parts of the British dominions, thanking us for the interest we have taken in promoting habits of Temperance in the army. We shall at all times be glad to receive any suggestions whereby we can still further promote this desirable object. If officers would encourage the opening of "Coffee and Reading-rooms" (similar to the one in the 5th Dragoon Guards), we feel assured that they would thereby give a great *boon* to the army.

THERE are a thousand things in the life of a Christian for which he will get no *direct* rule in the Bible, because it is a book of *principles* and not a book of minute laws.

A Story with a Moral.—Once upon a time, during a famine in France, a rich nun invited twenty of the poor children in the town to his house, and said to them:

"In this basket is a loaf for each one of you; take it, and come back every day at this hour, till God sends us better times."

The children pounced upon the basket, wrangled and fought for the bread. Each wished to get the largest loaf; and at last went away without thanking their friend.

Francesca alone, a poor, but neatly-dressed girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, gratefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and went away to her home in a quiet and becoming manner.

On the following day the children were equally ill-behaved, and Francesca, this time received a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she got home, her sick mother cut the loaf, and there fell out of it a number of bright silver coins!

The mother was alarmed, and said, "Take back the money, this instant, for it has, no doubt, got into the bread by some mistake."

Francesca carried it back, but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it.

"No, no," said he, "it was no *mistake*. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf, simply as a reward, for you, my good child. Always continue thus contented, generous and grateful. Those who prefer to remain contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the larger one, will find throughout life, blessings in this world and more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf of bread."

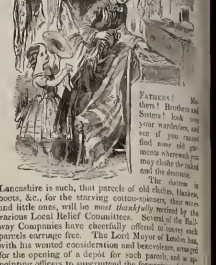
A POOR WOMAN'S CITY GARDEN.

REFERENCE has been made in our pages to a movement which has taken place in London, to encourage the culture of flowers and plants. The movement has, in consequence of the success that has attended the first attempts, efforts are being made in other directions for a similar promotion of the highly refining and elevating influence of the beautiful in the homes of the poor. Much is to be done in this way, even under the most difficult circumstances, where there is an inclination.

Window-Garden near Cripplegate Church.

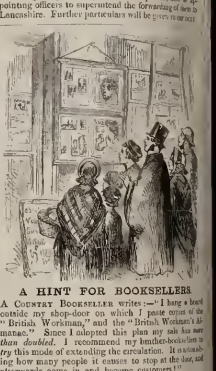
As an instance, we give a sketch, made on the spot, a few months ago, near Cripplegate Church, Milton's neighbourhood, which in the poet's day was famed for pleasant houses and gardens: now, the population has become dense, and for the most part, poor; and the greenery has almost vanished from the sight. Our view shows an attempt to bring the freshness of the country into a dark and smoky region. The site of this garden is the flat part of the roof of a small outhouse or wash-house. A window of a room projects upon it. This apartment is occupied by a woman in humble life; and in the spring-time it is surprising to notice, although the brightness of Hurfield or Blenheim is not to be found, how pleasant these flowers look by contrast with what is around. A large bushy wallflower is planted in part of an old butter-tub; in a common wooden box, a hollyhock is coming up; in an old cracked pot, obtained from some Italian warehouse, is a little small and sickly, it must be confessed: near the window is a mignonette-box; and in a cracked teapot are some stocks. There is southernwood, and a creeping plant which shades round the window. "And, sir," said the female gardener, "I have, notwithstanding the soot, had some pumroses this season." A taste such as this might be very beneficially cultivated, particularly amongst the children of the national schools.—*Buchanan.*

LOOK OVER YOUR WARDROBES!



FATHERS! Mothers! Brothers and Sisters! look over your wardrobes, and see if you cannot find some old cast-off garments wherewith you may clothe the naked and the destitute.

The distress in Lancashire is such, that parcels of old clothes, blankets, boots, &c., for the starving cotton-spinners, their wives and little ones, will be *most thankfully* received by the various Local Relief Committees. Several of the Railway Companies have cheerfully offered to convey such parcels carriage free. The Lord Mayor of London, has, with his wonted considerateness and benevolence, arranged for the opening of a depôt for such parcels, and appointing officers to superintend the forwarding of them to Lancashire. Further particulars will be given in our next.



A HINT FOR BOOKSELLERS.

A COUNTRY BOOKSELLER writes:—"I hung a board outside my shop-door on which I paste copies of the British Workman," and the "British Workman's Almanac." Since I adopted this plan my sale has more *than doubled*. I recommend my brother-booksellers to *try* this mode of extending the circulation. It is delightful to see many people it causes to stop at the door, and afterwards come in and become customers!"

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

The Yearly Part of the "British Workman," for 1869. In illustrated cover. Price 1s. 6d. (ready 1st Dec.)

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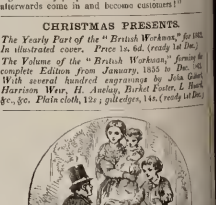

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THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

Registered for Transmission Abroad.

CHRISTMAS IN LANCASHIRE. 1862.

My country, thou hast sinned. This cotton dearth,
With all its bitter crop of want and woe,—
Count thou not read in it thy punishment
For willfulness and greed? Could thou not find,
Bible-taught England, for thy potent gold,
A nobler market than the slave's, forsooth,
To buy in? There was blood upon the bales,
The brand of good, and lash, and gory chain,
And thou didst know it. They who sow must reap:
Wonder not, therefore, that the midwife storm
That sweeps resistless o'er yon western world,
Should visit thee with this dark swollen wave.
Well for thee if the lesson be not lost,
But pondered deeply; if it humble thee,
And rouse thee to thy duty. Then (?) will pass,
This inky cloud upon thy pleasant sky,
And leave thee nobler, greater.

But enough:
Repentance is not thy sole duty now.
But urgent butterly help. No haggards they,
Who sit unwillingly in idleness,
Among our smokeless chimneys, tall and cold;
But pleading earnest workers, who, long,
Have worn the factory threshold. Penniless
But by no fault of theirs, it must not be,
Nay, shall not, that this Christian land of ours
Forsake, or in neglect, her workfolk soon.
In this their hour of need, or turn away
From them whose quiet patient suffering
Becomes an added claim to her regard.

See where they sit in silence, a mute group,
Brooding o'er their deep needs. The wind blows cold
Down the still street, th' inhospitable sky
Adds to their dismal thoughts. The father stands
Bewildered by the side of her he loves,
In gloomy reverie. No food, no fire,—
What yet, of his scant hard-earned furniture,
Remains to purchase a to-morrow's meal?
The mother presses to her breast the babe,
So happily unconscious; and the child,
Kneeling beside her, looks inquiringly
Into her hopeless eyes. Th' womanly girl
Stands gazing on the now-closed factory gate,
And, sick of waiting, struggles to keep down
Lawless, ungrateful thoughts.

Oh ponder this,
Ye who rejoice in easeful competence;
Think on your brethren, this glad Christmas-tide,
So sad, and in them. No stinting Hand
Hath spread your table; 'twas no niggard love
That made this hour a festal one for you.
Oh sanctify your gains with worthy gifts;
Not the chief's pittance or the miser's dole,
But such as Christmas hearts find right to, such
As men who feel the kinship of their race
Should offer to a brother in distress.

And ye who hardly earn, whose horny hands
With difficulty win your daily bread,
Give of your little heartily, and thus
Add, to the satisfaction of self-help,
The joy of helping others. Pence make pounds,
Rills make a river; and your added mites
Shall not alone the hungry feed and cheer,
But bark return to you in many a prayer,
And many a benediction. E. W. P.

HARD TIMES IN LANCASHIRE.

("Endure hardness."—2 Timothy, ii. 3.)

Art yes! It is hard for the honest man
To sit at home, and, with drooping head,
To watch his baby's face grow wan
Because its mother is without bread:
When hands that would work, with might and will,
Have nought to do, from early to late;
For the mighty engines are still and cold,
And closed is the factory's heavy gate.

Hard times!

To hard to think of the landlord's rent,
And the baker's bill, with its heavy score;
And 'tis hard, when the sinews all are spent,
To stand in the throng at the workhouse door.
Yet an honest man is a noble sight,
At workhouse door or palace hall,
If he shun the wrong, and do the right,
And put his trust in his God, through all

Hard times.

Cheer up! Through the silver, and the gold,
And the dross, and the tinsel all melt away,
There's a treasure, in hope that was never sold,
For the needy soul, in the darkest day.

Good times! If the empty hand hath found
Riches laid up for the soul, in heaven,
And the eye of Faith hath caught the sound
Of a Saviour's cross and of sin forgiven.

Good times!

Though earthly pictures be dimm'd and mar'd,
We will trust our God, through storm and strife;
The Master we serve is never hard,
And the wages he gives are endless life.
And by-and-by, at His own command,
The clouds will break, and the blessing come,
With plenty of work for the willing hand,
And plenty and peace in the poor man's home.

Good times!

Mrs. Crewdson.

(Lady, 1861.)

THE PEER AND THE PEASANT;
OR,
James Brindley and his Patron.

In our days of railroads we are in danger of forgetting some of the means of communication, different, and, seeming goods, that need to be (and are even now) employed, and that were a very vast improvement on the previous methods adopted, and greatly extended the sources and aided the industry of the nation.

Canals or artificial water-roads are of great antiquity. The Egyptians, the Greeks and Romans, and the Chinese, cut these channels, and used them as a means of communication with, and transport to, different districts of their country. Some of the remains of these ancient canals, on a grand scale, are the admiration of modern travellers. They were, however, always cut on a level surface; the art of making "locks," by which different levels are connected, was unknown to the ancients.

England was very backward in the benefit of advantages of canal navigation. In the reign of Charles II., a plan for cutting a canal between the Forth and Clyde in Scotland was proposed, and have been commenced on; and in 1755, a canal of twelve miles in length, was made in Lancashire, called the Sankey Canal. It was conceived for two ends, very different grades of ideas each distinguished beyond any mere social sphere, to open up water-roads through the fenglit and hectaine of travellers. They were Francis, Duke of Bridgewater, and James Brindley.

Of the first, we may say he devoted himself in his youth to the improvement of his native land in some measure, but particulars that had hitherto been overlooked. The Duke succeeded to the title in 1748, when he was yet under age. He had property about seven miles west of Manchester, extremely rich in coal-mines, but at that time unproductive, owing to the want of some commercial means of transporting the coal. This turned the attention of the young Duke to the desirableness of having a canal, and his researches among ingenious and scientific men led him to the acquaintance of the most remarkable among British workmen—James Brindley.

In the year 1716, a child was born in a miserable home at Tunstead, in Derbyshire. The father of this child was a drunkard. It is to be hoped the mother tried to make up for the father's carelessness, but we have no accurate information of the early home of James Brindley, except that it was made miserable by the father's intemperance.

The little boy grew up without the slightest school instruction. As soon as he could work he followed the plough or drove a cart, but showed an ignorance, he was not an idle or a thoughtless lad. He wanted to better his condition, and having no father to care for him, and yet him favoured, apprenticed himself to a millwright named Bennet. He must have had a good character for industry, or he would not have readily found a master willing to take him. In the course of the mechanical work, young Brindley's natural talents soon prompted him to take great delight in his new employment, and to make improvements, so that very soon the master left a great deal to his apprentice. And the millers who had once had the services of the apprentice, always sent to ask for his assistance, and evidently preferred him to his master. To some youths it would have been a great misfortune, that after leaving the home of a careless father, they were thrown into the workshop of an incompetent master—but nothing impeded the progress of James Brindley. He worked away, and picked up knowledge of his business, for more by dint of a determination to *learn*, than from being *taught*.

An incident soon showed the apprentice that his master was not capable of teaching him much. Bennet was employed to build the machinery of a paper-mill. He understood what was wanted, and what was required, and a stranger seeing the confused work that Bennet was doing, did not know that he was wasting his employer's money. Young Brindley had scarcely thought much the same, but anxious for the credit of his master, the youth made a walking journey of fifty miles to see a paper-mill, carefully inspected the machinery, and walked back, perfectly clear in his mind as to the construction of the mill. So he set to work, and not only completed the machinery, but introduced improvements of his own, greatly to the satisfaction of the proprietors, and to the wonder of his master.

He remained with his master, Bennet, and then thought it right to go into business for himself. His skill was known, and his prospects good. In 1759, he erected a water-pump machine at a coal-mine at Clifton, in Lancashire; and it is curious to observe how the first contrivance that brought him into note was a similar work to that which afterwards brought the wonderful mechanical genius of George Stephenson into notice.

Like every other great genius, Brindley had to suffer much humiliation and trouble, and had been regularly educated. Engineers were unknown at the time, and men were could scarcely read, and whose attainments in writing did not go beyond the signing of his own name. A silk mill was to be erected at Congleton, in Cheshire. The engineer employed made many blunders, which the proprietors had to apply to Brindley to remedy; and yet they expected him to continue to labour in a subordinate place under this bungling engineer. Brindley, with just self-appreciation of what he could do, and they were glad to put the entire management of the work in the hands of the man who had proved himself capable.

But the most important incident of Brindley's life was when his name as a skilful, self-taught engineer, was mentioned to the Duke of Bridgewater. Though quite new to the kind of engineering required for canals, Brindley, confident in his own powers, at once undertook to survey the ground pointed out by the Duke, for the commencement of the canal.

An Act of Parliament was obtained for the undertaking in 1758, and the report of Brindley being favourable, the canal was commenced at the coal-mountain, Worsley.

Of course, such a work demanded an immense outlay; and it is truly gratifying to record, that the patriotic Duke of Bridgewater devoted all his revenues to the progress and completion of this great work, denied himself all the luxuries and splendour of his rank, and lived on an income of £400 a-year. Sometimes the good nobleman was sorely pressed for money to carry on his great works—his agent being often employed in raising up and down the country, to raise money on his Grace's promissory notes.

Sometimes cautious or envious men, tried to influ-dissuade the Duke's mind, about his engineer, but without the least success. His Grace fully understood James Brindley, and never thought of difficulties and difficulties. Of the work, Brindley, with his self-taught engineer.

It must, however, be confessed, that as Brindley proceeded in his work, the difficulties he had never anticipated. In order to bring the canal to Manchester, the river Irwell had to be crossed by an aqueduct, turning a sort of bridge above the river, two hundred yards in length. Brindley fearing an error in this work, obtained the aid of a regular engineer, and took him to the place where the work was to be erected, and consulted with him on the matter; but the engineer, on looking at the place said, "he had often heard of castles in the air, but never before had any thought of them were to be erected." Neither Brindley nor his noble patron were discouraged by this adverse opinion; and the work went on successfully, and was completed. Afterwards, a branch of this canal went to Liverpool; and the carriage of goods, which had been twelve shillings a ton by water, and forty shillings by land, were now conveyed by this canal, for six shillings a ton.

During the construction of the Bridgewater Canal, Brindley was employed, by Lord Gower, in making a canal to unite the rivers Trent and Mersey. In this work, Brindley had to cut tunnels, and make seventy-six locks, and many aqueducts, in ninety-three miles of canal.

Some of these works were then regarded with the greatest astonishment, and a contemporary writer observes "Gentlemen come to view our eighth wonder of the world, the subterranean navigation, which is cutting by the great Duke of Bridgewater, through hundred rocks as easily as you would plum-pies, and makes the four elements subservient to his will. He is as plain a looking man as any of the honest of this country, but he has no letters, but when he speaks, all ears listen, and every mind is filled with wonder at the things he pronounces practicable."

Brindley was a great enthusiast in his profession—no half-hearted man ever attains great success in any object. Sometimes his practical knowledge was overlooked, and so preferred canals to rivers, that once, before a Committee of the House of Commons, he was observed to speak of carrying a river over a wide valley, and when he thought rivers were made for. Brindley promptly answered, "To feed canals."

Wherever there was any great difficulty to overcome, it was Brindley's custom to go to bed, most likely to ensure uninterrupted quiet, and think the matter over, sometimes for a period of two or three days. He did not live to an old age. His great labours of mind and body, wasted his strength, and he died at Turnhurst, Staffordshire, on the 27th of September, 1772, when he was about sixty his age, bequeathing to his country, not only the vast lines of water-roads, originated by his genius; but the example of his earnest industry and skill.

The Duke of Bridgewater lived twenty-nine years longer, and saw the great commercial success of the works he had projected. Brindley workmen, in thinking of the many distinguished noblemen, who have aided genius in humble life, never forget the Duke of Bridgewater, the first patron of James Brindley; and the noble-hearted, but unknown, Lord Gower, who first trusted George Stephenson with money to make a locomotive engine for railways.

"We honour wealth, we own the power,
The blest, that riches can dispense,
Wise, as by these, they're made to shower,
A widow, and an orphan's recompence.

Oh, that another Duke of Bridgewater might be found, to devise some grand canal or other great work, whereby the thousands of the Lancashire men, who are now starving, might thereby have employment for their willing hands!

> The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble.—Psalm ix. 9.

> In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed: deliver me in thy righteousness.—Psalm xxxi. 1.

GOOD NEWS FOR BOTH MEN AND HORSES.

A Manchester correspondent writes us as follows:—"The 'Cabmen's Home' here, provided by subscription, has been a great boon, and has effected a saving of several shillings a-week to the men." "The Manchester and Salford town councils are also beginning to provide better accommodation for their horses, by erecting large sheds with fireplaces, and, in one instance, I know the neighbours have subscribed for a small library of books. The Manchester Carting Company employs upwards of two hundred horses, and never run their conveyances on the Sabbath. The late Mayor, Ivie Macfie, Esq., a partner in the Company, stated that 'the horses know as well as the men when the Sunday comes round; the stables hold twelve horses each, and on a Sunday morning they are all led, as they see some of their comrades being taken out for work, they immediately begin to lie down at ease,' which they never do on other days." Mr. Greenwood, our largest proprietor, has discontinued running his conveyances on the Pendleton-road, on the Sunday. For these alone he employs upwards of two hundred horses, which, with men, all have their 'weekly rest.' Every Manchester man has has not seen his cabs to the stand on the Sunday."

☞ To the honour of Messrs. Greenwood and Co., it deserves to be named that the large and beautiful panoramas introduced from time London during the International Exhibition, did not run on Sundays. The results have so far proved to the General Omnibus Company, and we shall be glad to find that they will continue to do so. Nothing, we feel assured that the Proprietors would find it a great gain to the end, as let both man and horse have their week-needed weekly rest.

A SAD STORY.

The population of Blackburn is 63,126. Out of this number, 30,000, or thereabouts, are entirely dependent upon relief. I had heard in other towns, when talk about their suffering, the remark often made, "We do not hint so badly off as Blackburn." I was therefore prepared to see and hear of much sorrow and suffering, but I was not prepared for what I actually saw and heard.

The distress has been felt here longer than in any the other towns. The tales they tell are not of days but long, weary months of suffering, as many of them extending over the whole of last winter. The same figures you meet in the street are not from mere privations of food, but from months of struggling, hesitence on bread and rent. Those who have not been stripped of their furniture rapidly, but some, who can scarcely remember when another has been parted with, is to eke out the little fund on which the family lived.

From 'A visit to the Cotton Districts,' contributed to Sharpe's Jackson and Walford, price 8s. A book worthy of perusal.

OUR SOLDIERS

A Corporal of the Grenadier Guards writes from Canada:—"Tell others you my sincere thanks for the prayers you so kindly send, and the tracts I receive. I read. Many a man comes to me now, and asks, 'Have anything from the old country, the news are good or bad of.' We have a great many Canadians, and pretty much drunkenness in our battalion, but we are one of the best conductered here. We have many Christians and a great number of total abstainers. Many of our men are now seen with good watches in their pocket. Many attend the week night religious services. Our officers behave well. I shall not be thankful for a few of your papers, to distribute among the men of my company."

☞ Will some friend of soldiers, having a leaning to politics, put the Book of Common Prayer, bound in the Army and Navy pocket size, and carry a letter to a soldier on the Army and Navy? Her Majesty's regulations, and the long fee for the time when a penny stamp shall carry a four-ounce book packet, will, we hope, soon be adopted, and we shall then, we hope, see many such prayer books, soldiers and sailors, were it not for the cost of postage.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS, &c.

Good Servants, Good Wives, and Happy Homes. By Rev. T. E. Walker. S. W. Partridge. 144 pp., price Eighteenpence. This is a very good little book, and should be widely spread in our peace two years ago. It will be found a kind, and valuable provision of cheap and popular sermons, and hymns.

Bad Mistress; or, Good Wives for Poor Men. By Mary Clergyman. Wertheim and Co. Price 3d. The author of this, we continue little sketches, which we have before noticed, which are able and convincing protests against the barbarous war now raging in America, and which, if circulated, would be very effective, and put some stop to the wholesale butchery which is going on in that country. We believe the author is a lady, and in France—this, the copy dedicated by request, Emperor Napoleon, who "desires to see a good bread tract" be translated and interpreted in protecting the birds.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

Cart-off Clothing.—Those of our readers who have any old clothing available for the poor Australian emigrants and their families, are requested to forward the same to Mr. Cowper, Office of the British Workman, Bridge Street, Blackfriars, London, or to the "Secretary of the Australian Emigration Aid Society," Sewered of the Railway Companies have consented to carry parcels free of charge.

Well Book Blackbird! A very remarkable work of art has been produced by a workman named Stephen Sharpe, who is employed in a Blackburn Foundry. In his overtime, during a period of six years, he has drawn and engraved on copper, a work of the Pegs. We have had much pleasure in purchasing a copy of the work, and have found it very easy to read the writing on the copper, by the aid of a magnifying glass. We hope it will be widely spread, and thereby be adding an industrious and persevering man, who has a wife and family to support. Mr. Jones Sharpe, 131, Queen St., Blackburn, or W. Tegg, Publisher, 123, Pancras Road, London.

An Old Subscriber "who suffers from great deafness, will be well to read that excellent tract, 'Hearing with a Blind Ear.'"

"A Driver" who visits that he has stood the pledge, and begs to attend a place of Worship," will, we trust, earnestly pray for strength to do so, that he may stand in the day of trial and temptation.

Plant Sewing and Knitting.—The Committee of the "Ellesmere Parish Flower and Horticultural Society," have this year erected a building for the sale of the articles—the exhibition included sticks, trees, sticks and shows, &c., &c. An "entire prize" of a new thimble, was given to the "Ellesmere Parish Sewing Society," the societies were most successful. This example is worthy of imitation, and we hope to see it in other places, which are in the wives and mothers of our industrial classes, ought to be sought to be made school-fellows, and to be taught to sew.

A Gentleman in Lincolnshire writes as follows:—"I have succeeded in getting about forty Subscribers in my village. Many of them are poor, and I have to make the money good to the circulation. It is quite a treat to take Mrs. to the Subscribers, and they are pleased with them."

Another Commissioner says:—"My canvassing progress is being satisfactory, I adopted the plan of taking a specimen copy with me, which has helped me. I have now secured twenty-five Subscribers, and hope soon to be able to make them 50."

Where commissioners are not known, I find it hard and difficult, sufficient to fill up the canvassing card you sent me.—J. G. Cox.

Twenty-eight Subscribers.—We should be glad to forward a supply of the Twenty-eight Subscribers, and a specimen of the Guardian of the *British Workman*, to any of our friends who will kindly undertake the work of canvassing for subscribers, and we hope to commence the new year with an enlarged circle of readers.

ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS BOOKS

☞ With 800 Engravings. A complete Edition of the *British Workman* for 1858—1862, bound in cloth, gros. 12s. 6d. Ditto, ditto, in half calf, 15s. Ditto, ditto, in half calf, gilt edges, in illustrated paper covers. Price 1s. 6d. each.

☞ With 70 Engravings.—The "British Workman" for 1861. Illustrated cover, 1s. paper edition, 6d. Cloth gilt, 2s. Aunt Harrison Weir, L. Hound, &c. In illustrated paper cover, price 1s. 6d. Superior Edition, cloth, gilt, 2s. 6d.

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☞ With 70 Engravings. The "Band of Hope Review," for 1862. Illustrated cover, 1s. paper edition, 6d. gilt, 2s.

☞ With 140 Engravings. The Volume of the "Band of Hope Review" (the Series for 1861 and 1862). Cloth, gilt, 3s.

☞ With 800 Engravings. A Complete edition of the *Band of Hope Review*, for the 10 Years, 1851 to 1860 (and bound in Cloth, price 5s. The Ten Years *Parliamentary* also be had, separately, in stiff illustrated paper covers, price 1s. each.

Two Christmas Days. By Mrs Balfour. *Second Edition*. Price 1s. 6d. Illustrated.

Never Give Up! A Christmas Story for Working-men and their Wives. By Nellie Hood. Illustrated. Price Sixpence.

The Carol Singers; or, Giving Better than Receiving. Price One Penny.

☞ *Notice to Bookseller, Schoolmasters, &c.—A copy of the New Catalogue of Illustrated Books, suitable for Christmas, New Year, and Sunday School Prizes, &c., may be had by forwarding a postage-stamp to S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row, London, E. C.*

"He gives twice, who gives quickly."

British Workman Office,
9, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.

DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE, &c.

"British Workman" Relief Fund Committee.—The Earl of Shaftesbury, President; Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., *Treasurer.* Hon. A. Kinnaird, M.P., Jesse Payne, Esq. Crossley, Esq., M.P., H. E. Ashton, Esq., Rev. T. B. Smithies, *Hon. Sec.*—Mr. R. H. Bendeth.

Any of our readers who are disposed to contribute towards the relief of the famishing thousands in our manufacturing districts, will kindly be pleasing to the Treasurer, Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., No. 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., as above. Collecting Papers may be had by sending a stamped and addressed envelope.

The Treasurer acknowledges with thanks, the receipt of the following contributions, up to 31st of October:—

£ s. d.
Farmer, Esq. (Ch. Ch.) 10 0 0
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Mr. Ashton, Jun. 0 10 0
Mr. Ashton, Jun.

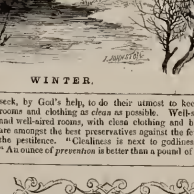
THE SEASONS.

WINTER.

BY BIRKET FOSTER.

SIGHTS IN WINTER.

A MAN is infinitely mistaken who thinks there is nothing worth seeing in winter-time out of doors, because the sun is not warm, and the streets are muddy. Let him get, by dint of good exercise, out of the streets, and he shall find enough. In the warm neighbourhood of downs, he may roll watch the field-fares, thrushes, and blackbirds; the titmouse, seeking its food through the straw thatch; the redwings, fieldfares, skylarks, and titlarks, upon the same errand, over wet meadows; the sparrows and yellowhammers, still beautiful, though mute, gleaning from the straw and chaff in farmyards; and the ringdove, always poetical, coming for her meal to the ivy-berries. About rapid streams, he may see the various movements of bemses and woodcocks, wild-ducks, and other water-fowl, who are obliged to quit the frozen marshes, to seek their food there. The redbreast comes to the window, and often into the house itself, to be rewarded for its song, and its far-famed "painful" obsequies to the "Children of the Wood."—*Hone.*



He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yes, in seven there shall no evil touch thee. In famine He shall redeem thee from death.

JOB v. 19, 20.

JULLIEN & THE YORKSHIREMAN.

IT was the middle of July, 1853, a tall, raw-boned man might have been seen walking down one of the narrow streets of London, alternately humming to himself little snatches of melody and stopping to gaze at the signs over the shop doors. Soon he came to the music shop of Cramer, Beale and Chapple, and stroke heavily in, "Hallo, mun!" said he, in the broad Yorkshire dialect, to a gentleman behind the counter. "Can ye tell me if Mesdhur Jullien's in?" "No, he is not, sir. He left about half an hour since," said Mr. Chapple (for he was the one addressed), and as he replied, he raised his eyes, and scanned the rough-looking person who stood before him. He was coarsely clad, a man of brawny limb.

"Will he be in again to-day?" inquired the Yorkshireman.

"No, he will not—not before to-morrow. Did you wish to see him?"

"Wull, ya'as, aw' wood loike to," said he, hesitatingly. "They talk summut about ees goein to America," he continued.

"Yes, he sails next week; but how does that interest you?" said Mr. Chapple.

"I'd loike to go over to America wih him! Fray, what good could you do him?" said Mr. Chapple, with an expression as near contempt as was consistent with good breeding.

"Wull, aw think aw could do 'em good," said he.

"How? You certainly do not look like a musician."

"Wull, ee lo'oks, thee'rs cowhere here nor there, but aw blow t' ophicleide sum—they say at whoam, betther than ony man in t' county."

"Ah, indeed! What's your business?"

"Aw works in the coal-mooine."

"Yes: well, how much do you earn a-week?"

"About sixteen shillin! And then, too, aw belong to a brass band, and we mak' summut by gi'en yan or twa concerts a-week."

"I think, sir, that Mr. Jullien has engaged all the help he wants, and will not require your services;" and the music publisher, having satisfied his curiosity, turned away to his business, as if he had already spent too much time to little purpose.

The Yorkshireman now awkwardly scratched his head, and stood for a moment, as if undecided what to do, but at length took a few steps towards the end of the counter, and peering over a pile of sheet music, behind which Mr. Chapple had taken refuge, said to him:

"I think, sir, that Mr. Jullien has engaged all the help he wants, and stood for a moment, as if undecided what to do, but at length took a few steps towards the end of the counter, and peering over a pile of sheet music, behind which Mr. Chapple had taken refuge, said to him:

"I'll tell ee mooiet aw' jeroow brass! Coom, mun, gi'e us a good aw."

Mr. Chapple obligingly complied. The Yorkshireman took the piece of shining metal in his huge hands, that were hardened, cracked, and blackened with toil, and musing it to his lips, played a legato air with such purity of tone and beauty of expression, that it was hard to tell which emotion was strongest in the mind of the listener; surprise or delight.

"But all this may be by mee," thought Mr. Chapple. "Here, let me hear you play that," said he, as he placed before him a new and very difficult solo for the ophicleide.

The rough Yorkshiremen glanced it once through, and extended his listener by executing it with marvellous accuracy.

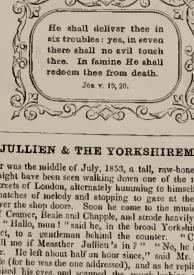
"Monsieur Jullien must hear you," said Mr. Chapple, "Call to-morrow noon, and he'll be here."

"Ye thought aw di'n't play ony, eh?" said the performer, as he strode out of the room.

The next day, Jullien, with his publisher, and the Yorkshire ophecleidist, were in that same upper room. Jullien, after hearing him play, was in ecstasies.

"Bravo!" he shouted, rubbing his hands. "Mr. Chapple, we must have him. Hire him, hire him!"

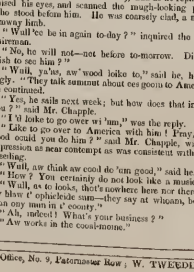
An agreement was speedily concluded; the rough coal-miner soon accompanied the great Jullien to America, and became one of the most valuable performers in his celebrated band!"—*Musical Review.*



THE DOCTOR IS AT THE DOOR!

THE doctor's knock is now heard at many a door, for sickness and disease, arising from the want of employment and food, are telling a fatal tale amongst our suffering countrymen in Lancashire.

Much may be done by way of *prevention.* Let not mothers and daughters give way to despondency, but seek, by God's help, to do their utmost to keep their rooms and clothing as clean as possible. Well-secured, and well-aired rooms, with clean clothing and bedding, are amongst the best preservatives against the fever and the pestilence. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and "An ounce of *prevention* is better than a pound of *cure!*"



HAVE YOU A BANK-BOOK?

THE opening of the Post Office Saving's-Banks is one of the greatest blessings ever conferred upon the working classes of this country. We feel that we cannot too earnestly urge our readers who are "in work," to deposit a shilling or more weekly in these banks. Last winter we strongly advised the adoption of this course, believing that "hard times" were coming to many of the operative classes. We fear that there are still harder times approaching, and that other trades beside the cotton spinners will have to know what it is to "eat bread. Many of the Lancashire operatives, to their credit be it spoken, warded off the horrors of the Cotton Famine *for months,* by their Savings'-Bank deposits. To every workingman we would say, "Have a Bank-Book, for there are many days" before you."

The whole Christian religion lies in this: *Faith in Jesus Christ,* as the means of salvation; *the Gospel* as the source of light; *the Spirit of God,* as our guide; *the Love of God,* as our law; *Heaven* as our home; *Eternal Life* as our end.

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THE WIFE AT 'HOME.'

Whilst wishing 'God speed' to every effort made for the welfare of the working class, I feel all the more than ever impressed with the belief, that until wives are educated to make home attractive, the cause of temperance and vice which one to be found near every street corner, will continue to afflict and curse our country. A thousand and one parliament may be passed, but they will be of little benefit, unless working-men and their wives will study *self-help*.

Mrs. Bayly, the authoress of "Workmen and their Difficulties," and "Mended Homes," has proved most clearly, that working-men having families, whose wives go out to work, do not, as a rule, gain by the wife's wages, but actually sustain a money loss. In one instance, she had great difficulty in persuading one of the numbered 'Workman's Hall Marks' that it would be to the advantage both of himself and his wife, if the latter remained 'at home,' attending to domestic duties and to the children. At the end, however, of one short year, the wife came to Mrs. Bayly, and said, "We are Ten Pounds better off in money this year, besides being much happier in every way than when I went out to work."

Feeling as we do, a constantly deepening conviction that the future and prosperity of our working-classes depend in a great measure upon the domesticated habits of their wives, we have resolved to offer

A PRIZE OF £20 FOR THE BEST ESSAY ON

THE WIFE AT HOME:

the object of such proposed Essay being to prove that it is far better for married women to stay "at home," than to "go out to work;" and that the working-man lose more by his wife's absence from her domestic duties, than he gains from her earnings by industrial employment away from her family.

N.B.—The competition is to be open to all our readers. The Essays to be forwarded (post-paid) not later than the 1st of May next, addressed to the Editor of the "British Workman," 5, Paternoster Row, London, and marked outside, "Essay on Wife at Home." No Essay to contain more than 4000 words, but may be in either prose or verse. Those who desire to have their MSS. returned, must enclose a stamped and addressed wrapper.

HELP FOR LANCASHIRE.

The Mill is silent—in the crowded streets,
Pale starvation forms the passing throng;
No longer hastening, on light step borne,
To wonted labour at the break of morn.
Is all so changed?—yet 'twas but a sore God.
Since old and young went forth to win their bread,
With manly brow, and cheeks whose healthful flow
Seemed but the tip of bosoms all a-glow:
With honest manly pride, a pride that burns
Within the breast of Britons, nightly spurns
The sneans that keep his wife and babes in health,
And fills his home with humble stores of wealth.
What time is for the plundered of all things?
His sinking wife and children are his own,
Each sinking, like himself, from day to day,
To utter want blasting, and misery's prey.
Ah! hapless dreamers, gone but round the cot,
Where, in fond fancy, you have fixed your lot;
Think not that savings carefully laid by,
And hidden from the sight of human eye,
Shall 'escape the storm, that darkly hov'ring, now
Hath burst at length upon the unsuspecting brow;
Bring forth, bring forth, each hard-won piece of gold;
For sharing babes, e'en clothing must be sold.
The wave of huge machinery is hurled,
And in the stubborn hearts and homes are crushed;
The factory is shut—no cheerful boom
From well-known bell disturbs the gloomy gloom
That throughout all around; men, sad and slow,
Pace the dull town in faint and tearless woe;
A band of women suffering the same heart-brunt
But what may reach us all at any time.
Oh, Lancashire, the troubles of thy sons
Have touched the hearts of Europe, the wealthy ones,
And gentle Charity, with magic wand,
Thrills e'en the humblest in our native land.
Cease, cease to sigh, dear sons of Britain's pride
Shall stem the torrent of misfortune's tide:
Hope on, brave ones, deliverance is nigh,
All England comes thy suffering tears to dry!

E. H. M.

TAKE COURAGE!

Words of Comfort for Lancashire.

One windy autumn night, a young mother, and a little girl of six years of old, were crossing a lonely common. They had been kept waiting at the home of an acquaintance, for a friend who had promised to go home with them, but who was obliged to stay, because the wind prevented from fulfilling his promise. On a fine clear night Mrs. Harry would not have thought twice about it, but it was so dark at this time that she could not even keep in the path, and in her haste she often stumbled, while the child's little feet, as they went pit-pat at her side, seemed to be getting weary. Mrs. Harry was sure that she had brought her child, who was too big for her to carry, and too little to walk the distance of three miles over the moor without going very lame, and presently she said, "Hope, dear, Hope, just as a blast of wind came that rattled the pale moon, and made them hold tight to each other lest they should be blown over, her eyes looking into the gloomy darkness, and as she wrapped her child's little shawl closer round her, she trembled with fear, thinking how far they were from home, and how ill they could bear the rough wind, or grope their way through the darkness. Of course the mother felt far more for the child than for herself, and she said aloud, "If I had not you with me, Mary, I shouldn't mind this wind half so much." As she spoke, she was very near crying, for though Mary often do no good, yet people can't help sleeding them.

"Oh, mother," said little Mary, in a cheerful voice, "I'm so glad I'm with you; don't be afraid. I'm not one bit afraid, nor one bit tired."

Mrs. Hope was quite surprised to hear the child speak in such a cheerful tone. She knew that Mary was a very bright little girl, fond of reading, and sensible beyond her years, but a child may be calm at the fireside, and very timid out on the wild moorland on a dark night, so she said, "Whatever makes you so brave, my dear?"

"Why, mother, I've been thinking."

"Thinking, of what?"

"Of my text that I learned last Sunday. Uncle James set me to learn it. He said he learned it before he went to sea, and that often in the dark nights on deck he used to say it to himself, and he said I say it to you, mother?" Between the howling gusts of wind the mother answered, "Yes, child, yes, do say it."

"'Be strong, and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee, whithersoever thou goest.'" (Josh. i.)

The sweet words had operated those good words, a new feeling seemed to come into the timid mother's heart. She was at once able to realise that God was with her in the dark night, as well as in the bright day. The child, instead of being a trouble to her, was a comfort. "Bless you, my Mary," said she, "I am glad I am you have learned that text. Uncle James taught you—say it again."

So again and yet again the little girl went on repeating the words, "Be strong and of a good courage," and both mother and child trudged on in the darkness, neither feeling any more fear or weariness. At length a little Mary for about the twentieth time repeated the holy words, there came a glimmering light in the distance, it came nearer, and the mother and little child and child passed an instant. "Who says be strong and of good courage?" shouted a well-known voice, it was Uncle James. Joyfully they ran in the dark bay, with his lantern, to meet his widowed sister and her child, and the well-known words borne on the wind had met his ear, and had guided him to them.

This simple incident in real life, which was told the writer by that widowed mother, comes to mind now in the hour of trial, and it seems to have fallen on many of our countrymen and women in the manufacturing districts. Christian friends call aloud to them through the rough storm of adversity, and amid the gloom that has settled down upon them, the cheering words, "Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee."

I imagine that many in their grief will say, "How can we be strong and of good courage, when we are poor, distressed, and in great trouble?" the very time when our courage is tried. There is no courage in being strong, when there is nothing to be strong to meet, in being patient when there is no trial of patience. But to keep up a good heart and a cheerful spirit when trials abound, that is observing the words of the text.

But I know you cannot be of good courage merely in your own strength. You are beat down by trouble, your heart fills with despondency, and you feel unable to give up the struggle, and lie down and die. Ah, poor weary, downcast spirit, this is the weakness of unaided human nature, we all know it, we have our own burden. Under this load of grief it must stumble and fall. Poor, friend, a moment. You need not carry your own burden. You need not sink down and perish under your troubles. There is One who ever careth for you, He is ready to raise you up, to bear your griefs, to carry your sorrows. "Cast your burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain you: he will never suffer the righteous to be moved." Your wants—cares all your cares, pities all your sufferings. He came down from the realms of glory, was made man,—poor man, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," and died on the cross for sinners—for you, friend, and for me. His blood shed upon the cross cleansth from all sin. He is able to save, to the uttermost, from the punishment, that we might go free. God accepted the ransom that Jesus paid, and now this blessed Saviour lives, and ever lives to make us free.

In the days of prosperity and merriment, this precious, loving, forgiving Saviour—this dear friend, has often been forgotten. We have built our hearts upon other things; "what we should eat, and what we should drink, and wherewithal we should be clothed," has been the constant thought of our minds. Our love has been given to the things around us, and the Almighty Giver of all things—our God and Saviour, has not been honoured. Yet this wonderful Saviour has been ever near. No, He is near to every one of you, and His word to your troubled souls is, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver you."

Yes, "call" upon Him, that is the true way. Look up, poor mourner, and draw near to Jesus in prayer, and He will deliver you. He will send you strength, yes, He will make you strong, and of good courage. He will lift up the weight of your burden, and bear it for you. He will make your troubles and sufferings light. He will give you a hopeful spirit to look beyond this present time, in the full assurance "that all things shall work together for good to them that love the Lord."

He will give you a grateful spirit to remember all Christ has done, and suffered for you, when you were enemies and sinners, and in wicked works, and that when in your trouble, you turned to Him in repentance, He, forgave you freely, He did not upbraid you for the past, but He gave you the proper help, and He will never, never leave you, nor forsake you.

Now to be patient, hopeful, grateful, is the meaning of the words "be strong and of good courage." Oh, dear friends, if this great calamity, which the Almighty God has befallen you, and thousands of industrious people, leads your hearts to the Lord with full purpose of heart, the time will come, when you will say, "It was good for me that the money of God has turned the curse into a blessing. When you put your hand upon a dying pillow, and all the events of your life are passing before you, you will be times of plenty and prosperity that you will have to mourn over, and pray over; times of merriment that will cause you to say, "Blessed be God for this trial, but when, in the silence of your sick chamber, you think hard; but it brought me to God, and I am happy."

And rain stared me in the face, then I fled for refuge to the Lord, and I found in His holy name, He sheltered me in the storm, He bore me on my wheel, He helped me to go over my head, He said to me, "It is I, be not afraid."

DON'T FORGET THE LONDON POOR!

Whilst rejoicing at the noble spirit of liberality evidenced throughout the metropolis on behalf of the sufferers in Lancashire, we hope that the *London poor* will be none the less cared for. There is perhaps more distress at the present time in Spitalfields, and at the East-end of London, than was ever known in any previous winter. If philanthropic minds want a field for benevolent effort, they will find it among the poor weavers and their neighbours in Spitalfields, and Bethnal Green.

SABBATH EVENING THOUGHTS.

Is the calm shadow of this Sabbath night,
Restraining vicious thought and vain desire,
I sit with sober, but unseen delight,
In the blithe presence of my father by me.
He, 'mid my struggles with the stormy past,
And wonder how my heart withstood the trying blast.

And yet it beats within my quiet breast
As warmly, and as wildly, as of old;
Vehemence is little better for the rest
Of human sorrows, mixed and manifold.
Perchance some trifle vex or cross me,
The few familiar things of poverty and care.

Books are about me, full of glorious things,
Left by the good and gifted of the earth
Pearls shaded, like the down from Fancy's wings,
Burnings of pathos, semblings of mirth,
And what is nature more heaven allied,
The Christian's consolation, joy, and comforter, and guide.

Beings, how dearly loved! are circled round,
Talking together in an undertone
Of pleasant voices, feel low, kind, and sound
Should wake the dreamer from his musings long;
While the old cricket in his corner dim
Pours on my passive ear his unfaltering hymn.

My street-bound home is darkened and small,
With an accessible and ready door;
No picture to relieve the plaster wall,
No costly carpet on the sunny floor;
No crystal furniture, no couch of down,
No rich array of robes to make the needy frown.

But there is food, prepared from day to day,
Who by labour, earn the bread, and the bright
A hard, but grateful bed, whereon to lay
The limb of labour, and the head of pain;
And peace is with my household, night and day,
While through life's passing clouds love looks with [purer light.

Betoiling others sinking deeper still,
Are the mere road of our country, and life,
Feeble, indeed, though resolute in will,
Wagging with fortune a perpetual strife,
Fearly forgetful of my darker days;
My silent soul sends up involuntary praise!

J. C. PRINCE.

HOW TO HELP LANCASHIRE.

Martin Luther, one day when penniless, was applied for money to aid an important Christian work. He reflected for a little while, being very desirous to afford some help, for he knew that he possessed a beautiful medal of Joachim, the Elector of Brandenburg, which he highly prized. He went immediately to the shop of a goldsmith, and offered the drawer, and he said "*What art thou doing here, Joachim? Dost thou not see how idle thou art? Come out and make thyself useful?*" He then sold for very little, and gave the very much wanted for our 200,000 operatives who are now out of work, and many of them in a state bordering on starvation, and in great need of the necessaries, to search your desk, rummage your drawers, and see if there be not some idle Joachims, something or other that has done no good, and cannot do any good, which may be made useful by being sold, and the price given for the relief of the needy and the suffering. My friend, let the cry of thankful thousands adorn your heart and be due large benevolence; also bear in mind the words of Holy Writ—"Blessed is he that considereth the poor."

"I have been thinking," said a gentleman, "that if smokers were to leave off smoking for one week, and give the money saved during that time, it would make a good round sum to help the distressed in Lancashire."

As it was known that the gentleman who offered the suggestion had no objection to a glass of "Port," his friend responded, "And leave off wine-drinking, too, for a week, and let the wine-money be added to the tobacco savings?" "Yes," he said, "I think I'll make one."

At the lowest calculation, Eight Millions Sterling are paid per annum for Tobacco. One week's total abstinence from it would therefore amount to a saving of One Hundred and Fifty-Three Thousand Eight Hundred and Forty-Six Pounds, and one week's total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, would amount to at least One Million Pounds.

From these two sources of tobacco and drink, a fund of

£1,153,846

Pounds Sterling might, in one short week, be applied to relieve the sorrows and privations of the unemployed, to whose aid no one all instinctively summoned!

With such sums at our disposal, we should be well-pleased—thousands of aching hearts would leap for joy, and the donors would be happy in the thought that they had done something to lessen the misery of their and and suffering fellow-creatures.

"We are not yet at the height of the distress. It is estimated that at the present moment there are 355,000 persons engaged in the cotton manufacture. Of these 355,000, 40,000 only are full work. Suppose, for a short work, 180,000 are out of work altogether, and in the course of the next six weeks that number is likely to be greatly increased. Suppose the average weekly loss of wages is estimated to be not less than £137,000. This is a sum of things which calls for the most active exertions of all classes of the community. I am happy to say that it has been nobly responded to, from the crown down to the lowest of her Majesty's subjects. At the commencement of the season, the Queen, with her usual munificence, sent in a donation of £2,000. The first act of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on returning his majority, was to send a donation from home and request that his name should be put down for £1,000. And now to go to the other end of the scale; only two days ago I received from Sandwich a donation of £1,200, from some thousands of working-men who are readers of the *British Workman*. He tells me that this sum has been contributed by many thousands of persons, and that contributions had even been received from the slackbake boys. Upon the part of all classes there has been the greatest amount of liberality displayed, but it would be unjust to the working-man and to the poor of every district if I did not say that in proportion to their means they have *more than contributed their share* to the general relief." *—Speech by Earl Derby at the Manchester Meeting on December 3rd, 1862.*

DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.

"British Workman" Relief Fund.

Patron:

The Earl of Shaftesbury, *President.*
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OUR FIRST REMITTANCE.

Lord Shaftesbury to Lord Dorby.

London, *November 27th, 1862.*

My Dear Lord,

As Chairman of a Committee appointed to receive subscriptions from the numerous readers of a monthly periodical, called the "*British Workman*," it has the great pleasure to send you a draft for Twelve Hundred Pounds, as a first payment. It is our trust, in our belief, that we shall soon be able to remit to you as much more.

The great bulk of it has been collected from many thousands of the working-classes (and that not alone among the poorest), throughout the kingdom; and it would be a great proof of good to your heart, to see some of their joyful self-denial, that they might have where withal to send to their heroic brethren in Lancashire.

A great calamity has, by the will of God, fallen on the nation. But vast moral good has arisen out of the evil, in the unexampled and dignified patience of the people, and in the sympathy, and tears, and tenderness, of men and children in ragged-schools (for many such have contributed to the various funds), with the pleasure of those who (we may know only by report) are at their practical acknowledgment of the Saviour's precept, "and as ye do unto others, as you would they should do unto you." Very faithfully yours,

The Earl of Derby, K.G. Shaftesbury,

Chairman, Central Committee, &c., Manchester.

Lord Shaftesbury's Second Letter to our Editor

Dear Mr. Editor,

You were good enough to insert my appeal to your readers for aid to the distressed operatives in Lancashire.

The answer, God be praised, to that appeal, has been so prompt and so abundant, that I feel it difficult to express my sense of their sympathy and kindness.

But the necessity I regret to say, is still very great, and I and my colleagues must continue to impress on their hearts, and specially at the season of Christmas, the suffering condition of so many thousands of our brethren in the cotton districts.

I am, very faithfully yours,

Shaftesbury,

December, 1862. *Chairman of the Committee.*

Those of our readers disposed to contribute towards the relief of the suffering thousands in our neighbourhood, should send their gifts to the Treasurer, Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., No. 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., as above. The full annual report will be sent to the Treasurer, Lancashire without any deduction for expenses. Collecting Papers may be had by sending a stamped and addressed envelope.

The Treasurer acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of the following contributions, up to 29th of November—

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THE BIBLE PATTERN OF A GOOD WOMAN.—NO. X.

WORDS AND DEEDS.

"Let us consider her steps with wisdom, and in her ways let us be ruled by the head of reason."—Prov. xxxi. 26, 27.

"The mouth of a good gift of speech is so specially the endowment of a virtuous woman, that it is a matter of every-day living, that it is wonderful when the most thoughts, performed with a good grace, are spoken out of season. Yet, of all God's blessings, it is the duty of using it rightly, sold in an anyone with in a crowded street without offending the modesty of the sweaver, or the bubble of the drunkard, or the jest of the scoffer, or the suspicion of the brother. That very gift which was imparted to Christ unto so immense an the thoughts and feelings to his friends and neighbours, to the good and good word conversation, and to be hallowed means of intercourse with the Old and Saviour, or often perverted to the lowest and the grossest trade. If man is raised immeasurably above the poor dumb brute by the gift of speech, it is Satan himself as far below it by misusing such a power.

Women are not less culpable than men in this matter. My reader may say, "Know not the most bold and shameless women are swearers and brawlers?" If that is granted, I am bound in faithfulness to add, that great numbers of comparatively high in the family circle, in the village, in the town, among acquaintances and friends, as well as among strangers and enemies, by idle words, and with impertinence, are wanting in the Lord's sense, she may never have obtained an indecent word in her life, and yet she may be an evil-speaker, and cause, or foment dissension among her neighbours.

Do my readers know of no such person? Ah, there are very few families where these words are being read, but have some such person in their circle who is a tattler, a busybody—one who knows every person's affairs, and generally is very ignorant of her own; one who talks about her opinions as if they were the greatest legislator her own; one who listens to every idle tale, and then repeats it, adding to it, as she does so. She professes to be very fond of her neighbours and friends. She would think herself injured if she were described as a liar and slanderer, yet her words do the work of falsehood, and defamation.

How different is this conduct from the virtuous woman whose character is described as our pattern, "She opening her mouth with wisdom."

Wisdom, therefore also must have thought well before she spoke. No hasty, high, hot, or passionate words are wise. After due reflection the speaker is prepared to speak before she allows herself to give an opinion she weighs the matter. She is not easily misled by the speech of others. As to *conduct* she will not hear M. Her knows that the willing listener is as bad as the speaker. An absent person's character is secured with her, and if information that must be taken notice of comes to her, she says, "If I hear this, you must allow me to ask the person you name, if it is true;" and she never spreads an evil report—for a wise woman knows that charity thinketh and speaketh no evil.

> The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; The God of my rock; in him will I trust: he is my shield, and the horn of my salvation, my high tower, and my refuge, my Saviour; thou savest me from violence.
>
> 2 Samuel xxii. 2, 3.

But not only does she open her mouth with wisdom, but her speech is seasoned with grace. "Oh, how beautiful are these sweet words! How dear and lovely is that law when uttered by woman's lips. The husband, who is with his days of toil, and his heart of care, returns to his home, it may be but a humble place, but as he shuts his door, he shuts out harsh words and angry speaking, and he finds by his fireside one who welcomes him with a loving look; who has a kind word that falls like dew upon his weary heart. She may not have a lot of gold and silver to bring, but she is heavy on them both, and cannot always be smiling home—it is well if it be patiently endured—but the law of kindness is upon her tongue. Her sympathy, a tender tear for her husband's sorrow, a gentle word for his cares, a loving spirit to share all his lot, and to meet every difficulty in the secret. Such a woman need no boast of ruling her husband, she never strives for mastery, but she rules her way with the sceptre of love, knowing that the heart of her husband is in his friend. He thinks well of her judgment, which is never deceived into foolish or wicked strife; and he knows that she believes in him, and in words that never fall him in his hour of need. If a true manly heart dwells in his bosom, he shows his respect and affection for his wife by consulting her in all his concerns, and by manifesting her feelings and devoting himself to her happiness—the "law of kindness" includes them both in a way they should be kept.

Yet the other too on whose lips is the law of kindness, her words will not flee away in empty air; no, they enter her children's ears, they sink into their hearts, they make a home in their memory. There they stay for a lifetime. Ask the grey-headed man, on the bank of the grave, what he remembers of his mother, and he will tell you—his mother's voice, its echo is resounding within him—aye, when all earthly sounds shall be stilled, and the gates of death are flung wide open to multitudes of souls, the welcoming of the first angel that heralds them into the realms of bliss is a vibration of the well-remembered mother's voice. Oh, mothers, let your words be full of holy sweetness. Much that you say when first uttered is perhaps not noticed; it is like a stirring with invisible ink on a sheet of paper; but the trials of life, the sufferings of sickness, the solemnities of death, are as fires that bring out the writing clearly; and the words will remain indelible long after the lips that spoke them are silent in the grave.

The inspired writer, after describing this wise and lovely speaker, again refers to the household duties of vigilance and industry. At the first sight, it might be thought enough had already been said to commend these latter qualities, but there is something very significant in our finding this description reiterated, just after the graces of a wise and kindly utterance have been spoken of.

Some who have a fluent tongue, think it enough that they utter good precepts, and these only, but the best words ever spoken are but passing breath, if they are not embodied in a corresponding loud action. An idle or the unwise and often perhaps does not hear the words of wisdom, but they will copy her deeds; they understand actions, and will see in a deed—inconsistency. Never is that fact in example that educates the child.

To say, rather than to do, is the vice of the hypocrite. He deceives man with his tongue, and defies God with his actions. Our Lord often alluded to this. "Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. vii. 21). Many now, as then, use glib with texts of Scripture, and ready words of cant to say, "Lord, Lord," but they neglect the ways of their household, and are not right before God. Words may be compared to blossoms, beautiful for the present, but their profit value depends on their produce—good fruit.

Rely on it, my dear reader, that by looking well to the ways of your household, and refusing to eat the bread of idleness, you will gain such a character that your words of wisdom and kindness, however plain and homely they may be, will have weight and authority. They will not return unto you void, but will send out on the waters they will be found after many days.

POOR RACHEL MORRIS.

A Warning to Young Girls.

A sad event occurred in Merthyr-Tydvil in October last, disclosing a scene of profligacy, starvation and despair.

Rachel Morris, the daughter of a working man, lost her father, by one of those frequent casualties in the iron works, fourteen years ago, and after the lapse of a few months the poor unfortunate child was to lose her mother. She was thus thrown on orphan, at the age of eighteen, upon her own resources. After the death of her mother, she was employed in gathering in places as servant at a brewery, but did not retain it long. She then sought for, and obtained a place in the Cyfarthfa works as a tender of iron, and for a considerable time she lodged with a good old couple of the Methodist persuasion. Rachel, however, was inclined to be gay, and though aunty Christian Index would not do so, she was unable to give up some of their trinkets, for the noble and benevolent cause of diffusing among the heathen the ancestration doctrines of Christ. The next morning a box was sent by an unknown lady, containing an amber necklace, a pair of gold earrings, and a diamond ring, as a present to the Missionary Society.

ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATIONS.

£5 With 600 Engravings. A complete Edition of the *British Workman* for 1853—1862, bound in cloth, price 12s., gilt edges, 14s. The Volumes for 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, separately, in illustrated paper covers. Price 1s. 6d. each.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Amongst the hundreds of pleasing letters received, Illustrative of the sufferings we have endeavoured to alleviate or to relieve the wants of Lancashire, none have gratified us more than the following, with which we conclude—

"Enclosed is the sum of ten shillings," "I am a stockinet, of calf-length, and as the market-price of the article in which I dine before I retire, I have compassionately a present to-morrow of wooden, or tin, or iron, and I have agreed to set apart a portion of this amount for the purpose of assisting our distressed brethren in Lancashire, which, therefore, by God's blessing, I will at once, or perhaps, at most continued, forward you weekly or monthly, with a small stamp, as our contribution to the fund for the relief of the distress in Lancashire. If, Sir, you think that the publication of this letter which I set others who are making extra money may, to deter them from the sin of selfish self-indulgence, you are at liberty to publish it, in the understanding that you suppress my name, and speak of me only as a Cast-Mast Man."

To our Readers.—It will be obvious to our kind friends that this is the very time for the exercise of the charitable. Our friends, as everybody likes to commence with a New Year. We therefore venture to hope that a goodly array, as usual, will dedicate a few hours to canvassing the classes in their neighbourhood for our Annual Subscription. We would, and this would be to commence the New Year with an increased circulation. The Anniversary in Birmingham, has been substantially tested by not a few weeks, widely followed her example, therefore it requires no other copy of the *British Workman* and you secure a subscriber." Canvassing Cards for 12, 24, 50, or 100 subscribers, may be sent by return post, with the *British Workman*, monthly, together with a few Illustrated Canvassing Bills, may be had on application to the Publisher, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Canvassers will please bear in mind that our publisher cannot possibly execute orders if unaccompanied by a remittance, or an order on London for payment.

Subscribers to the serious friend upon our space by the publication of subscriptions, we must in future adhere to the rule of 4 or 5 subscribers. In all cases, the amount of the subscriptions forwarded, we shall forward the Treasurer's receipt by post.

The "British Workman's Almanac," with a costly Engraving of the "Birds' Protest," by Harrison Weir. Price one Penny.

The "Band of Hope Almanac," with Engravings by J. Gilbert, H. Anelay, &c. Price One Penny.

Will our numerous readers who have their parcels by post, and whose subscriptions expire this month, kindly remit for the new year as early as possible. This will prevent disappointments to our friends.

PACKETS BY POST.

The Publisher will forward packets of the "British Workman" to any part of the United Kingdom, Channel Islands, Scotland and Ireland, France, or Belgium, *post paid*, as under:—

4 copies for 1d., or for one year	4s.	HALF DITTO	2s.
8 " 1s. "	8s.	QUARTER	1s.
16 " 2s. "	16s.	ADVANCE!	
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All orders, accompanied with remittances, to be addressed to Samuel Wakefield, *No. 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.; where care letters for the Editor should also be addressed.*

Amount previously announced £738 8 10½
Received from 31st Oct. to 30th Nov. £685 12 8

Total ...£1416 8 7

☞ *We have yet not had time to read the Bible and Prayer in Lancashire, and feel that we should be doing wrong if we failed to respond to the call, and yet we know not what to do, or what, under the circumstances, and patient endurance of the people is good and desirable.*

Sub-Dipual.—A military gentleman writes,—"On a week from last Saturday for 1 of 6 days, I shall answer from 1 to 50 inquiries in the small space of 1 hour, and I shall be occupied two days, that I would say by-days—I mean, I shall be occupied two days, and 6 days for the inquiries, instead of 50 in 1 hour." The Publication of a Bible in Lancashire, indeed, to him, as the Publication of a Bible in Lancashire, indeed, to him, as the Publication of a Bible in Lancashire, indeed, to him, as the

BOX FOR PAPERS AT THE OLDHAM RAILWAY STATION.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

THE Oldham Board of Guardians were very desirous of purchasing weekly a few cheap publications for the instruction and amusement of the inmates of the workhouse, more particularly the old and infirm, but the Poor-Law Officials ruled that the Guardians could spend no money for such a purpose (!). The Guardians then determined to erect pillar-boxes at the two Railway Stations. Mr. Clegg, the Clerk to the Guardians, informs us, "The box at each of the stations produces weekly a *large number* of newspapers and other publications, which are removed three times in the week by a messenger from the workhouse." By the kindness of Messrs. Jackson Brothers, the photographers, we are enabled to present our readers with an engraving of one of these useful boxes. We hope that they will soon become general.

THE TWO OLDEST INSTITUTIONS.

WHEN God made man in His own image—created him upright, and placed him in the garden of Eden a being crowned with glory and honour, there were two institutions that were established for his well-being. One was marriage. "It is not good for man to be alone." The other was the Sabbath. One was a merciful provision for human tenderness and social intercourse; the other for hallowed communion with God. One was the tender tie to bind him lovingly to earth and its unselfish charities; the other was the spiritual bond that united him with heaven, and made him the kindred of all the blest intelligences who surround with praise and blessings the throne of God and the Lamb. Man in his innocence, when he had not fallen, needed those two holy institutions. for he had a heart that wanted the soothings of sweet kindred intercourse, and a soul that like a flame soared upward to its Divine Original. Marriage was the solace of his heart—the Sabbath the weekly renewal of the light and life of his soul.

But man sinned and fell, from his first estate. He lost his innocency, and became an exile and a wanderer, under the curse of sin and the bondage of pain and death. Yet, lost and ruined in the fall, these two institutions that blessed him in his innocency were continued to him. All was lost but love. That survived the fall. Human love.—The sweet charities of husband, wife, parent, child, brother, sister, friend, those remained to the poor sin-smitten heart. Heavenly love.—The Sabbath was still given to man a pledge that though he had lost the paradise that God at first gave him, another paradise remained. He who gave him the Sabbath and did not, even in His just displeasure, deprive the poor sinful rebel of it, gave also His only-begotten Son to die the just for the unjust, that the sinner might, through faith in Jesus, regain a paradise where there are joys for evermore. Oh, what wondrous condescension of love is this wherewith God hath loved us poor sinners!

Every family tie, rightly viewed, is part of that love of God which blessed man in Eden. Every Sabbath is a sacred memorial of that love which made man immortal; breathed into him the breath of life, and made him a living soul.

And Jesus, who is Lord of the Sabbath, made it doubly ours when He rose from the dead and triumphed over death and hell, giving us another memorial of love to consecrate that day, which is especially our own, a royal charter given to us to fit us for the "Sabbath above." It is a bond of forgiveness, a Writ by a friend and with His blood.

If the Sabbath was dear and needful when man had never sinned, how much more dear and needful is it now. When pain-worn and weary, we want rest. Sad and cheerless, we want comfort. God, our Heavenly Father, he praised for *all* His gifts, especially to for the Sabbath.

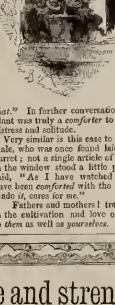
Haste.—Sir Amyas Pawlett, when he saw too much haste in any matter, would say, "Stay awhile, that we may make an end the sooner."—Advice, good for all.

Representation.—Christ has taken our nature in heaven to represent us, and has left us with His nature to represent Him. "Do as I have done to you." John xiii. 15.

Sympathy.—It is between Christ and His church, as between two lute-strings; "no sooner is one struck, but the other trembles. 'Yo in me, and I in you.' John xiv. 20.

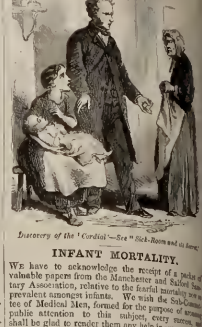
A FLOWER;—A COMFORTER.

DURING our late visit to the distressed districts, we met (in a cottage, in Wigan) with a pleasing illustration of the value of a flower. Although the man and his wife were starving for food, and many of the articles of furniture had been disposed of for bread, we were interested by seeing in the window a beautiful plant. On remarking, "Ah, my friends, I am glad to see that you are fond of plants. Be assured that He who cares for the flowers of the field, and the birds of the air, will not be unmindful of you; He will surely send you help." "Oh, yes, sir," was the reply, "we should not like to part with *that*." In further conversation, we found that the little plant was truly a *comforter* to the wordly couple in their distress and solitude.



Very similar is this case to that of the poor dying female, who was once found laid on a straw pallet in a garret; not a single article of furniture in the room, but in the window stood a little plant. To the visitor she said, "As I have watched that little plant grow, I have been *comforted* with the assurance that God, who made *it*, cares for *me*."

Fathers and mothers! train up your boys and girls in the cultivation and love of plants. It will do good to *them* as well as *yourselves*. Flowers are comforters!



Discovery of the 'Cordial'—See "Sick-Room and its Secret."

INFANT MORTALITY.

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of a packet of valuable papers from the Manchester and Salford Sanitary Association, relative to the fearful mortality now prevalent amongst infants. We wish the Sub-Committee of Medical Men, formed for the purpose of some public attention to this subject, every success, and shall be glad to render them any help in our power, advertise to add, that if every medical man would act as faithfully with *nurses* as did the one described in Mrs. Gellatt's admirable little book—"The Sick-room and its Secret," we believe that the lives of many thousands of children would annually be saved. We most cordially commend this book, from the pen of the sister authoress of "Cottage Homes,"† to every reader. Those of our readers who are connected with Mothers' Meetings will do well to send six postage-stamps to Alderman Scholes, Esq., M.R.C.S., Hon. Sec., Sanitary Association, 53, Pall Mall, Manchester; for copies of the very useful "Hints for Mothers," &c., &c., issued by the Association. "The Sick-room and its Secret," by Mrs. Gellatt. Price Shilling, post-free. S. W. Partridge.

† "Cottage Homes." Price 2d. (post-free, 3d.). Jarrold and Sons.

TWENTY-EIGHT SUGGESTIONS.

WE beg to express our warmest thanks to the numerous ladies and other friends who have materially aided in extending our circulation, by enclosing in their letters copies of the "Twenty-eight Suggestions for increasing the circulation of the *British Workman*." We feel assured that if those of our readers who carry on an extensive correspondence would lend a helping hand in this matter, our circulation might soon be doubled.

There are hundreds of thousands of working-men's homes where our little paper is never seen. A supply of the "Suggestions" may be had, post-free on application, by letter, addressed to The Editor of the *British Workman*, 9, Paternoster Row, London. S.C.

God is our refuge and strength,
a very present help in trouble.
Therefore WILL NOT we fear.

PSALM xlvi. 1, 2.

"THAT'S MY 'YARD OF LAND.'"

MR. JACKSON, one of the London City Missionaries, on calling at a shoemaker's shop, in the East of London, was repelled with oaths and threats by the son of St. Crispin. The visitor thought it prudent to retire, but whilst doing so, politely dropped a copy of the Illustrated Handbill, "Swallowing a Yard of Land."* Some months

"That's my 'Yard of Land.' I've bought THAT by giving up drink."

* The Illustrated Hand-Bill (No. 20 of the Series) has been instrumental in inducing many hard drinkers to abstain. A stamped packet containing 50 copies may be had of any Bookseller, or direct (post-free) from our publisher for six stamps.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

HAVE not some of our readers, about a year ago, occasionally stopped to listen to the fine chaunts, hymn tunes, &c. sounding from the belfry of St. James' church, Clerkenwell? They probably thought that the sweet chimes were produced by costly machinery. If they had mounted the steps of the tall steeple they would have found that the melodious sounds were produced by Mr. George Morris, one of the first Beltringers in England. As shewn in our engraving, Mr. Morris had the ropes so arranged, that he could ring eight bells at once! viz., the 1st on his right thumb; 2nd, left thumb; 3rd, left elbow; 4th, left hand; 5th, left foot; 6th, right hand; 7th, right elbow; 8th, right foot. Since the above-named period, Mr. Morris has been appointed the steeple-keeper of St. Martin's-in-the-fields, where he may now be seen practising on *ten* bells with equal facility as on eight! Amongst the 70,000 bellringers in the United Kingdom, we suppose that there are not many to equal, much less to surpass in skill, the persevering steeple-keeper of St. Martin's-in-the-fields.

JUDICIOUS BENEFICENCE.—Every postman, policeman, and cabman, in Wolverhampton, receives monthly from one of the booksellers of the town, in an envelope, addressed to the receiver by name, a copy of the "British Workman," the gift of a gentleman resident in Wolverhampton, the name of whom the discloser the bookseller alone knows.—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

G. Morris, the Celebrated Beltringer, playing on Eight Bells at once, in the steeple of St. James, Clerkenwell.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THIS Penny Monthly Periodical is now issued in an enlarged form, with numerous and costly Illustrations. The YEARLY VOLUMES, for 1861 & 1862, with the illustrations in each, Gilbert, Weir, Foster, Anelay, &c. may be had. In stiff cover, 1s. 6d. Cl., 2s. Gt. edges, 2s. 6d. each.

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No. 93. February, 1863. Price One Penny. THE BRITISH WORKMAN. Registered for Transmission Abroad.

"I'LL GO BACK, I'LL NOT PLEDGE THIS CLOCK."

"LIKE CURES LIKE;"
OR, A PLEDGE FOR A PLEDGE.

"Holloa, Tom."

"Is that you, Joe? I haven't seen you this long time."

Joe was returning home with his tools slung over his back. Tom was walking towards the town with a clock under his arm. Their path by together, so they walked on.

"Where are you going, Tom?"

"On a bit of an errand for my missus."

"What! the timepiece wont go?"

"Well, not exactly that."

Then followed a few minutes silence.

"Tom," said Joe, earnestly.

"Well? Speak on man."

"May be, I shall offend you if I do—But I was just going to say, you're not going to the 'Golden Balls' with your clock, are you?"

"What if I am," said Joe, trying to laugh. "It will make the tenth pledge ticket for my missus to hide up so careful as she does on the mantelpiece; and then she says to me, 'Tom, the house gets hays as the pledges do increase, and then there's the interest on 'em to pay.' 'But,' says I, 'what's a man to do? The wages is low, and the tater dear, and if the two ends wont meet, why they wont, that's all.'

"Aye, my wife and yours would tell a different story," said Joe. "I pledged something once—my missus did say it was the best thing in the house too, though I don't know for that—but that I know, she cried for joy when she saw the pledge-ticket; and best of all, there was no interest to pay. Somehow, it's paid me interest each week since, so that we've got along quite handsome like.

"Here's the milk I mean of myself, Tom."

"It's no joke at all, Tom, but sober, earnest, every word, and, if you like, I'll explain. I need n't tell you, Tom, that I have the inside of the 'White Lion' once, as well as ever you did."

"That's true, and a fine fellow you were for a some too—we've turned you this long time."

"It's been, not a 'miss,' but a friend to me," said Joe, laughing, "a silver mine night at hand, even in my own pocket. But to explain—I was looking over some old books one day outside Bean's shop, and took up one that seemed to be medical-like; so thinks I, I don't care for you. But just as I was thinking of it, I saw these words, 'Like cures like.' That's odd thinks I. Like cures like?—whatever do the parsons mean—Well, then, these words stuck to me, and I turned 'em over and over in my mind, but no meaning like seemed to come out of them. Well, one day, I was mending a lady's bell, 'Oh, Bridge,' says she, 'are you in?' I am so glad to find you at home;' and then she talked to me a bit, very pleasant-like, and presently she pointed to the curtains over the chimney, and said, 'how pretty-like it was.'

"That belonged to my mother's mother," said I, "and I thought never to part with it."

"And I hope you never will," says she.

Says I, "It's what I shall have to do afore night."

"Oh!" the lady seemed to be sorry. "Are you obliged to pledge it? Can nothing be done to save it?"

"Not as I know," says I.

She looked a bit musing, and said, "I think I know what would. Some doctors say 'Like cures like,' and I think there's some truth in it. What will you say if I suggest a pledge for a pledge, as a remedy; the total abstinence pledge for the pawnbroker's pledge?"

"Well, with that it came down upon me like thunder, that here was the meaning of, 'Like cures like.' 'I'll try it,' says I, 'that I will,' and with that the if I did n't hear my wife whisper, 'Thank God.'"

"When," says the lady.

"May be next week," says I.

"I thought you were going to pledge your picture to-night," says she.

"And so I am," says I.

"Then my remedy will be too late next week," says she.

"Well, it's coming down pretty sharp upon me to do it, all of a moment though."

"I don't wish to hurry you," says she, "only it seems to me the choice will be bought between whether you will pledge yourself, or your picture. On the one pledge you will be paid interest, namely, the weekly amount of your hard earnings; on the other you have help to make the pubblican rich; on the other you must *pay* interest."

"It's true as I'm alive," says I, and I'd sign this very minute if I could."

"You can," said she, laying down the paper before me with those words—

"I thereby promise, by God's help, to abstain totally from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

And with that I took and signed it.

"And now," says she, "let us kneel down and ask the Lord Jesus Christ to put His seal upon it, and strengthen you never to break it."

"And," added Joe, in a reverent voice, "I bless God, though that was my first prayer, it has n't been my last. When a man has drink at his back, he's sure to fall. But since I came to my soberseses, the Lord has seemed to teach me like, and turn my heart to here, not only the drink, but all manner of sin, by letting me see His Blessed Son, my Lord Jesus Christ, wounded to death upon the Cross for all the evil that ever I had done. And now, as I go about my work, and think of Him up there in glory, at the right hand of the Heavenly Majesty, and all the while not forgetting a poor sinner like me, but sending His Holy Spirit down into my heart to comfort like and help me, and make me strong against the tempter, it do make me so lightsome that I gossinging for joy of heart."

"Joe," said Tom, suddenly stand-ing still, and turning round, "I'll go back, I'll put pledge this clock, it's the wrong thing. It's myself I'll pledge and save my clock, that I will."

"Heavo, friend!" said Joe, grasping his hand.

"Come along home with me," said Tom, "Come, and write out for me what you signed, that I may sign it too, and hear my wife say, 'Thank God.'"

And so she did. And from that day the pledge ticket began to disappear, and the furniture to reappear, and the bare room looked homelike again.

And Joe and Tom, now fast friends, were often seen together talking earnestly to a brother workman, and the burden of their talk was,

"LIKE CURES LIKE;"

OR, A PLEDGE FOR A PLEDGE.

[*The above article forms No. 1. of the* "Church of England Temperance Series," issued by the Rev. Canon Ole. *We have pleasure in commending the series to the notice of our readers.*]

MONEY WELL EMPLOYED.

An active and laborious joiner, who had gained much money, contented himself with frugal fare, clothed himself and his family with simplicity, and took great care to avoid all unnecessary expense. "Tell me," said his neighbour, who was a farmer, "what do you do with all the money you constantly earn?" The joiner answered, "With part of it I pay my debts, and the other part I put out at interest."

"Ah!" cried the farmer, "you've no debts, nor invested capital."

"It is as I tell you," replied the joiner; "but let me explain the thing to you. All the money that my father and my mother have expended on me since I was born, I regard as a debt which I owe them, which it behooves me to discharge. On the other hand, all the money I spend on my children in order to educate them, and fit them for a respectable position, I consider as a capital which they will reimburse with interest when I become old. As my parents have spared nothing to give me a good education, I will neglect nothing to secure the same for my children; and if I regard as a debt the pleasure I experience in supporting my parents in their kindness, I hope that my children will discharge what they owe me with as much exactness as if they had entered into a legal contract.

"Parents should seek their children's good, and children show their gratitude.

ONE DROP AT A TIME.

"Life," says the late John Foster, "is a constant expenditure; we have it, but are continually losing it; we have the use of it, but are constantly wasting it. Suppose we were confined in some fortress, under the doom to stay there till death; and suppose there is there by his side a fountain of water, of which it is certain none can ever be added. He knows (suppose) the quantity is not very great; he cannot penetrate to uncertain how much; but it may be very little. He is drawing from it, by means of a fountain, a good while already, and draws from it every day. But how would he feel much time of his stay, when he came to thinking of it? Not as if he had a perennial spring to go to. Not, 'I have a reservoir, I may be at ease.' No! but I had water yesterday—and I have water to-day; but having had it, and my having it to-day, is the very cause that I shall not have it on some day that is approaching. And at the same time, I cannot know that I shall certainly have it." So of our mortal, transient life! And yet men are indisposed to admit the plain truth, that life is a thing which is wasting, and which is continually ebbing away, unnecessarily consuming; and that even in this imperfect sense of possession, it becomes every day a less possession!

TAKING STOCK.

At this season of the year, the tradesman makes up his accounts, and takes a summary of his stock. If he neglect to do this, his affairs will get into confusion, and loss, perhaps, will accrue to him.

If the tradesman is thus careful about temporal things, shall the Christian fail to be careful about spiritual things? Shall he not make it his aim to know and take stock. Let each and all look inward at the state of the soul. Take the Gospel light and search out the condition of your souls. Are you in Christ? Are you saved? Is your love to Jesus as warm? Is your hope of immortality as bright as in past years?

Or has your love grown over coldness and loss? If so, be not utterly cast down, "a broken and contrite heart, He will not despise."

The careful trader has to deal with a hard world. The Christian with a gracious Saviour. The trader must make up, or abide by his losses.

The Christian knows the Name his wants to God, and they will be all supplied out of the riches of His grace in Christ Jesus.

So, reader, take stock of yourself. If you have never done so, do it now. And rest assured spiritual prosperity in a large measure, will be given you during this new year.

"Th greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them, what report they bore to heaven."

THE CREAKING DOOR.

"Boa, shut that door," said my father. I can't stand that creaking."

So off I trotted, and had just come back to my seat, when my mother said,

"Robert, did you ever hear the story of the creaking door?"

"Oh, no, mother, do tell me!"

Well, once upon a time, there lived an old gentleman in a very large house. He had servants, and everything he wanted. But with all this, he was not happy, and if everything did not go just as he wanted, he grumbled, and he. At last all his servants left him, so he went off grumbling to a neighbour to consult him as to what was best to be done.

"Well, now," said his friend, "off yourself a little."

"What? Off myself?"

"Well, yes," said his friend, "listen. Once I had a creaking door. No one liked to go in or out of it, because it creaked so. So, one day, I oiled it, and now it is used as much as ever."

"Well," said the gentleman, "how am I like your creaking door? And if I were like it, how could I oil myself?"

"Oh, very easily," said my friend. "Go home now; get a servant, and when he does a thing to please you, praise him. When he does wrong, don't grumble. Oil your words and tones with the oil of love."

So off he went, and the last I learned of the old gentleman was, that he was so much oiled, that not a creaking sound was to be heard in his house."

Every family should have a bottle of this oil, and use it at the first intimation of a creaking-joint.

A Black cloud makes the traveller mend his pace, and mind his home; whereas a fine day and a pleasant way waste his time, and that stealeth away the affections and the prospect of the country. However others may think of it, yet I take it to be a mercy, that now and then some clouds come between me and my sun, and many times some troubles to conceal my comforts; for I perceive, if I should find too much friendship in my sun, in my pilgrimage, I should soon forget my father's house, and my inheritage.—*D. Lucas.*

ANIMAL AFFECTION.

The contractors engaged on the Boston, U.S. Waterworks, had a valuable cart-horse injured some time ago. The animal was led home to the stable, where other cart-horses were generally kept. The other had a water-spaniel, who for some months had been constantly absent among the horses in the stable, living on terms of great intimacy with them. Immediately after the disabled horse was led in, he lay down and began to exhibit the signs of great distress. The spaniel at once ran to the horse, and commenced fawning around him, licking the poor animal's face, and in various other ways manifesting his sympathy with the sufferer. The struggles and groans of the horse being continued, the dog sought his master, and drew his attention to the wounded animal, and showed great satisfaction when he found his master engaged in bathing the wounds, and otherwise ministering to his wants. The ostler continued his care of the horse until a late hour in the night, and then called the dog to go home, but the affectionate creature would not leave his suffering friend, and continued with him all night. Forty-eight hours after the horse was injured, the faithful dog had not left the stable, day or night, for a minute, not even to eat; and from his appearance it was believed that he had scarcely tasted at all. He was constantly on the alert; not suffering any one to come near the horse, except those attached to the stable and the owner of the horse. His whole appearance was one of extreme distress and anxiety. He often laid his head on the horse's neck, caressing him and licking around the eyes, which brightened up, as if he acknowledged by a grateful look and other signs of recognition.

The fact furnishes a remarkable and affecting exhibition of animal kindness, and should cover with shame the unfeeling men, who beat and abuse that noble and most useful of animals, without cause or remorse, and are utterly destitute of sympathy for the whole brute creation.

"POOR, YET MAKETH MANY RICH."

The owner of a fine estate, and of a large fortune, one evening took a walk near his mansion. Though surrounded with blessings and rolling in wealth, he was insensible to all these, and would cover with shame the unfeeling men, who beat and abuse that noble and most useful of animals, without cause or remorse, and are utterly destitute of sympathy for the whole brute creation.

Upon the border of his estate, there was a miserable hut, in which dwelt a large family, very poor. As he passed by the door, he heard a voice, and the sound of which continued for some time.

The curiosity of the gentleman was excited, and he drew near to listen. He found that the poor man was at prayer with his wife and children, and he heard him thanking God for His mercy in giving him food to eat, and raiment to put on, and he could cover with shame the unfeeling men, who beat and abuse that noble and most useful of animals, without cause or remorse, and are utterly destitute of sympathy for the whole brute creation.

"What!" said he, "does this poor man, who has nothing in this world but faith, and that too, by the severest labour, give thanks to God for his goodness to himself and his family, and I, who enjoy ease and luxury, and the blessings which make life desirable, have hardly ever bent the knee, or made any acknowledgment to my Maker or Preserver."

This reflection made the beginning of a new life. He became penitent before the throne of grace, and he ever after continued to devote the benefit he had received from his Creator, to His glory and honour.

ELIJAH FED BY THE RAVENS.

Far from the haunts of men, in deserts dreary
The faithful Prophet must from Ahab hide,
And in the solitude, so lone and dreary,
Awhile abide.

No voices there the savage echoes waken,
Save the fierce lion's roar and jackal's cry;
Yet even here he is not quite forsaken,—
Help still is nigh.

The dusky ravens, every more and even,
Though ravenous birds, neglecting their own brood,
Strangely become the messengers of Heaven,
And bring him food.

Functual as morning dawns and twilight gathers,
Their welcome wings across the Cherith spread,
Bearing from far, with blackening, broadening feathers,
Both flesh and bread.

Brother, *is thy* path rugged and beclouded?
Doth wellish Want stand darkling at the door?
By inky rack ov'r hope's horizon shrouded,
All bright before?

Sit, at thy side, so mute and uncomplaining,
They, round thy knees, so helpless and so dear;
They own poor mind nature some restraining
Its doubt and fear?

Yet, ah, distrust not; Heaven shall still befriend thee,
In faith the path of duty travely tread;
God can command the strangest hands to tend thee;
Thou shalt be fed.

Though all be desolate and dark around thee,
The cloud shall pass, thou shalt not be forgot;
Thine is, however grief awhile confound thee,
No orphan lot.

A loving Father, pitiful and gracious,
Hears all thy prayers—and them who pray for thee;
And, in His own good time, in pastures spacious,
Thy place shall be.

Oh when was confidence in Heaven confounded?
When was the Lord of Hosts thy vainly trod?
He shall be glad again, with joy unbounded,
Who trusts in God.

S. W. P.

The Hindoos extend their hospitality to their enemies, saying, "The tree does not withdraw its shade even from the wood-cutter.

CHRISTIAN SELF-DENIAL.

To the Editor of the "British Workman."

Sir,—There have been so many calamities on nations and by fire and shipwreck during the last year, that the means of those who are afflicted people are greatly exhausted.

Yet when trouble comes to a particular class, it is God's appeal to those outside that class to notice and help the sufferers. That appeal must be heard, and it must be obeyed by all who call themselves Christians, for we are commanded to "bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Missing on this, and having but little to give, and yet desiring to me, that ladies of small income might dispense with some luxury, and give the proceeds to the fund now raising for Lancashire. Or, with a power or honest less, as that many men in trade, already have done, that they should have to take a little wine or ale, at the very trying hour, and wholesomeness suggests, must incur an expense of two to three shillings a week. This sum given by some hundreds or thousands for the next year, would be a great relief, and actually relieve no one, or any merchants and brewers are rich.

I am not a wine drinker, but my two shillings a week is ready, if some ladies join us in giving the cost of their abstemious drinking in aid of the sufferers from the cotton famine.

I enclose my name and address, and, sir, Sir,

Yours,—A Constant Reader.

THE "BRITISH WORKMAN" AS A LOAN TRACT.

The "British Workman," by having folded up like a map, and glued into an ordinary size tract, allows it to be circulated as a Loan Tract. It has frequently been the means of leading worldly people to abandon their drinking habits, receive religious tracts, and find a place of worship. The Editor hopes that Tract Societies will lend their aid in promoting its circulation amongst the masses.

"In many cases the *British Workman* is gladly accepted when ordinary tracts are refused. Recently I have distributed some up-to-date of public-houses in my parish. I have found it very useful in my visitation."—*Incumbent of St. Jude's, Bristol.*

"I find the *British Workman* everywhere where meets with its arrival of the warmest welcome, and is delighted by all, who meeting its way where a tract would be unacceptable."—*Bible Reader, Bristol.*

A Tract Distributor who "circulates the *British Workman* as Loan Tract, writes:—"I find some fruit of my labour in the shape of a dozen of my tracts returned, and, strange to say, Year paper has quite cured one of smoking; so, I feel encouraged to go on. I have kept the tracts, but in this one occasion I was requested by a person to look at the smoking-paper. I have found many cases which their long-fourpenny pieces saved in snuff, and which had been saved from time Mission, I find a small box, instead of snuff-box opened.

Supplies of the British Workman, *done up in the Loan Tract, may be had free of charge, on application to the Publisher.*

A specimen copy of the British Workman, *done up in a Tract, will be forwarded, post-free, on receipt of two penny-stamps.*

Illustrated Gems, a Monthly Publication, which makes the Loan tract only; may be had at cost price, viz. 3s. per 100, ordered direct. This charge does not include carriage.

THE RT. HON. C. P. VILLIERS, M.P.

We recently forwarded the Yearly Part of the "British Workman," to the Rt. Hon. C. P. Villiers, M.P., President of the Poor-Law Board, in order that he might see some of the expressions of sympathy felt by our readers on behalf of our distressed Lancashire brethren. The following letter from him will be read with interest by many of our readers:—

Dear Sir,—I am obliged to you for sending me the Yearly Part for 1881, of the "British Workman." I have received it as a mark of kindness, and have been struck with the excellence of the illustrations, as well as with the clear adaptation of the matter to elevate the moral and social condition of the "working class."

It gives me special pleasure to find that the readers of the *British Workman* are distributed in other classes of the community a manifesting sympathy with the unemployed operatives of Lancashire; whose deep privations are borne by them, with their patient endurance claims our admiration. I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

To the Editor of the "British Workman." C. P. Villiers.

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DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.

We rejoice to find, on the last day of the "Old Year," that the contributions of our readers for the relief of the sufferers in Lancashire, have reached the noble sum of Two Thousand Pounds!

"British Workman" Relief Fund.

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These of our readers disposed to contribute towards the relief of the famishing thousands in our manufacturing districts are invited to remit to the Treasurer, Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., No. 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., or elsewhere. The full amount received will be remitted to Lancashire without any deduction whatever for expenses. Collecting Papers may be had by sending a stamped and addressed envelope.

The Treasurer acknowledges, with thanks, the following additional contributions, up to 31st of December:—

Weekly Contributions at the Service in Exeter Hall, Strand (two weeks) per S. Morley, Esq., £1. 10s. 8d.; Workmen of Lord Leconfield, £1 17s.; Collected by Mr. John Bellows, M. R. Hall, Esq., Ashby, H. Independent Church, Tryweathen, 11 12s 8d.; Hinfield Street United Presbyterian Sabbath Morning-school, Birmingham, 2s 6d.; Mr. Thomas Bowman, 2s; E. Hewellyn, Esq., M.D., Lakfield Bank of Hope, £1. 10s.; Miss Brightman, 2s 6d.; Mr. J. M. Clarke, 12, British Museum, Collected by Mrs. W. Hyde, £1. 1s.; Geo. Edwards, £1 1s.; Mr. A. Pearson, 1s; Collected by John Lyall, Esq., M.D., £1 6s.; Collected by Charlotte Ingleton, "a much afflicted Christian," £1; Collection, Independent Chapel, Hackbridge, £1. 1s.; Collection, Wesleyan Chapel, Croydon, £1 12s 6d.; Captain H. King, R. N., £1; Temperance Meeting, Cornbrook, £1 8s.; Collected by Mr. Bedford, Jedburgh, £1. 1s.; Northampton Temperance Society, £1.; Mrs. E. M. G. Mann, U. Christian Institute and Salem Institution, Malta, per Hon. Hobart Seymour, £2 12s 8d.; A Fleetside Collection, £1; Collected by Mr. J. Patterson, £1 14s.; Mr. Thomas Dunnett, £1; Mr. Edwin H. Hall, L. Harris, (2nd contribution) 10s; Mrs. Buchan, £1; "A John 16.17," £1; G. B., £1; Collected by Mrs. W. H. Fuller, 1s.; Trinity Boys' School, Eastbourne, 1s 2d.; Proceeds of German Lessons, Isle of Alderney, £1 5s.; Collected by Mr. H. J. Dyer, £1 8s.; Collected by Mrs. E. Bray, £1 2s.; Primitive-Methodist Chapel, Burton Lazeby, £1 10s.; Mr. Zimmerwalt, Malta, £1 1s.; Collection, 109, Servants of Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., £1; Gordon-street Sunday School, £1 1s.; Mr. P. Lee, Dr. Bryce's Mission, Ministry of Saint Gurney, £1 1s.; Wesleyan Day-school, Hew Leake, £1 2s.; Bedham, £1 17s 6d.; Wesleyan Day-school, Hew Leake, £1 2s.; Parishioners of Aylmerton and Sidestrand, £1 19s 1d.; Collection, Grosvenor-street Chapel, £1 12s 6d.; Captain H. King, R. N., £1; Temperance Meeting, Cornbrook, £1 8s.; Subscribers, Sandwich

in his very best hand-writing, with great care he wrote his master's name on the outside, putting the words, "*From a friend*," in the corner. He placed this just inside the barn door, where it would be seen when Farmer Ralph entered. Early the next morning the master went alone into the barn, and the first thing that met his eyes was the letter. "Why what's this?" said he, taking it up and looking at it in great perplexity; he turned it about, and at length opened it.

"The Swearer's Prayer"*—the name "*swearer*" wrote his heart; yes, that was himself, nothing could be plainer. He was constrained to read. "Prayer," what did that mean?—a calling upon God. And had he really in his horrid oaths and deadly blasphemy been praying for curses on himself, his family, his possessions? Yes! that's what he had been, and what he was constantly doing. A profuse sweat broke out upon him, the bright rays of the blessed morning sun as they fell upon him seemed to scorch him as with fire. He could not look up, his knees trembled under him, and with the paper shaking in his hand he fell down saying, "Oh, what shall I do?" It was a dreadful moment—every horrid oath he had uttered seemed ringing in his ears. He could not bear his feelings.

Reader! God always opens a door of escape for every-one who really wants to leave his sins.

Farmer Ralph rose from his knees, wiped the moisture from his face, and set off to call on the nearest minister, taking the letter with him. We need not detail his further career; suffice it to say that it was the turning-point in his history. From that time he became a changed man.

* We purpose inserting the "Swearer's Prayer" in our next No.

The Proud Christian.—An old writer remarks: "You may as well talk of an honest thief, an ignorant philosopher, or a cowardly hero, as of a proud Christian.

"THIS HOUSE TO LET."

"*This House to Let*"—though day by day
We pass this notice by,
How very few of us can say
What these *four words* imply!

In many a case they simply mean
Just what they say—no more,—
'A house to let,' which may be seen,
Inquire at number four.

But oh! how variously they tell
Of Life's eventful scenes,
And unto those who read it well,
How much that notice means!

"*This House to Let*"—another change—
Again a home to seek—
Once more to feel forlorn and strange—
Such language do they speak.

"*This House to Let*"—how many a tale
That notice might reveal,
Could we but gently lift the veil,
Could we but break the seal!

How many a disappointing scheme
That once had promised fair,
Has failed to realize the dream,
And placed that notice there!

How many a scene of Death and woe,
Common to mortal man,
Is daily passing here below,
And changing every plan!

"*This House to Let*—the notice brief,
May tell in language plain,
That, (oddings to the mourner's grief)
Fortune is on the wane.

"*This House to Let*"—oh! who can tell
What pangs of deep regret
May be the lot of those who dwell
Within 'this house to let!'

These words a thousand tales convey,
To such as read aright;
They speak the language of dismay—
Or tell of prospects bright.

In mournful strains they speak to some,
Borne down by grief and care,
And bid them seek *another Home*,
But do not tell them where.

In harsher tones they tell again
Of man's relentless heart,
Appeals to which are made in vain,
The answer is—*Depart!*

"*This House to Let*"—but time would fail,
And language would be spent,
Did we pursue each varied tale,
And picture each event.

"*This House to Let*"—oh! pass not by,
As those hast done before,
But while the *words* attract thine eye,
Ponder their *meaning* o'er—

For speak they not to every heart,
Of its own *house of clay*,
Which, when the *tenant* shall depart,
Will fall into decay?

Then pray that thou, and all mankind,
When notice shall be given,
To quit these frail abodes—may find
"*Mansions*" "prepared" in heaven.

May find "a house not made with hands"—
That passeth not away—
That on the *Rock of Ages* stands,
And never shall decay.

POOR POLLY!

An affecting incident occurred in Bermondsey, London, a few months ago. A shopkeeper was aroused out of his sleep in the middle of the night, by his parrot calling out loudly, "Master! master!" The strong smell of fire caused the startled shopkeeper to jump quickly out of bed. He found that the house was in flames! Engine and fire-escape men were soon on the spot. The shopkeeper and his family happily escaped from the burning house, but, sad to tell, poor Polly was burnt to death!

Little Kindnesses.

The humble current of little kindnesses, which, though but a creeping streamlet, yet incessantly flows, although it glides in silent secrecy within the domestic walls, and along the walks of private life, and makes neither appearance or noise in the world, proves in the end a more copious tributary to the store of human comfort and happiness, than any sudden and transient flood of detached bounty, however ample, that may rush into it with a mighty sound.

It is a great point to get habit on the side of virtue, it will make everything smooth and easy.

Advice—Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the deeper it sinks.

Keep Good Company.—Intercourse with persons of virtue and excellence is of great importance in the formation of a good character. The force of example is powerful. We are creatures of imitation, and by a necessary influence our habits and tempers are very much formed on the model of those with whom we associate.

THE KIWI-KIWI.

How wonderful are the provisions made by the Great Creator for the wants of the animal world. The Kiwi-Kiwi is a striking instance of this. It feeds chiefly on worms, thereby rendering essential service to the tiller of the soil. With its large and powerful bill, it can readily penetrate several inches into the earth, and it seldom fails to find its favourite food.

In this bird, there is scarcely the slightest trace of wings, a peculiarity which has gained for it the title of Apteryx, or wingless. The general colour of the Kiwi-Kiwi is chestnut-brown, each feather being tipped with a darker hue. The height is about two feet. When about to sleep, this curious bird sticks its long bill in the ground to prevent its "toppling over."

The Kiwi-Kiwi is a native of New Zealand, but a fine specimen has been brought over to the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens.

A NOVEL HOME.

Through the kindness of Mr. H. T. Bowley, of Manchester, we are enabled to give our readers an engraving of a novel cottage (formerly a prison), near the village of New Mills, Derbyshire. On a sign-board over the door is the following inscription:—

A Drunkard's Reform.

A working-man, a teetotaller for ten years, who was formerly a notorious drunkard and a notorious poacher, has recently invested his sober earnings in the purchase of the town prison, which he has converted into a comfortable dwelling-house. Frequently on tomate whisit a drunkard and a poacher, he is now owner of the whole, and occupier of the premises.

THOMAS HANDFORD.
A.D. 1854.

It would be a happy day for Old England if *all* our prisons were turned into such 'homes.' We fear, however, that the continued increase of public-houses will occasion the erection of many new prisons.

LIGHT THE LAMPS!

There are in the world about eight hundred millions of human beings. Suppose that instead of eight hundred millions of souls to be brought to God, there were eight hundred millions of lamps to be lighted. If lighted

at the rate of five a minute, it would take between seven and eight hundred years to light them all. But, if every single lamp, when once lighted, had the power of lighting *others* at the same rate of five every minute, the first minute five lamps would be lighted; the next minute each of these would light five; the third minute there would be twenty-five, each lighting five; the fourth minute there would be one hundred and twenty-five, lighting five each; the next minute there would be six hundred and twenty-five, each lighting five, and so on.

By this method of lighting the eight hundred millions of lamps, how long would it take, think you? *Less than fifteen minutes!*

Oh that every Christian were a spiritual Lamp-lighter!

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Thomas Handford's Home, formerly his prison.

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BRITISH WORKMAN

A PLEA FOR

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND

A PLEA FOR THE DONKEY:

Or, the "Poor Man's Friend."

ONE of the hardest-worked, but most wrongfully treated of burden in this country, is the poor donkey. Thousands of the poor, both in our cities and the agricultural districts, would have to starve or seek relief at the Union were it not for the valuable services of the ass. How it is, then, that this useful animal is generally so cruelly treated? Hard labour and kicks are too often the rewards bestowed by the owners. In olden times, and in Eastern climes, the ass was deemed worthy of great honour. Even in the Ten Commandments we find this animal has, more than once, honourable mention. At the present day, in many parts of the Continent, the donkey is cared for and treated as well as the English treat their valuable horses, and the owners have their reward. The valiant friend, the late Gen. Mag-ridge, Esq. (Old Humphrey), states:—"The donkeys at Ostend are very kindly treated by their owners, the market-women. These useful, patient creatures, after they have carried their loads to the market-place, are turned together into a barn, or a large stable, till the market is over. But how do you think their owners contrive to get them out of the stable again, when they are wanted to have their loads once more put on their backs? In my book, a man is seen to stand among them with a long-lashed whip to flog them out, or with a stick that has a spike at the end of it to compel them to quit the place? Neither the one nor the other. Such a course is altogether unnecessary, for no sooner is the stable-door open than off they set of their own accord. Up to their cots, their beds and their stalls, without waiting to look behind them, they make the best of their way to their owners. You see what kindness and early training will do! and remember that we are speaking of human beings, but of donkeys. And these are the animals that men call dogged, stubborn, and stupid. These are the creatures that thoughtless and cruel boys love to plague and goad, and pelt with stones, to their shame be it spoken!"

The Rev. J. G. Wood, in his magnificent work on Natural History, recently issued,* states:—"There are few animals which will better repay attention than the ass, or will develop better qualities. Some years ago, a very excellent movement was started by Captain Scott, R.N., for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of certain unfortunate donkeys which were employed in the conveyance of coal, and were in a most pitiable condition. Several persons had subscribed to concentrate with the owners of the poor animals, and had only been insulted, without achieving any successful result. Captain Scott, however, struck an entirely new chord in this ass, or will develop better qualities. Some years ago, a very excellent movement was started by Captain Scott, R.N., for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of certain unfortunate donkeys which were employed in the conveyance of coal, and were in a most pitiable condition. Several persons had subscribed to concentrate with the owners of the poor animals, and had only been insulted, without achieving any successful result. Captain Scott, however, struck an entirely new chord in this instead of abusing or persecuting those who treated their animals badly, he offered prizes to those who could produce the best and healthiest donkeys. Several persons joined him in this most laudable undertaking, and they held quarterly meetings, at which the prizes were bestowed. The result was also great, and a successful competitor, and the association pledged themselves to employ no donkey-driver who could not produce a medal. The natural consequence was, that the public soon took up the idea; the medal-holders carried off all the treats, and the cruel and neglectful drivers were either forced to conform to the regulations of the society or to betake themselves and their beasts elsewhere."

We hope that the Committee of the Royal Agricultural Society will not deem us intrusive, if we venture to urge upon them the propriety of offering a medal or prize for the best Donkeys. Prizes are offered for the best pigs, sheep, cows, and horses; why not for the best Donkeys?

Lines Addressed to a Young Ass, its Mother being tethered near it.

Poor little foal of an oppressed race!
I love the languid patience of thy face:
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
And clasp thy ragged coat, and pat thy head.
But when I spy dulled spirit and dull eye
That never thou dost sport along the glade?
And, (most unlike the nature of things young,)
Thou art wont still thy meagre head to hang?
Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,
Meek child of misery! thy fate?
The strong weak, and all the thousand aches,
"Which patient merit of the unworthy takes?"
Or is thy soul heart-thrilled with filial pain,
To see thy wretched mother thus tethered chain?
And, truly very pitcous is her lot—
Chained to a log within a narrow spot,
Where her close-cropped grass is nearly all seen,
While sweet around her waves the tempting green?
Poor ass! thy master should have learned to show
Pity—that might by following years grow
For much I fear me that he lives like thee,
Half-famished in a land of luxury!
How kindly act Scottish peasants—hard as hard,
It seems to say, "And have I then one friend?"
Innocent foal! then poor despised forlorn!
I had thee brother once, dwelt in the same home;
And fain would take thee with me, in the dell
Of Peace and mild Equality to dwell,
Where I and shall all the children of health his bride,
And Laughter tickle Plenty's ribless side!
How thou wouldst toss thy head in gamesome play,
And frisk about, as lambs or kittens gay.
Yea: and more mirthfully sweet to me
Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,
Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest
The aching of pale Fashion's vacant breast.

COLERIDGE.

* "Illustrated Natural History." By Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.S. 2 vols. bound in Shilling Sixs. Routledge & Co.

£100 THROWN INTO THE SEA.

ABOUT a mile and a-half from the seaport town of Plymouth, in the beautiful county of Devon, there was situated, fifty years ago, a secluded hamlet, consisting of a few acres of rich meadow-land, skirted by the tall trees, some dozen or more healthy-looking cows, and a fair proportion of calves, a small cottage with various offices well suited for dairy purposes, and the proprietor of all, one Mrs. Matthews, whose small grey eyes, low forehead, thin lips, and sharp chin, combined a character more shrewd than loving. Mrs. Matthews was a widow at the time of which I am speaking, and her son Harry, whose countenance more resembled that the home-d, good-natured and open face of his father, than the selfish cunning of his mother, had just passed his 13th birthday.

There are tricks in all trades; if we are to believe common proverbs. But such tricks are not the more right for all that. Supposing every grocer in London only gives 15 ounces to the pound, and every draper measures his yard an inch too long, and every doctor plays false with his patients, and every other man carries on his business or profession dishonestly, which we know is not the case, yet it is little by comparison of what I am thinking of? Mrs. Matthews thought it was.

"I have to feather my own nest," she would say. "If I should want a bantam, I can do the same that would give it me? Everybody looks after himself; and I mean to do the same. I wouldn't put poison in the milk; but if everybody waters it, shouldn't I be a fool to sell it pure?"

This was the creed, and practice too, of Mrs. Matthews; and if all people were like her, does anybody say good in the long run, still, it cannot be denied that there is such a thing as ill-gotten wealth in this world. The dishonest, the crafty, and the selfish may prosper. The Bible says so; and observation says so; but the Bible and observation prove that, "an honest crust is better than an ill-gotten mouthful."

"It don't seem quite right to me, mother," said Harry, after helping, as she bade him, the water from the well for the admiration of the milk.

But the only reply poor Harry got, was a box in the ear, made of sterner stuff than his mother's, and stronger, but which his mother always called a "good one."

For some time, Harry had wanted to go to sea, and the opportunity presented itself, in the merchant service, leaving his mother to follow her own course, which she did for about fifteen years after Harry's departure, and then died, and left the world, as we know nothing of her closing days, let us hope the best, with regard to her, and look well to our own living, rather than meddle with other people's dying.

During these fifteen years, changes too had passed over Harry. He had grown into a man, cultivated his mind, learned for himself what was right and what was wrong, had conducted himself well as a mate, and was now captain of the vessel, in which he sailed. Better than all, he knew the Lord. He was thinking the very long age, after his mother's death, the captain, whom we shall still call Harry, had with him a pure centaurus 200 sovereigns, which he was conveying home to place and replace the purse in a secret place. Matters was thus in the ship, seeing this, took an opportunity when the weather was favourable, and the sailors were on the rope up to the top of the mast. Here he amused himself to his heart's content, if not to the content of the captain, who felt any thing but amusement, and the purse, look at the gold, piece after piece with the air of a miser miser, and then throw the money into the sea, apparently delighted with the sport, and the sailors would land down among the treasures of the deep, never to be given back.

There are some pleasant things in the world. If you are poor, it is pleasant not to be despised; if you are uneducated, it is pleasant to know that others who started in the race with you, have lost, or, if you are poor, and a Father's hand above to help you; but whatever may be the fruits afterwards, I do not remember any one who felt any pleasure in throwing away money, however that money was obtained. If there ever were such persons, Harry was not one of them. I think I might even the jubilation he felt, when he would have willingly opened his purse for his relief; but to stand there on the deck, and see that little monkey, coolly and deliberately throw sovereign after sovereign into the sea, where it could be of no use to any one, was anything but agreeable.

"Shoot him, Captain," cried the mate.

"I would; only you see, he and the purse would then both drop into the water together.

"Shall I go up and shoot him?" asked one of the sailors.

"Perhaps you'll frighten him; and that will be as bad as shooting him."

After another conversation, one of the sailors stole gently up the rigging, and coming behind the monkey unobserved, caught hold of the purse, and descended with it, in the safety, more rapidly than it ascended. Contents; when he found that about one-half had been thrown overboard.

That Harry should have been sorry, is not surprising; but as he went down into his cabin with the 100 pounds, instead of 200 pounds, there was an expression on his countenance, which, if not the unpromised eye of the sailors, wore an aspect of mystery.

It is said, "There is nothing hid, which shall not be manifest, neither was anything kept secret, but that it should come abroad." These words are more true with respect to deeds of darkness, and their discovery in this world, than many of us think. Conscience sometimes does secret wickedness, that will out. Abel's blood is spilt on the earth. Will the earth keep the secret? The wedge of gold and Babylonish garment, which Achan saw and coveted, he hid in his tent. Was it never found the Judas secretly arranged to betray Christ. Did the financial and secret crime of Ananias? Is what strange ways has the dishonesty of some shopman, servant, servant, maid, or railway-director been discovered? So common in this, that many affirm secret evil must reveal itself sometime or somewhere. You may hide a gem in the heart of the earth; but some earthquake shall disbelge it. You may throw it into the ocean; but the waves of the sea shall throw it back on the shore. Any deposit it on the highest point of the snow-capt mountain; but the snow shall melt and wash it down into the valley for the eye of man to see. You may place it in the tomb; but the colour of the ashes shall tell all about it. And you may think dead men tell no tales; but chemistry will give a tongue to the bones of the dead.

Thoughts of this tinge occupied Harry's mind, as he paced to and from his private cabin. He knew the 200 pounds were not honestly his; and, if the discovery was his, but another's. Being a good man, and anxious to benefit his sailors, he was a little troubled about what he should do with the money he had thrown overboard; but after some further consideration, he again ascended the deck; and collecting his men around him, he addressed them something to the effect:—

"Mates and fellow-seamen, you see what has befallen me. The 200 pounds I brought with me from England, were left me by a poor honest old lady, who was a widow and a milk-woman. It was her practice to adulterate the milk very freely with water; and in this way she saved a good bit of money. I have no doubt but one-half at least of the 200 pounds, was the result of dishonesty; and now see the singular coincidence of the way in which it has been lost, and by which I confess, I am impressed with the belief that ill-gotten wealth carries with it its own destruction. There were 200 pounds in the purse; about one-half came honestly from pure milk; and that is preserved; the other half which came from the water is gone! I do not believe in a bit of superstition in believing that the hand of a righteous retribution is in it; and I hope it may teach us all, that "a little gain by vanity hope it may teach us all, that "a little gain by honesty is better than dishonesty: but he that gathereth by labour shall increase." C. G. N.

"RIGHT COMES RIGHT AT LAST:"

OR,

The Baker who lost nothing by keeping the Sabbath.

IT would be difficult to find anyone whose reality derived any *permanent* advantage from working on the Sabbath, although there in a small way of business—men in bakers and greengrocers—imagine that they would lose their trade if they were to discontinue the practice. Perhaps, however, many persons now living would, if asked, have thought otherwise, and who have prospered beyond their most sanguine expectations. A pleasing instance of this kind occurred to a baker by trade, who lived in a seaport town of Hampshire. He had resided in the place sufficiently long to form many pleasant connections, and had a business well attended to by customers, when he was told by the employers that in consequence of some new arrangements, his services would be required on the Sabbath, instead of Saturday, from the morning till two in the afternoon. His employers, seeing that the young man seemed greatly perplexed, said to him:

"We do not take a month to consider the matter, and then we will talk further on the subject;" intimating, at the same time, that if he complied with the new arrangements, he would be constrained, although unwillingly, to look out for another assistant.

The young man was very distressed; he desired to continue in the situation which he occupied till able to commence business on his own account; and there was certainly no hope whatever of obtaining a similar situation in the town. His determination was, however, soon made; and notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of his young friends, who entreated him not to be so foolish, he very respectfully made known to his employers that he could not work on the Lord's Day.

"Very well, then, the matter is settled," was the brief reply. Nothing more was said; the master turned on his heel, though not without a secret consciousness that the place of the young man would not be readily supplied—and the disappointed journeyman went slowly to his lodging, hoping, as he turned round the corner, and passed the door of the baking-house, that he might hear some other person called upon to attend.

A week passed—then another; the faith of the young man was sorely tried, but he remembered the promises of the Bible, and, to the utmost of his length, when his savings were nearly exhausted, he wrote a letter to his family informing them that he was going to Southampton in search of employment, and gradually from thence to Salisbury; and that, in the event of his not succeeding, he should return in about a week. This done, he proceeded to the post-office, and had the letter sealed, and then nearly reached the place when he was beckoned across the street by an elderly tradesman, who asked him if he had got a situation. Being answered in the negative, the baker, for such he was, said:—

"Well, I have been thinking about retiring from the cares of business, and should like to have a family, and have acquired sufficient to take me to my journey's end; so, if you feel inclined to take my business, you shall have it."

The young man answered that he would gladly embrace such a favourable offer, but having neither relation nor friends to assist him with sufficient capital, he should not be able to do so.

"Well, I have thought that matter over too," replied the tradesman, "and the difficulty can be easily got over. Let the stock be valued by mutual friends, and an agreement drawn up and signed, and you shall pay me by instalments. I know that you are a young man of sound principles and industry, and I will undertake to recommend you to those with whom I have been in the habit of dealing, as well as to those who deal with me. Never fear, do as I have said before, trust in Divine Providence, and you will do well."

The agreement was made at once, and the young man returned to his lodgings, to inform his friends that he was needful to set out for Southampton, nor yet to ask his friends to look out for a situation on his account. He wrote to them, however, at the same day; but his letter told only of joy and thankfulness. In about a fortnight he commenced business, and shortly after married a respectable young woman. He is now a flourishing tradesman, with a good prospect of retiring from business "independent" at no distant period.

ADULT SCHOOLS FOR LANCASHIRE.

We have much pleasure in calling attention to the following letter. The subject to which it refers deserves the special consideration of the Employers and Relief Committees in Lancashire:—

To the Editor of the "British Workman."

DEAR SIR—From your long acquaintance of the claims of the working classes, I am induced to call your attention to the subject of providing means of instruction for the Young operatives now out of work in Lancashire and Cheshire.

To the honour of the Manchester Poor Law Guardians, they have not only agreed to accept of school attendance instead of the labour test, but have issued circulars to the employers of labour, whose establishments are now closed, to that effect, inviting them to open schools in connection with their respective factories, workshops, for the use of their workpeople and families. The same privilege is offered to other schools properly regulated, which may be established by those whose philanthropy may induce them to make a small sacrifice in so good a cause; and it now only remains for those who sincerely desire to render a real boon on our sheving and suffering countrymen, who have so nobly borne up under the pressure of this overwhelming distress, to take steps for establishing schools, and providing teachers, who are faithful visitation, a means of doing good to those who so richly deserve our warmest sympathies and support.

I have the honour to be connected with such a school, in the district of Ancoats, Manchester, and I find from my testimony to the diligence and attention of the workmen-men who attend. Their manliness and praiseworthy anxiety to acquire the instruction, that they may be *useful to them when the time of their trial shall pass away.* They have made the most marked and rapid progress, during the short time the school has been opened. Several unknown old men sent a letter when they commenced, now can read and write a little, and have commenced, or will be soon enabled to take a knowledge of our Free Holds, Rooms and Library, which have hitherto been to them a *sealed inscription.* But above all, many will be enabled to read that Book, which, when purchased, and kept the dusting of the Holy Spirit, is able to make them wise unto salvation. The progress in writing and arithmetic is something surprising, and no person can be more interested in refused admittance (except for want of accommodation) than my name to be sent for a fair specimen of the class, might be expected to attend such schools, if these employers who are interested in the welfare of their fellow people; if our Christian philanthropists, who are now looking out for new fields of usefulness, would only call together, and establish a sufficient number of such schools, what a glorious result would be expected.

I remain, your obedient servant,

J. K. L.

SUNDAY CLOSING of PUBLIC-HOUSES.

A COMMITTEE of about seventy gentlemen, ministers, and others of the Established and Nonconformist communions, recently made a canvass of the licensed victuallers of Leverpool, and received from about two papers of which the following was one:—"We, the undersigned licensed victuallers of Liverpool, are prepared to support the Sunday Act, which will prevent our being engaged in the sale of intoxicating drinks shall be compelled to close our places of business on the Lord's Day." Another, "We, the undersigned, are prepared to support the Act, if the following are the principal figures:—Signed the above statement, 737; refused and understood to be against, 272; glad to see the Act, but did not sign, 123; kept by servants and parties absent, 1,000; refused to sign, 90; not seen, though repeatedly called, 1,000. Seventy-four hundred and fifty-seven of the Liverpool publicans really wish for the Act!

If Petitions to Parliament, from PUBLICANS, for Sunday closing, come in from every town in the land, we believe the Act would soon be passed.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

Extracts from Conveyancers' Letters.

"We have obtained seventeen Subscribers to your periodical this year. We send you a copy of each number with us, and was well we did, for when people saw them, they very easily had their names down as Subscribers."

"Have no better opportunity of recommending the 'British Workman' than by the certain sale of the 'British Workman' to the servants who attend the Sunday School, and there is a Subscriber to be added to do so. My list of Subscribers now amounts to 20, and I believe the best plan is to leave a copy."

"We have canvassed two villages and obtained fifty Subscribers to the "British Workman," twenty-four to the "Sunday Scholar," and twenty-six to the "Cottager and Artisan." We carried a copy of each number with us. As soon as the people saw them, they were ready to subscribe."

"W. S. will do well to persuade the 'Anti-Tobacco Journal' to have monthly illustrations. Nothing will unfavourably affect a journal more perfectly startling, enough to deter any sensitive, who desire to have a pleasant, and not a startling, monthly visitor."

"Re the Prize Essay—"The Wife at Home." A Correspondent asks:—Will you kindly state in the next issue of the "British Workman" whether the Essay should be *strictly confined to the sphere of the wife at home, or whether it may include the writers that this should be stated in order to direct the writers of the Essay which will be sent in competition. There is from one who imagines that the Essay will be intended for competition as a Tract and not as an Essay.*

Competition is intended for insertion in the Annual Volume, and accordingly it is intended that the Essay should be Tract-like, and afterwards to be issued as a Tract for "The Million." Perhaps, the more simple and popular the style the better. Can be given, the more simple and popular the style the better. Can be given in the narrative form, if the writer prefers it. Competition will be open to all, and the Essay judged by the Editor, and published on one side of the paper only. For further particulars, see the "British Workman" for January last.

To BOOKSELLERS.—Bundle of Carriage-free Subscribers, I have Agents in every town in the United Kingdom, and I can also vend any number, and the profit of the canvass is 25 per cent. to your profit, and I will pay the carriage of the copies and the subscriptions. I shall be obliged by your sending me another bundle of Canvassing-bills."

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Hon. Sec.—MR. R. H. BUDDEKIN.

It will gratify our readers to be the following letter, that, through their liberality, the noble sum of

£2,400

has already been remitted by the Committee for the relief of our suffering brethren in Lancashire:—

(Copy.) Offices, 21, New Cannon Street, Manchester, 22rd Jan., 1863.

MY LORD,

I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of your Lordship's letter of the 22nd inst. enclosing draft for £1000, being a second contribution from the readers of the "British Workman," making £2,400 in all from the same source.

The Executive Committee desire me to state how grateful they are with three noble efforts, and to convey to the donors, through your Lordship, their best thanks for such kind sympathy.

I have the honour to be, My Lord,
Your Lordship's letter and obedient servant,
JOHN WM. MACLURE.
Hon. Sec.

To THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, &c.

The Treasurer acknowledges, with thanks, the following additional contributions, up to 31st of January:—

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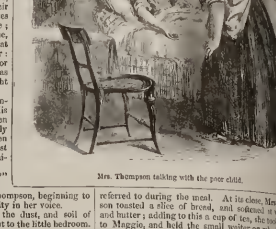
"Take her to the poor-house," said a rough man.



Mrs. Thompson talking with the poor child.

"Take her to the poor-house," said a rough man to whom the question, "What's to be done with Maggie?" was asked. "Nobody's going to be bothered with her."

"The poor-house is a sad place for a sick and helpless child," answered one.

"For your child or mine," said the other, "but for this bmt it will prove a blessed change. She will be kept clean, have healthy food, and be doctored, which is more than can be said of her past condition."

There was reason in that, but still it didn't satisfy. The day following the day of death was made the day of burial. A few neighbours were at the miserable hovel, but none followed the dead cart as it bore the unbonoured remains to the pauper grave. Farmer Jones, after the funeral was over, placed John in his waggon and drove away, satisfied that he had done his part. Mrs. Elka spoke to Kate with a hurried air—"But your sister goodbye," and then drew the tearful children apart ere scarcely their lips had touched in a sobbing farewell. Hastily others went out, some glancing at Maggie, and some resolutely refraining from a look, until all had gone. She was alone. Just over the threshold, Joe Thompson, the wheelwright, paused, and said to the blacksmith's wife, who was hastening off with the rest—

"It's a cruel thing to leave her so."

"Then take her to the poor-house; she'll have to go there," answered the blacksmith's wife, springing away and leaving Joe behind.

For a little while the man stood with a puzzled air; then he turned back and went into the hovel again. Maggie, with a painful effort, had raised herself to an upright position, and was sitting on the bed, straining her eyes upon the door out of which all had just departed. A vague terror had come into her thin, white face.

"Oh, Mr. Thompson," shrieked, "dont leave me alone!"

Though rough in exterior, Joe Thompson, the wheelwright, had a heart, and it was very tender in some places. He liked children, and was pleased to have them come to his shop, where many a waggon was made or mended for the village lads without a draft on their hoarded sixpences.

"No, dear," he answered, in a kind voice, going to the bed and stooping down over the child, "you shan't be left alone." Then he wrapped her with the gentleness almost of a woman, in the clean bedclothes which some neighbour had brought; and, lifting her in his strong arms, bore her out into the air, and across the field that lay between the hovel and his home.

Now Joe Thompson's wife, who happened to be childless, was not a woman of the sweetest temper, nor much given to self-denial for others' good, and Joe had well-grounded doubts touching the manner of greeting he should receive on his arrival. Mrs. Thompson saw him approaching from the window, and with ruffling feathers, met him a few paces from the door, as he opened the garden gate and came in. He bore a precious burden, and he felt it to be so. As his arms held the sick child to his breast, a sphere of tenderness went out from her, and penetrated his feelings. A bond had already cooled itself around them both, and love was springing into life.

"What have you here?" sharply questioned Mrs. Thompson.

Joe felt the child start and shrink against him. He did not reply except by a look that was pleading and cautionary, that said, "Wait a moment for explanations, and be gentle;" and, passing in, carried Maggie to the small chamber on the first floor, and laid her on a bed. Then stepping back, he shut the door and stood face to face with his wife in the passage-way outside. "You haven't brought home that sick brat!" Anger and astonishment were the tones of Mrs. Joe Thompson; her face was in a flame.

"I think women's hearts are sometimes very hard," said Joe. Untilly Joe Thompson got out of his wife's way, or kept rightly silent and non-committive when she fired-up on any subject, it was with some surprise, therefore, that she now encountered a firmly set countenance and a resolute pair of eyes.

"Women's hearts are not half so hard as men's," replied Mrs. Thompson.

Joe saw, by a quick intuition, that his resolute bearing had impressed his wife, and he answered quickly, and with real indignation;—"Be that as it may, every woman at the funeral turned her eyes steadily from the sick child's face, and when the cart went off with her dead mother, burned away, and left her alone in that old hut."

"Where are John and Kate?" now asked Mrs. Thompson.

"Farmer Jones put John into his waggon, and drove off. Katie went home with Mrs. Elka; but nobody wanted the sick one. 'Send her to the poor-house,' was the cry."

"Why didn't you let her go to the poor-house, then? What did you bring her here for?"

"She can't walk to the poorhouse," said Joe, "somebody's arms must carry her, and mine are strong enough for that task."

"Then why don't you keep on? Why did you stop here?" demanded the wife.

"Because I am not apt to go on fools' errands. The Guardians must first be seen, and a permit obtained," replied Joe Thompson.

"When will you see the Guardians, and get the permit?" was asked, with irrepressible impatience.

"To-morrow."

"Why put it off until to morrow? Go at once for the whole thing off your hands to-night."

"Jane," said the wheelwright, with an impressiveness of tone that greatly subdued his wife, "I read in the Bible sometimes, and find much said about little children—how the Saviour rebuked the disciples who would not receive them; and how He said that whoever gave them even a cup of cold water should not go unrewarded. Now, it is a small thing for us to keep this poor motherless little one for a single night; to be kind to her for a single night: to make her comfortable for a single night."

The voice of the strong, rough man, shook, and he turned his head away, so that the moisture in his eyes might not be seen. Mrs. Thompson did not answer, but a soft feeling crept into her heart.

"Look at her *kindly*, Jane; speak to her *kindly*," said Joe. "Think of her dead mother, and the loneliness, the pain, the sorrow that must be on all her coming life." The softness of his heart gave unwonted eloquence to his lips.

Mrs. Thompson did not reply, but presently turned towards the little chamber where her husband had deposited Maggie; and, pushing open the door, went quietly in. Joe did not follow; he saw that her state had changed, and felt that it would be best to leave her alone with the child. So he went to his shop, which stood near the house, and worked until dusky evening released him from labour. A light shining through the little chamber window, was the first object that attracted Joe's attention on turning towards the house. It was a good omen. The path led him by this window, and when opposite, he could not help pausing to look in. It was now dark enough outside to screen him from observation. Maggie lay a little raised on a pillow, with the lamp shining full upon her face. Mrs. Thompson was by the bed talking to the child; her back was towards the window, so that her countenance was not seen.

Joe Thompson watches his wife and the poor child.

From Maggie's face, therefore, Joe must read the character of their intercourse. He saw that her eyes were intently fixed upon his wife; that now and then few words came, as if in answers, from her lips; that her expression was mild and tender; but he saw nothing of bitterness or pain. A deep drawn breath was followed by one of relief as a weight lifted itself from his heart.

On entering, Joe did not go immediately to the little chamber. His heavy tread about the kitchen brought his wife somewhat hurriedly from the room where she had been with Maggie. Joe thought it best not to refer to the child, nor to manifest any concern in regard to her.

"How soon will supper be ready?" he asked.

Right soon," answered Mrs. Thompson, beginning to bustle about. There was no asperity in her voice.

After washing from his hands the dust, and soil of work, Joe left the kitchen and went to the little bedroom. A pair of large bright eyes looked up at him tenderly, gratefully, pleadingly. How his heart swelled in his bosom! Joe sat down, and now for the first time examining the thin face carefully under the lamplight, saw that it was an attractive face, and full of a childish sweetness which suffering had not been able to obliterate.

"Your name is Maggie?" he said, as he sat down and took her soft little hand in his.

"Yes, sir." Her voice struck a chord that quivered in a low strain of music.

"Have you been sick long?"

"Yes, sir." What sweet patience was in her tone!

"Has the doctor been to see you, Maggie?"

"He used to come, Sir."

"But he hen'nt come lately?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any pain, Maggie?"

"Sometimes I have pain, sir, but I have none now."

"When had you pain?"

"This morning my side ached very much, and my back hurt when you carried me in your arms."

"It hurts you to be lifted or moved about, does it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your side doesn't ache now, does it Maggie?"

"No, sir, it doesn't hurt now."

"Did it ache a great deal, Maggie?"

"Yes, sir; but it hasn't ached *any* since I've been on this soft bed."

"The soft bed feels good?"

"O, yes, sir—so good!"

What a satisfaction, mingled with gratitude, was in the poor sick child's face!

"Supper is ready," said Mrs. Thompson, looking into the room a little while afterwards.

Joe glanced from his wife's face to that of Maggie; she understood him and answered—

"She can wait until we are done; then I will bring her something to eat." There was an effort at indifference on the part of Mrs. Thompson; but her husband had seen her through the window, and understood that the coldness was assumed. Joe waited, after sitting down to the table, for his wife to introduce the subject uppermost in both of their thoughts, but she kept silent on that theme for many minutes, and he maintained a like reserve. At last she said abruptly—

"What are you going to do with that child?"

"I thought you understood me that she was to go to the poor-house," replied Joe, as if surprised at her question.

Mrs. Thompson looked rather strongly at her husband for some moments, and then dropped her eyes. The subject was not again referred to during the meal. At its close, Mrs. Thompson toasted a slice of bread, and sodden it with milk and butter; adding to this a cup of tea, she took them to Maggie, and held the small waiter on which she had placed them while the hungry child ate with every sign of pleasure.

"Is it good?" asked Mrs. Thompson, seeing what a keen relish the food was taken.

The child paused with the cup in her hand, and answered with a look of gratitude that smoke to new life old human feelings which had been slumbering in Mrs. Thompson's heart for years.

"We'll keep her a day or two longer; she is so weak and helpless," said Mrs. Joe Thompson, in answer to her husband's remark, at breakfast time on the next morning, that he must step down and see the Guardians of the Poor about Maggie.

"She'll be so much in your way," said Joe.

"I shan't mind that for a day or two. Poorhouse!"

Joe did not see the Guardians of the Poor on that day, nor on the day following! In fact, he *never* saw them at all on Maggie's account, for in less than a week, Mrs. Joe Thompson would as soon have thought of taking up her abode herself in the poor-house, as sending Maggie there!

What light and blessing did that sick child bring to the home of Joe Thompson, the poor wheelwright! It had been dark, and cold, and miserable there, for a long time, just because his wife had nothing to love and care for out of herself, and so become sour, irritable, querulous, and self-afflicting in the desolation of her woman's nature. Now the sweetness of that sick child looking ever to her in love, patience, and gratitude, was as honey to her soul, and she carried her as far heart as well as in her arms, a precious burden. As for Joe Thompson, there was not a man in all the neighbourhood who drank daily of a more precious wine of life than he. An angel had come into his house disguised as a sick, helpless, and miserable child, and filled all its dreary chambers with the sunshine of love.

"NO, MATES! I'LL NOT."

"NO MATES! I'll *not* drink and gamble," said a workingman, some twenty years ago, in reply to the jeering taunts of his comrades, who wanted him to join them at a public-house, instead of going "home." That working man spent his nights in reading, writing, and improving his mind. He rose up "the *ladder* of life," step by step. He is now a *master builder!* Nearly every man who urged him to drink is now, either in the churchyard or the poor-house! Working men! is there not a power in NO!

"We didn't *can* let her go to the poor-house, then!"

"NO, mates, I'll not drink and gamble."

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OUR PRINCE'S WEDDING.

Give to joy the passing hours,
Clear the way and strew the flowers;
Twine the wreath and swell the song,
While the pageant sweeps along:
Ledger cares, for once, away,
Albert-Edward weds to-day.

Long hath Britain mourned, demure,
With her widowed Queen, and poor;
But, to grace this marriage, fire,
All, with glad accord, unite.
Such a bridegroom, such a bride,
Justified her loyal pride,
Leads a wisdom to the madness
Of this strange unwonted gladness.

Thus, our Albert-Edward, we
Show our love to thine and thee:
Honour thee, with heart and voice,
Thy discriminating choice.
Denmark's lily, good as fair,
Take her to thy love and care:
And, with her, our prayers outspoken
That this tie be long unbroken,
Death itself at last but sever
To unite again for ever:
Heavenly influence on to rest,
Happy, honoured, blessing, blest.

Prince, no common light is shed
On the path that noble tread,
And yet prouder wreaths may twine
Round that youthful brow of thine.
Oh, whatever may betide thee,
Take God's lamp of truth to guide thee;
Keep thy motto "will to single,"
Live the true, and love the right:
Duty—its a regal thing;
Service—what may grace a king:
Illustrate to us, in one,
Loving spouse and dutious son;
Virtue linked to highest station,
All that's good with all that's great.

By the care of Her who bore thee,
By His halo bright before thee,
Let thy after-chapters prove
Him worth worship all thy love.
So this pageant shall not perish,
Like bright dreams we erance may cherish;
So the "Isles of Mare's" shall rise,
'Mong our happiest memories.

S. W. P.

March 10th, 1863.

"Ich Dien—I serve."

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

ALBERT-EDWARD, Prince of Wales, was born at Buckingham Palace, on the 9th of November, 1841. His earliest education was conducted by tutors chosen with the utmost care by his late father, "who, as the *Athenæum*, "not only furnished a general plan for his instruction, but superintended it himself; not only appointed to each of his children, his or her teachers, but thought it his duty to read every book which was about to be put into their hands." Those who have had the best opportunities of knowing the Prince, say, "He has ever been remarkable in common with all the children of the Royal Family, for filial obedience and high moral excellence, and we cannot but, confidently believe, that his future will be worthy of the honoured father, whose footsteps he now treads."

At the High-School, Edinburgh, he was a general favorite, as well as an earnest student; and at Cambridge University he so conducted himself, as to lead the Chancellor, Senators and Students, to presenting an address of condolence to the Queen, to say of the Prince, "From the knowledge of his noble qualities, which his residence among us has enabled us to acquire, we feel assured that both in domestic cares, and in the administration of the affairs of the state, your Majesty will receive from him all the cordial assistance which a loyal, dutiful and loving son can afford." The Prince has been privileged to visit America, Italy, and Palestine. The last visit, which was made since the death of his lamented father, having been full of the deepest interest, and enkindled, there is reason to hope, to produce lasting impressions.

The royal marriage is the first and the greatest public step the Prince has yet taken, and it is a marriage of affection. We have heard this from several sources, and from the highest authority; but the Prince himself, has given it beyond a doubt, for in a letter, which he addressed to the Earl of Clarendon, in acknowledging a congratulatory address upon his coming of age, he says: "I assure you, I now know what it is to feel happy, and I can only make the future life and home of my wife and a happy one, and have constantly before me the bright example of my dear parents, I think I shall have every reason to be contented. I feel confident I can think that my approaching marriage will be one which is approved by the nation, and I hope that I may be able to answer the expectations that are formed of it."

A writer in the *Spectator*, thus describes the appearance of the Prince, "The living original is very different indeed from the *conventional* portrait, the face is less bookserious, almost to sadness; the small mouth and high forehead bespeak intelligence, and the whole expression of the face is that of the thoughtful and earnest man, rather than that of the growing youth. The Prince of Wales has the features of his father, even more than of his mother. He has that look of extreme modesty, which so much characterised the late Prince Consort; that same refined line of the lower face, denoting the absence of the grosser passions, and those small but narrow lips, given to thinking rather than talking. The visible modesty, nay shyness, is striking in one whose career lay in his cradle."

NOTICE.—As some of our readers will probably desire to have good impressions of our Engraving of the Prince and Princess of Wales, for the purpose of being framed, &c., we have had a number carefully printed on plate paper. Copies may be had through any Bookseller. Price Sixpence each. Post-free, Eightpence.

A BRIDAL WISH.

BY ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

We cannot bring thee gems and gold,
Sweet lady—royal bride;
But we can pray that thy wealth untold
May in thy home abide.

The loftiest and the lowliest lot
Are both alike in this,—
That in the palace and the cot,
True love must bring true bliss.

Oh may this treasure of the heart,
This wealth without alloy,
Be thine, to share and to impart
Through years of home-felt joy.

Millions of hearts, oh, royal pair,
Beat as with one strong bound;
Millions of voices rent the air,
Blended in one full sound.

This was the feeling, this the word
Spoken 'mid joyful tears—
"Preserve and bless them both, O Lord,
For many happy years."

And may their virtues comfort one
Whose grief a nation shares;
And soothe the mourner on the throne,
With tenderest filial cares.

Blessing and blest, oh, may they keep,
Through all life's changing years,
A wedded love, as pure and deep
As that which claims our tears.

Long, long may they be spared to grace,
With noble deeds, their state;
Be first in virtues, as in place,
Be good as well as great.

GOD BLESS THE PRINCE!

Fair England's Prince we pray,
On this his marriage day,
God bless our Prince!
From thy rich heavenly store,
On him Thy blessings pour,
Here, and for evermore,
God bless our Prince!

Welcome to England's shore,
Denmark's transplanted flower;
Joyful may be she bloom!
Lord, let Thy beams divine
On Prince and Princess shine,
Make them, and keep them Thine,
Bless Thou their home!

Lead them in Truth's pure light,
Make them examples bright,
Princess and Prince!
Be Albert's name
Worthy Victoria's fame,
And distant lands exclaim
God bless the Prince!

TUCK.—"*God save the Queen.*"

"THINGS GO WRONG WITH ME."

"THINGS goes wrong with me somehow," said a weary dispirited-looking man, one Friday night, as he trudged slowly along the road homeward, with his basket of tools slung over his shoulder.

"How so Johson, you haven't been out of work this year or more," said a companion in a cheery voice, who was good naturedly walking a little slower than he wished, so as to speak a few friendly words to one he had known some years, but did not often meet at the works, for though they were both employed by the same master, they did not work in the same workshop.

"How so, Johson, don't you feel well?"

"Yes, I feel enough, and I'd mention my complaint is in my pocket, Jenkins—that's a common ailment."

"Well, we should all like our pockets full, no doubt. But 'tisn't every working-man is making six days a-week now."

"I never do make six days," said Johson, with a yawn.

"No! how is that?"

"Oh, I'm always Mondayish—I'm as mad with myself at the week's end, as I feel sorry for myself somehow, when Monday comes, there I am. I can't buckle to, I lose a day a-week, and that 'ud pay the rent; and my Lizzie grumbles and growls about it, and everything goes wrong."

"Now, Johson, may I ask you a question, and you won't be offended?" said Jenkins, kindly.

"Offended! not I, but I don't know as I shall answer your question."

"How do you spend your Sunday?"

"Why, my wife and I, when we can get our best toggery—and that is'nt always—we take a trip somewhere; or sometimes we have a friend to see."

"And you come home very tired, I suppose?"

"Tired, we just do, talk of hard work! why pleasuring when you've got one or three children to lug about, just is tiring, and no mistake."

"Ah, you don't feel fresh on Monday morning."

"Freshes—I don't beat mostly."

"And how about the pay you spoke of."

"Why, I don't mind telling you, Jenkins, you're a quiet fellow and won't let it go further; but when we make up our rent we have to pawn the best coat, and may be Lizzie's gown and shawl; and when we take 'em out it swallows up a week's work, and the interest eats us up. Lizzie takes 'em again on Monday, and then she has to pay the shop with the money she gets; and if we can't take 'em out, somehow we've all out of sorts of a Sunday, and I'm sorry my wife, that we're sorry for afterwards, and I've gone into the fields before now to get out of hearing of the row. And then I'm so downhearted on Monday that I haven't a bit of strength in me. It's all toil, and no good comes of it, and when I think about it drives me to the "Chequers," to take a drop to put a bit of life into me."

"Ah, Johson, my good fellow you're on the wrong track altogether. Now, do let me persuade you to alter it."

"Alter what?"

"Your way of Life. Keep your Sunday, Johson, quietly and properly. Go to the House of God, and take your rest between whiles. Let your wife and children have your company. Get to bed betimes, and you'll rise fit for Monday's work. Pinch a bit, and persuade your wife to make a struggle to keep the clothes. Then put your wage as far as you can, and let it be seen you wish to pay. Avoid the "Chequers," as you would poison. Keep to that plan, Johson, for a month. Be a man, and make the resolution, and keep it, and my word for it, at the end of the month you'll see your way out of your difficulties. Your wife will have the loss of Monday is a sixth part taken out of your income. The interest paid on your clothes is twenty per cent. The want of good tool in the week makes you unfit for work, and then your Sunday pleasuring as you call it, wears you out, body and mind."

"I believe you are right, Jenkins."

"Right, yes, and that's not all—no, no that's only a part of the evil; the worst is yours soul, Jenkins. If you break God's Sabbath, you break His law and defy Him, and if you die in your rebellion, you are lost for ever—think of that, and of your wife and children, you are ruining them too. Try a bad example. It's not easy for them to go right if you go wrong."

"I wouldn't injure my wife and children for all the world, whatever they happens to be."

"I know you would not. I've seen the little dears run out to meet you, and jump up into your arms, and I know you love them; but, Johson, if you go on as you are doing now, you'll bring them to ruin in this world; ah, and most likely in the next too."

"Oh, that's a doubtful thing to me," gasped the poor man, wip ng his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Yes, but you can begin this night a new way!" At that instant they passed a public-house where there was the sound of singing. "Come in here with me," said Jenkins, "I'm late to-night, but come in."

Johson would have made an excuse, for he was dirty and tired, but before the words were out of his mouth the door opened, and there was an old man, Jenkins's father, and a few working men holding a prayer-meeting, as was their custom on a Friday night. Johson sat down in a corner near the door and listened.

That night was the turning point. Johson went home and told his wife the conversation, and mentioned the prayer-meeting. They talked long over their difficulties, and made the resolution that Jenkins had recommended, not without both crying to the Lord for help.

Reader, it was hard work to retrieve; but they persevered, and soon Johson was seen walking to the House of God with his wife and children around him, all neat and comfortable—and then they had such great pleasure in their Sunday rest, that the Sabbath became a delight. Instead of being tired on Monday, he rose refreshed, but no time at his work, paid his rent punctually, and bought good cheap articles for ready money, instead of bad and dear things on credit, and was so cheerful and happy that everyone said, "Why Johson's a new man!" Yes, he was a new man, and he one found any fault except the landlord of the "Chequers."

SATURDAY NIGHT.

WRITTEN BY A JOURNEYMAN MECHANIC.

Now, wife and children, let's be gay,
My work is done, and here's the pay;
I'was hard to earn, but not never mind it,
Hope rear'd the sheaf, and peace shall bind it.
Six days I've toil'd, and now we meet
To share the welcome weekly treat
Of toast and ale, of work and joy,
Which gained by labour cannot cloy.
Come, ye who form my dear fireside,
My cares, my comforts, my joy and pride;
Come now, and let us close the night,
In harmless sports of fond delight.
To-morrow's sun, the Sabbath day,
And each domestic joy increase,
To him who honestly maintains
That course we have pursued from ordains.
'Tween rich and poor, the difference what?
In working, or in working not.
Why blame the poor? Why envy the great?
As those who own, a vast estate.
For on to-morrow's happy day,
We shall worship Jehovah more than they;
And though no dainties I afford,
What's sweet and clean will grace my board.
For which, and every blessing given,
Thankful, we'll bow the knee to Heaven;
In God's own house our voices raise,
With grateful notes of prayer and praise.
These duties will not interfere,
Or cloud my brow with thoughts severe.
Serene is the tranquility of heart,
Which public-worship does impart;
And sweet's the field, and sweet's the road,
To him who conscience bears no load.
Thus shall the day as God design'd,
Promote my health, nubend my mind.
On Monday morning, free from pain,
Cheerful I'll go to work again.
Our life is but a lengthen'd week,
Through which with toil for rest we seek;
And he whose labour shall be past,
A joyful Sabbath finds at last.

M. H.

Make a Beginning.—Remember in all things that if you do not begin, you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed set in the ground, the first shilling put in the savings'-bank, and the first mile travelled on a journey, and all important things; they make a beginning, a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance, that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. The many a poor, lifeering, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling his way through the world, who might have held up his head and walked, if instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning.

☞ **With 70 Engravings.**—The "British Workman," for 1862. Illustrated by John Gilbert, Birkes Foster, Henry Anelay, Harrison Weir, L. Huard, &c. In Illustrated paper cover, price 1s. 6d. Superior Edition, cloth, gilt, 2s. 6d.

☞ **With 100 Engravings.** The "Children's Friend," for 1862. In Illustrated cover, 1s. 6d. Plain cloth, 2s., gilt edges, 2s. 6d. This is an excellent present for the young.

☞ **With 70 Engravings.** The "Band of Hope Review," for 1863. Cover printed in colours, 1s. paper edition, cl. gilt, 2s.

SUNDAY EXCURSION TRAINS.

It is to be observed that when working-men are encouraged by Sunday excursion trains, it is to the injury of our working-men who are thus deprived of a day of rest. The kind-hearted gentlemen who demand increase of operatives, seem to overlook the circumstance, if the benefactors were themselves to take the place of the stokers, engineers, and station-men, and thus give, at personally to their benefactors' designs, I could approve their disinterestedness. But if they simply demand the labour of others for their labourer's pleasure, the disinterestedness of such a proceeding is not very apparent.

But we are told that the workmen of this class are few in number, and may therefore be warranted in being benevolently "sacrificed" to the general good. We are not so few as this humane argument supposes. The passenger trains accompanied the mail, and the men were employed upon the line. It appears from "Bradshaw's Guide" that eight hundred and fifty trains run upon the English lines of railway on the Sabbath, and if we suppose ten men to be required at an average for each of these trains, then from eight to nine thousand men are thus employed. When we are told, that Sunday trains are wholesale of pleasure to working men, the statement must be received with a grain of caution. We must remember that there are thousands of operatives to whom the allegation is inapplicable, and that not only are these thousands deprived of the Sabbath, but are compelled to furnish that pleasure by earlier service. Even this representation of the facts falls far short of the truth. Railways bring numerous vehicles into operation on cross-roads, and at stations steam-carriages have a connexion, not only with them, and if the former run, the latter will wait. The amount of time, must be in proportion to the amount of travelling, and a general system of traffic on the Lord's day appears, in such circumstances, to be inevitable. It will be a matter of little issue comes to be lamented when it can no longer be rectified, and pleasure ceases to be, if it sears us to its evils, and grow so familiar to observers as to be looked upon with indifference.— DR. KIDD.

IS IT NECESSARY!

In this country, two hundred and fifty-three thousand licenses are taken out for Inns, Public-houses, and Beer-shops. In these at least two hundred and fifty thousand persons are constantly employed. They continue in long and laborious toil the long week, being greatly followed, amid noise, haste, and excitement, up to the hour every night. But what is worse, all these houses are opened by law on the Lord's day. The law of the land, many hundreds of years has compelled places of business to be closed on the Lord's-day. Butchers and bakers, clothes-sellers and shoe-sellers which is for when they sell on the Lord's-day. But why may a man sell beer and brandy on the Lord's-day, when he may be punished for selling on that day beef or bread? Surely this contradiction cannot be justified. It is necessary; and therefore whenever efforts have been made to stop the liquor traffic on the Lord's-day, persons in favour of the traffic have taken refuge behind a plea on behalf of travellers. They then confine that public-houses and beer-shops should not be opened on the Lord's-day but for travellers. I want, then, to appeal to you, who now enter public-houses on the Lord's-day, Are you travellers? IS IT NECESSARY that you should be trailing in liquor on the Lord's-day? Is NECESSARY, when you have this day for rest, that you should keep others at work? Would you like to be one of the servants here made to work on all days alike?

Help, then, to stop the liquor traffic on the Lord's-day! Not one man in the public-houses is a traveller. Do to defend the system of selling intoxicating drinks on the Lord's-day. They have stopped the Sunday liquor traffic in Sweden, and in their largest city, Gieger, the police declare that no one remembers have a so crime on the Lord's-day, but that the police *too on now rest and go to church.* Some time since, they stopped the Lord's-day liquor traffic in New York, and in eighteen months there were nine thousand less cases of crime on Sundays. Both in Scotland and New York, made in Ireland, it is now a matter of doubt, the traffic on the Lord's-day. Parliament can be made for all travellers; but all the public-houses and beer-shops in England need not be open for these. Help, then, to stop IS NOT NECESSARY; it cannot rightfully be defended.

Help us, then, to close on the Lord's-day the Sabbath-day and Gin-palace. Help us to stop the traffic in liquor, where buyers and sellers are alike violating God's plain commandment, "Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." "Remember the *Sabbath-day, address issued by the Lord's-day Observance Society.*

ETYMOLOGY OF HUSBAND.

THE word *husband*, it seems is, a contraction from *house-band*. The bond of a family is called husband from the fact that he is the band of the house, as it unites the house together—the bond of union among the family. It is to be regretted that all husbands are not *house-bands* in reality as in name. There are a great many misnomers current in this world.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A TOTAL GARDENER writes from Chiswick—"You will find enclosed twelve postage stamps, for the distribution of the British Workman, which I shall be glad to have sent to me, as I am greatly perplexed and cast down, hardly knowing what to do, when taking up the British Workman, I cast my eye upon it, it has been the comfort my eyes, and it was a *message of comfort to me.* Not God bless you, for the good you have done for the poor labourer. It would be a good thing if your Almanac could be hung against the wall in every Lodging-House for Young Men."

TWO SEXTONS' SONGSTRESSES.—We shall be glad to forward a supply of the "British Workman," to any of our friends who will kindly enclose them in letters to their correspondents.

PACKETS BY POST.

☞ The Publisher will forward packets of the "British Workman" to any part of the United Kingdom, Channel Islands, Malta and Ionian Islands, Canada, Cape Colony, and Australia, on receipt of a copy for cl., or for one year &c.

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DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.

From the following letter, our readers will learn that the sum forwarded to Manchester, by the Committee for the sufferers in Lancashire, has reached the noble sum of

THREE THOUSAND POUNDS!

(Copy) Fund for the Relief of the Distress in the Manufacturing Districts. Offices, 21, Cannon Street, Manchester, Feb. 25, 1863.

Mr Lord,—I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of your Lordship's letter of the 24th instant, enclosing draft for £600, being a third instalment (making a total of £1000) from the readers of the *British Workman*, in aid of the unemployed operatives in the distressed districts. I am requested by the Committee to offer your Lordship their best thanks for your kind interest, as also to the donors for their continued liberality.

I have the honour to be, my Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient servant,
JOHN W. MACLURE,
Hon. Sec.

To The
Right Hon. The Earl of Shaftesbury, &c.

The Treasurer acknowledges, with thanks, the following additional contributions up to February 28th, 1863.

Eleven Weekly Offertories at the Special Services, Britannia Theatre, per S. Morley, Esq. £2 2s 1d, Offertories at Morning Prayer Company's Works, Wharf Road, £4 12s 8d; Double Library Institute, 10s; Convert and Sailors in the Street Hill Young Men's Open-Air Temperance Mission, 6l 1s; Mrs Lydia Harris, Pembroke (5th Subscription) 1s; Collected by Mr. Cole Sellers, Islington, 4l 9s 6d; Collected by Mr. John Dixon, Wellington, New Zealand, 4l 2s, "A Tectotaler, per Wellington, New Zealand, 8s; Widows of Lord Lecomfield, 21 1ar; Mrs. Kempson, Gingewell, 1l; Mr. H. Dobbyn, Ashbank School, Devon, 1l 1s; District Collection, Barnton, by the Rev. E. W. Bickersteth, 1l 1s; Mr. Wm. Bowers, Fleet St. Scots Church, Liverpool, 2l; Mr. Bagnall School, Neptune-street, Birkenhead, 1l 1s, 6d; Employees at Lapworth's Depository, Finsbury, E.C., 2l 2s, 8d; Collected by Mr. Thomas Wright, Hanley, Staffordshire, 1l 1s; Mr. Wm. Moore, R. S. C. Marshall, Cheltenham, 1l 2s; The Girls of St. Silas Sunday School, Liverpool, 1l 1s; Collected by Mr. Gilchrist, at Miss Fowley, per Rev. T. W. Wilkinson, 3l 18s; Mr. J. C. Rowley, Rochester, 1l; Proceeds at a Mock Trial, Gallowgate, Ba ne Heaton, Southampton, 1l 2s; Workmen of Messrs Ennis & Simpson, Holborn, 1l; Collected by Miss H. Frank, Cheltenham, 1l 10s 3d; Workpeople at Wellington, Hanks & Fowcett Collieries 1l 19s 3d; Sons of Temperance Work in Gallowgate, Gorbalmore, 1l 5s 9d; a Contribution to the "British Workman Relief Fund," by T. Grays and sons, Hanley, 2l 2s; The Dover Pilots, 1l 1s; Half a pence Collection in Scherton Church, by Rev. R. T. Burton, 1l 14s 3d; Workmen at Messrs Wright & Co's Works, Tipton, 1l 4s 8d; Miss Oxley, Grantham, 2l; Collected by Cooper and Paymaster-Sergeant, R. N. Hospital, Nassau, Bahamas, 1l 1s; Collected by Mr. Pigott and Employees, 1l; G. C., 1l; House-to-House Collection, at Greenham, by Mrs R. Godfrey, 4l 12s 3d; The Rev. W. St Lodge Aldworth, Eardisley Vicarage, 5l; Second Collection after School-room Service at Mansfield Brewery, Derby, 2l, 4s; Mr. J. Prophet Archer Church of Canon Hall, Jamaica, per the Rev. James Martin, 4l 8s 8d; A Well wisher, Jamaica, 1l; Employees of Work and at Kinlochee, Co Cavan, 1l 3s.

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LIGHTED HOME.

I once spent an evening at a secluded house in the western valley of South Wales, which was used as a temperance meeting in the school-room of the district, and at its close, while many of those who attended lived in the immediate neighbourhood, yet there was a little more a considerable distance, to hear a favourite speaker. A goodly number of guests assembled in the house in which I stayed all night, after some time spent in pleasant conversation, and concluded with family prayer, the company took leave. I observed that one among them after a short minutes' absence reappeared, closely wrapped in a warm coat, and wearing stout leather leggings, and carrying a lantern in his hand.

"Have you to go to this dark night?" I said.

"Yes, across the mountain, a good four miles, and a rough road. It'll be a good hard climb! I can tell you, but I know the way, and I've to go to-night!" I said.

"Yes, across the mountain, a good four miles, and a rough road. It'll be a good hard climb! I can tell you, but I know the way, and I've to go to-night!" I said.

spoke, to his lantern, and so with a "cheery good-night" all found, he departed.

I retired to my room, and drawing up the blind, looked out into the night. It was too dark to see anything distinctly, I knew the house was near the bottom of a very steep hill of a regular conical shape, and presented a view of black wall that I dimly descried was the abrupt rise of the mountain side. While I looked, I saw a glimmering light, like a tiny taper, move on upwards, as if actuated with interest, how slowly it seemed to move! It was the light of my friend, as he walked his rough way home ward. But for that guiding ray he would have stumbled in his stony path, or wandered entirely out of his tract—and it was, on and on he went still upward. His course reminded me of human life. Life is a steep and a rough path to most of us. We have to climb the mountain before we reach home. Have we a light?

The Bible is the only safe light for our feet, and lamp to our path. Can we say as this wayfarer did, "I know the way?"

Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life.

Do we walk in that "way?" Have we that "*truth*" in our hearts? Do we look forward in faith to have "*life*" in Him for eternity?

If we have not the light, and do not know the way, we are in instant danger of being lost. There are pitfalls in the steep mountain side that are yawning; they may be at every step. Oh, dear reader, perhaps, up to this time you have not known your danger. Ask for help in your rough journey. Ask in prayer, fervently. Above all, provide yourself with that light of Divine truth which God has given to enlighten every man that cometh into the world. With your Bible as your chart, and Christ as your Guide, you will be preserved from evil, and climb the mountain safely to your eternal home.

THE BIBLE PATTERN OF A GOOD WOMAN.—NO. XIII.

THE SUMMARY.

"Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

"Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."—Proverbs xxxi. 30, 31.

This inspired writer has not left us a mere fine description of character. He has shown us the source of all the excellences that the woman possesses, and closes the last of the lessons, "A woman that feareth the Lord." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." When Joseph was tempted to commit sin, said, "How can I do that great wickedness, and sin against God?"

He first dwelling in the mind of a loving child is free of offending a good parent, and when a child has this feeling there is little doubt but it will be obedient and good; and so it is with wicker children. When we think of all God's love—how He made us, and gave us all that we possess of kindred, friends, and daily comforts. How He did all this for our bodies. And that He has done far more for our souls. We were all sinners prone to evil from the first moment that thought dawned on our mind. We were wanderers, not thinking of God, or of heaven or hell, or eternity. And as sinners and wanderers, we must be lost, for in our sins we could not enter that holy place whose God dwells, but He pitied us in our lost estate, and sent Christ Jesus the ancient Saviour to take our nature, and to die for our sins. We were under condemnation, and He took our punishment, paid our debt, and ransomed us with His own blood.

When we think of this love, how can any heart resist its claims? If a man would feel that he owed a moment of ingratitude would that friend be if he did not love one who had done such a deed. But no man could ransom our souls by his death, for every man, however good, is a sinner, and cannot atone even for his own sin. It was the Lord of Life, "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His Person," who gave Himself and suffer and die as a man—a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Oh, what love is this! And all we can offer in return for this great and glorious gift is a heart and honour this Divine Saviour. If we ask of God He will give us His Holy Spirit, that we may be able to love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. Christ God's free gift, bestowed out of the fulness of His grace. If we have this gift we shall know something of the love of God, and will feel that it is the sin of our lives of offending our Almighty Father. Such a fear will influence every action of life. One of the great mistakes into which people fall in their religious profession is to impute for Sunday use. That it means merely going to a place of worship, and reading a chapter in the Bible and praying, and that is all that is required of us on the Sunday grown and cant. Religion to a real Christian is like the air we breathe, it pervades everything, and is to be the ruling principle of our lives, and it will show itself in ness to the character, that in the lowly duties of the housewife—in working and cleaning, and buying and selling, and in buying, and in the business of life, and it will make up the ordering and management of the home, religion enters. The fear of the Lord makes her careful to employ the Lord's time, and the talents and talents, whether small or great, are the Lord's gifts. She will have to give an account of them, and so she sees them diligently. Her husband and children are the social ties that the Lord has appointed her. She must do her part wisely and tenderly by them. All she has is the Lord's; it is Him she has for protection, and He will send prosperity. This principle is the golden thread that runs through all, strengthening and beautifying the whole web and woof of her life, as it is bright woven in the loom of time.

Compared with this, how poor is that mere beauty on which women set so high a value. A fit of sickness may, and the hand of time must, fade the bloom of the fairest face, and warp the outline of the finest form, but the sweet records of a life of holy fear and love will not only stamp their benignant impress on the countenance, but be seen on all that surrounds her. Her children, friends, neighbours, are the better for the lovely spirit that has been among them, for the beautiful life that has been lived in their midst.

The virtuous woman may be, and usually is, a silent worker. Her good deeds are often wrought in secret. Her best thoughts are known only to the Lord, and not yet enough of the results of her life and labours are seen, so that she reaps the fruit in that satisfaction of spirit which no words can describe. Her life may be unpeakable and full of glory, that God condescends to bestow on those who are workers for Him. And there will be also some human testimony to her worth and goodness. The children the virtuous woman has reared may not be all she could wish in early life, such disappointments are often permitted as trials of her faith, and chastisements are permitted, yet the blessing remains, and her works praise her in the gates.

We live in a time when many excellent women are endeavouring to benefit their fellow-creatures. My readers may not have the wealth, the time, the talents, nor the influence that have enabled some to do good, or to be the hit-boats that rescue the drowning mariner; or to erect the drinking-fountain that refreshes the thirsty son of toil, and teachers who are inconvenient; or to found the Hall where the working-man can retire to rest from toil, and cheer the mind with social intercourse, and intellectual pleasure; nor may they be able to establish the mothers' meeting; or teach the Sunday-scholar; or give clothes to the ragged, and food to the hungry, but they may cultivate the same meek and kindly spirit that has prompted all these means of good. They may speak a word in season that shall help each and all such efforts. In the home, with the little children around her knees, a woman may be, and often is, doing as good, perhaps as great, a work, as any of these valuable public efforts. The little drop of dew finishes back the sunshine as brightly as the broad surface of the lake. You are answerable for the powers and opportunities God bestows. Murmur not that you are not a mother, or who acts her part well is always a dignified character; she not only peoples earth, but heaven. Her charge is not often silver or gold, but immortal souls. Oh, that all who have read these plain and simple explanations of the "Bible Pattern of a Good Woman," may be able at the last day to say, "Lord, here am I, and the children thou hast given me."

☞ Mrs. Balfour's Chapters on "The Bible Pattern of a Good Woman" will be re-published in a collective form.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

"WILLIAM, my boy, you're not going out again to-night?" pleaded Mrs. Donald, rising and laying her hand gently on her son's arm, as he took up his hat and was preparing to leave the room.

"Mind your business," he replied, carefully averting his face, that he might not meet his mother's glance of entreaty.

"Come, Willie, stay with me, there is a good boy, you would not like to see your mother's grey hairs fall down with sorrow to the grave, which you are likely enough to do, if you continue the reckless course you have chosen to follow."

At that moment there was a knock at the cottage door.

"It's Fred Lorton come for me," said Willie, tearing himself hastily from his mother's grasp—"You need not sit up for me, mother," he shouted, as he closed the door behind him.

Mrs. Donald sprang after him, if haply she might yet prevent him from going, but ere she could utter one word of persuasion or entreaty, Willie had turned the corner of the street, and he and his companion were out of sight, and vain did Mrs. Donald strain her eyes in the grim darkness—her anxiety for her son lost in the gloom, and bowing her head, gave full vent to her grief in a torrent of tears.

"He was a good child," she murmured, "that bad company and drink will be his ruin. It is almost a blessing his poor father cannot see him now." And the remembrance of one of the kindest husbands, and the best of fathers, again caused the lonely widow to weep bitterly.

But at last she arose, and reaching down the large old Bible, upon whose cover not a speck of dust was visible, she turned over the well-worn leaves, until her eyes rested on the precious words, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will hear thee." It was enough! she closed the book, and kneeling down, she poured out her soul in fervent prayer to God, that He would be pleased to be "a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow." Then, taking out her work, she sat down, whilst a serene expression, yet with an almost say a smile of gladness, rested on her countenance.

Hour after hour passed by, and still the patient widow toiled on, by the pale, glimmering light of a farthing rushlight. The fire had long since gone out, and the room was chilly, and desolate. The rain came down in torrents, and its monotonous sound as it beat against the window, was all that could be heard. The clock was predicting the midnight hour, when the mother's listening ear distinguished the trampling of approaching footsteps. She hastened to unlock the door, rejoicing at his return, but sorrow and anguish succeeded, as poor Fred Lorton, looking very frightened, and dripping with wet. Mrs Donald's heart manyshe—"My boy! where is my boy?" she asked in quivering accents. Fred hesitated, and turned his head half away. The widow clutched his arm convulsively as she asked again, "—Is he—he has not—he cannot be—dead?"

"Not dead, I hope," replied Lorton, trying to speak cheerfully, but utterly failing in the attempt. "Will you come and see him?"

Mrs. Donald had soon put on her old cloak and bonnet, and without a word prepared to follow him. They went into one street, and down another, and passed the mouth of a fisherman's cottage. Without any ceremony, they entered, only wanting to knock at the inner door. It was quickly opened, and then a sight met the mother's gaze, at tears were realized. She knew she was childless! On the bed in the farthest corner of the room, was stretched the ghastly corpse of Willie.

He was fearfully mutilated, the well-formed features of the young man were bruised and distorted, whilst the glossy black hair was still dripping with wet. It was a spectacle to make the stoutest heart tremble; what must have been feelings of the poor creature who knelt so frantically by his side, calling on her boy to speak to her once more, heedless of all around. And who might the grieve not feel, who knelt on the other side of her eyes, whom she had hoped to see the joy of her old age, had been called to render in his account when he was illprepared to meet his God. Willie had been over the rocks when in a state of semi-intoxication, fortunately the tide was down, so that his comrades sobered by their fright, had been able to recover his body. Three days afterwards the remains of poor Willie were borne to their last resting-place, the sole mourner being his widowed and now childless mother. Fred Lorton never rallied after her son's death, and only a few weeks after the earth was again opened to receive one whose whole life had been one of piety, and whose peaceful, happy death, formed a strange contrast with that of her poor boy's. But there was one on whom the sad and untimely end of Willie had a great effect, Fred Lorton was changed, a man from that hour; he had helped to carry his young comrade to the grave, and had heard the minister read the solemn words, "Admonition and an impression was made in his heart which after-years could not serve to erase. There, beside the little mound of earth, he vowed never again to touch the cup which had led to his friend's destruction—and he kept that vow, and after years, when surrounded by merry, laughing children, he used to point to Willie's grave and listen to them the oft-repeated tale of Willie's death. D. H. T.

EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

On life's wild ocean, sorrowful and pain'd,
How many voyages their course perform!
This little bark a tender fate obtained;
It reached the harbour, ere it met the storm.

PEACE PROCLAIMED!

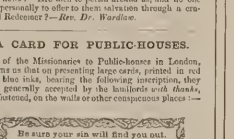
At the close of the last war with Great Britain, I was in the city of New York. The prospects of the nation were shrouded in gloom. We had been for two or three years at war with the mightiest nation on earth; and as she had now concluded a peace with the continent of Europe, we were obliged to cope with her single-handed. Our harbours were blockaded. Communication coastwise between our ports was cut off. Our ships were rotting in every creek and cove where they could find a place of security. Our immense annual produce were mouldering in our warehouses. The sources of profitable labour were dried up, the currency was reduced to irredeemable paper. The extreme portions of our country were becoming hostile to each other, and differences of political opinion were embittering the peace of every household. The credit of the government was exhausted. No one could predict when the contest would terminate, or discover the means by which it could much longer be protracted.

It happened that on a Saturday evening in February, a ship was discovered in the offing, which was supposed to be a vessel bringing home our commissioners at Ghent, from their unsuccessful mission. The sun had set gloomily before any intelligent fact that the vessel had reached the city. Expectation became painfully intense as the hours of darkness drew on. At length a boat reached the wharf, announcing the fact that a treaty of peace had been signed, and was waiting for nothing but the mail, for our government to become a law. The men on whose care alone the mail was left, rushed to the streets with the glad cry, to repeat them to their friends, shouting as they ran through the streets, "*Peace! Peace! Peace!*" Everywhere the joyous sound repeated it. From house to house, from street to street, the news spread with inconceivable rapidity. The whole city was in commotion. Men hearing lighted torches were flying to and fro, shouting, like madmen, "*Peace! Peace! Peace!*" When the rapture had partially subsided, one idea occupied every mind. But few slept that night. In groups they were gathered in the streets and by the firesides, begguiling the hours of midnight by remarking each other that the agony of war was over, and that a worn-out and distracted country was about to enter again upon its wonted career of prosperity. As soon as the morning *a herald*, the news soon reached every man, woman, and child in the city; and in this sense, the city was *evangelized*.

And now, my brethren, when Jehovah has offered to our world a treaty of peace—when men, doomed to hell, may be saved, and the Prince of Peace—the King of Glory—there not to be a similar zeal displayed in proclaiming the good news? Are men to perish around us, and no one ever personally to be brought into contact with the crucified Redeemer? *—Rev. Dr. Wardlaw.*

A CARD FOR PUBLIC-HOUSES.

One of the Missionaries to Public-houses in London, informs us that on presenting large cards, printed in red and blue inks, bearing the following inscription, they were generally accepted by the landlords *with thanks*, and fastened, on the walls or other conspicuous places:—



ANGER.

To be *angry* about trifles is mean and childish; to rage and be furious is brutish; but to prevent and suppress rising resentment is wise and glorious, is manly and Divine. Let prudence and severe reason be called common objects and occurrences of this life be but few and feeble, make it your daily business to moderate your aversions and desires, and to govern them by reason. This will guard you against many a ruffle of spirit, both of *anger* and sorrow.—WATTS.

A MODEL FAMILY.

This following account is given by Maimer in his Church History, of a family which was established by Count of Arian, in the 14th century:—"I cannot," said the Count, "allow blasphemy, in my house, nor anything in word or deed, which may offend the laws of God or man. Dice and all games of hazard are to be prohibited. Let all persons in my house divers themselves at proper times; but not in the morning or evening, the morning, reading and prayer must be attended to. Let there be constant peace in my family; offenders against it must be forthwith punished, and the matter is devoured by them both. If any difference arise, let not the sun go down upon your wrath. We must live with something of we have to do among mankind. Every evening, all the family shall be assembled at a goolly conference, in which they shall hear something of God and salvation. Let none be absent on pretence of attending to my affairs. I have no affairs so interesting to me as the salvation of my domestics. Let nothing forbid all injustice which cloaks itself under colour of serving me."

"The religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
The religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

FROM a friend in Leicestershire:—"About six months ago, only six copies of the 'British Workman' were taken in our village. I recommended the paper to my acquaintances, and the consequence is, we have now three dozen 'British Workmen.' And there dwell a Band of Hope Review." I have therefore organised a Committee, and we intend to Canvass the whole of the village. Please send us the necessary House-to-House Canvassing Bills.

A FRIEND, in the Isle of Anglesea, states:—I have obtained 100 subscribers. They very readily give their names, and I hand back over the yearly subscriptions to a bookseller in the locality.

"HE WON'T STAND PEAKING."

One day I was being shewn through the great Saltaire Mills, near Bradford, when I observed a man passing a piece of Alpaca cloth over rollers, which enabled him to detect any flaws by the reflection of the light from the window. "What is he doing?" I inquired. "Oh, he is 'peaking' or examining the cloth. You see he has just found a bad place, and he will deduct something for it from the girl's pay. You see, sir, when the cloth is *held up to the light*, it shows what wasn't seen before! When a *man's* character isn't what it should be, sir, we say of him, '*He won't stand peaking!*'

Ah, thought I, here's a lesson for both me and my readers. Let us watch and pray that our conduct, both public and private, be such as will stand the light—will bear "peaking."

UNCLE JOHN.

> Cleanse thou me from secret faults. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins,—Ps. xix. 12.

THE WEDDING-PRESENT.

"What a beautiful pair of cut-glass decanters, and a dozen wine-glasses to match! How very kind of Cousin Mary to give us such a pretty and useful present, William," said Harriet Trimly to her husband, as they took possession of their neat little home at Camden Town, a fortnight after their marriage, and were busy unpacking their presents.

"Yes, indeed," she added, putting the sparkling crystal on the table, "they are very good and pretty."

"Not very useful, though, to us," said Mr. Trimly.

"Why, I don't see that," replied the young wife.

"We certainly are not in circumstances to drink wine generally; but when we have our friends to see us, we must of course do as others do, and put something on the table for them to drink health and prosperity to us in; and these beautiful decanters and glasses will look so neat and genteel. So I call them useful."

"It's a foolish custom, Harriet."

"Ah, well, may be so, but it is a custom, and we can't look strange, and be different to others. Everyone, with any pretence to gentility, brings out a little wine, and we must do so too, my dear."

William was not convinced, but he yielded, for a young husband would scarcely dispute the wishes of his bride about household management at the very beginning of married life. They both know that very great economy would be needed in order to live respectably and honestly. Mr. Trimly was a clerk in a commercial house in the City, with but a small salary. His wife was an orphan who had inherited a small legacy by the death of a widowed mother—that little sum had furnished their pretty house, and given them a clear start in the world. The connexions of both were in what is called good circumstances. Harriet's mother had possessed a life annuity that enabled her to live in comfort, and out of which the legacy had been saved; the rest of her personal property had gone to a married son in the north of England, to whose house the young couple had been making their wedding trip.

William was one of a large family, the father and sons of which were all engaged in public offices, or commercial pursuits, and though none had a large income, yet while they lived altogether, a very good house and table, and a large circle of acquaintances had been kept up. Neither William nor Harriet were quite aware that they must begin in rather a different way of life to that in which they had moved, and that a more rigorous economy would be required of them.

The skilled workmen of England, realizing many of them their two, three, or four pounds a-week, are, if they did but know it, far better off than many young professional men, and those engaged in commercial houses. The working man has not the appearance to keep up, nor the expense to provide for; and with a moderate economy he may live in comfort, being up a family respectably, and lay by something for sickness or old age.

The hardest task of household ingenuity is to make a small income provide both the comforts and the gentilities of life. A dreary lot is theirs, who are the slaves of appearances; who want to make a hundred and fifty pounds-a-year look like three hundred. In nine cases out of ten, all real comfort is sacrificed in the struggle—it is well if debt and disgrace, quarreling and heartache, do not close the scene. Young Mr. and Mrs. Trimly had no sooner settled themselves in their new home, than they resolved to invite their friends, and a very large and pleasant tea-party they might have had at another expense, but the bride remembered what young Mrs. So-and-so had at her party, and so of course the wine-decanters and glasses must come forth.

"How could wedding-cake come on without wine?" she asked, as her husband, with half a sigh, wished his "salary was raised." That first party was the key-note to the tune the young people had to play. The wine was praised and drunk—a great deal more of it than Harriet had at all reckoned on—and then some of the elders complained that wine did not "altogether agree with them." The cold winter night was commented on, and William, now that prudence was lulled to sleep by his visits to the beautiful decanters, called for spirits and hot water, and them was brewing of punch, and mixing of toddy, and making of hot negus, until eyes that had looked bright began to be misty, and voices sounded thick and loud, and Harriet's smart party separated, some foolish, some cross, all very well disposed next day to say with a sneer, "Young Trimly and his wife come out pretty strong.—hope they may be able to keep it up."

Then, of course, there were invitations in return, and a round of visits, which had not half been paid, when William's examples about drinking, and wishes not to begin with wine, all vanished, and he was as ready as his wife to say, "We must do as others do."

Let us look at this young couple two years after their first party. It is long past midnight, there is the sound of wheels in the quiet street; a cab stops at the door, and the bell is pulled violently. As soon as the street-door opens, the cab driver helps out a young man, who cannot stand, and with the aid of the young woman at the door, he is pulled through the passage into the parlour, and laid on the sofa. "My fare is five shillings, ma'am!" says the cabman. The pockets of the helpless drunkard are turned out, there is eighteen-pence found. The young woman searches her own pocket, counts up some sixpences and coppers, routed out of her workbox and writing-desk; she is still a shilling short, and the cabman, by no means sober, begins to shew her,—in a fright, to stop his clamour she gives him a little silver pencilcase, instead of a shilling, and hastens to shut out one torment. She has no sooner done this, than a voice from the staircase calls to her, "Mrs. Trimly, I give you notice, I cannot live in these lodgings of yours with all this disturbance."

"Very well," says the poor baited woman, retreating to the parlour, where her husband is shouting her name, and her child just woke from its sleep, is shrieking with fright. To catch up the poor infant in her arms, to sit down by the side of her husband, and strive to quiet him, to check her own strong impulse of distress, and try to speak calmly while her heart is breaking; is a part and only a part of the miserable work of that and many similar nights.

Yes, that coarse man, sprawling and cursing on the sofa,—that pale woman, trembling and cooing in a half-stifled voice, are William and Harriet. The little parlour, once so neat, has become worn and shabby. They have had to take lodgers to eke out their means, and so they are crowded into the two little rooms, opening into each other, once so smart as a sitting-room. It is winter, and only a few cinders smoulder in the grate. Harriet's gown is torn, her feet in the old satin slippers, she looks with despair at the mud that covers her husband's clothes. It is his only suit. How is it to be got ready for him to wear with any decency at his employment? How is she to get him to bed? As to thinking of going there herself, that is impossible.

Reader, this is no fancy sketch. You see men reeling in the streets, have you ever thought of the homes they make, of the wives who with aching hearts sweat their return? Have you ever thought of the strife, the words, the blows, that the dreary night brings to some poor drudge, who, but for her babes would be thankful to lie down and die.

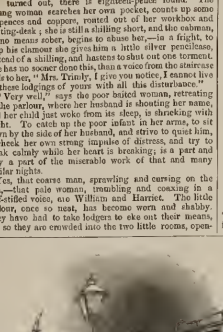
The wine, and the spirits, and the ale, and the company, have each and all had their part in ruining the young couple. Darker grows their path. One morning after such a night as that described, a note comes to tell him he is dismissed from his employment. Then poverty in all its rigour set in. Where are the troops of friends who drank the health of the young couple at their housewarming. They are gone. They have proved as hollow and as brittle as the bright cut-glass decanters—the fatal wedding-present.

B.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How grandly solemn is this arch of night!
How wonderfully beautiful and vast!
Crowded with worlds enarvelled in living light,
Coeval with the immeasurable past!
With what a placid and effulgent face
The mild moon travels mid her golden isles,
And on the earth, asleep in night's embrace,
Pours the soft lustre of her quiet smiles!
Can I, oh God! who tremble here with awe,
Doubt the Designer, sneer at the design,
Nor own that all is of Thy wisdom, Thine,
Fashioned by Thee, and governed by Thy law?
I marvel at that being who can see
In these, Thy mighty works, no evidence of Thee.

Hyde, Cheshire. J. C. PRINCE.



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AN APPEAL.

The following is a copy of a circular that has been left at the houses in the West-end of London. We hope that many friends will come forward and warmly second the efforts of an important section of the working-classes who are striving to secure the boon of the Sabbath.

"The Journeymen Fishmongers and Poulterers for the last 18 months have been endeavouring to obtain one day's rest in seven. They labour on the average 15 hours on week days, and *eight to ten hours on Sundays*. The Sunday work is quite unnecessary; there being no Fish or Poultry Market on Sunday, the goods would be equally fresh if delivered on Saturday. Last season 3000 opposition were sent by post to residents at the West-end. Public Meetings were held and several letters making known the journeymen's request were inserted in the *Times* and other newspapers. The result has been a *very large reduction* in the Sunday sales for Fish and Poultry. You are earnestly requested to relieve the journeymen entirely from Sunday Toil, by giving orders for your Sunday's goods to be delivered on Saturday. Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, The Duke of Buccleuch, The Countess of Waldegrave, Lord Brougham, The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Charles Dickens, Esq., and a great many others of the Nobility and Gentry have already done so.

The Committee feel sure that if the agitation they have commenced can be sustained for a few seasons, their efforts will be crowned with success. They ask all who are interested in the welfare of the labouring classes, to assist them in carrying on the agitation. Contributions will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Mr. Edwin Gibson, Fish & Ice Merchant, 19, Haymarket."

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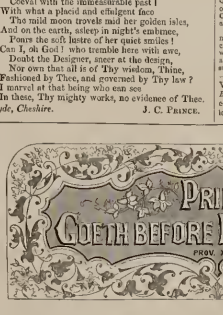

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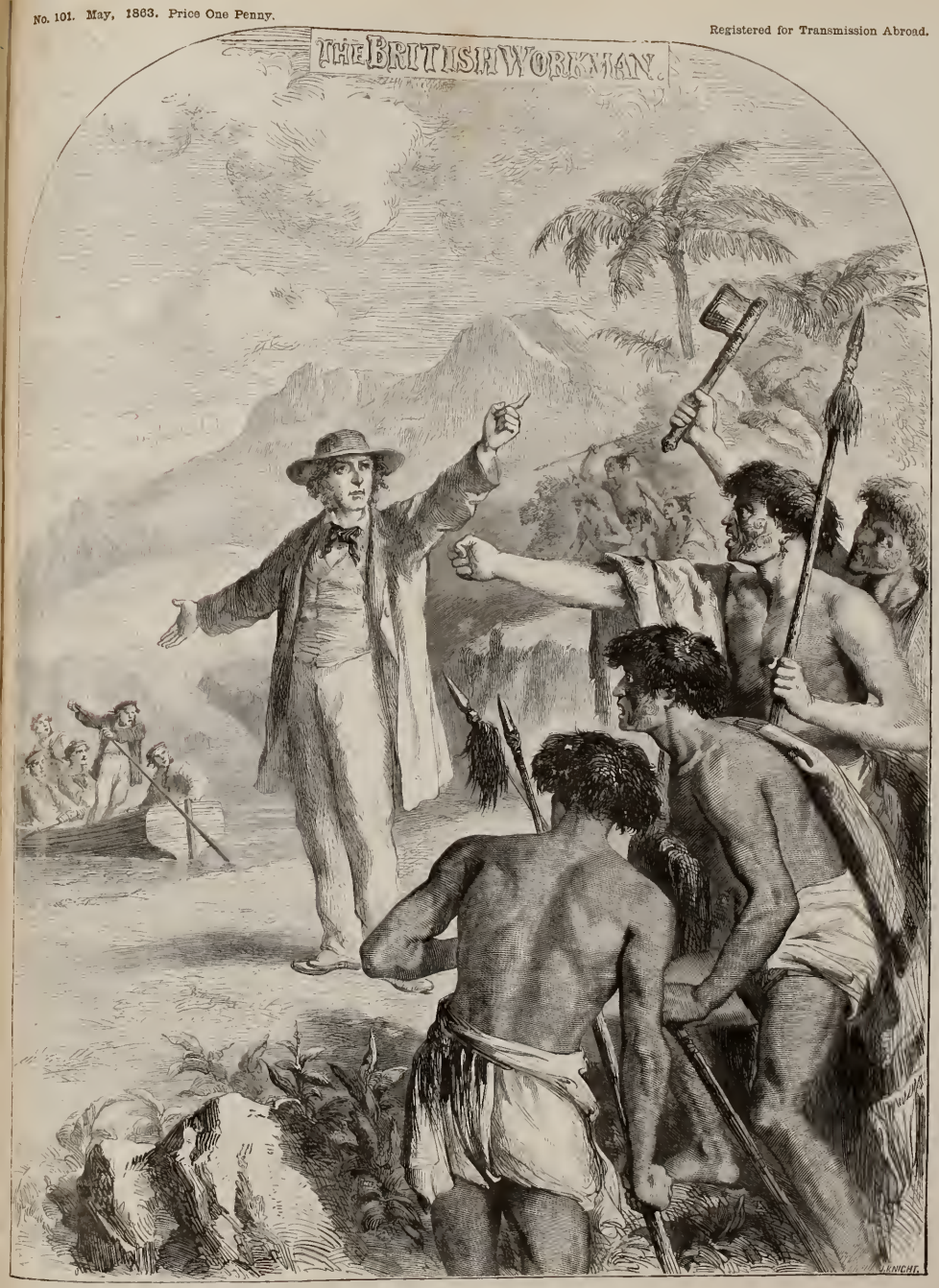


"When we arrived at the beach, some of the natives manifested great reluctance to let us go."

A MISSIONARY STORY.

BY A JACK TAR.

THE following narrative, by a seaman, is one of the finest testimonies to the cause of missions we have ever met with:—

Many years ago, when New Zealand was a land of uncontrolled Heathenism, the ship in which I was a common sailor stopped another, at a cautious distance from the shore, in one of the harbours of that island. We had been months upon the ocean, without seeing any land; and when the sublime mountains and luxuriant valleys of that magnificent isle rose from the wide waste of waters before us, it was difficult to resist the enchantment, and approaching some lovely region of fairy enchantment.

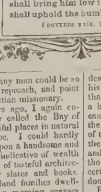
We soon, however, found that we were still in this world of sin and woe; for it so happened that there was a terrible fight between two war parties of the natives raging at the very hour in which we entered the lovely bay. From the deck of our ship we witnessed with awe the whole revolting scene, the fierce scream, the bloody ensnarge, the infuriated shrieks, the demoniac attitudes of those unchilled savages, as they fell upon each other with a degree of fury which seemed more than human. Often we saw the heavy club of the New Zealand savage fall upon the head of his antagonist; and as he fell listless to the ground, his head was beaten by redoubled blows, till a consummate stroke of the fearful scene at savage life, as beheld from the deck of our ship, impressed even its unthinking sailors with emotions of deepest melancholy.

In consequence of the war, no some other cause, no canoe from the shore approached our ship. As we were entirely dependent for our supply of water on a lovely river, with many cautions as to safety, to the opposite side of the harbour to collect some fresh. I was sent with this party. We had not gone a hundred yards, when we heard a heavy musket was rolling. The savage scene we had just witnessed, so filled us with terror, that we were every moment apprehensive that a party of cannibals would fall upon us and destroy us. After gathering wood for some time we returned to the boat, and found to our dismay that the boat had rolled in so far on the beach, that it was impossible to launch the boat. The sun was just setting behind angry clouds, which betokened a rising storm. We rested awhile were anxiously gazing more heavily in from the ocean. A dark night was coming on, and savage warriors, their hands already dripping with blood, were everywhere around. We were all silent. No one was willing to speak of his fears, and yet no one could conceal them.

Before we left the ship, the captain had informed us that an English missionary had erected he but about two miles from the place where we were to land. The captain had visited him about two years before in his solitary home, and it was then very uncertain whether he would be able to continue his post of danger. We immediately resolved to endeavour to find the missionary, and to seek such protection as he could afford us for the night.

In rushing masses of clouds rolled up and spread over the sky, and the storm burst on my darkness of the deep and tangled forest; darkness like that of Egypt enveloped us. After wandering about, we hardly knew where for some time, we heard loud shouts of savages either in conflict or in revelry. Cautiously we approached the place, and we beheld a large party gathered around their fires, with the hideous trophies of their recent battle, and exulting over their victory. We thought it wise to keep as far from them as possible, and again turned from the light of their fire into the dark forest, where we could hardly see an arm's length before us. We at length came upon a little path, and slowly following it along, stumbling, in the darkness, over rocks and roots of trees, we came in view of the twinkling light of a lamp. I, with another one of the party, was sent forward to reconnoitre. We soon found that this light proceeded from a hut, but whether from the night fire of a savage New Zealander, or from the lamp of the Christian missionary we knew not; and few minutes we spent in prayer with which we cautiously moved along to ascertain how the fact might be. Many years greatly revived by the sight of a gilded window; and, through that gilded window, we saw a man in the garb of civilized life, with his wife and one child, kneeling at their evening prayers, our joy knew no bounds. Waiting a few moments until the prayer was closed, we entered the door, and though the surprise the inmates was very great in seeing two white sailors enter their dwelling, we were most hospitably received. The missionary immediately lighted his lantern, and proceeding with us, led the rest of our party to his humble abode. We all slept upon his floor for the night. Weary, however, as I was, I found but little rest. I thought of my quiet New England home, from which I had been absent but a few months. I thought of my fond parents, and her anxiety about her sailor boy in this his first voyage. The scene was indeed a novel one to me. The swelling winds of the tempest, the rolling of the waves of a man and nature all around us, the vivid image of the bloody conflict, with the remembrance of its hideous and fiendlike actors—all united to impress on my mind that I found but little repose. My companions, however, perhaps more accustomed to danger, and perhaps less addicted to thought, were soon soundly asleep.

Early in the morning, a party of warriors came to the missionary's hut in search of us, having somehow ascertained that we had gone to the house of the missionary and his wife, both in countenance and manner, manifested the deepest anxiety for our safety. The savages were very civil and respectful, and seemed to feel that nothing but the restraining power of God prevented this family imagined in the midst of such cruelties and treacrous men. While they had been somewhat troubled in spirit, by the kindness, the meekness, and the utter helplessness of the missionary's family, they considered us sailors as a different race of beings. By the most earnest solicitations on the part of the missionary, we were induced to spare us. The missionary accompanied us to our boat, and we had for our entire protection, a troop of rioting and carousing savages, brandishing in their hands war-clubs over our heads, to convince us that we were in their power. The walk of two miles conducted us to the beach. It was a fearful walk, and the wistful anxiety of our friend proved that he considered our danger to be great. When we arrived at the beach, some of the native manifested great reluctance to let us go. Some in a build of our boat to draw it further upon the land, while they secured the chief's canoe, with all the force of the fully of limiting our escape. At length, however, they yielded to the remonstrances of the missionary, and allowed us to launching our boat through the now subsiding surf. As we moved from the shore, I looked back upon that devoted man, standing upon the beach in the midst of these wild savages, and thought shall bring him low: but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit.



An angry man stirreth up strife, and a furious man abounddeth in transgression. A man's pride shall bring him low: but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit.

PROVERBS XVIII. 23, 22.

THE CONVICTIONS OF A MORNING'S WALK.

"FOR myself I confess I cannot admire zeal and benevolence carried to enthusiasm, and devoted so exclusively to one class of unpromising objects, as to be, almost certainly, but it is only one of many vices that deform society, and what a plan for abolishing that *alone* should be formed, I pray you to understand.

That remark was uttered by a gentleman just returned from a long stay on the continent, to a clergyman who was taking breakfast with him, and who had been urging the importance of *special* efforts (similar to those put forth by the authorities of "Haste to the Rescue!") "Regard Homes and Hospitals for Incurables." Regard Homes and Hospitals for the intemperate; to all which, however, he had only elicited replies similar to that quoted. He was about to observe that intemperance was the cause of the miserable other evils—when the remark was interrupted by a servant entering and saying that a sick man was at the door asking for a letter of admission to the Hospital. The gentleman ordered the person to be shown into an adjoining room—and promised to see him in a few minutes; remarking to his friend that he was soon called on to exercise his office of giving a letter—having only that week commenced subscribing to the Hospital in question.

Both gentlemen went to speak to the applicant. They found him accompanied by a feeble melancholy-looking woman—who might be young in years, but was evidently old in affliction. The man was a pitiable object, pallid, tremulous, emaciated. To the surprise of the gentleman, he stated that he was twenty-eight years of age—he looked twice that. He had been long an out-patient of a neighbouring dispensary for an obstinate liver complaint; but they could do nothing more for him, and as a last effort he wished to go to Hospital. The wife wept as he gasped out his statements, and the sight of her tears seemed to torture the man, for he exclaimed—"Mary, dear Mary, I've been nothing but a grief and a curse to you."

"You have drank hard, then?" interrogated the clergyman.

"Ah, that I have," groaned the wretched man, "I have drunk away money, and friends, and business and character, my wife's and my children's bread, and my own health! everything, ah—yes! indeed, I have drank hard."

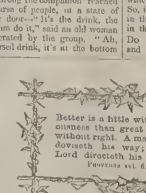
"Don't speak of it," interposed the wife, "he was led away by others, gentlemen!"

The letter was given him, and leaning on the feeble arm of his wife he left the Hospital door.

The gentleman then remembered that he had a complaint to prefer against a person who had given him a false character recommendation, and as other charges were being made against the individual, he was requested to attend at the Police Office that morning, consequently the clergyman accompanied him.

On their way to the office, they were interrupted by a crowd that surrounded an old sedan-chair, from which terrible sounds and execrations issued as the chair was carried along. On inquiring what was the matter, they were informed that the cries proceeded from a woman, who had so fortunately previously received a legacy of £30, and who had never been sober for a couple hour since, that she had now become raving mad, and they were taking her to the workhouse.

Soon after passing this throng the companion reached the Police Office; a concourse of people, in a state of excitement, surrounded the door.—"It's the drunk, the cursed drunk! I knew it would come to this!" said one woman—and her words were reiterated by the group. "Ah, you may well call it the cursed drink, it's at the bottom of most of our misfortunes!"



Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right. A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps.

PROVERBS XVI. 8, 9

Making their way through the crowd, the two friends entered, they found the magistrate busy investigating the charge of the death of a poor woman, whose miserable husband was arraigned at the bar on the charge of having murdered her.

The man was evidently not sober, he spoke and acted with stupid indifference to all the awful mythology and filth of his whole appearance was increased by his sanguinary stains that covered his tattered garments—while the blood slowly oozed from a cut on his forehead, and obscured the coarse lineaments of a brutal-looking visage. Three little half-naked children crouched from in front of the prisoner, and their cries for their mother, mingled with a wailing about their father, added to the horror of the scene. The evidence was brief and conclusive—both the man and his wife were drunkards—they had quarrelled early that morning over their first glass—had fought, when a blow on the head from the husband's hammer had caused the catastrophe. The man was committed; and the children removed to the workhouse. In consequence of the number of eight charges, the case that had brought the gentleman to the office was deferred until the evening, and sickening with the scenes that had met their eyes, the friends withdrew, not however until they had ascertained that "drunk—drunk—drunk" was the one predominating cause of the evil they had seen.

Returning through a crowded neighbourhood, a young girl in tawdry attire, with flushed cheek, and indicative of her class, so pitiable and so indescribable, came up to them and asked relief.

"Are you not afraid to molest us?" said the gentleman to her, "We could send you to prison."

"I wish you would," exclaimed the girl, bursting into tears, "for I am weary of my life."

"How came you to adopt your sinful course?"

"My father took to drinking five years ago, and my mother soon died of grief and shame. I lived at home as long as I could afterwards; but father starved and ill-used me, and then turned me into the street; *so what could I do?*" tears completed the sentence.

The clergyman took the address of the girl, and promising to send some persons to investigate, proceeded unmovably with his friend.

Near his own door two ragged boys were singing, and throwing themselves into postures, in the street. They looked old and hardened.

"My lads, this is a bad trade of yours," said the gentleman.

"We have no other," replied the boys.

"Where are your parents?"

"We don't know, they brought us to London, and then deserted us—they cared for nothing but drink."

"And have you not been in prison in this way?"

"Yes, but sometimes we have been in prison."

"Do you drink?"

"When we can get it, it makes us feel happy and warm for a bit."

The gentleman entered his house with a sigh, exclaiming, "What a terrible portion of society!"

"What think you now?" said the clergyman, "is not the evil both mighty and diversified? The hospital—the workhouse—the prison—the grave; men and women—sinful old age, and debased youth, all give one testimony as to the extent of the evil."

"I see," replied his friend, "I erred in aiming to extirpate drunkenness, you aim at general moral and social improvement, in a thousand different ways. I was wrong in my estimate—intemperance is not one vice—its name is *legion*."

'WON'T BE CONTENT WITH MY OWN.'

"I won't be content with my own,"
Cries young Peter Pugnacity Jones;
"I'll have all your marbles, Tom Done,
Or, I'll thrash you, and pelt you with stones."

Jones forcibly captures his prize,
While his victim, who's sore to the bone,
Vainly tries to make argument, replies,
"He won't be content with his own."

The master is told, and the case,
Whose sweetness is very well known,
Makes Jones tear afoud in his pain,
"I will be content with my own."

This lesson, thus taught to the boy,
Should tend to the minds when full-grown;
The selfish are not to annoy,
"And covet what is not their own."

Whole realms are thus mingled in strife,
And cities destroyed and o'erthrown,
By princes who traffic in life,
"And won't rest content with their own."

It goes through the scale of creation,
From the ant and bee, up to the mouse;
That curse of the cot and the nation,—
"I don't be content with my own."

DOUGLAS THOMSON.

A TRUE Christian living in the world, is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not the ship being in the water which will sink it, but the water getting into the ship. So, in like manner, the Christian may be tempted by living in the world, which he must needs do while he remains in the body; but by the world *being in him*.

Do nothing in a passion. When thou, my true friend and brother, put to sea in the violence of a storm?

THE *world in the heart* has ruined millions of immortal souls. How carefully are mariners in guarding against leakage, lest the water, entering into the vessel, should by imperceptible degrees, cause it to sink. And ought not the Christian to watch and pray, lest Satan and the world should find some unguarded inlet to his heart; and thus, by entering, bring him to destruction, both body and soul?

LORD SHAFTESBURY AND THE COTTON OPERATIVES.

THE following letter has been addressed by Lord Shaftesbury to the operatives in the Cotton districts:—"My dear Friends—Day by day I receive the most gratifying proofs that you have not forgotten me. I pray day by day, I may say, that I have you and your in remembrance, the long conflicts we sustained together, and the happy hours of all our labours. I have written, with unspeakable admiration and gratitude, your wise and noble conduct under the greatest privations. I have written to hear the testimony borne by every one to your practical good sense, Christian principle, and power of self-control. Often, while observing your home demeanour, and calling to mind your repeated sufferings, in former years, that so soon as your grievances were redressed, disturbances and sedition would be banished from your manufacturing districts; I have felt deeply and tenderly thankful that all the trial of my life had been devoted to do you service. You may, then, imagine my sorrow and distress, when I read in the papers the accounts of the sad and shameful outbreak in one quarter of your towns. I am sure that the great bulk of the operatives do not, and that they will not, join in such barbarous, or unfeeling and such sentiments. But the world in general does not know you as well as I do, and I tremble for the fair fame you have so fairly and so justly acquired. Let me implore the sensible, steady, and true portion of the operative class (and it is the vast majority) openly to protest against such proceedings; to warn these disturbers of our social peace that, if they persist in crimes of complaint, this is not the way to obtain redress either from the administration of the common fund or from the public at large. Agitation and violence will be effectually and justly resisted; but I feel so confident as I can feel of anything that you have the warm and genuine sympathy of every one of your fellow-subjects; and that perseverance in your patient and dignified conduct will, under God's blessing, obtain for you all the counsel and aid that it is in the power to bestow. Believe me ever your sincere and affectionate friend, SHAFTESBURY.

LONDON, March 26th, 1863."

"WE WON'T GIVE UP THE BIBLE!"

We won't give up the Bible,
God's holy book of truth;
The blessed staff of weary age,
The guide of early youth.
The sun that sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road;
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
And calls us home to God.

We won't give up the Bible,
For pleasure or for pain;
We'll buy the truth, and sell it not
For all that we might gain.
Though men should try to take our prize
By giving us gold,
We'd suffer all that man could do,
And God defeat the right!

We won't give up the Bible,
But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard
Beyond the ocean tide.
Till all shall know its precious power,
And, with one voice and heart,
Resolve, that this shall be our sacred word,
We'll never, never part.

From Curzon's Hymns.

THE KEEPSAKE.

ALMOST every one loses some little trifle treasured up carefully as a remembrance of one they loved. It may be nothing of any intrinsic value, but the possessor value it. How often have we heard the wistful cry, "Lost a part with it for ever! it was so valuable." And an old book, or the handkerchief, or the trinket, is kept in the safest place, and when it is pulled out and looked at, the recollection of the friend who said "Take this as a keepsake," comes fresh and vivid to the mind. That gift is a link that binds the present to the past, and the words of kind advice, or tender love, are recalled, you think of them until the tears swim in your eyes, and you put away the simple keepsake with a tender sigh, never to part with it, lost, or not for ten times its value, to the world reckons value.

Ah, it is well to cherish these loving keepsakes, for our hearts are too apt to get hard in our intercourse with the world, and forget, therefore, of the memory of a friend, and cherish your keepsake. But there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, and we have a keepsake, and it is a keepsake, too, many keepsakes. One is the Gospel contained in the Bible. The words of encouragement that will comfort you here, and save you for ever. Cherish the Bible for its sake. He has left you the Sabbath—a day every week, to keep for His sake; the day that He rose from the dead; and He does expire keep Lord's death till He come again. This, then, is another keepsake. Shall we be more choice of trifles given by mortal fellow-mortals, than we are of the treasures bestowed on us by Jesus our Saviour, our Elder Brother, our Friend, our Sacrificing Friend? No, we will love the Holy Word, keep His Sacred day, honour Hereafter, and in all things, whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, do it to His glory.

DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.

"British Workman" Relief Fund.

☞ *NOTICE.—We are now closing this Fund, and shall be glad to have all Collecting Papers and Contributions sent in prior to the 5th of May. To be addressed to the Treasurer, Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., No. 9, Fenchurch-buildings, London, E.C.*

The Treasurer acknowledges, with thanks, the following additional contributions up to March 28th, 1863.

Mrs. Ballard, Ryde, Isle of Wight, £1; Early Riser Association, Mr. Watson, 11, The Poden in Pembroke Dockyard, 2s. 4d.; Mrs. Webb, Lee (2nd sub.), 1l 10s.; Employees of Mr. J. Hurst, Clerkenwell, 4l; Employes at Taylor's Repository, Dudley, S.W., 1l. 5s.; Proceeds of Collecting Box in the Savings' Bank, Plymouth, 1l. 19s. 8d.; Mr. F. Redfoldie, Mostram, 1l.; Collected by Fosy, Mr. Mary's Buildings, Jersey, 1l. 1s.; Fifth Collection in Children in St. Mary's Buildings, Jersey, 1l. 1s.; Interest Bank of Suberton Clement, per the Rev. R. T. Lowe, £2 2s.; Collected by Hope, 11, Wesley Offgiaes, Empress of Brown Ground and Son, Stockton-on-Tees, 6l. 11s.; Mr. John G. Hoving, Esq., Hockness, near Dundee, (2nd sub.) 2l.; Miss S. Bowen, Aberystwyth, 1l. 4s.; Kaiserine Relief Fund, Paris, per Major Aiton, Tod 1861, Contributions from Worksing Men, by Mr. John Dunning, Representative, Sunday School, Mr. Jas. Morgan, Esq., Mr. Wadsworth, Alcester, 2l. 10s.; A Teetotaller, New Plymouth, New Zealand, 1l.; Employees of Mr. R. Harris, Hampstead, 1l. 7s.; Collected by Messrs. Hay and Phillips, Leith, 1l. 5s.; Paper Mill, Little Dorrell (4th Contribution), 1l.; Post-Office Order, from the Crew of H.M.S. "Pembroke", Malta, 1l. 12s.

Sums under £1.....£12 2 9

Collecting Papers.—Master John W. Hepworth, Morley, 1l. 4s.; The Children of the Mill, per Mr. Thos. Dawson, 1l. 14s.; Miss E. Bowen, 1l. 1s.; Mr. D. Ker, 7s. 6d.; Miss L. L. Stirtevant, Simon's Town South Africa, 2l. 6s. 8d.

Sums under £1 .....£11 17 7

Amount previously acknowledged £3144 7 3

Received from 2nd to 27th March £171 12 11

" the readers of *Children's Friend* .£29 16 10

Total ...£3345 17 0

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING.

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

A FRIEND at Dudbridge says:—In distributing the canvassing bills I also brought a copy of the "British Workman," and I feel bound to say that out of every four persons I spoke to, three became subscribers."

From a friend at Colnbrook,—"I have ordered five dozen 'British Workman.' The homes in this neighbourhood are decidedly improved. I only met with two or three decisions, and they were on the ground of inability to pay."

A FRIEND, near Dorchester, writes:—"The result of canvassing two small villages, both comprising about 150 houses, has been that upwards of 50 subscribers to the 'British Workman,' and 'Children's Friend,' besides orders for three hundred copies of the 'British Workman.' I dispensed of the fifty canvassing bills you sent, but I find the best way is to give a copy of each publication to the person who promises to be a subscriber."

"I have sent more dozens of the 'British Workman' and 'Band of Hope Review' than I said single copies before receiving a small supply of canvassing bills from your office."—T. H. (Dorkestle) Birmingham.

"Enclosed I send you a small sum for the sale of the 'British Workman.' I leave copies at the cottages in the neighbourhood, and sumon to every case, which I call again, they buy them."—H. B. G., Worthy.

PENNY READINGS.

As Penny Readings for Working-Men are becoming so popular, we have pleasure in commending the following as suitable for such occasions:—

THE FOOD OF THE WIDOW. By Mrs. Balfour. 6d.

A LITTLE VOICE AND A SUDDEN SHAKE. 1d.

SCRUB; OR, THE WORKHOUSE BOY'S FIRST START IN LIFE. Price Sixpence.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

A CERTAIN individual, whom we shall call Bullard, was one of the most cross-grained and peevish of men. He was misery to be near him. He grumbled and snarled incessantly, and found very seldom any cause for anything smooth him. Nothing seemed to please him. He seemed to exist in one perpetual foment of irascible impatience, uncomfortable himself, and ready to wound the sensitive of anger. Satisfaction and discord wherever he appeared. His home was especially unhappy. Bitter retorts and passionate invectives obtained frequent utterance. He was stately noted at his wife, and she replied in the same unloving strain; the children quickly imbibed a like vindictive habit, until such a thing as a pleasant look or kindly word was seldom known among them.

One day Mr. Bullard was returning to his cheerless dwelling, more feverish in temper than usual, as the consequence of some disappointment, ready to vent his angry spleen upon his family as soon as he arrived. If the supper was not ready to sit down to at the moment, he would stamp and turn the table upside down, and strike his wife to the quick with his taunting complaints. But changing to approach a little somewhat cheerful, whose face ever had lowered before, he saw such a picture of bursting kindness as he had never seen before, an incident occurred which effected a complete revolution in his peevish frame of mind, and produced a new feeling in his turbulent breast. The girl, and one, evidently her elder brother, were playing with a small creature, which suddenly running near a stone step, she accidently struck the carriage against one corner, and broke it into atoms. In a passionate burst of anger, the boy advanced, and struck her sister a severe blow in the face with his clenched hand, and stamped his feet in a tempest of fury upon the ground.

But, instead of returning the blow and revengeful speech, after an involuntary cry of pain, the noble girl laid her hand gently on her brother's arm, and looked sorrowfully into his flushed face, softly said, "Oh, brother Tom! I did not think you would do that." In a moment, as if stung by a hot iron, the boy burst into tears, and hung his head in shame and conscience-stricken pain. Then he said, "Forgive me, dear Helen, I will never do it again." And scarce had the penitent uttered the lips, when his arms were thrown around his neck, in forgiveness, and she sobbed on his breast. Here was a lesson for Bullard! At first he was quite overcome by it, he could not understand it. It was something utterly beyond his philosophy. But he felt that it had somehow done him good. By by bit, as he proceeded down his angry feelings vanished, till he felt more calm and kindly than he had done for years. Yes, he was softened to his heart's core, and he felt something very like moisture springing to his eyes.

Little noting the wonderful change which had taken place in her husband's temper, Mrs. Bullard was dreading his arrival home, for supper was not near ready, and she had the mortisure to burn the cakes she had baked for that meal. And the children, copying their mother, were unusually cross and bad. In vain she had scolded and whipped them; they only snarled and struck each other, and almost tired her distracted with their quarrelling confusion.

Mr. Bullard entered, and whatever could be the matter? Mrs. Bullard could scarcely give credit to her senses. Instead of slashing the door behind him as a petish crash, and stamping his way forward to the kitchen, he took the crying baby from its bed, and bandied it with the softest and most endearing words he ever used. And his face had a smile on it—a real, kind, sunshiny smile. What strange wonder was this? Mrs. Bullard was, at first, struck quite dumb with astonishment, and the children were all the changed father as if at a loss to make the mystery out. He spoke, and actually said, "My dear Mary, is supper nearly ready? I'm as hungry as a hunter!"—These wonder interpreters and more. The children hardly seemed assured whether it was their father or not; and Mrs. Bullard scarcely knew whether to believe in the evidence of her eyes and ears. But the change was real. Already a blessed feeling diffused through the family circle, like unto the falling of the morning dew, or the fragrant breath of summer flowers. At first, hesitatingly, Mrs. Bullard replied—"Supper will be ready directly. But I am sorry these cakes are burnt. Most willing to run the bakery for a loaf?"

A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger.
PROVERBS XV 1

"No, never mind," returned Mr. Bullard, "we can scrape off the burned part, then they will taste as well as need be."

And taste as well they did, and better than cakes had tasted in the Bullard dwelling for a long time before. Not one jarring speech marred the pleasantness of that happy meal. Mr. Bullard's kindly speech and smiling face had descended to his wife, and from both became reflected in their children. The house looked brighter. The beautiful sunset of cheerfulness had fallen on it, and there was unmistakable music in the very ticking of the old clock. Mrs. Bullard cried with delight, when she saw the baby creeping in its smiling father's lap: and he promised, if the elder ones would be good, to take them a nice walk with him on the next day. Mrs. Bullard resolved never more to speak a peevish or angry word again, if constant watchfulness could prevent their utterance, but retain the peaceful happiness which only kind words and actions can bring. A happy influence, too, was exerted on the children. They no longer saw peevishness and anger in their parents; and gradually, but surely, lost it in themselves. And Mr. Bullard, whenever he felt his old bad feelings rising up, to find an outer vent, called to mind the conduct of the blue-eyed girl, and immediately curbed them down.

Reader, believe us, kind words are bright flowers of earth's existence; they help to make a very paradise of the humblest home the world can show. Use them, and especially round the fireside circle. They are jewels more valuable than gold, more precious to heal the wounded heart, and make the weighed-down spirit glad, than most of the other blessings that this earth can give.

THE PRAYING SHOEMAKER.

NOT many years since, there was a poor man in the village where I lived, who, with a family of young children and a wife in very feeble health, found it extremely difficult to obtain a livelihood. He was at length compelled to work by the week. He shoemaked for his employer, who lived in the village, returning to his family every Saturday evening, and leaving home early on Monday mornings.

He usually brought home the avails of his week's labour in provisions for the use of his family during the following week, but on one cold and stormy night in the depth of winter, he went towards his humble dwelling with empty hands, but a felt heart. His employer had declared himself unable to pay a penny that night, and the shoemaker, too honest to incur a debt which he knew that he should be able to cancel at, but his weary steps homeward, trusting that the who hears the ravens when they cry, would fill the mouths of his little family. He knew that he should find a warm home and loving hearts to receive him, but he knew too, that a disappointment awaited them which would make at least one heart ache.

When he entered his cottage, cold and wet with the rain, he saw a bright fire, brighter faces, and a table usually spread for the anticipated repast. The kettle was sending forth its cloud of steam, all ready to "draw" and cup of cheer, but not inebriate," and a platter of milk which had been sent in by a kind neighbour, was waiting for the bread so anxiously expected by the children. The sad father confessed his poverty, and his wife in tears begged him to make some effort to procure food for them before the Sabbath. He replied, that he had kind friends in the neighbourhood, who he knew were both able and willing to aid him, and that he would go to them and ask relief. "But first," said he, "let us ask God to give us our daily bread. Prayer avails with God when we ask for temporal good, as well as when we implore spiritual blessings." The sorrowing group knelt around the family altar, and while the father was entreating fervently for mercies they so much needed, a gentle knocking at the door was heard. When the prayer was ended the door was opened, and there stood a woman in the pelting of the storm, "who had never been at that door before, though she lived only a short distance from it. She had a napkin in her hand which contained a large loaf of bread; and half apologizing for offering it, she said that unintentionally made "a larger batch of bread" than usual that day, and thought she hardly knew why, she thought it might be acceptable there.

After expressing their sincere gratitude to the woman, the devout shoemaker and his wife gave thanks to God with overflowing hearts. While the little flock were spreading their hunger with the nice cake and milk, the father repaired to the house where I was an inmate, and told his artless tale with streaming eyes, and it is unnecessary to say, that he returned to his home that night with a basket heavily laden, and a heart full of gratitude to a prayer-answering God. C. C.

"I FORGIVE YOU!"

IN Greenland, when one man had killed another, the nearest relation of the murdered man might avenge his death. Once a boy saw his own father killed before his eyes. He was then but thirteen years of age, and was considered too young for revenge. But if he was there, he was obliged to flee, but revenge was in his heart. Fifteen years passed by. He had grown into a fine young man, and one day set out on the long journey of his return to his native place. He did not expect to reach it for a week. What was his object? To kill the man who had killed his father!

When he arrived at his old home, he could find no lodging but in the house of the murderer. He thought he would have preferred living with his countrymen, he accepted their invitation. Every one knew why he had come, and his enemy knew it too. The murderer told not but to him about the wickedness of the deed he was going to commit, but they were very kind to him, and invited him to family prayer. The next morning, he went to the missionary and said, "I wish you would read me some more of that Book which tells about Jesus—I wish I could read it myself." The missionary read to him the account of the crucifixion; when he had finished he said, "*I do love Jesus*; I would do *anything* for Jesus; how kind of Him to die for us!"

Missionary: Are you sure you would anything for Jesus?

Young Man: O yes! I would do anything for Jesus; tell me what I can do?

Missionary: This Book says, "Thou shalt do no murder."

Young Man: Oh, but that man killed my father and drove me from a happy home.

Missionary: Jesus says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." This is one of them.

Young man: Oh, I do love Jesus, but—but—I must, I—

Missionary: Be calm, dear young man; go and think about it, then come and tell me your decision.

He went out; when he came back, he said, "I cannot decide; one moment, I will, the next I will not, oh, help me to decide." The missionary said, "When you will, it is your own wicked heart trying to gain the victory; and when you will not, it is the Spirit of God striving in you." The young man, by one of the murderous intention which had been encouraged for years.

The young Greenlander sent a message to his enemy, inviting him to come and meet him as a *friend*; he came, but with treachery in his heart. He gave the young man an invitation to visit him on the other side of the river, and treated him with kindness; but on returning to his boat he discovered a hole in the bottom, made by that very man. He speedily stopped it, and, with a prayer in his eye, saw he detected enemy burning with wrath, for he had gone up to a high rock, to see his victim drown. Preserved from destruction, the young man exclaimed, "*I forgive you; for Jesus has forgiven me!*"—*The Bible and its Mission.*

"JACK."

JACK was a dog belonging to nobody—he had been given, when a puppy, to sailors, who threw him overboard, not wishing to be troubled with him. A fireman, however, more kind than the sailors, picked him up, and brought him home to his wife. After this, Jack spent all his time on board the steamers plying between Bristol, Cardiff, and Swansea.

The stewardess of one of the steamers lived at Swansea. One day, she went on shore at the Mumbles, a place about five miles distant from Swansea. Jack, as she knew, followed her, as people can only land in boats.

On this occasion, Jack jumped into the boat after the stewardess, who soon took her place in company with the other stewards, to some way, passed her, and when she reached home, she felt much grieved, thinking she had lost him. She did not, however, long regret the loss, for he brought the clever dog he was.

The steamer left Swansea the following day without him; but not long after, while the children of the stewardess were at breakfast, they heard a scratching at the door, and in walked Jack, tired, and hungry. He had never, to their knowledge leen there before. They gave him a good meal, and then he ran off directly to Swansea pier, where he watched all day for the steamer, and waited many, many hours, till it arrived again. The sailors had been very sorry to lose him, and were delighted to hear his bark, the first thing on coming near the landing-place. No sooner was the plank laid across for the passengers to land, than Jack was the first to see it, and a noisy welcome it was on both sides.

Once, when Jack was on board one of the Cardiff steamers, he had gone out on one of his wanderings at Cardiff, and on his return to the decks, found he was too late for the porket. Instead of waiting, on this occasion, he walked to Newport, a distance of twelve miles, took his passage on board one of the Newport boats, and joined his own steamer again the next day in Bristol.

Jack died a few years ago, of old age, honoured and lamented. J. E. W.

"WHAT AM I WORTH?"

A FEW months ago, a poor working mason, a foreigner, and a Frenchman, a stranger in London, went to a builder's yard, in that city, and requested work. The foreman to whom he applied hesitated at granting his request, but the foreigner persevered. "If I am not worth sovereign an hour," said he, "give me sixpence; if I am not worth sixpence, give me fourpence; if I am not worth fourpence, give me twopence; if I am worth twopence, only let me leave some work." He gained his point, and received work, at first at a low rate of pay, but proving himself to be a good workman, his wages were advanced, and he is now getting on very well. This man knew what he was worth, and felt sure that if he was treat, other would soon know and also. He was willing to stoop at first that he might rise at last. His example appears to me worthy of imitation, and that we may gain something by it, we may ask ourselves, "What am I worth?" Perhaps the answer may not be so favourable as we expected, but it may be instructive to us to ask for what we are worth. False appearances never answer; if we try to pass off ourselves at more than our real value, we shall soon be detected. False coin will not long pass as genuine, and we shall soon sink to our true level. But let us not be discouraged, even if we are not worth as much as we thought we were—"It is never too late to mend." Every day we may learn something, no matter how little; and at "many a little makes a pickle" we may soon find our value to ourselves and to others greatly increased. So much for our business value, but let us ask the question, "What am I worth" with another meaning—"What am I worth?" What is the value of my real self, of that part, without which the most powerful working frame becomes so much lifeless clay—see are at a loss for an answer, it has been furnished to us by One who spake as never man spake. These are his words, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—(Mark viii. 36.) This estimate must be correct. The soul is worth more than the whole world. Let us then be deeply impressed by the value of our souls, let us barter them for pleasure, not sell them for gold, but commit them unto Him who is both able and willing to keep them in safety, lest we should be lost for ever. Truly so may return a solemn answer to the question, "What am I worth?"

THE CABMAN.

NOT many weeks ago, a lady, a friend of mine, going on a periodical errand of love and mercy, on reaching the terminus of one of our railways, called for a cab, to convey her to her sphere of labour. On stepping on the pavement, she addressed the man, bidding him where he was to take her, and adding, "Now, my good man, drive gently." Different words to those which the man was used to hear, and it may be as he drove gently along the busy streets, he would continue the request with that too often made, "Now, get on, I shall miss my train." Ah, how apt we are to forget the same God who created us, gave us reason and speech, made also the brute; he is for our use and not to be abused; and remember, that God made the heavy whip, is as abuse of power and trust for which we must give account, and often is the fault theirs who neither give account, and often is the fault theirs who neither give account, and often is the fault theirs who neither

"Well," said Tom, "put it how you like, I say it's downright slavery!"

☞ The following article, which is from the pen of an earnest-hearted friend of the working classes, is commended to the thoughtful consideration of our readers.

SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

I HAD attended a meeting where Sunday excursion-trains and the opening of museums on the day of rest had been advocated, and had left it in company with one who had enthusiastically endorsed the sentiments of each speaker. We had talked over the question, and had gone a little into its ultimate bearing on the interests of the working-classes. My mind became gradually filled with the subject, and I could not exclude the thought of it, when I retired to close my eyes in sleep. Gradually I fell into uneasy slumbers, but still the subject kept possession of my mind. At last it assumed the form which I have attempted to record in the following narrative:—

I thought, in my slumbers, that I had been called away from England, in the spring of 1863, by a very eligible employment in one of the great copper-mines of Australia. My fancy swept onwards, and I imagined that I resided there nearly twenty years, during which time I only occasionally saw an English newspaper. The journals of the Colony were chiefly occupied with local matters, giving only a rapid and general summary of the chief occurrences in Europe. We heard of the dissolution of definite treaties, and of the death of great persons in England; we heard, too, of continental troubles and wars, and of the alliances formed by the Queen's children. But of minor details, or of the passing debates in Parliament, we heard little and remembered less. At last it seemed that the summer of my life was past, and that the autumn was drawing on. Then I began to wish for a peaceful retirement among my native valleys. The banks of the Severn were often in my thoughts, and I longed once more to tread its flowery meadows. I had saved enough to provide me with a quiet home; and after a few months' waiting, an opportunity for retirement presented itself. I turned my back on the great colonies of Australia, and climbed the side of a fine barque bound for Liverpool. This (in the visions of my head upon my bed) seemed to occur about the year 1883.

Our voyage was a rapid and favourable one, and on a fine afternoon in September we entered the Mersey. I landed about sunset, and soon traversed some of the well-known streets. Twenty years seemed to have made little difference in them. But the darkness drew on, and I retired to a commercial hotel which I had known in former days; and there, over a comfortable supper, I devoured, for hours together, all the files of newspapers which I could persuade them to bring me. It was Saturday; and as I desired not to think of business for the next day, I determined to have a good ramble about Liverpool and its suburbs, so that I might, as it were, begin to enjoy the privilege of being once more in England, and dwell upon the thought that I should, for the rest of my life, wander no more from it.

The night seemed to be broken by many snatches of dreams rushing over my mind. The sun had not long risen, the next morning, before I was out of bed, and, ordering an early breakfast, I strolled, for a short time, through some of the streets of the town. At that hour not many persons were abroad, and the only circumstance which struck me with surprise was, that in two or three places men were taking down shutters, as though they were opening shops, although it was Sunday morning.

I returned to my inn, and took my breakfast. Searching my trunk for a prayer-book, I sallied forth, intending to ramble out to Everton or Kirkdale, and there to fix upon a church in which I could join in the morning service. But I had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards before I was sensible of some novel and rather startling circumstances. The Sabbath was quiet which I remembered in my youth was not perceptible now. The shops were, many of them, open for business as on other days. About one in three, or one in four, were closed, but the rest were just as I had seen them the previous evening. I felt perplexed; I rubbed my eyes; I reverted to my recollection. This was certainly Sunday; but why was Liverpool not like the Liverpool I remembered twenty years before? I walked slowly along: at last I came to a halt, and determined to enter a shop in which I saw a woman standing, and ask for an explanation of this strange state of things. Gently opening the door, and looking round for an excuse, which did not present itself, I said plainly,

"My good woman, I landed only last night, and fear I may have lost my reckoning;—will you tell me, is not this Sunday?"

"Yes," she said, "you are quite right; it is Sunday morning."

"But, then, will you allow me to ask—Why is your shop open for business, and your next-door neighbour's closed?"

"Oh!" she answered, "they're Methodists, and will not open shop for anybody; but we cannot afford to be so religious. We find it hard work, now, to get the rent ready for quarter-day, and if we were to shut up the shop on Sundays, and to let all our customers go to that shopover the way, we should never make up the rent at all."

"But," said I, "will you allow me to ask what has made this change? When I knew Liverpool in 1862 and 1863, there was none of this Sunday business at least, not in this street. Since then I've been far away for twenty years, but I knew nothing of this change."

"Ah!" said she, "I see how it is. You did not hear of the new laws which were made about a dozen years ago."

"Not a word," said I.

"Well," said she, "I'm sure I cannot explain it; but I remember that about that time there was some talk in Parliament, and it ended in all the laws about Sunday being done away. Since then, it seems to me, everybody has been left to do just what they please."

"But why should that make you keep open on a Sunday? Do you *like* standing behind a counter seven days in each week? Is this better than the time when you had one day in each week for rest, and for church or chapel, and for quiet thought and reading?"

"No, indeed," said she, "but what can we do? So soon as it was understood by everybody that there were to be no more law about Sunday, all the shopkeepers, who had a business to make, took down their shutters on that day, in hope of picking up stray customers who could not get served elsewhere. And then we soon found that people who went to them on the Sunday were apt to go on the Monday and Tuesday also. So that it seemed a mere choice between ruin on the one side, and working seven days a-week on the other. I do not know how we could help ourselves, but indeed it's weary work. I scarcely ever see the outside of the door now,—it's work, work, from the 1st of January to the 31st of December; and as to our souls, why we must try to forget that we have any."

"This is a sorrowful story," said I, "and I fear that you will find, at last, that you have been out in your reckoning. But I confess that I am 'taken aback,' as the sailors say, by what you have told me, and must have time to think it over. If anybody had told me, when I was in Australia, what sort of a place I should find England when I got back, I don't think I should have had courage enough to return. Good morning to you; and let me ask you to try and remember whether there are not some words of our Saviour's in the Gospel, about 'gaining the whole world, and losing one's own soul?'"

I turned away, and pursued my walk, though with a heavy heart. The new state of things met me everywhere. In every business-street most of the shops were open; and when I got among the merchants' residences, I saw them coming out, one by one, on foot, or in various carriages, evidently going to their counting-houses. I came to a corner where a house was re-building, and the bricklayers and plasterers were hard at work. In another place, a cart was delivering some furniture and bedding. Boys passed to and fro, but not in Sunday dresses, with books in their hands for school; but in aprons, or with parcels under their arms for delivery. At last, sick at heart, I came to a church, at which the bells were ringing, and the doors were open. I entered, full of sorrowful thoughts, and found a seat. There were but few persons in the place as yet, but they came in by ones and twos, and when the clergyman entered the reading-desk there was rather more than half a congregation, of whom, however, at least five-sixths were females. My thoughts wandered back to my last visit to Liverpool in 1863, when I saw that same church quite filled with an apparently interested congregation. Now the clergyman seemed saddened and depressed. He went through the service in a tired and hopeless tone, and rendered me, if possible, more unhappy than when I entered the place.

I walked again into the street, determined to stroll still further, for the aspect of the town had made me melancholy. But soon I came to a row of new houses which were building in this suburb, and my attention was arrested by a few words which were interchanged between two parties of workmen. It was past one o'clock, and two or three men, evidently in the building trade, were going off their work; and as they passed these houses, they stopped to greet some of the men who were employed on them, and some words soon reached my ear.

"What, Bill," I heard one of the passers-by say, "are you stuck here for all this blessed afternoon? And do you mean to stand that?"

"Stand it," rejoined Bill; "what is a fellow to do? You know, the season is dull; work isn't easy to be got, and there's the wife and children wanting bread."

"But hasn't your master any conscience at all? Have you made him understand that a man can't do his work properly who never has a day's rest?"

"Yes, indeed; I have said as much to him as I dared; but he told me that he only got this job by putting in a tender lower than any other builder cared to take the work at; and that he can only make both ends meet by using every hour of the time, and by saving every brick and every plank that can be saved. It comes to this," he said; "I must have the whole seven days in every week, or I shall lose money by the job; so you must consider whether you like to work the whole week out, Sundays and all, or look for work elsewhere. There is no other choice for you or for me."

"Well," said Tom, "put it how you like, I say it's downright slavery. Our governor's bad enough, but he does allow us Sunday *afternoon*, and that's better than nothing." *(To be concluded in our next number.)*

"Father, do you ever pray?"

SIX days thou shalt labour... but the seventh is the Sabbath...in it thou shalt not do any work. that thy manservant and thy maidservant may REST as well as thou.
DEUTERONOMY v. 12, 14

Those who desire to perfect their sets of the "BRITISH WORKMAN," can do so. ALL the Back Numbers may now be had through any Bookseller.

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UP IN THE MORNING.

In the early spring-time, when the flower's in the bud,
Before the bird-matin swells up from the wood,
'Tis sweet to be up in the morning.
'Tis man's love each star
Seems, while twinkling afar,
The day's growing glare to be scorning;
And feel how each thought,
With devotion is fraught,
'Tis sweet to be up in the morning!

When spring is away, and on heathery heights,
And in dells that the blue-bells are born in,
Each brooding bird-bride in her new charge delights,
'Tis sweet to be up in the morning.
'Tis sweet to be up
When young June's gown-cap
Spreads, greeting the day herald's morning;
When each emerald blade
Is with sapphire inlaid,
'Tis sweet to be up in the morning!

When the germ of the thistle is ready to roam,
The arms of the gentle breeze bear in,
Ere farmer and he have their fall harvest-home,
'Tis sweet to be up in the morning,
When the shadowless moon,
Loth to leave us so soon,
Hangs, the west with her paleness adorning,
While the spider's web trail
Is a dew-bedecked veil,
'Tis sweet to be up in the morning!

And e'en when the year's vernal glory is fled,
And Hope only bodes its returning,
How charm the heart that lies trembling abed,
Afraid of the face of the morning!
The dull winter day
May not have to display
One charm that's above human scorning;
But, come when it will,
Warm is beautiful still,
Then strive to be up in the morning!

DAVID WINGATE, the Pitman Poet.

"FATHER, DO YOU EVER PRAY?"

A LITTLE boy in my infant school, for a very great time, had his father staying at home one evening, when the fretfulness of a mother's mother occasioned her to be out. He was delighted to have his father at home—and he showed him his infant lessons, and all sorts of little things which interested him very much. The father was accustomed to spend his evenings in "the public," but that night he was where he ought to be—at home. He was very pleased with the little boy. When it was bedtime, he came to his father, and said—"It's time for me to go to bed; will you let me say my prayer to you, father?" "Well, you may," said he. The little child knelt at his father's knees, and offered up his prayer, and whilst he did so, the tears came rushing down the cheeks of his poor thoughtless father, who told me afterwards that he never felt so in all his life, and would have given anything to have been away. When the child ceased his prayer his father expected he was going to bed, which he was all ready to prepare for himself; but he stopped there chafing his father's hard hand between his little soft cries, and looked up into his face and said, "Father, do you ever pray?" He said to me, "If anyone had struck me with a sledge-hammer I could not have been more wretched than I was at that moment. I said, 'You go to bed.' The child went upstairs to his bed, and I listened," said his father to me when telling me, "I listened, and I heard him say prayer again; he had it all over again, and he made a fresh piece of prayer for me." He said, "Oh! how glad was I when I heard his mother's footsteps at the door. I rushed upstairs and thought I could go to sleep, and that it would be all over in the morning; but not one wink of sleep for me. It seemed as though something was always on my pillow saying, 'Do you ever pray?' I went to my work in the morning, and with every stroke I gave with the hammer, every operation of my file, there it was, "Do you pray?" "I thought, said he, "I must pray or die, so I got my prayer-book—I knew I had one somewhere—and at the very first, I found what was the very prayer for me—the confession—and I began to pray. The next Sunday my little instructor induced me, in his coaxing way, to go to church with him in the evening, and thank God I have never ceased to go since, and from being a wretched spendthrift, I have become a happy man, and my house is now a house of prayer."—*Rev. G. S. Ball, Birmingham.*

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THE BRITISH WORKMAN

FEATHERED BUILDERS AND THEIR HOMES.

SPARE THE BIRDS.

EVERY British workman who values a cheap breakfast for his family should raise his voice against the barbarous poisoning and wholesale destruction of the small birds, now so prevalent. In one parish in Sussex the members of a "Sparrow Club" boast of having destroyed 7,261 birds during the last year! How many millions of insects will in consequence of this slaughter be left to seek all in consequence of this slaughter be left to seek out the crops this year, the cleverest calculator cannot tell! In many parts of France the farmers would now be thankful to have the little birds which, so long gone by, they slaughtered. During the last few years, many of the French farmers have been well-nigh ruined, by the terrible havoc made in their fields by insects, which they preserved the birds, they might have saved their crops. The French Government has now taken up the question with energy, and has offered a reward for each the little birds. We hope that the English Government will do the same before it is too late. The use of poisoned wheat, for the destruction of birds is an outrage on humanity, and ought to be restrained by the strong arm of the law. What security has the public against poisoned pigeons and hens, which are sold in our markets, and afterwards into pies on our dinner-tables? None!

THE WIDOW'S MEMORIAL.

Our readers will remember that in No. 49. of the *British Workman* we gave a memoir of George Stephenson, the great railway engineer. That remarkable man is only served his country by his inventions, but he trains his only son Robert to be the heir of his industry and genius, and he also exercised a very great influence on most of the people that came under his care. One of the most justly celebrated of these was the late eminent engineer, Joseph Locke.

The grandson of a wood of Barnsley—his native town, may well be proud of the diligent youth, who, after completing his course of studies there, became a pupil of George Stephenson, but in the commencement of railway operations (1824-6), when Joseph Locke was from nineteen to twenty-one years of age, he was the only young student who was value to the wise master. In the contest for the locomotive prize, which was won by the "Rocket" engine, the skill of Joseph Locke contributed greatly to the favourable result. He also was the engineer of many important lines of railway in England and the continent. In parts of Spain he was employed on the Southampton line, which has so greatly increased the prosperity of that important town, and made it the principal English commercial port for France, and the south of Europe.

Many of the French lines of railway, and others in Germany, in Portugal, and in Spain, were made by Joseph Locke; and his name will be ever mentioned with honour and gratitude, wherever the wonderful changes, and improved trade, introduced by railways is the theme of comment.

Joseph Locke was not only a great engineer, but a valuable man in all the relations of life. He sat in parliament as a Liberal, and filled a lite, that closed when he had only attained his fifty-sixth year, with good deeds, than remain to the memory. Act has no vesper-hymn like the man who has run of his days, must be deeply felt by the community—how much more by those who chased kindred with him, and who knew the skill of Joseph Locke mind yet the tenderness of his heart? First among such sufferers must be his widow. Where perfect love has reigned and a fragrance of heart existed, it is the survivor, that cherishes our tears.

Occasionally there is such an evidence of strength being perfected in weakness, that the bereaved husband, lost wife, and the great of Mrs. Locke for her distinguished husband is at this kind. She knew how strong a love he had for the pursuits of his early days, and how eagerly he desired the prosperity and well-being not merely of the upper and middle classes, but of the workers in the loom and neighbourhood of Barnsley where he was published recently, and so it entered into the mind of the munificent and gentle lady, to pay both a tribute to her husband's honoured memory, and to benefit his native place, and she has given a spacious park for the healthful recreation of the inhabitants of Barnsley and their children. The cost of this gift was £5,000, with a plot for nursing, a further sum of £1,000 has been given the memory of departed worth at this park will do, and ever in association with the name of the great engineer will be the kind and noble gift of his widow.

It was very appropriate that this park should be opened by prayer, reminding the thousands assembled that pleasure, to be worthy of the name, should be sanctified with gratitude to Him who puts every good thought into the mind, and whose blessing can alone send prosperity. Everywhere, we pray God, may the poors pleasant recreation in that park, and multitudes at a distance who hear of the gift, will pray that comfort may come to the widow's heart, and that the generous gift may be wisely enjoyed by the people, and be a means of promoting health, sobriety, and innocent enjoyment.

AN EXAMPLE TO CABMEN.

BEING in the neighbourhood of Kensington, engaged on a business matter, and having a few minutes leisure, I thought the time could not be better employed than by distributing a few papers.

At a cabstand which I approached, I saw several drivers waiting to be hired, and I commenced giving some tracts among them. One of the gentlemen with whom they were received, I was passing on, disinterested, without presenting one to the foremost man, when he hailed me with, "Hallo, sir! you have passed the gaw'ner?" Feeling inwardly condemned, I hastened to rectify my error, and entered into conversation with him; he the cabman said, "Sunday is a day of hard work on a Sunday, and I don't believe they gets any good as do. I goes home of a night, and if it happens to be eleven o'clock, I reads a little bit of the Bible, and then when Sunday comes, we go to church, and I hold all of us has a rest. I can tell you, Sir, that I miss a portion of my rest when thus them as works on the day when they are told not to work." I said he, alluding to the Sunday drivers, "they will find out the mistake, for it's hard to kick against the pricks, ain't it, Sir?"

J. H.

A BIBLE INSTEAD OF BEER.

AT a Temperance Meeting recently held in Calne, a working-man in relating his experience of an eleven months' trial of abstinence, particularly gave a striking illustration of the value of "Fool's-pence," as he called them, when wisely employed. He showed to the audience a beautiful family Bible, which had cost him 28s., and which he had bought with the "three-ha'pences," which had formerly gone for his half-pints."

HAVING arrived in London from Scotland a poor boy with but sixpence in my pocket, I said to myself, my mother said that Providence, labour, and perseverance make a man," if so, I'll be a man—and began accordingly.

Sir James Graham.

SUNDAY EXCURSION TRAINS.

Various attempts have been made to enlist the working classes in the cause of Sunday travel. Most simple minded would the mechanic be, if he responded to such calls; for in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird. Appeals either to pleasure, or to duty, to his indulgence, as they are necessary to his rights. These counsels have signally failed to accomplish their objects. The working classes have not responded, and never will, to the call of Sabbath-day labour. They know that every species of toil is related more or less directly to every other, and that the employment of a few hours on a section of their number, to wrest the Sabbath from another section, would prove speedily as fatal to the spoilers as to the spoiled. Will any of the Christian men of Sunday travelling Where they invaded a country, they tempted one half of the inhabitants to help them in subjugating the rest; and, lo! now, that the entire population is brought under their yoke. The adventures of Sabbath-labour follow the same course, enticing operatives in mills and other establishments to aid them in forcing self on railway servants; and soon the labourers who consent to be subjugated, will become its prey. The sphere of self-seeking drives his in their losing ground in each other, and in proving a united resistance to all infusion of their privileges. They would resist the plundering of their blocks. Will not some leaders of the working class, who are losing nothing of their rights? Will they see their own day—their only day—a day important alike to their present comfort and eternal prospects—ravished from them not just to servants after another, till hardly any of them are left with hands unshackled to help their fellows? Instead of aiding to oppress and enslave others, and undermine their energies to defend oppression, from whatever quarter it may proceed? They have such an opportunity now of securing the Sabbath day thus about to be lost occurred before, and if carelessly suffered to pass, may not occur again. It is no easy matter to arouse public interest on such a question, and to secure a general and effective, but have been captured in detail—no easy matter to associate in thoroughness of all sects and classes, on behalf of the rights of one section of the people, and the rights of all. The rare opportunity presents itself at present. Our artisans have now many with them who are both able and willing to help them, if they will help themselves. Aries, enlightened workmen, and about a just estimate of the crisis and its duties. Chain the rest of the Sabbath, and no power on these realms can withhold it from you; defend it when it is won; and all unbelieved as it appears, it will find in your rent and courage, sanctioned and blessed by the Omnipotent God of rocks. Though kings should encamp against it, it will be to their own confusion and disgrace; they will pass by together, and haste them to hide from the walls and bulwarks of such an impregnable fortress.

DR. KING.

STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

WE rejoice to be able to give publicity to the following notice recently issued by the "London General Omnibus Company" to their Drivers and Conductors:—The Directors having been informed that many of the drivers and conductors are desirous of abstaining entirely from any on Sunday, but fear to excite a prejudice against them by avoiding themselves of the permission granted by the previous notice on the subject, hereby notify that any driver or conductor may be relieved from working on Sunday by giving notice of his wish to the foreman not later than twelve o'clock at noon on the Saturday previous, and that directions have been given for arrangements to be made accordingly, and that the directors do not desire any man to work on Sundays who has a conscientious objection to do so.—By order, (Signed) A. G. CITRUCH, Secretary.—31, Mongrate Street, *E.C.*

A CHILD'S SYMPATHY.

A CHILD's eyes! Have clear wells of unfelled thought—what on earth and be so beautiful? Fall of love, hope and generosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest! In joy, how sparkling! In sympathy, how tender! In pain, how pitiful! The sympathy of a little child, has carelessly pasted by one of the pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower, without plucking it to wear it, and smell it. A child cries for pain—and you think? "Speak to it of the holy things of religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you for ever lost?" Try it, if you like it is true, no measure or soundings of your thought—it will not judge how much you should believe, whether your grief is natural or pretended, whether you are worthy to be wept or fit to attract the love which you seek—but its whole soul will incline to yours, and engrossed itself, as it were, on the feeling which is your feeling for the hour.

A STRANGE SIGHT.

ON Sunday the 8th of October, two tourists attended Dr. Alexander's church, in Edinburgh. Being too late to arrive at the entrance that strangers were to wait in the lobby until the first hymn was sung; and then they would be commodiously shown to seats. Accordingly the two friends with several other persons paused as requested. Among the waiting group was a young man of about twenty-two years, such a conspicuous figure, that the tourists pronounced that one or two people coughing, begins to be apparent, and when one of the first-named tourists looked about inquiringly, the young man in the house of God smiled very like a tavern, he noticed that a thin blue spiral column of smoke was ascending from the young man's direction, and observing over the whole group of waiting strangers. The tourist gently touched his friend him and secured his cost pocket; down through the burning lining fell a roll of smouldering tobacco on the floor, and his friend had the presence of mind to crush up his pocket together while others were employed stamping out the tobacco.

Some of our readers have thought us severe in representing the consequences of smoking. Let them imagine the shame and confusion of such a scene in the entrance way of one of our evangelical churches in Edinburgh, and the decoration of filling a house of worship with fumes that smited a temple of Bacchus. When will our young men give up this degrading, dirty, expensive, and dangerous habit?

CHEAP COOKING KITCHENS.

MR. CORBETT, of Glasgow, has rendered a service to his country, by the establishment of Cheap Cooking Kitchens, which will assure him his name to be handed down with honour and thankfulness far beyond the borders of Scotland. Mr. Corbett has not yet commenced the project on a steady commercial basis, proving to the world that it is possible to supply the masses in large cities and towns with good food, well cooked, at low prices. Mr. Corbett's profit that will compensate, including cost of rent, attendance, fuel, and the poorer classes that he has done more lasting good thousands a-year in charities. Mr. Jeffrey gives away one hundred a-year, Mr. Corbett's "Cheap Dinners" Mr. Corbett's "Cheap Dinners." Mr. Corbett's "Cheap Dinners." Mr. Corbett's "Cheap Dinners."

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'British Workman' Relief Fund.

The Treasurer has much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following contributions up to April 30th, 1863:—

Workmen at the Coal Mines and Iron Works of the Whitehaven Hematite Iron Company, Flimby, Bull Hill, Prova, Friend, in Kelton Collieries, 10/. Weekly Offerings at special services at Bethesda Theatre, per S. Morris, Esq., £2 12s. 11d.; Collected by Mr. James Bee, Stone Masons, Forest Row, 1/. 1s. 1d.; Messrs. Cash and Sons, and Employes, Birch Wood, 2/. 3s. 2d.; Workpeople of Mr. John Hartley, Woodcroft Cotton Spinner, Ashburner, 2/. 5s.; Friends and others, at Sycamorehouse, Hanley-on-Thames, Collected by Mrs. E. Barnett, 4/. 8s.; Collected by Mr. John Wilson, Crosshill School, 1/. 10s.; T. J. H. E. Hesketh, Esq., Gosfatrick, 1/.; W. D. Pike, Esq., Bio-de-Janeiro, 2/.; Workmen at the Bourne Valley Pottery, Poole, 1/. 11s. 8d.; Little Dorrith Paper Mill, by Mrs. E. Berry, 10s.; Contributed by Mr. Cockshott, by a few Friends, at Guildford, 3/. 16s. 3d.; Workmen of Mr. Wm. Downey, Sculptor, 1/. Some units, £1 . . . 1/. 6s. 2d.

Collecting Papers.—Collected at Melton Mowbray, and remitted by Mr. John Dickinson, 4/. 4s.; Miss N. E. Potts Hyde, 1/. 4s.; Miss H. Blatchley, Fulham, 1/. 4s.; Miss A. Charles, Southmoor, near Abingdon, 1/. 4s.; Mr. Thos. Crawshaw, Jun., and Mr. C. Ware, Stationer, near Burlington, 1/. 1s. 6d.; Mr. J. Ashton, North Hill, near Launceston, 1/. 1s. 4d.; Miss M. C. Laird, Glasgow, 1/. Some under £1 . . . 5/. 9s. 11d.

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Received from 27th March to April 30th, ... £86 9 0

" the readers of *Children's Friend* from March 2nd to May 1st, ... £25 1 10½

Total . . . £3458 7 10½

* This is the third contribution from this source, making a total of 42/. 12s. 8d., a very large proportion of which has been contributed by the poor, in response, week after week, at the sunday Evening Services, at the Britannia Theatre.

Spitalfields and Bethnal Green.—We have received of the poor of Spitalfields, from Mr. Fairbairn, and of from a Friend in Rio-de-Janeiro, for the Spitalfields and Bethnal Green Workers, the sum of £1 10s. in the hands of J. Turnbull, M.A., of Christ Church, Spitalfields; and 2/. 10s. to Rev. John Colquhoun, B.A., St. Matthias, Bethnal Green.

A LOW VOICE IN WOMEN.

Yes, we agree with that old poet who said, that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing in a woman. Indeed, we feel inclined to pay much better than he has done on the subject, and call it one of her crowning charms. How often the spell of beauty is broken by course, loud talking! How often you are tortured by a harsh, jarring, unsounding voice! How soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. In the sanctuary of home, how such a voice soothes the fretted nerves and elevates the weary husband! A soft word has been, from time immemorial, a wonderful soother of angry passions, and a most successful turner-away of wrath.

DUST! DUST! DUST!

Mr. Cecil, riding one day with a friend on a very windy day, the dust being very troublesome, his companion remarked that they could ride to a place where the road was be free from dust; and this wish was repeated more than once while on the road. At length they reached the place, and the files so annoyed his friend's horse, that he could scarcely keep his seat on the saddle. On his bitterly complaining, "Ah! Sir," said Mr. Cecil, "when you were in the road, the dust was troublesome, and all your anxiety was to get into the fields; you forgot that the flies were there. Now this is a true picture of human life, and you will find it so in all your journeys, you make in future. We know the trials of our present situation, but the next will have trials, and perhaps worse, though they may be of a different kind."

WHERE IS YOUR BOY?

We saw him last evening, in the company of very bad boys, and they each had a cigar; and now and then some of them used very profane language. Is that your son? You say you know of it you know where he was, and with whom he associates. Dear friend, do not be so closely crucified to your shop, office, or ledger, as to neglect *that boy*. It will bring sorrow into your household if you do not bring proper parental restraint to bear upon him—and that very soon. Sabbath and public school teachers can help you, but you *must do most*.

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

Irritated by a word!
Bear it gently—do not sin,
All the fiery darts repel
Will subside, if kept within.

Do not let your temper fail,
Even by an angry frown,
Prayer to conquer will prevail;
A-k God's help to keep it down. J. S. W.

ANECDOTE OF HENRY IV OF FRANCE.

When Henry the Great of France was advised to proceed with rigour against some disaffected towns, which had fallen into his hands, he replied, "The gratification which may be derived from revenge is but momentary, while the injurious effects are lasting."

Reader! is not this reply worth remembering, and putting into practice in the affairs of everyday life?

THE POOR STUDENT.

There was once, in Germany, a poor but very diligent student, named Christian Gottlieb Heine. He went to the University of Leipzig with just enough money (twelve silver shillings) in his possession, and when he entered college all he had to live upon was about threepence a-day. A man, who had known parental affection in his youth, but the help was so small, and sent at such long intervals that sometimes Christian was nearly starved. Many times in the morning he was in need of a meal of boiled peas' husks. A blue cloak is the garb of the students at Leipzig, and it was said by one who lamented the poor youth, that he was ashamed to appear covered more burning and more hunger than any other cloak in that University. God was with the poor scholar. He was able to earn something by teaching, and was thus released from painful dependence on his sister and miserly uncle. After years of toil, he rose to great eminence by his talents, and was made Professor of Eloquence in the very University that he had entered in such poverty, and where he had endured such privations.

Let none be ashamed of honest poverty.

LESSON TAUGHT BY THE EAGLE.

"As an eagle stireth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him."—Deut. xxxii. 11, 12.

When the eagle stirs her nest,
Full it with disturbing things,
Then her young ones cannot rest,—
They must mount upon her wings.

If the nest were easy still
They might carry where it lies,
But the loving mother's will
Makes it easier to arise.

Easier—for herself is there,
Her own place of rest and love,
Rising, stooping, in the air,
Bent to raise them with her love.

Comfort dene away below,
Feeble wings they lift at length,
And the mother knows the hour
Bears them upward in her strength.

She has lived upon the wing,
She has found her joy on high,
And she knows a precious thing
In the freedom of the sky.

So the Lord alone can know
What the helpless children need;
Where 'tis good for them to go
Only He who *bears* can lead.

Whatsoever earth is dim,
Dark or sad wherever we see,
In the heavenly light with Him
It is good for us to be.

When our restful things depart,
Courage let the signal bring—
Let us rise with all our heart
Fearless on the eagle's wing. A. L. W.

MY MOTHER.

While conversing with a friend, not long since, upon the hollow-heartedness of some men's professions, and the scarcity of real friendship, he remarked that when "all others deserted him, he was still a friend." *She* clung to him under all circumstances. How true! How deep, changless, and abiding is a mother's love! It wells-bands every storm, it is green and abiding as blighted.

The troubles of a world may come in a thousand forms, and its storms beat on every side; but, firm as some ocean rock, it rears itself in the tempest, and hurls back its angry lashings. It never grows dim, but burns brightly to the last. She has a smile for our joys, a tear for our sorrows. How little do many of us appreciate the priceless worth of such a friend! She has been over us through sleepless nights, watched wearily, but tenderingly, for long years, and shielded us in helpless infancy. There is no love like hers, and we never forget it. Her lessons are never forgotten. A man may become fallen, and degraded, and an outcast; he may wander from the path of rectitude and honour, and become steeped in infamy and shame, but her early teachings may find him in many a sad hour, whether he be in a palace or a felon's cell. She is like a vine which clings to the oak after it is shivered by lightning. The world may revile, but a *mother* loves on. She is the truest earthly friend. Let those who have mothers appreciate the blessing; God pity those who have not.—*Thurlow W. Brown.*

THE BIBLE.

A little before Patrick Henry, the Governor of Virginia, died, he remarked to a friend, who found him reading the Bible, "Here is a book worth more than all the other books, which were ever printed."

Dr. Samuel Johnson said to a young man who visited him on his death-bed, "Young man, attend to the voice of one who has possessed a certain degree of fame in the world, and who will shortly appear before his Maker; read your Bible every day of your life."

Lady Jane Grey was once asked by one of her friends, how she could consent to forego the pleasures of the chase and prefer sitting at home reading the Bible, she smilingly replied, "All amusements of a like description are but shadows of the pleasure which I enjoy in reading this Book."

RUM—BEGGARY—DEATH.

During the past summer there was a little girl asked by a kind Sabbath-school teacher why she did not come to school.

She replied, "I have no clothes fit to go with."

The teacher kindly furnished her with clothing. She attended school awhile, and was again missing. The teacher looked after her, and inquired of her why she was absent from Sabbath School.

She gave it,—"Father has sold my *shoes for whiskey!*"

That drunken father had pressed her family so much, that they had to seek refuge by leaving him, which they did while he was lying in a drunken stupor. A few nights since, that same man fractured the skull of another by a blow, of which he died; and the drunken father is now in prison awaiting his trial for life. Reader, pity the drunkard and his family!

Excellence is never granted to man, but as the reward of labour. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry, without the pleasure of perceiving these advantages; which, like the hands of a clock, whilst they move forward, are yet so slowly as to escape observation.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

SLAVERY IN ENGLAND.

A VISION OF THE RIGHT.

(Continued from page 404.)

I had come close up to them by this time, and lingered upon the outskirts of the group to raise my hat in an unmanly way. I thought it better to volunteer a remark; and I said, "Why, my good fellows, how is this? When I left England twenty years ago, the hallers and then men were slopping about five and a-half days in the week. It was agreed that the week day was to be only half a day, and the exception almost the number of hours. Now I come back, and I find quite another state of things. You are not quarrelling now, about six days, or five days and a-half, but whether a man shall work seven days in the week, or only six and a-half. How comes this change?"

"Ah," said Tom, "we have touched a sore place. It makes a man's heart ache to think of the days of 1861 and 1862—days when I, I am afraid, we shall never see again. But as to change of times, perhaps we ought to think ourselves for mind of that."

Glad to hear language so reasonable, I said, "Well, my good fellow, it strikes me that you can give me what I want. I have just returned from Australia; I have not seen England for twenty years, but I have also covered, within the last twelve hours, that some and change has taken place; and I very much want some one to explain it to me. Why have you lost the old English Sunday? When did you lose it? How did you lose it? And is there no chance of your ever getting it back again? I want to know something about it, for, during the twenty years which I have spent on the other side of the globe."

"Well," said Jack, "I do not know that I can do that, but I will try to remember some of the changes which have happened since the time when you went away, which, you said, was about 1862 or 1863.

"Pray do," I said "the last thing I remember was a struggle which was going on among the hodders; the workmen insisting on a week's work of only five and-a-half days."

"Oh that," said he, "must have been over before you left England. I cannot remember anything before you left about the Sunday Excursion-Trains, and the opening of the Museums on the Sunday."

"Yes," said I, "I remember something about those things."

"Well," said he, "that was the beginning of the whole mischief. The Museums and Galleries at that time, what was our true sentiment. We thought it a fine thing to have even sentiment on the railway on Sunday, though we knew that those who ran the railways must lose their Sunday in order to give us that enjoyment. We thought, too, that it would be a capital thing to have all the museums and galleries open on Sundays, although it was clear that this must take away the day's rest of a good many more. But we petitioned and memorialized for Sundays, and for the opening of the museums on Sundays, and after some years, we carried our point. A worse piece of work we never did. But few of us foresaw what would turn out."

"Why, how did it turn out?" I asked.

"Well, much as we might have foreseen, if we had thought about it. When the Museums and Galleries were opened, the Crystal Palace, could not be kept shut. With that there opened, in large numbers, a great many hundreds of exhibitions of all kinds, in town and country. Then began concerts of all descriptions, from those which profaned to give amusement because of the day, to the mammoth concerts with music of all kinds. The theatres soon opened also, and very soon it became an understood thing that everything was lawful on the other days of the week should be lawful on Sunday as well. Having gone so far, it was impossible to stop here. When all kinds of amusements were permitted, and when all the military people had been made to work the whole seven days, Parliament became ashamed of the injustice of the case; and very soon, we were proposed to have "no more piety by Act of Parliament," but to leave the observance of the Sabbath to every man's conscience, the question was left to the people themselves.

"Oh!" I answered, "I now begin to understand. Then, for some years past, you have lived without any laws for the observance of Sunday."

"Yes," he said, "and the end of it you see here. Whatever else the change might be, at least this is clear and certain, that it was the poor people who suffered most.

"That I can easily believe," I replied. "But I shall be glad to hear from you how and when the change began to make itself felt."

"It was not long," he answered, "before the effects began to be felt. By degrees the people came to realize the fact that there were two days of rest in consequence of Sunday, and that it was left to every man's conscience whether he would or would not keep Sunday at all. The exhibitions, concerts, and theatres, and places, they soon found out that they were at liberty; and they saw also that hangers would still abound on that day. Everywhere there were shows, and concerts, and plays; and, of course, working-men, of various sorts, were wanted to help in all these exhibitions. Then by slow degrees, the employers of labour began to understand that what the railway directors had done they might do also. At least as many as 100,000 men were kept at work on Sundays, and the other 100,000 men, six days, merely to enable some of the companies to pay a little better dividend than they otherwise could have done. Now it was great many little and one-pound fortunes were in the same case; they wanted more profit than they were getting; the constant competition reduced profit of all kinds. So, one by one, the master-manufacturers began to make calculations, and they soon found that to keep the mill and steam-engines always going would give them a better chance of a living profit. So, every one and then, this or that mill would begin running all the week round, or only stopping on Sunday afternoon for a half-holiday, as chance the operatives."

"And the shops, I suppose, took the same course?"

"Oh yes; those few shopkeepers who were jealous of religion stood out, but the great gave way. Nobody liked to see his neighbour get his customers away; so it came to what you saw when you left."

"But how was it?" I asked, "that the working men did not make a stand? Surely they must be the principal sufferers."

"Yes, and I have often wondered that they did not make a better fight. But, the other evening, at the Mechanics' Institute, one of my comrades, who had looked into some of the books about Profits and Wages, showed me how this change naturally put the workmen more than ever into their masters' power."

"How was that?" I asked.

"Why, you see, he explained to me that the real strength of the working men lay in this, that their labour was in demand—was wanted; and that, therefore, whatever made the supply of labour excessive, or more than was needed, threw the workmen into the power of their employers. For instance," he said, "suppose that in a large village six buildings were needed, and a dozen in a and eighteen more and settled there. They would stand in each other's light; they would underbid each other, and scramble for work, and the master-builder would be able to do what he liked with them."

"Oh, yes," I said, "I quite understand that. So, too, here in Liverpool, suppose that 6000 labourers are needed for the docks, and 7000 come and settle here, the rate of wages must fall, for the last comers will be ready to take work at a lower rate than the former ones."

"Well, then, he remarked, that to make the existing labourers work seven days instead of six, was the same thing as bringing 7000 to the number of 6000. It overstocked the market, it lowered the value of labour, and put it in the master's power to prescribe his own terms. And therefore, he argued, every fresh thousand of men who are forced to submit to seven days' labour, is a fresh succession to the surplus labour of the community, and unless the whole body of labourers be weaker, and the whole body of masters stronger than they were before."

"There is no doubt of that," said I; "but since you seem to understand the real grounds of all this, tell me, Do you see any hope? Is it an evil which will bring its own cure? or will things only grow worse and worse? I ask for my own sake, for I feel very glad at this respect, I must go and bury myself in some quiet Welsh village, where either religious principle or the want of temptation may leave the old Sabbath-day undisturbed."

"I cannot tell," he said. "At present I see no prospect of relief. I myself, you see, have been forced to fall in with the set of things. I can refuse to work, at least half of each Sunday, would shut me out of work altogether, and I am too old to find a new trade. I have often thought of point-blank refusal, but I know not where one could be safe from the same mischief. In fact, a system which has once rooted itself in England, is pretty sure to spread to all England's colonies."

"You give me but a gloomy prospect," I said; "but I have not yet been quite through the whole day in England. I must look about me, and try to discover what I ought to do. At present I only feel alarmed and discouraged, but I can hardly realize the whole truth of the case, or the magnitude of the evil."

I took my leave of them, and walked on; but everything, at each turn of the street, had dropping in where I saw an open door, to converse with the people on that change. I found, as I might have expected, only one feeling about it. To the people, the loss of the Sunday as a day of rest had been simply and entirely a calamity. Gain there was none. It was admitted by all to be simply "more work" without any gain. Some shopkeepers did not do more business by keeping their shops open for seven days instead of six; the work-people did not get more wages. The only a general sense of loss, and of injustice. "If we do not open our shops our rivals will get our customers." "If we do not agree to work seven days, or six and a-half, at the mill, our employers will get others to take our places."

I asked, then, again and again, how they came to be short-sighted as to help forward the change? They answered in every case, that they did not at all foresee how the thing would work. It seemed a small thing to be able to go a-fishing or shooting on a Sunday morning by the rail for a shilling; and therefore they petitioned for it. It seemed very pleasant, too, to have the public gardens and museums open on the Sunday; and so they petitioned for that too. It never occurred to them that when Sunday had been made a day of pleasure, it would in time make it make a working-day of it, as well as a day of pleasure. But now there was no help for it. A dull, hopeless sort of slavery had crept over them, and, now, or whence deliverance was to come, they saw not.

Slavery! Yes, it was so. A careless, monotonous toil, from the first day of the week to the last. Yet, in other cases, except, in some cases, a Sunday afternoon in the public-houses, is nothing better than slavery. The loss of all rest for the body, and of all time and opportunity for reviving and enlightening the soul, must reduce human beings to a state not much above that of the beasts of the field. The loss of Sunday, in many cases, the mere change from sleep to walking, from hunger to fulness, is scarcely life to a reasonable being. Yet into this state were my countrymen thrust. Slavery several of them had called it, and slavery I felt that it was. Lately depressed and out of heart, I turned away to go back to my inn; but I turned again and said to myself, Is it what a dream! I collected my thoughts. Where was I? Had I been to Australia? Was I not last night at the meeting of the League? Was it not 1863 still, and not 1885?

I felt relieved from a burden. I sprang up rejoicing. It had been all a dream.

May God grant it may never become a Reality! Oh! my fellow-Christians, I would show myself a worthy second name of England, if you would show yourselves worthy of reason and Christian name, stand by your Sabbath-day; let no one begule you of your day of rest!

But think not it can be maintained on any other than one foundation; namely, as resting on the law of God. He claims it for Himself, and then He gives it to you. He said, thousands years ago, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy—for every employer of labour—" The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work;—that thy man-servant and thy maid-servant may rest as well as thou."

Take this for your charter—your privilege—granted by the King of kings, and the Lord of lords; and let no one defraud you of it.

☞ "Slavery in England" is published as a first tract, and may now be had through any Bookseller. Price 1d., or 6s. per 100.

A PARTY OF EMIGRANTS BIDDING "FAREWELL" TO OLD ENGLAND. DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.

SHALL WE EMIGRATE?

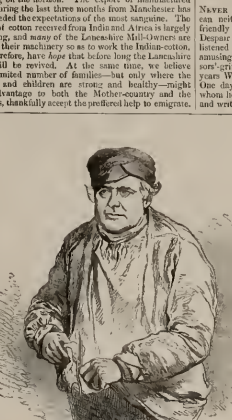
THE continued distress in Lancashire is causing many fathers and mothers seriously to ponder the question, "*Shall we emigrate?* Efforts are now being made by some benevolent individuals and Societies to aid the emigration of families to some of the British Colonies. To those of our readers who may incline to leave their Fatherland, we would say, "Do not be in a hurry! Let there be prudent and prayerful consideration of the subject before you decide!" Dark as the prospect of the next winter is for Lancashire, there is *a streak of light* breaking on the horizon. The export of manufactured goods during the last three months from Manchester has far exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine. The supply of cotton received from India and Africa is largely increasing, and many of the Lancashire Mill-Owners are altering their machinery so as to work the Indian-cotton. We, therefore, have *hope* that before long the Lancashire trade will be revived. At the same time, we believe that a limited number of families—but only where the parents and children are strong and healthy—might with advantage to both the Mother-country and the Colonies, thankfully accept the proffered help to emigrate.

In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.
PROVERBS III. 6.

THE SCISSORS'-GRINDER.

NEVER DESPAIR! Try! To those working-men who can neither read nor write, we wish to whisper the friendly words of encouragement, "Try! Try! Never Despair!" Thousands of our Yorkshire readers have listened with intense pleasure to the humorous and amusing addresses of honest William Mennell, the Scissors'-grinder. Are they aware that up to the age of forty years William Mennell could neither read nor write? One day he met with a travelling writing-master, to whom he paid seven shillings for six lessons in reading and writing. Never were a few shillings better spent. In a short time, the scholar was able to read his Bible. With an earnest desire to do good amongst his fellow-men, William began to address, in his broad Yorkshire dialect, a few words of good advice to those who gathered round his grinding-machine. By his frugality, he was enabled to purchase a small steam-engine to turn the wheel. The novelty of the engine attracted crowds, and on many occasions, hundreds of persons have listened with deep interest to the interesting addresses of the Scissors'-grinder, on temperance, cleanliness, and frugality. Not a few poor drunkards have, by God's blessing, been reclaimed by the humble efforts of William Mennell, the scissors'-grinder.

Reader! however humble your position in life may be, you possess *influence*. Use it for the *good* of mankind! *Never despair!* Try!



WILLIAM MENNELL, THE YORKSHIRE SCISSORS'-GRINDER.

Opinion of our Ancestors.

In the reign of Edward II., there was the most terrible earthquake that had ever been felt in England, and a dreadful famine, which lasted three years. During that time the brewing of beer was prohibited on pain of death, in order that the grain might not be used for malt, but be applied to the making of bread.

A YOUNG man idle, is an old man needy.

"I'M MAKING PREPARATION."

"STILL thinking and reading about Australia?" said I once to a friend of mine.

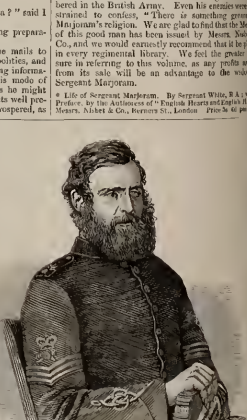
"Why, yes, as we shall go there I'm making preparation," was the reply.

And I found my friend knew all about the mails to and fro, the voyage, the colony, its climate, politics, and trade. He had left no means untried of getting information. He had given up many luxuries in his mode of life to fit him for the altered circumstances he might have to encounter. And he was in all respects well prepared for his long journey. He went and prospered, as I thought he would, for he had acted wisely. Dear Reader! a longer journey, and a final one, lies before you and me—*are we* prepared! What do we know of that far country to which we are bound? Do we think about it—read about it—pray about it? These are solemn questions. We have the means of knowing all that is needful about the land that is afar off—ah, perhaps it is not far off now; for every day brings it nearer. How near none can tell! Are we prepared? The Bible is our Guide-Book and our Time-Table. We must study it, and so prepare for our journey. It gives full directions on all points. The ship we must go in is called "Salvation." The commander we must sail under is—Jesus. The freight we must take is—Humility, Obedience, and Faith. The ocean we traverse is—Time. The bound of our station—Eternity, the land we seek is—Heaven. Its climate is ever mild and clear:—"There is no night there, and no need of the sun, neither of the moon, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Its laws are not written in many words; four letters compose them all—LOVE. Its inhabitants are the spirits of the just made perfect. Are we listening to hear the spirit-voice say, "Come?" "Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

THE LATE SERG. MARJORAM, R.A.

BRITISH SOLDIERS! You are exposed to many temptations to evil. Is it not *hard work* for a soldier to be a God-fearing man? Yet, hard as it is, you may be valiant for the truth. Many of you knew the late Sergeant Marjoram, of the Royal Artillery. No man ever laboured more earnestly for the welfare of his comrades than *he* did, especially when he was stationed in New Zealand. His efforts to promote Bible-Classes, Mutual Instruction Societies, Temperance, &c., amongst British Soldiers, will cause his name long to be remembered in the British Army. Even his enemies were constrained to confess, "There is something genuine in Marjoram's religion. We are glad to find that the Memoir of this good man has been issued by Messrs. Nisbet & Co., and we would earnestly recommend that it be placed in every regimental library. We feel the greater pleasure in referring to this volume, as any profits arising from its sale will be an advantage to the widow of Sergeant Marjoram.

* Life of Sergeant Marjoram. By Sergeant White, R.A.; with a Preface, by the Authoress of "English Hearts and English Hands." Messrs. Nisbet & Co., Berners St., London. Price 3s 6d. gilt edges.



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THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

"Here, Master, let me have threepen'orth of those cherries, will you?"

"BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES!"

BY JOHN WILLIAM ASHTON.

It was about 3 o'clock on a scorching hot Saturday afternoon in John Lewis the carpenter had just pushing his hand in his pocket, "Here, just the price of a pint," as I had resolved thereupon to step across "The" and have some ale to allay his thirst. As he opened the door which led to the bar, which stood the ale on the polished counter, but a pint of beautiful ripe cherries, the sight of which made John's mouth water so freely that ere he knew exactly what he was doing—his hand was arrested in its take a ten, when the shrill voice of the landlady from behind called out,

"You mark them if you dare, sir!"

John was startled, but before he could reply, the landlady added,

"I'm sick of your taking such a liberty, I should like to know what you are thinking about?"

"Well missus, I was only going to take one or two to wet my whistle."

"You had better not try it on," she said with warmth.

"Why, you work 'mon for having a few, will you? I am so thirsty and they look quite tempting," said John, thinking she was joking.

"No sir, not, I have just bought them as a treat for me children; they are a peculiar sort and very expensive."

"Well, just let me try one."

"No," she answered, with determination in every look, "just one, if you want any," buy your own cherries!"

"Well, indeed John," "I thought you have a pint of your best (?), but I think I'll take your advice, and go and buy some cherries instead," and turning round, he left the shop.

The landlady saw in a moment that she had committed a mistake, and called loudly for John to come back, but this only made him quicken his steps and get away as fast as possible.

"Well, I've done it," she said, as taking up her plate of cherries she passed into the bar to wait for John; "he stayed I was not to let him have one or two, he is too good a customer to lose. I must look out, however, while he comes to pay his money, and ask him to be more on over again if possible." And with such reflections she tried to calm down her disturbed feelings.

Meanwhile John hastened down the street, looking out for the shop where fruit was displayed, and as soon as he caught sight of the things he ordered the woman out,—

"Here master, let me have threepen'orth of those cherries, will you?"

"Yes sir," said the man, and quickly placed in his hands a small bag containing the cherries, which when John received he returned again to the workshop. All this had taken place in a few minutes, and the events had crowded so quickly one upon the other, that when a had the bag of cherries on the bench and put one in his mouth, he scarcely seemed to realize that John his employer of the landlady even with additional force, and in words second so "stick in his throat," that as he swallowed the fruit, such cursing and swearing burst from the landlady's mouth, "Buy your own cherries."

"Yes," said John, "and that is the way you serve a fellow is all after spending money in a public house, and now he begrudge even a paltry cherry;" and striking his hammer on the nail as he muttered the words—the nail caused to answer him back again, "Buy your own cherries"

All the rest of that afternoon the words haunted him, and he wished he could even the scale and the pinches of the same adverse and at times he appeared to grow desperate, and from his lips would rush the words, "Buy your own cherries!" "Ah, yes," said he, "as wonderful cures since gulling, "I have bought them too long for her and her children; I will take care of another one for her future, and soon we have not only cherries, but many other sweet things beside."

At length the bell rang for leaving work, and John walked to the counting-house to receive his wages, which amounted generally to about thirty shillings; for although he was in the habit of paying frequent visits to the public-house, he was not a drunkard; he was thought the people would call a drunkard; indeed he would have felt insulted if anyone had dared to apply such a term to him and no matter would have been considered too low to prove that he only took what he considered did him good and if he did on a Saturday night sometimes get over the scale, while the friendly glass passed round more freely than usual, and the cheerful song caused the time to fly fast so that he went home later than on other nights, it was simply because he was a good fellow and must do as others do; and if, at such times, the wife complained that the money left was barely sufficient to purchase the needful things for the week's supply, he would tell her to "mind her own business," and a few sharp words between them would be the result. But alas! such scenes are too well known to need description. Poor Mary, like many others, had grown weary with complaining, for neither she determined to do her best to keep the house as comfortable as her husband would allow, and by kind words and looks to make the home as attractive as possible, feeling assured that by such means she would win back to her home and the public-house, the opposite course would most likely to drive and keep him there.

However, our friend John is standing at yonder gate, with his wages in hand, evidently hesitating; he has shall do. Let us draw near, and by doing so we shall learn what he has on his mind.

"Well, what shall I do? I must go and pay my score, I don't wish to be dishonest; if I know how much it was I would send a bit over; but never mind, I'll go and pay her and have done with her," and away he went.

The moment the landlady caught sight of John, she put on her best smile, and without giving him time to utter a word, she said, "I am so glad to see you John; we have just tapped a fresh barrel of our best," so drawing a glass and holding it to him she said, "I wish your opinion of it."

"No thank you, I don't wish any," said John; "I want to pay what I owe you, how much is it?"

"Come," said Mrs. Boniface, "it's all stuff take a glass man, what's your hurry?"

"No, not a drop," said John, "I want to be off."

"Well will you have a glass of something short?" said the landlady.

"No, not for me, thanks," said John.

"But," said the landlady, "Tom Smith is in the parlour, and Dick Bates will be here directly, you won't go just yet."

"Will you let me know how much I owe you?" said John, getting impatient, "or I shall go without settling."

"Ah! I see now," said the landlady, "that I put my foot in it this afternoon and offended you, but I hope you won't mind a few words spoken in haste, come let us be friends once more."

"Not a drop will I take here or anywhere else if I know it," said John, "and as to offending me, that don't matter that I see, so long as you get your money."

"But," said the landlady, while she was feeling over the P's and Q's (pints and quarts), "I don't like to quarrel with anyone, especially with you; now do let me make it up, and you shall have a glass, I have kept them for you; see (reaching them out of the bar-parlour), here they are."

"No thank you," said John, with a smile, "I took your advice, and went and bought some which were very delicious, and now take what I owe you out of this screen, I want to be off."

"I don't like," said the landlady, "really to change this without your tasting something; what will you take?" (Throwing a glass to a customer, a mackerel by-the-way!)

"Nothing, I say again," said John, speaking impatiently, and taking up his change, he walked out and soon found his way home.

"Well, I have made a nice mess this time!" said the landlady, "I wish I ever get caught again losing my temper, I'll be bound it shall not be over such a good customer; if it had been one of those paltry fellows I shouldn't have cared a bit, but a sure quiet fellow like John, who takes his glasses so regularly and pays up every week; however, I'll make it up to him the clearer I get to see him young again I will. He is not going to ship in this way, I can assure him; he is too good to lose without an effort, and when once again I have him right, I'll keep him, I warrant."

While she was thus scheming John's future capture, he was trying to make his way home to the wife of his purse of his wife, long before his usual time; she hearing her, had only to put the kettle on, and while preparing the tea-things, she was musing thus,

John sat almost in silence and took his tea. Mary was on the point of asking him how it was that he was home so soon, when he put his hand into his left side pocket, and taking out some money, threw it into her lap, saying, "I suppose you'll be going to market soon, Mary?"

"Yes," said Mary, and she would have added, and I shall be glad to go soon; but she had learnt by bitter experience that such a thing was most dangerous day-night; so taking up the money she went into the bedroom to get her bonnet and shawl, and looking to see how much he had given her, she found that he had come three or four shillings more than she usually received.

"I wonder whether he knows how much he has given me," said Mary, as she hastily returned to John, he might want it back, she quickly passed downstairs and out into the street, already every moment he would be after her for the money, and she had not gone far before she heard some one running fast behind her, in a moment she looked round, thinking it was him, but it was only a little boy, who ran by her and passed on quickly visited the different shops, and being a thrifty body spent her money as nicely as possible, while the extra amount remained in her purse, and she was thinking and driving the next week. When she returned laden from market, she found from what the children told her, that father had been home, and had left a shilling and left after all, he had gone in search of her. However, when he came in soon after, nothing was said on either side, and thus the matter rested. It is strange how the drink chills the intercourse between man and wife; is it not?).

Sunday was spent in John's usual manner; in the morning he went out for a walk, and after dinner returned home to read the paper; when the strides of evening gathered around, he strolled out and did not return until after 10 o'clock (How very thankful Mary was that through the cursed drink!) Thus being a regular thing with him, no notice was taken of it, yet Mary thought John quiet and dull, and thought that he was not well, he was well, but he said he was all right, so she did not venture to question him again. All the next week passed off at home without any unpleasantness; for John, yet talking to return home sooner than usual, went on the Monday night to a Temperance Meeting, and was so much interested in the speaker's address, that he was induced to be held not far from there next evening, he strolled to go, and from what the speakers said of the good it had done them, he was induced to go.

On the Saturday when the bell rang and John went to the office for his wages, he felt a thrill of joy run through him, and after receiving the money he went out of the workshop, and looking at the sovereign and a-half which lay in his hand, said, "It is many a long day since I could say that I had both money and time to spare, I have got yet I'll take good care I don't part with it, I'll keep it safe in my pocket." and clasping his hand and putting it and the coin out of sight, thought, you might have heard him say, "I'll buy my own cherries, that I will."

Mary was much pleased to see him return home sooner than the week before (for reasons known to our readers) and soon placed the tea before him, and while listening about the news, and the children, to keep the children quiet, she felt almost inclined to say that the money was, but checked herself, lest he might when giving her the money, consider it was the week's mistake.

When he had nearly finished his meal, he said, "Here Mary, you'll be winning to go a-marketing directly I suppose, there's the money, I'm throwing it into her lap.

Her heart was ready to sink when she felt the money in her hand. "Ah," she thought, "he has soon slipped the overplus of her week; "but, thinking by the light of the fire, it looked rather yellow, she went to the window (for it was a narrow court in which they lived, where the daylight only faintly entered the room except by accident or when a streak of sunlight, shone out to the morning them). "Can it be possible?" she thought, "a sovereign and a half!" in an utterance of surprise escaped from her, as she said aloud, "John, is it all this for me, John?"

"Yes," said John, "and I hope you'll spend it well."

"I hope," said Mary trembling, "you haven't done anything wrong to get so much, John."

"No my lass," said John, while his heart trembled with emotion, "I have been long enough, and I am going to do right for the future."

"But" said Mary, "what will you do?"

"Never mind now," said John, "get your bonnet and shawl, and let us both go to market."

Mary did not need a second order to get ready, all the while wondering how it was to be accounted for; resolving however while she was tying the strings, that she would quietly wait until John thought proper to give her an explanation; so after bidding Sally and Tommy take care of the children and keep the house, they went on their way. John then briefly told her the decision he had come to, and hoped she would forgive him for the past, and help him to do better for the time to come; to all of which Mary listened with trembling yet joyful intensity. Their conversation was soon interrupted by their approaching the first place they should call at, which was the butcher's; who when he saw them coming together, ceased crying "What will you buy?" for thought he, "my word you made a good point that everybody else leaves, or some pieces in yonder corner at 4d. a lb., so he continued looking at his stock of meat with his back towards John and Mary.

He was soon aroused, however, by hearing John's voice "I say, gaveney, what's this leg of mutton a pound?" and looking round he saw John in the act of handling a piece of meat of that description.

"The idea of your asking such a question!" thought the butcher; but he only answered he said, "Eight-pence!"

"Take it down and see what it weighs," said John.

"Yes," said the butcher, thinking to himself, "I'll weigh it, and that will be enough for you, I know."

"It weighs just 8 lbs., and comes to 5 shillings and 4d." Now you are done, he thinks.

"I'll have it," said John.

"Yes," thinks the butcher, "when you've paid for it."

"Here Mary," said John, "give him the money."

So Mary paid her old glove, and brought out the sovereign, and laid it on the butcher's block so carefully, as if she was afraid of rubbing the gilding off it.

The butcher watched every movement, thinking that all this care was to be regarded as a sign of deceptive, and that the sovereign was not worth it up quickly, he bounced it hard upon the block to test its quality, but when its ring assured him that all was right, he a moment his face from expression and put it upon its tone, while he said with great politeness:—

"Can I send it home for you, sir? and is there any other article, beef, pork, &c.," while the change rested between his fingers.

"No," said John, feeling rather vexed, "nothing else tonight."

"Thank you sir—let me see, you live at No. 20, Broad Street, don't you?"

"Yes," said John, and upon Mary taking up the change, they passed out from the shop.

It is not necessary for us to follow them round to the other places in which they had to call, each shopkeeper was surprised and pleased to receive larger orders and more money, and as a matter of course, showed an extra amount of politeness.

Meanwhile the children at home had their talk about the matter.

"How funny," said Tommy, "to see father and mother go out to market together!"

"Yes," said Sally, "isn't it?"

"I wonder," said Tommy, "whether anybody that father knows has died and left him some money?" And with similar childlike talk they were engaged when a strange noise came to their ears and disturbed them.

Sally went to the door, and then stood a butcher boy with a basket and a leg of mutton in it.

"Does Master Lewis live here?" said the boy.

"No," said Sally, "there is no one of that name lives here."

"It's strange," said the boy! "I was told this was the house, isn't this No. 20?"

"Yes," said Sally, "this is No. 20, but no one of that name lives here."

"Well, who does live here?" said the boy.

"My father, and mother, and us," said Sally.

"And what's your father's name?" said the boy.

"They call him John," said Sally.

"Well, that's the same man, Mister and Jack's all the same," said the boy, "and here's a leg of mutton for him."

"Oh I'm sure you're wrong," said Sally, "we never have such things as them come to our house."

"But I tell you it's all right," said the boy, "and it's paid for."

"Well if it's paid for, I'll take it in, but I am sure you'll have to go back to the butcher's again," said Sally.

"Oh it will be all right," said the boy, and away he went.

"My word," said Tommy, "isn't it a supper? only fancy if this was can't, wouldn't we have a treat in our dinner?" And the little fellow danced about the room for joy—and while he was cutting his capers (not for the mutton sound) in this manner, another knock was heard at the door.

"Here he comes," said Tommy. But on opening the door a baker's boy presented himself with three large loaves.

"Does Mr. Lewis live here?" said the boy.

"Well," said Sally, "this is kind of strange, "my father's called Jack Lewis, if that's him."

"All right, here's these loaves for him."

"Are they paid for?" said Sally.

"Yes," said the boy, "come, make haste."

"Well I'll take 'em in, being as how they are paid for, but we never have had such big loaves as them, and I am sure you'll have to fetch 'em back again, there's a mistake somewhere."

"There that's all fudge," said the boy, and off he went.

"My word," said Tommy, "aint them butters? see dainty, they are new, and well baked too, aint they? only fancy if they was ours, wouldn't we make a hole in them soon?"

And again he started off with a dance and a shout, in the midst of which another knock at the door was heard.

"Here they are," he said, "I'll bring them to the door."

But upon the door being opened there was a bad with parcels of tea, sugar, coffee, &c.—and the same question was asked, but Sally by this time had decided to take all in that was given, and in the same time telling each one, "They mustn't be surprised if they had to fetch them back again."

The greengrocer sent potatoes and cabbages; the butterman, eggs, bacon, and butter, and the other parcels from different shops arrived, until the table began to be quite full.

"I do wish father and mother would come home," said Sally; "I suppose a policeman was to come and find all these things here, what could we do?"

"I wonder," said Tommy, "whether father's going to keep a shop?"

"Don't be silly, Tommy; it would make you ill, I know, if we were all to go to prison."

In the midst of this dialogue, much to the joy of the children, father and mother returned, and soon it was plain that things on the table were for the comfort, and good; and giving them a piece of the new bread, a bit of cheese, of cheap ale, they were soon in high spirits, and the quietness was out of the question, and they were upstairs in a moment, and they began to talk of the row's feasting, and their tongues made such a clatter, it awoke the other children, and then they began to tell them that downstairs there was such a supper, leg of mutton, and such big loaves, and lots of butter, and they must go up and see it, and they began to tumble up to the foot of the stairs, shouting, and the noise was so great, that the landlady came up to see what was the matter.

"If you children don't be quiet, you shan't have any pudding to-morrow."

"Pudden, pudden," said the little ones, "what's that?" And again the voice of Tommy was heard talking of the other children, and mentioning that there was flour and currants, that on the morrow mother had promised to make them a plum-pudding. Of course with this additional news, no wonder that they were all excited, and more troubled with sleeping, and that long before the time for getting up had arrived, Tommy was showing Jack by the aid of a pillow how big the loaves were, and how mother would make the pudding, and then they washed for the time to arrive when they should see the pudding made in reality that the "proof of the pudding is the eating."

However the day was at length fairly ushered in, and to the astonished eyes of the children, the whole of the articles displayed, and it is to be hoped only to be regretted that described how they passed away, and how the children talk about it on many things to enjoy. And when in the afternoon, while all were seated around the table, mother brought out a paste of rosy ripe cherries, and they were surprised that when the children set up a shout of pleasure, mother said, "Now, I'm certain to remain in peace and while the children were making a noise, I'm sure the tears trickling down her cheeks, and leaning her head, whispered in his ear, "We may be happy yet."

And so it was, for in a short time John found that he could buy clothes for his children, and then the hard and wife; and somehow it began to be noticed that he was getting proud, for he moved into a better neighbourhood where he found it was cheap about the rent nevertheless. And soon after he began to talk of his savings in the Building Society, and this enabled him to buy a little property for himself. Meanwhile the master finding him more than ever attentive to his work, and at him as foreman, at an advanced rate of wages; and soon after he ventured to say, that "He found it very more pleasant to receive £2 10s. a week for looking after men doing the work, than 20s. for doing it." And day by day he grew more and more to be a master himself, and instead of working he had men to work for him, and for him. He has built a nice row of houses, from which he receives a good rent, and he keep him without work the remainder of his days. His son John is now apprenticing as a plumber with a good connection; and the other children have been well educated; and added to all this, he and his wife are heart-worshipers of the "Grand Alliance," and the "Temperance Society," and by the blessing of God, have become consistent members of a Christian church.

Working-men, the moral is soon told:—It is not too much money a week you earn, but what you do with it that is the great. How many a poor family have the shape of carpets, sofas, chairs, books, &c., are let, by the simple fact that the money goes in the wrong way. If you have money, and wish to make better use of this, that if you are to have a "Home, sweet home," you must "Buy your own Cherries!"

Sgt. A Cheap Edition for gratuitous circulation of "Buy our own Cherries" (Illustrated), Price 1s. 6d. per dozen, 10s. per hundred, 125 post free. 8s., or, *large type*, 12 copies for 1s. post-free. At all usual booksellers, or of the Author, Rev. Ashton, Ashton-under-Lyne, Wear, &c., will shortly be issued by S. W. Partridge. Price 6d.

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We rejoice to find that Mr. Alderman Waterlow's efforts for providing improved dwellings for the working-classes in London, are bringing to a result with pleasing success. Large buildings, adjoining St. Mark Street Boulevard, are nearly of a visit by all landlords who desire to provide good dwellings for working-men, and at the same time secure a remunerative return for the capital they have expended. An Association has been formed for extending the scheme so wisely introduced by Mr. Alderman Waterlow.

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EXPRESS IN LANCASHIRE.

'British Workman' Relief Fund.

The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions from 1st to 31st May, 1863:—

Miss Blackburn Esq., Sefton, near Liverpool, 4s; Wm. Brabazon Esq., 10s; Proceeds of Lect. Manchester, Dewsbury, collected by Miss Tagg Esq. 10s 4d; Collected by Miss Allen, in the Parlor of Inns, near Balham 17s; J. J. Edmonds, Esq., Tavistock Place, near Bedford 1s; J. Wright Offerings at Rylands Pottery, near Pontypool 2s; Proceeds of Meeting of Members of Salem Chapel and Sons, Whitechapel, 12nd anniversary 18s 6d; Colon & Carmarthen Association 11 Mon Bell Sunday Schools (per Mr. Cornelius) 11s; Collected by the Workers of the James Green, King's Lynn, 9s; Proceeds of a Concert, held at Pontypool, per Mr. Thomas Lewis, Esq., 1s; Weekly offerings at Stanton Iron Works, near Nottingham, per Jas. Barnsley, Esq., 10 10 3d; Proceeds of Penny Entertainment at Liverpool Street "Band of Hope," Islington, 2s 4s; Workmen at Messrs Swaine and Adeney 10s, Piccadilly, W. 2s; Proceeds of Lect. Ebenezer Chapel, Newport, Isle of Wight, 11 1s. Sums under 1s ... 8s. 1d.

Collected Papers.—Aldersgate Road "Band of Hope," Islington, 2s 3d; 11s; The Corrygwalla Collieries, near Swansea, 1s 4s. Sums under 1s ... 3d 9d.

Amount previously announced	£3459 8 10
Received from 1st to 31st May	£55 17 0d
" the readers of *Children's Friend* from 1st to 31st May	£3 4 5
Total	£3520 10 4

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

We continue to receive very encouraging letters from those friends who are kindly exerting themselves to extend the circulation of the "British Workman."

A SERGEANT in Manchester, whose business frequently obliges him to attend public houses, and who, on such occasions, is the pass of giving the copy of the "British Workman" to the landlord of the house, offers the best thanks for the good it himself, writes as follows:—"I am a public-house in the Bury district, and the children showed me the back numbers of the 'British Workman.' Its has been very much good has been taken in consequence of my having left a copy so long ago. I could mention scores of similar cases which occurred in consequence of my adopting the simple and easy plan of circulating the six papers which they have been read, and I mention this, that other task some of your readers may be induced to go and do likewise.

A LADY, in Barnsley, aged 13 (with only one leg), writes thus:—"I have canvassed for Tracts, and have obtained 12 subscribers to the 'British Workman,' six to the 'Band of Hope Review,' and to the 'Children's Friend,' and I have also received orders for two dozen back numbers.

THE FIRST BABY

My old school-fellow, Mary Thorsley, had been married twelve two years when I made my first call on her in the capacity of a mother.

"Did you ever see such a darling?" she exclaimed, tossing the infant up and down in her arms. "There, baby, that ma's old friend, Jane. He knows you already I declare," and the delighted parent, as it smiled at the bright thing, kissed it full on the lips, and made such a quick child He follows me with his eyes all about the room. Notice what pretty little feet he has, the darling! footwoodpecker! I made my baby both feet in one hand, the mother fondly kissed them.

"It certainly is very pretty," said I, trying to be polite, though I could not help thinking the infant was more beautiful than a dozen others I had seen. "It has your eyes exactly, Mary."

"Yes, and dimple mouth and chin," and my friend, approvingly the child, "hasn't it, precious?" And she almost smothered it with kisses.

I should, shortly homesick, I said to myself, "I wonder if, when I marry, I shall ever be so foolish. Mary used to be a sensible girl." In a fortnight afterwards I called on my friend again.

"How baby grows," she said: "don't you see it? I never knew a child grow so fast. Grandma' says it's the healthiest child she ever knew."

To me it seemed that the babe had not grown an inch; and, to avoid the contradiction, I changed the theme. But, in a moment, the doting mother was back to her infant again.

"I do believe it's beginning to cut its teeth," she said, putting her little finger into the little baby's mouth. "Just feel how hard the gum is there. Surely that's a tooth coming through. Grandmother will be here to-day, and I'll ask her if she can."

I laughed, as I replied, "I am entirely ignorant of such matters; but your child really seems a very fine one."

"Oh! yes; everybody says that. Pretty, pretty dear!" And she tossed it up and down, till I thought the child would have been shaken to pieces; but little creature seemed to like the process very much.

"Is it crowing at its mother? It's laughing is it? Tiny, nice dear. What is it, then, crowing to, is it?" And she finished by almost devouring it with kisses.

When I next called, the baby was still further advanced.

"Jane, Jane, baby has three teeth!" triumphantly cried she mother, as I entered the nursery. "Three teeth, and he's only nine months old! Did you ever hear of the like?"

I confessed that I had not. The whole thing, in fact, was out of my range of knowledge. I knew all about Dante in the original, and a dozen other fine lady accomplishments; but nothing about babies teething.

"Just look at this little pearl!" cried my friend, as she opened the child's mouth. "Are they not beautiful? You never saw anything so pretty—excepting the one I had. Precious darling," continued the mother, rapturously hugging and kissing the child, "it is worth its weight in gold!"

But the greatest miracle of all was when "baby" began to walk. Its learning to creep had been duly heralded to me. So also had its being able to stand alone; though this meant, I fancied, standing with the support of a chair. But when it really walked alone, the important fact was announced to me in a note, for my good friend could not wait for my call.

"Stand there," she said to me in an exulting voice. "No, stop, I mean; how can you be so stupid?" And, as I obeyed, she took her station about a yard off, holding the little one by either arm. "Now, see him," she cried, as he toddled towards me, and finally succeeded in gaining my arms, though once or twice I fancied he would fall, a contingency from which he was protected, however, by his mother holding her hands on either side of him, as if to catch the fall. "There, did you ever see anything so extraordinary? He's not a year old, either."

By this time I began to be considerably interested in "baby" myself. He had learned to know me, and would run to me whenever I entered the nursery; and I was, therefore, almost as delighted as my friend, when, for the first time, he pronounced my name. "Djane," he said, "Djane!"

His mother almost devoured him with kisses in return for this wonderful triumph of the vocal organs; and when she had finished, I, in turn, smothered him with caresses.

I never after that smiled, even to myself, at the extravagance of my friend's affection for her baby. The little love had twined himself around my own heart-strings. How could I?

And now that I am a mother myself, I feel less incline than still to laugh, as others may do, over that mystery of mysteries—a *mother's love for her baby.*

CHILDREN AND LUCIFER MATCHES.

Our readers cannot be too often or too solemnly warned as to keeping lucifer matches out of the way of their children.

Multitudes of children have lost their lives in consequence of the cruel carelessness of parents. The matches are dangerous to children in two ways. They are poisonous, and little infant children who are in the habit of putting everything they get hold of into their mouths, have died in terrible agony throughout the ends of the matches. Then every one knows that these matches light with touch, and children will strike them for amusement, the frolicsome little creatures, and set fire to any thing in a blaze instantly, and thus often perish by the most dreadful death. If the children escape themselves, the carelessness of parents in leaving a large amount has been destroyed through children playing with such dangerous and improper things.

A most shocking case of destruction, causing the ruin of many families, and the burning down of half a village, occurred from an apparently trifling cause. On May 11th of this month, a young lady, in Kent, was at her morning hooring town on business. Three children remained in the village. It was one of the brightest fine days of that month, and the three little children were full of joy and fun, and everything was as dry as tinder. Suddenly the cottage was discovered to be on fire. The flames consumed so with a loop hot dretch rose. The neighbouring houses were all roofed with thatch, and in an incredibly short time twenty-seven roofs were blazing! The wind blowing almost from the cottage, flaming, rushing on some farm-buildings, set them on fire, with all their valuable contents. Stables, barns, shops, cottages, were all blazing, and as soon as the fire-engines came, which when the two engines—one from Lord Shaftesbury's—arrived, the demolition was so extensive and complete, that nothing could be done but prevent the rest of the village as were most contagious to the danger.

What a whole-spread ruin! and all from the simple cause of three children being left alone in a cottage, and with access to lucifers.

A fact like this should sound like the blast of a trumpet through every household. Not a few lives and property are placed in jeopardy by what seems to be but trivial causes. Do not indulge the bad habit of calling these trifles. Nothing is a trifle that may lead to danger. And if by neglect and carelessness injury arises, whether to yourself or others, or both, as in this remarkable case, you will have better reason to reproach yourself to the end of your days. Let these instances, which are so often occurring, be a solemn warning to you, to exercise the strictest attention to keeping the lucifer-box, high up out of the children's way. Never suffer the little ones on any account to touch the lucifers, and if they ever disobey you, on this point, let it be strict to punish. Your mode of punishment need neither be harsh nor severe, but it should be certain and present. A child reasoned with, and then sent to bed, will not be likely to forget the offence; for active children often dislike being sent to bed more than any other punishment. At all events, your child for its own safety must be made to obey you.

And see to it that you yourself are careful of the matches. Do not expect your children to be careful while you are careless, and do not be so unjust as to punish them for your own fault.

"SAY YOUR PRAYERS IN FAIR WEATHER."

A Sea-captain of a profligate character, who commanded a vessel trading between Liverpool and America, just as he was leaving port, took on board a mate and another sailor, to serve during the voyage. The new comer was soon found to be of a most quarrelsome disposition, a furious blasphemer, and (when opportunity offered) a drunkard. Resident all his days in populous towns, he was wholly ignorant of nautical affairs, or at least counterfeited ignorance in order to escape duty. The mate, who was the same age and placed on the vessel, and obstinately refused to give any account of himself or his family. At length a violent storm arose; all hands were ordered on to the deck; but all at first seemed proved too few to save the ship. When the mate had mustered to their stations, the sturdy blasphemer was missing, and was found on deck, but to seek for him. Great was the surprise to find him on his knees, repeating the Lord's Prayer with wonderful rapidity, over and over again, and he had bound himself to ceaseless reiterations. Vexed at what the captain deemed hypocrisy or cowardice, he shook him roughly by the collar, and cried, "Say your prayers in fair weather." The man rose up, observing in a low voice, "God grant that I may ever live to see fair weather to say them."

In a few hours the storm happily abated; a work more brought them to harbour, and an incident occurred passed quickly away from the memory of the captain; the mate easily, as the man in question was paid off the day after landing, and had not been heard of since.

Four years more had elapsed, during which, though the captain had been twice shipwrecked, and was seriously hurt by the falling of a spar, he continued to persist in his life of profligacy and contempt of God. At the end of this period he arrived at the port of New York, after a very tedious and dangerous voyage from England. It was a Sabbath morning; and the streets were thronged with persons proceeding to their several places of worship. But the captain was bent on far different occupation, determined to drown the recollection of perils and deliverances in a celebrated tavern, which he had too often frequented. As he walked leisurely along, he encountered a friend, an associate of many a thoughtless hour. Salutations over, the captain, seizing him by the arm, insisted on his accompanying him to the hotel. "I will go," replied the other with coldness, "providing you come with me first, for a single hour, into this church, and thank God for his mercies to you on the deep." The captain was ashamed to confess that he had never entered the place of worship together. Already were all the seats occupied, and a dense crowd filled the aisles; they, however, succeeded in reaching a position right in front of the pulpit, at about five yards' distance. The preacher received the attention of the congregation, including the captain and his friend, by the fervent and voice (though he could not assign any time or place of previous meeting) seemed not wholly unknown to him, particularly when he spoke with enthusiasm. At length, the preacher's eye fell on the spot where the two friends stood. He suddenly paused, still gazing upon the captain, as if he make himself sure that he hesitated under no optical delusion; and, after a silence of more than a minute, pronounced with a voice that seemed to shake the building, "Say your prayers in fair weather!" The audience were lost in amazement; nor was it until some moments had elapsed, that the preacher recovered sufficient self-possession to be able to proceed with which the reader is already acquainted. With deep emotion he told them, that the words which his captain uttered in the storm had come to him by day and by night after his landing, as if an angel had been charged with the duty of reviving him in his sin;—he had been convinced of the sin and folly of neglecting to seek God in the time of peace and safety, to throw himself at the feet of Jesus, and thus obtain pardon for the past, and grace for the future. Having felt a great desire to devote the remainder of his life to the service of his Divine Redeemer, he had entered the ministry, and was preaching great, such as they saw and heard. At the conclusion of this address, he called on the audience to join with him in earnest supplication to God, that the sinner might be blessed in some then present. A gracious answer was at once given. The captain was deeply affected, and God's Spirit was manifestly at work in his heart. The congregation had retired, he exchanged the hotel for the house of the preacher, with whom he spent several weeks, and prayed that the Spirit would bestow such a heart as devoted to God, and with holy and happy assurances which advancing years only strengthened and sanctified.

WHAT ARE YOUR PROSPECTS?

This is a question often proposed, sometimes probably in a tone of mockery, sometimes in earnest, it may be improperly be regarded as impertinent and offensive; but when it arises from a prudential and affectionate concern—from an anxious desire, from kindness and affectations, or to guard against dangerous and delusive errors—when the object is to awaken a thoughtful consideration of the future, and to contribute to a beneficial one of conduct that may serve to elevate and improve the condition, then it ought to be viewed as the expression of friendly interest and affectionate solicitude, and gratefully considerate reply. It is in this spirit that the question is proposed to the reader. What are your prospects? It may be you are just entering life, and your life is all before you, various paths open to your view, in each of which you see numerous competitors, each seeking to be successful, and anxiously hard at work ahead of his fellows; a few keep the lead,—some do so by unfair means; they rudely push aside, or try to trip up the fleet, and thus gain, these are those who seek to excel them; others faint in the struggle, and get discouraged, and not a few prove too lazy to maintain the pace; they become careless and indifferent, and yield to a love of ease and dissipation. Have you entered on the battle-field of life, what then are your prospects? Have you a strong and well-built hill to be ascended ere you can achieve success; this is not to be effected by a hop, skip, and jump; the summit can only be reached by patient toil, and long continued perseverance. Many try to succeed by striking out new paths, adopting novel and hazardous expedients, but usually prove disappointed. Of the thousands, amongst thousands tickets, there is but one prize; some solitary adventurer may, perhaps, grasp that prize, but it is certainly nine hundred and ninety-nine will fail, and of course, experience bitter disappointment and mortification,—perhaps ruin. In the neglect of plodding industry, and steady application, to depend on lucky hits, or *speculations*, or the extravagance of folly and presumption. The case becomes still worse, when to these are added the sins of intemperance and vice, which, sooner or later, are doomed to certain exposure, followed by disgrace and punishment. The men who seek success by diligence, plodding, and perseverance, rather than by the old path of uniform, preserving industry, are little better than gamblers; their course is uncertain, and reckless of consequences, and, in fact, rather than by the old path of uniform, preserving industry, are little better than gamblers; their course is uncertain

THE HIGHLAND KEEPER'S COTTAGE. FROM A PAINTING BY FREDERICK TAYLER.

HIGHLAND KEEPER'S COTTAGE.

THOSE of our readers who are striving to improve themselves in DRAWING, will thank us for giving them the above engraving, from Mr. Taylor's much-admired painting.

THE SONG OF THE "SEVEN-DAY" CABMAN.

In a pitiless, pelting storm,
On his box a cabman sat;
The snow lay thick on his coat all worn,
And dripped from his napless hat;
As he sat by a closed church door,
In a voice neither sweet nor strong,
He sang, with a feeling well known to the poor,
The "seven-day" cabman's song:—

"Drive, drive, drive,
In sunshine, frost and rain,
Ever to labour, yet never to thrive,
The brand of the outcast Cain;
Dinner, and church, and play,
Rail, and rout, and ball,
Till life and health are worn away,
And never a rest at all.

"The charms of 'My ain fireside'
Are blessings denied to me,
And I scarcely know if my children grow,
For their faces I seldom see.
The tools of my trade I seem
To hold with such constant grip,
That during my short repose I dream
I am grasping the reins and whip.

"A stomach that needs no meal,
And hands that need no fire,
A heart that knows not how to feel,
And limbs that can never tire:
Such are the gifts I want
For a 'seven-day' cabman's toil,
Besides the power in chains to dance,
Or with death in my soul to smile.

"My six days' round of toil
I'd cheerfully work my best,
Nor grumble nor groan at my troubles the while,
If I had but the Sabbath for rest.
Dejected, and ready to sink,
One way of escape I see;—
The thoughts that I think, can be banished by drink,
And *that* is a blessing for me.

"If I charge but a trifle more,
To pay for the Sabbath I lose,
With scorn I am ordered away from the door,
And threatened if I refuse.
Let those who believe themselves good,
Consider before they condemn;
If they think so little of robbing their God,
Can they wonder if I rob them?

"Ladies in cabs to church
Each Sabbath-day will roll,
Nor seem to care, if I drive them there,
What fate betides my soul.
And all their worship, too,
In the church of their choice must be,
While the sound of a psalm, and sight of the walls,
With *a tract*, is enough for me.

"One day I peeped within
A holy house of prayer,
But the beadle assured me that this was a sin,
And said I'd no business there."
'Tis true I was seedy and sad,
With my heart in a pitiful state,
But I thought that God's house was a house for [the poor,
As well as the noble and great.

"Oh Christians, whom will your eyes
Be opened to see my need?
You revel in Gospel luxuries,
While I am a-wanting *bread*.

* This is a fact, and can be verified.

How will you answer in that Great Day,
When God shall unclose the Book?
I never, like Esau, my birthright sold,
'Twas you that birthright took.

"Oh ye who preach to *them*,
Why let my case grow worse?
Why not with trumpet-tongue condemn
The sin that is my curse?
'Tis surely yours to heal my wounds,
From bonds to set me free;
Then pity my poor neglected soul,
And open there doors to me."

In the pitiless, pelting storm
Yet still that cabman sat;
While he shook the snow from his coat all worn,
And polished his napless hat,
His ear caught the closing psalm,
(And he thought of his rider there),
But it brought to his soul no soothing balm,
For his mind's unrest no inward calm,
And he shivered in mute despair.

J. E. GRAY.

[*Formerly a London Cabman; now Missionary to the Cabmen of Edinburgh.*]

☞ The above verses are published as a four-page tract, and may be had through all Booksellers. Price 1s. 3d. per 100.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

THE driver of a cart had fallen, after harsh and cruel treatment of his horse, to mount the hill leading from Willis's Rooms to Piccadilly. He then got out of his cart, and turned the horse round, gagging him cruelly by the bit, kicking his legs, and beating his head.

A gentleman, honourable by his title, as well as in character, witnessing the savage treatment, checked the driver's violence, and requested permission to try what *he* could effect in managing the horse. The gentleman quietly took the bridle-rein, turned the horse, *patted him*, and treated him kindly. The horse took to his collar *honestly* and *firmly*, and without stopping, easily dragged the load up the hill—amid the applause of the by-standers.

Dr. J. B. Daniell witnessed the case, and aided the gentleman in his kind and humane exertions.

AN EYE-WITNESS.

IF men have been termed *pilgrims*, and life a *journey*, then we may add that the Christian pilgrimage far surpasses all others, in the following pantheism: in the goodness of the road—in the beauty of the prospects—in the excellence of the company—and in the vast superiority of the accommodation provided for the Christian traveller when he has finished his course.—*Colton.*

MANY who find the day too long, think life is too short; but short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their character, their constitution, and their estates.—*Colton.*

THAT which is won ill will never wear well, for there is a curse attends it, which will waste it, and the same corrupt dispositions which incline men to sinful ways of getting will incline them to like sinful ways of spending.

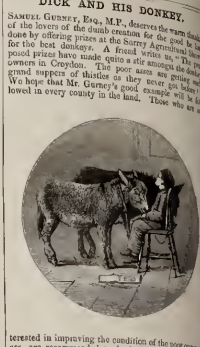
THE WEEKLY REST-DAY.

THE Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King:
On Sundays heaven's door stands ope,
Blessings are plentiful and rife;
More plentiful than hope.

THUS sung the heavenly-minded George Herbert on his death-bed, on the *last Lord's-day* he spent in this world.

DICK AND HIS DONKEY.

SAMUEL GURNEY, ESQ., M.P., deserves the warm thanks of the lovers of the dumb creation for the good he has done by offering prizes at the Surrey Agricultural Show for the best donkeys. A friend writes us, "The proposed prizes have made quite a stir amongst the donkey owners in Croydon. The poor asses are getting well groomed suppers of thistles as they never got before! We hope that Mr. Gurney's good example will be followed in every county in the land. Those who are interested in improving the condition of the poor overworked ass, are recommended to *lend* a copy of C. E. Ba.ey's attractive little narrative of "Dick and his Donkey"* to the owners and drivers of donkeys.



* Dick and his Donkey; or, How to Pay the Rent. By C. E. B. 2 Illustrations. S. W. Partridge. Price threepence. Post free.

THE WEEKLY REST-DAY.

"MORE than half of the tradesmen of London, with their assistants have no day of rest!" This statement, made by the Rev. Canon Champneys, is a sad one, but we fear it is no exaggeration. We rejoice, therefore, to find that the "Sunday Rest Association" is at work, and has had 6000 large placards, with the following inscription, extensively posted on the walls of the metropolis.

Those who desire to further the objects of this Association, are requested to communicate with the Rev. Sec., The Rev. A. Jones, 8, Parliament Street, London, S.W.

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With 800 Engravings. A complete Edition of the *British Workman* for 1852—1861, bound in cloth, gilt edges, 14s. The Eight Yearly Parts may also be had, separately, in illustrated paper covers. Price 1s. 6d. each.

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The Children's Friend.—This Illustrated Penny Monthly Periodical is now issued in an enlarged form, with numerous illustrations. We commend the "Hieroglyphic Sentiments" to the notice of our readers. All the back Numbers of the New Series may be had through any Bookseller.

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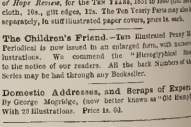

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Preparing for the Flower Show—a sketch in St. George's, Bloomsbury.

WORKING MEN'S FLOWER SHOWS.

CLEAN AND TIDY ROOMS.

THE Rev. Baldwin Bayley, the Rector, and the Rev. S. Holden Parkes, the Curate, of St. George's, Bloomsbury, have done a great and good work amongst the artisans and the poor in one of the most crowded districts of London, which deserves imitation in every parish in the land. We feel that we cannot do better than quote the following notice from the *Times* of the 9th July last:—

"The distribution of prizes and testimonials by Lord Shaftesbury among the poorer inhabitants of the parish of St. George's, Bloomsbury, who had kept their rooms clean and tidy, and their windows adorned, took place yesterday in the enclosure of Russell-square. A large marquee was erected, in which the competitors for the flower show prize exhibited their specimens of window-sill floriculture. Considering that the whole of these flowers were grown in the worst courts of the parish, the collection of bachlias, geraniums, and other flowering plants was really surprising. Perhaps the most interesting portion of the show was the children's exhibition, many annual grants in pots by the Sunday school children. Some of the young exhibitors had struck out a new line for themselves, and had transplanted ferns, moss, and bunch roots, wheat roses, and even date palms and bread trees from the stone and beds of those plants that they had seen ornamental. The Rev. Baldwin Bayley, who was originated three or four years since by a minute of the Rev. Baldwin Bayley, the Rector of the parish. The will more valuable prize of spending money, which the judges thus was first instituted by a charitable parishioner to the Rev. Mr. Bayley. The good effected by this simple measure may be cited as extraordinary. The gentlemen connected with the office state that the transformation can fill to cleanliness in matters of house in the worst courts. Prizes, amounting to £10, in distributing the prizes Lord Shaftesbury told the successful competitors that they might to feel proud and happy at what they had accomplished. The flower show was a great delight to them and their families, and they would feel the benefit of it sooner or later. He would remind them, he concluded, that the name of cleanliness was next to godliness, and that the cultivation of flowers, whether in a princely garden or a humble flower-pot, was one of the purest of earthly pleasures."

* The *Times* is slightly in error—it was not a resident in the parish, but a friend of the working-classes, who is intimately connected with the Rectory, *Ed. Br. Work.*

LESSONS FROM FLOWERS.

The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directest ray,
The momentary glories waste:
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty sheds,
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in the day,
The falling glory disappears,
The short-liv'd beauties die away.

Let these new-living from the tomb,
With brighter, fairer far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If heaven but recompense our pains!
Perish the days, and finite the flower,
If firm the word of God remains!

TAKE CARE OF YOUR "TIS BUTS!"

By the Author of "Buy your Own Cherries."

"I am very tired of your '*tis buts*,'" said Mr. Bywalow, as one of his customers entered upon his excuse, for coming a quarter of an hour late to work one morning.

"Still, sir, 'tis but' a quarter past six," said Samuel Mills, the said culprit in the matter. "I didn't know it was so late, or I should have been earlier I can assure you."

"No doubt you would," said Mr. B. "But the fact is, you continually let us by loss of things in the same way, through your '*tis buts*,' and I don't mean to do the same, that if you do not alter, you must quit my work altogether; I won't be bothered in this way."

"But really, sir, I didn't mean to do it," said Samuel "it couldn't be helped."

"I don't for a moment suppose that you *meant* to do it, but it is done, and cannot be undone," said Mr. B.

"Well, sir, please look over it this time, and I will try and be more careful for the future; you shall have no more cause to complain."

"Mind what you say, for if I find those '*tis buts*,' turn up again, I shall carry out my resolution, and you must take the consequence." Mr. B. walked into his office, and shut the door.

It will be as well if we follow him into his snug corner, and take a peep at what sort of a person he is; he appears to be about fifty years of age, rather tall and erect in his bearing; his face wears an expression of sternness, but the fire of his eye and the quivering of his mouth indicate, that if once set going on the right track, he would be energetic, and at times playful in his humour; his attire spoken of business rather the opulence of a skilled driver, knowing that they must go, they put on appearances, and, while at the same time very one attempt to be the best, yet they know how to manage them, off they go, and nothing more is to be done. But it is better to have too much spirit than none at all, and the man who knew Mr. B. said he was a good master. For all; but he must have his own way about it.

It was not to be was level at, that with his quickness of action and strong feeling, he was at times cross, and at times, when some of his hands, who seemed like Samuel Mills, had not a bit of order in their manner, and as a consequence, were always in trouble about something or another; at one time it would be impossible to complete an order, owing to some trifling thing being overlooked; and at another when every one was expected to come early, Samuel would roll in a quarter after the time, and coolly taking his place would say as he did on the morning when our story opens, "'tis but a quarter past six."

Forgetful of the fact, that with a large number of men, several quarters put together made *hours* loss to the master. This, however, was beyond Samuel, and he was unexpectedly by Mr. B., a few weeks after, while he was reckoning for his wages in the counting-house, when in answer to the question,

"How many days this week?"

"I think you will find it four and three-quarters," said Sam.

"Yes," said Mr. B. looking over the foreman's book, which gave an account of each man's time. "I see it is all right, but may I ask you why it is not six?"

"Why, the fact is master, I didn't come on Monday, and I lost a quarter on Tuesday, 'tis but—"

"Oh, I see," said Mr. B. you kept St. Monday so well, that he gave you the headache on Tuesday for a reminder; that's it, is it not?"

"Well, to be perfectly truthful, you are about right, master; 'still '*tis but*' a day and a quarter after all."

"The old story again, Sam," said Mr. B. "and how what time do you lose by it? I tell you that you need not come again to this place to work?"

"Not come again!" said Sam with astonishment, "you are not in earnest, sir."

"Yes I am, so you need not come on Monday expecting to find a job here," said Mr. B.

"But, sir, I didn't mean, I didn't expect this; I hardly know what to say; may I ask the reason for this sudden notice?"

"It is not know that I need give you any explanation," said Mr. B., "I say again, I shall not need your services any more after Monday."

"But, sir, you said you did me a day or two a-week, or 7 half a hour better than none," said Sam.

"No, not a day," said Mr. B.

"Then," said Sam, "I shall have to go the parish, and you'll have to pay more rates, so you might as well have it one in one way as the other, a few shillings to you, but to me it will be a great loss."

"No, said Mr. B., "if you like to come again at the end of seven weeks. I will see by then what I can do to help you.

"Seven weeks!" said Sam, "why I haven't money to carry me over seven days, for the last 7 have paid my 'club' at the 'Pig and Whistle,' and given Betsey a little, I shan't have a penny left."

"I can't help this," said Mr. B., "you should have taken care of your '*tis buts*' and there would have been no need for complaint."

"My '*tis buts*,' sir! I don't know what you mean," said Sam.

"I mean what I say," said Mr. B. "did you never hear it said, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves?"

"Yes, I have *heard it*," said Sam, "but I cannot get a chance of taking care of anything, for, as I said, I will, we can hardly make both ends meet, at our house."

"Did you ever try?" said Mr. B., looking Sam hard in the face.

"To be honest, sir, I do not know that ever I did," said Sam.

"No, and you are like many more, never think that a 'rainy day' will come, and when difficulties meet you, you are not prepared to meet them."

"It is true, sir, but after all what am I to do for bread for seven weeks, saying nothing about rent and other things?" said Sam.

"I thought you were so well off that you wouldn't mind a rent of a few weeks," said Mr. B.

"It don't pay, or I should not mind;" said Sam, "and as to my being well off, why how could you think of that?"

"This book," said Mr. B., "is my guide; it contains a record of all my men's work done and wages received for the last seven weeks."

"That may be very true," said Sam, "but you forget sir, our family is large, and things are dear."

"I don't forget that, I know it very well" said Mr. B., "but you seem to forget that although there has been plenty of work for you to do, you have never been to work on a Monday, or Tuesday morning, now there are fifty-two Mondays in the course of the year, and that divided into weeks, would make rather over seven weeks."

"Dear a me!" said Sam, "who would have thought it? but it's all true."

"Yes," continued Mr. B., "and it occurred to me, that if you were so well off, that you could afford to stop away seven weeks in the year for your own pleasure, you would not object to stay away another seven weeks for mine."

"I'm done, sir," said Sam, "I see it all now; 'tis my own, every word, I'm sorry I offended, but do try me again, and I will, by God's help, turn over a new leaf."

"For the sake of your wife and children, I will give you another chance; but it must be upon one condition," said Mr. B.

"I can sure you wish us well, sir," said Sam, "and I will willingly comply with your desire."

"My object is to put you in a better way of helping yourself," said Mr. B., "for if I cannot get you to cooperate in my plan, all my care is lost."

"I'll do anything, sir, that is possible for me to do," said Sam.

"Then I shall want you," said Mr. B., "to be at work punctually at six every morning, Sunday excepted, of course, provided you are well, and nothing hinders over which you can have no control."

"I'll promise that, sir," said Sam earnestly.

"Then I shall want you for one year, to try and leave off going to the 'Pig and Whistle,'" said Mr. B. "for you not only spend time there, but also money, which I am sure you can ill afford."

"It would cost me a pound, I know, if I did," said Sam, "and I will promise to give that a trial."

"And then, one more thing I have to request; will you make a small box, with a hole at the top, place it on your mantelshelf, and on the front, put the two words, which have been so numerous to you, and see whether you cannot be made a Saturday and I meet

'TIS BUTS,'

If you begin with your beer money, and put in 3d. a day, or 1s. 3d. per week, see what can be done with that?"

"It is a capital idea," said Sam, "I do know what will come out of it, at any rate it is worth trying."

"As 'delays are dangerous,'" said Mr. B., "let me hear of your beginning at once."

"Think you, sir," said Sam, "for your kindness, and I hope to show by my future conduct, that I am worthy of this fresh token of your interest in my welfare."

Taking up his wages, he went straight home, and upon his arrival, briefly told his wife what had taken place, and the promise he had made, to which she gave a willing ear. It not often she had endeavoured kindly to urge him to stay at home, and not to mingle with such evil companions as were to be found at the public-house, but like many more, having once stepped into the whirlpool, he found it a very difficult matter to get out again; gradually he was sinking deeper, when the consequence was he unconditionally arrested; and even now, as he looked forward to the meeting of his old pot companions, he hardly dared to think that he could succeed in standing his ground.

That night the old Bible was brought out, and Betsey, who was familiar with its contents, read, among other parts calculated to encourage, the words, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." "My strength shall be perfect in your weakness."

During the next week, Sam was truthful to his promise—his was at his post at the proper time—and to the surprise of many, who knew of his reason, he never visited the "Pig and Whistle;" and on the Saturday he placed upon the mantelpiece the box which he had made, and after giving Betsey her portion for housekeeping, he put in the "*tis buts*," and felt as each penny dropped down to the bottom, that the struggle of the week was amply rewarded. At the end of four weeks, acting upon the advice of Mr. Brownlow, he opened his box, and counting over its contents, found that seven shillings had accumulated, so putting the money down on the table he went off to the Savings' Bank; and when he put the book into Betsey's hand, the tears started in her eyes for joy, as she said, "I never too late for you, Sam, and by God's help, we may yet have many happy days together."

"I hope so," said Sam, as kissing her he told her that he had made up his mind to try.

And so the year went round. Sam had many a battle to fight with his companions and his old habits, but he stood to his word; he couldn't expect to rise in the world without somebody tripe to pull him down." So he manfully proceeded on, and step by step he felt he was gaining ground, and he felt it had sufficient encouragement from the success that attended his efforts to say, that the "*tis buts*" were the best bricks to build with, and that a man didn't know what he *could* do until he tried.

It had been decided after careful consideration, by Sam and his wife, that as soon as the Christmas notice was to be given at the Bank for the whole of the year's savings to be taken out, and accordingly, one evening when the notice had been left, they talked the matter, whether the interest could be added; and the amount paid him as soon as convenient, and when he received an intimation that it was, he would come on that day, and week it would be paid, he cheerfully made his way home with the news.

During all that week, Sam's evenings were pleasantly spent in hearing Betsey, plan how the money could be laid out to the best advantage (ladies are generally clever in this respect), and fancy, a piece of roast beef, plum pudding, new blankets, carpets, &c., kept dancing in his eyes so much, that even in his dreams, he imagined his house was becoming a warehouse, receiving office for parcels from the most strange and unlikely quarters.

However, the evening at length arrived, and Sam presented himself at the office, feeling, as he said to himself, very proud, but he was surprised by hearing his name called, and upon presenting himself before the clerk, he was asked, "Is your name Samuel Mills?"

"Yes," said Sam, "what is it you want, I believe,"

"You wish to take out £5, and to pay?" said the clerk.

"Yes, if you please," said Sam.

"Well, it comes with the interest to FIVE POUNDS," said the clerk.

"I didn't think it was so much," said Sam.

"Yes it is, and it will be so, if you have get 7 shillings in every four weeks, for the last twelve months, and there happens to be thirteen four weeks' in the year, so that you will have fifty-two weeks, fifty-two weeks, which at 1s. 9d. per week, or 7s. for four weeks, makes £4 11s. 0d., and 9s. for interest, makes it come just to £5."

"Let me look at the book," said Sam, "I can hardly believe that my '*tis buts*' could make so much in this short time."

"You'll find it all right," said the clerk, not exactly knowing what Sam meant by "*tis buts*."

"Oh I am quite satisfied," said Sam, "if you are."

"How will you have it," said the clerk, "in gold, or in a note?"

"Well, I never *did* have a £5 note to call my own," said Sam, "and I *should* like to have one before I die, so I'll have it in a note."

"Very well," said the clerk, and handing him the book and the note, he made him sign a receipt, he wished him good night, and at the same time, taped soon to open an account again with him.

"Yes, I hope so," said Sam; but looking carefully at the note, he said, "I suppose it is good, for I am no judge about these things; please put your name on it, so that I may be able it is not all right, to show it to you again."

"I'll stamp it with our office mark," said the clerk, "and you will be quite right then."

Sam took the note and it very carefully, and placed it in the inside breast-pocket of his coat, and buttoned it close it up, walked briskly towards home; he had not gone far, before he felt (and it was his fancy of course), that something was moving in his pocket, so he carefully looked inside his coat-pocket to see if the note was safe, and when he was sure that it had neither legs nor wings, he placed his hand upon it, and the rest of the journey held the note in his hand, which was feeling as if it was on a slice. He was glad to reach his home, for every man he imagined was a "garotter," and he never felt so afraid of being robbed before in his life, and consequently he never had so much to lose. By the time he was safely and snugly seated by the warm fireside in his cozy chair, his feet resting on a footstool, and his pipe alight, Betsey was full of inquiry as to how he had got on, and her surprise may be better imagined than described, when Sam told her how much he had brought home; but her joy was not at its highest point when Sam took out the note and note, and displayed it to her astonished eyes. (Not a picture for a painter that would make, wouldn't it?)

"Let me hold it in my hand, Sam," said Betsey taking it, she looked at it as curiously as a farmer's young ducks that she has hatched, when they for the *first* time take to the water (something between fear and delight). Exclaimed,

"Well, what do you think about it?" said Sam.

"It looks very pretty, isn't it, Sam? wouldn't it look so in a picture frame?" said Betsey.

"Yes, it *would* look very pretty, anyone was to see it through the window, they would see it I suppose, and something they can't run away with, I mean."

"Where shall we put it," said Betsey, "when we go to bed?"

"Why in the drawers of course," Sam, "nobody would think of looking down at the bottom of my Sunday drawers, anything they may be, or put in the place in the night."

"But they might," said Betsey, "and it would be safer for us to take it upstairs and put it in one of the pillow, we could sleep on it, and be safe enough."

"Very well," said Sam, "I don't see it."

So upstairs they went but before they retired to rest, Betsey said, "Sam, I have an idea, I'll go down to the door and shutters all right and fast?"

"What's the use of being so nervous?" said Sam "it is all right, no one will come in."

"Ah, but suppose they was," said Betsey, "the '*tis buts*,' would soon be gone."

"Never fear," said Sam.

During the night, Sam was frequently disturbed by Betsey jumping up in a fright, and asking him, "Is it safe, Sam, is it safe?" and at last Sam "got fast under the pillow, and dreaming the night through, slept again; but her dreams were full of thieves and robbers, and the first of the morning Sam was down at the Betsey crying out, "stop thief! stop thief! my '*tis buts*.'"

In the morning, directly after breakfast, they started to purchase the things; and the landlord, a cabinet maker, and others, were delighted to exclaim "Good for girl, and good for boy!" when they came in view, bringing the family at home were full of joy, as they looked over the purchases, on Christmas day.

The first of the year came round, and Christmas had never before been spent in that home; and to many a friend of Mr. Brownlow, who had watched Sam with considerable interest, the family at home was a visible token of his approval, by giving them a "Christmas box," a splendid Family Bible, in which they found inserted the following lines, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy paths."

The year closed happily round, and Sam and his wife wended their way to the office, to see that the book was before God, and strength sought for the future.

Year by year, Sam's progress was encouraged upon, he informed in forman, and at last he was made a partner, became a partner in the business. Years were, why spending an evening with him, and referring to bygone days, and the happy change that had taken place in his condition;

"Yes," said Sam, "when I was in the habit of going to the public-house, I spent money, my time and mone, besides ruining my health and character, I never had a penny to bless myself with; but since leaving off my practices, I have not only risen in the opinion of my employers, so that most of them call me by my name, but my wife also has benefited hugely by the change, instead of leaving to go out to enjoy her evening with me, she would sit up for me, and I would come home, and find a jacket her and the children off to the seaside a few weeks, to benefit by the sea breeze; and all things taking place for the good of all."

Would you learn the lesson, workingmen? It is clear that men often spend more time in public-houses, or elsewhere, at the cost of their wives and families, and for return, if devoted to earnest effort, by making the best use of small things of life at home; saving is the secret of abundance, more so than getting; men would rise to prosper, if they will support the wrong house—the *public-house*—instead of *their own* home. If you would have a happy home, you must not go to the public-house—the out-side—and seek to enjoy it, but of your own, and this may be done to a very large extent, by taking care of your

"TIS BUTS."

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VERY EASY.—A friend writes, "We say T or S more from my bookseller; now we are the British Workman. Some many I feel hurt regarding the Tract Society's publications, and I feel that they hitherto have been too high for us. Let us be a little more popular, and let us be a little more popular. We will be a popular. No 3 of the Tract Society's publications, which I have, contains, but confound the "Annual Report." Kingdom, Chinese, Indians, Turks, &c. &c. Why not, for our sake, give us a Tract Society?

The "Tracts in Advance" are a very good idea. We have published three Tracts, and we have published three Tracts. Tracts, and we have published three Tracts. Tracts, and we have published three Tracts.

DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.

'British Workman' Relief Fund.

☞ *The Treasurer's Balance Sheet, and the closing list of Subscriptions, will be given in our next No.*

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

THIS to me this truth hath taught,
This a truth that's worth revealing:—
More offend from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.
If advice we would convey,
There's a time we should convey it;
If we've but a word to say,
There's a time in which to say it.

Oft, unknowingly, the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching,
That a word or accent, wrong,
Pains the heart almost to breaking.
Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been scathed, or turned aside,
By a quiet voice of KINDNESS.

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing:—
More offend from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.—C. SWAIN.

WHEN thou wakest, thou canst not tell whether thou shalt ever sleep again; we lying down to sleep without hope over thee shall awake; therefore, pray at thy up-rising, and pray at thy down-lying.—*Ambrosius.*

THE WIFE, A KEEPER AT HOME.

IT has been one of the most serious apprehensions, that in the multitude of our societies and public combinations, men and women might chance to forget that they have anything to do at home. Perhaps it was scarcely to be feared that the wholesome influence of home should be so far overlooked as to take place of health, and societies to take care of our kitchens. Alas-giving, so far as done at all, is done chiefly by wholesale. Perhaps we may see the day when we shall live together, like the Spartans, and when all family cookery and education shall be done upon the large scale.

These thoughts were brought to my mind with greater force than ever, a few days since, upon my making a visit to the house of Mrs. Nelson, the wife of a respectable farmer, a few miles from market town. If I were to attempt a portrait of this excellent woman, I should fill a volume: I can only give an outline. Mrs. Nelson is good-looking. Temperance, early rising, industry, and above all, serene cheerfulness of soul, have left on her cheek, at forty, that colour which fashion and excitement often blast before thirty. But what I think my pen to notice was, that truly feminine and Christian trait of my good friend,—she is a *keeper of home.* Though I have been a church-going man many years, I do not remember a church-going one of our Clergy enlarge upon the to have been duly, and yet the other I grew, the more Scripture phrase; and yet the other I grew, the more meaning there seems to be in it. Why the best women in the world are those who stay at home; such is the opinion of the best judges, to wit, their husbands. The worst women are those who have no home, or who love all other places better: such is the verdict of those who meet them abroad. A wife in the house is as indispensable as a steersman at the wheel. Who can count up the cases where poor men have been ruined by their wives?

This is a hard saying; but if it were softened, it would be less true. Surely it is no disgrace to the better sex to point at these great exceptions, which like the dim tarnish on the face of the moon, make the other tracks look all the brighter. After you shall have exaggerated to the utmost the number and the faults of the gadding, the gossiping, and idle women, we still have a million of housewives, brightening a million homes and hearts. Mrs. Nelson is one of them. Her husband is not the meanest man in the country, nor by nature the most hypocritical; but she makes him feel that the credit-side of his account, as the exercise of the passive virtues she finds her greatest happiness. She holds it to be one of the very first duties of life to render her home delightful, the utmost in her power, next to her children, and then to first to her husband. Her home is the place to which all who may enter her hospitable doors, feel that they have entered of her husband's intimate acquaintance. Were becoming irregular in their habits: the old Nelson talked it over at length. He, being a rough man, declared it to be his intention to break off all intimacy with Lang and Shepherd, on the spot.

"No," said she, "that would be unwise, and would do them no good. Let me alone for a month for an experiment." "And, pray, May?" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, answer me, Nancy—you will not be afraid of them to the barn-yard, as Jemima Murphy does her good man."

"No," said his wife, laughing; "but we women have some secrets left still. Wait for a month."

The month passed, and Nelson had hard work to refrain from falling upon the two men violently; but he waited to see the result, and was glad of their way avoided to see the result, and was glad of their way avoided, that the poor man might be uninterrupted. At the close of less than three weeks, Lang and Shepherd were the two of the most quiet, orderly, and domestic men in the neighbourhood.

"Why, Mary," said Nelson, "what in the world have you done to them?"

"I have not done hinged words with them for several days."

"Then you have had some witchcraft!"

"Not I," she replied; "I only made them explained. I had observed for a long time that their homes were grievously disordered, and I often told Mrs. Lang what I found fault concerning her husband. Mrs. Shepherd heard you tell Mrs. Lang what I said, and I suppose she communicated the whole to her husband. Mrs. Lang, in a passage over the glass, some abominable sayings about her wife and home. After my conversation with you, I retired work, which I had begun, but their wives. Simple creatures, they merely knew what I meant! They, we had, indeed, that the men would spend more time at home, and not over their late hours and tippling. But they were not prepared for my telling them it is *they* must reform their attractive homes *are far out of table.* Like the clever better, the fire brighter, then chairs cushioned, the welcome heartier; in a word, to make home, home, have a little raising in the evening, and invite to a comfortable supper two or three of the best tavern companions. The thing succeeded admirably. The wives were made happy, and I hope you men are happy too."

Though it is likely Nelson did not just then suspect it, this was the very course which had proved successful in saving *himself* from ruinous habits. And most earnestly is it to be wished that all our towns and villages were filled with such wives as honour and love the family institution. Every one has made the observation, that there are many more women who are religious than men; but the real cause of this has not to often been remarked. Divine Providence by this discriminating favour to the one sex, exerts influence into the social fountain. As are the mothers of a nation, so will be the sons, and, in a measure, the husbands. But to exercise full influence the wife must be a keeper at home. She will find enough to employ her longest day, in the endless circle of household cares. While she will welcome the evening visitor, and delight in her frugal board for the coming of friends, or even join in the social party, these things will be the exceptions, not the rule. So long, she will give happiness to an ever-changing circle. "Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." (PROV. XXXI. 28.)

EMPTY vessels when struck often emit the greatest sounds, and empty heads usually contain vociferous tongues.—*Colton.*

REGRET for a fault may arise from mortified pride, but sincere repentance on account of transgression, is the effect of Divine grace; and such repentance leads to reformation.

"ONLY ONCE IN A WAY."

"SIR, I hope you'll look over it. I can assure you I only take a drop once in a way."

This was said by a very fine young man, who was standing in an office beside a desk at which a grey-headed gentleman with grave, but by no means harsh expression of countenance, was seated, and who replied—"Curtis, I should be the more inclined to look over this fault, if you were more impressed with the seriousness of the sin."

"Sin—Sir! I'm very sorry, but really, sir, as it's only once in a way"—

"Ah, then it is, you are evensing yourself, and a very false excuse it is, both for your interests and mine. I'm interested in you, Curtis, you served your time with me, and I think we've always, that is the firm, had just cause shewn, that they desired your welfare."

"Oh, certainly, sir, and I'm grateful—but just once in a way does not make a man a drunkard."

"Listen to me, Curtis," said the master, taking up the *Times* newspaper May, 1863, "here is an account of a woman, a respectable nurse in a gentleman's family, who was on a railway journey. A gentleman put a travelling-bag by her as she sat in the waiting-room. She took it up and went into the carriage with it, hiding it under the seat. She was soon to do it, and was taken into custody. What was that action, Curtis?"

"Why, sir, it was thieving."

"Yes—and the woman, then, was a thief."

"Yes, sir."

"She pleaded that she had never done such a thing before. 'It was only once in a way.' But the law condemned her as a thief."

"Why, Mr. Black's premises were burned down through the carelessness of a night porter, who was tipsy, as he said, and I believe, for the first time in his life, was in my compassion to them, or to the neighbourhood where such fright worse than any loss, caused so much loss, and suffering—was it my compensation, that I was only once in a way?" Was it not decided that the disaster was caused by drunkenness?"

"Did you see our clerk who had made a false entry in the books?"

"Oh, yes, sir, and I never shall forget him, never—and I thanked you that you did not prosecute that poor wretch, and helped him to emigrate."

"Yes, yes—we did that for his mother's sake. He had been honest and truthful; when he fell, his fault was discovered at once, but so far him. I mention his case because you knew it all. Trust me, Curtis. The man who tells a lie is a liar—the man who steals is a thief—and the man who gets drunk is a drunkard. And to plead that 'It's only once in a way,' is to shew that you have no sense of the sin, and until you have, there is no hope of amendment."

How great-fallen and abject looked Curtis, as his master spoke. How condemned he felt, for he knew all his excuses were but petty subterfuges, nothing had worse. He pleaded—

"Try me once again, sir. I beg of you—try me. I'm more enhanced than I like to say. Forgive me."

"Ask God, Curtis, to forgive. I am more sorry than angry—ask God. If He had called you to die while you were in that unfortunate condition, what would have availed that miserable plea—'Only once in a way?' It's only once that you will die. Think of this. Be ready—be sober—for no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."

Curtis went away, resolving that his first drinking bout should also be his last. He was humbled and asked God to keep his resolution. Reader, do the same, for strength to keep his resolution. Reader, do the same, and He, your God and Saviour, will perfect His strength in your weakness.

Time.—Much may be done in those shreds and patches of time, which every day produces, which most men throw away, but which nevertheless will make at the end of it, no small deduction from the life of man. The ancients were not ignorant of their value: nay, it was not unusual with them either to compose or dictate while under the operation of rubbing after the bath.—*Colton's Lacon.*

Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.—PHILIPPIANS IV. 6.

FORGIVENESS.—How many times have I groaned mourning through the day for some hasty outburst of anger, and shamed not lift my voice to God in prayer for forgiveness and peace of mind. I would feel that I had sinned, and had no longer an interest at the throne of grace. And yet, at the day's close away, and whatever had caused those feelings of unhappiness had somewhat faded from memory. I have gone to God at last in real penitence and contrition, and confessed my sins and found mercy. But how much better would it have been, had I done then as my after experience has taught me to do—to go to God at once, and be relieved of my burden.

"I'LL GIVE IT A 6 MONTHS' TRIAL."

SUCH was the exclamation of B. R., when he first become a depositor in the St. Barnabas Branch of the Yorkshire Penny Savings' Bank. With his hands and face bearing the marks of toil; his appearance suggested the idea that he was carrying out a resolution which had evidently been made, while perspiration moistened his darkened brow. Having entered his name, and the amount he was desirous to deposit, his pass-book was handed to him; with a smile of contentment upon his face while putting his book into his pocket, he gave vent to his feelings in words which seemed to come direct from his heart, "I'll give it a six months' trial." Thus, week after week, passed on, and he was still true to his resolution. However, a little after six months were over, he neglected to come, and I, fearing he had fallen into his former negligence, made private inquiry as to the cause of his non-appearance, and was sorry to learn that his family had been attacked with sickness. Thus poor B.'s account was stationary for many, many weeks; when once more he made his appearance,—I feared he was satisfied with his six months' trial, and had come for his money—but not so, he came more determined to continue the work. Thus, little by little, but surely, he continue the work. Thus, little by little, but surely, he continue the work. Thus, little by little, but surely, he

THE NEW RIVER COMPANY'S DRINKING FOUNTAIN, IN CLERKENWELL.

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

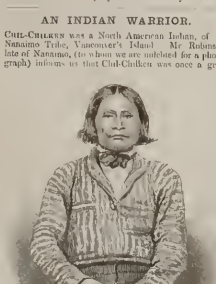
We regret to learn that the "Metropolitan Drinking Fountains' Association" is likely to be dissolved, unless the public come forward more liberally in its support. The chief portion of the expenses has hitherto been borne by the Treasurer, Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P. This is not *right*, and we hope that many of the friends of the working-classes, both in London and the provinces, will feel the necessity of promptly coming forward with their subscriptions, in aid of this very important movement.

Subscriptions should be sent to "John Lee, Esq., Secretary, Drinking Fountains' Association, 4, Church Court, Clement's Lane, London. E.C."

It has given us great pleasure to find that the New River Company has presented the public with a Fountain in Clerkenwell, and we venture to suggest, that if the working-classes will memorialize the water companies in their respective towns, they will find the good example of the New River Company followed in many cases.

AN INDIAN WARRIOR.

CHIL-CHILKEN was a North American Indian, of the Nanaimo Tribe, Vancouver's Island. Mr Robinson, late of Nanaimo, (to whom we are indebted for a photograph) informs us that Chil-Chilken was once a great



warrior, and a terror to the surrounding tribes. Through the efforts of the Missionaries, he became a changed man, and was received as a Church member. He now laid aside his Indian habits, although he knew that this would expose him to peril. One day he was attacked by a Cowichan Indian and beheaded. He fell a martyr to his Christian principles, for he would not use his scalping-knife or musket in mortal combat.

THOMAS KENT, THE GARDENER.

MANY working-men, resident in the West of England, remember Thomas Kent. In early life, he was given to habits of dissipation, but a sermon on the Prodigal Son was, by God's mercy, blessed to his conversion. For many years he sought to do good amongst his old comrades, and was never wearied in his efforts to do them good. When his day's work was ended, he was accustomed to spend his evenings in visiting the homes of working-men, or in attending meetings for the promotion of temperance, and other good objects. There are families now living in the West of England, whose peaceful and happy condition is in a great measure the fruit of the unwearied efforts of Thomas Kent, the kind-hearted gardener. He now lies in the silent grave, but his good name will long be held in esteem by all who knew him.

THOMAS KENT, THE GARDENER.

Bearing Crosses

The Crusaders of old, it is said, used to bear a painted cross upon their shoulders; it is to be feared that many among us take up crosses which sit just as lightly; things of ornament, passports to respectability, a cheap exchange for a struggle we never make, and a crown we never strove for. But let us not deceive ourselves. None ever yet entered into the kingdom of heaven without tribulation; not, perhaps, the tribulation of fire, cross, or rebuke, or blasphemy, but the tribulation of a bowed spirit and a humble heart; of the flesh crucified to the spirit, and of dark conflicts with the powers of darkness; and therefore, if our religion be of such a phable and elastic form as to have cost us neither pains to acquire, nor self-denial to preserve, nor effort to advance, nor struggle to maintain holy and undefiled, we may be assured our place among the ranks of the risen dead will be with that prodigious multitude who were pure in their own eyes, and yet were not washed from their filthiness.—*Rev. Dr. Moore.*

The Humble Home.

— Are you not surprised to find how independent of money, peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed into the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodation of a mansion, but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace—*Rev. C. Hamilton.*

Search the Scriptures—

"I would have you, every morning, read a portion of the Holy Scriptures till you have read the Bible from beginning to end. Observe it well, read it, and lay it up in your memory, and make it the direction of your life: it will make you a wise and good man. I have been acquainted somewhat with men and with books, and have had long experience in learning, and in the world: there is no book like the Bible for excellent learning, wisdom, and use: and it is want of understanding in them that think or speak otherwise.—*Sir Matthew Hale's Counsels and Advices to his Children.*

In all *your* actions remember that God sees you; and in all *His* actions endeavour to see Him; *that* will make you fear Him; *this* will make you love Him.—*Whichcote.*

AN AUSTRALIAN STATESMAN.

IT is not twenty years ago since a young man was engaged in a printing-office in the neighbourhood of the Strand, in London; who, like Dr. Franklin, spent his leisure hours in improving his mind. Like Franklin, also, he was often laughed at for being a water-drinker, and not joining his comrades at the public-house. At length, he emigrated to Australia. There, by his industry, temperance, and piety, he has risen, step by step, and now occupies, as an able and eloquent statesman, one of the highest positions in the Colonial Senate-House! Some of our English readers will readily recognize, in the above engraving, the portrait of one who now has the word "Honourable" attached to his name. It is none other than the once industrious young printer! Working men and boys! spend your spare moments well. Redeem the time! Although you cannot all become Senators, you may improve your minds, and thereby become better citizens in the world. "*Redeeming the time.*"

THE man of decision is not to be ruled with. He has his view, and he will maintain them. He is not to be checked by one, nor frightened by another. His motto is, "My work must be done."

No man can go to Heaven when he dies, who has not sent his heart thither while he lives. Our greatest hopes should be beyond the grave.—*Wilson.*

In the press.—NANCY WEBBER, THE VILLAGE GOSSIP, and How she was cured. With 8 engravings. Price Eighteen-pence. A most attractive and instructive narrative. HAVE DUTY AND REFUSE MERE THINGS. By Emma Marshall, 18. THE BREWER'S TASK. By Mrs Ellis, 8 illustrations. Price Half-a-Crown.

"BUY YOUR OWN HOUSE!"

DURING the last twelve months, we have received several interesting accounts of working-men, who are striving, by their industry and frugality, to live "*rent-free*," that is, they are building or buying *their own homes.*

A gentleman in Chesterfield has kindly favoured us with a sketch of the above pretty little row of houses erected by a hard-handed Derbyshire miner. The "*tin hers*" and money which "the Successful Collier" formerly spent in drink and tobacco, having been safely deposited in the Savings'-bank have, in the course of years, accumulated to "a good round sum," sufficient to purchase the above houses and shop, which the owner has not inappropriately named "Providence Row."* Working men! you your "*tin bats*" into the Savings'-bank, and in the course of years, *you* may *buy your own homes!*

* See PROVIDENCE ROW; or the Successful Collier. By T. B. Walker. A Narrative Tract. S. W. Partridge. Price One Penny.

THE OWNER OF "PROVIDENCE ROW."

LONDON: Published monthly, by S. W. PARTRIDGE, at the Office, No. 9, Paternoster Row; W. TWEEDIE, 337, Strand; and A. W. BENNETT, 5, Bishopsgate Street. Printed by GEO. WATSON, Elliff St., Hatton Garden.

No. 105 September, 1863. Price One Penny. Registered for Transmission Abroad.

THE GIPSY FAMILY (FOUR GENERATIONS). FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. R. FISHER.

THE GIPSY FAMILY.

BY MRS. DAILY,

'Authoress of "Begged Homes and How to Mend them."

THE pig-feeding and brick-making population of the Kensington Potteries have already been introduced to the reader. There are other people, however, in the same locality who might possibly have felt themselves aggrieved that no notice had been taken of them; but as not one out of twenty of the gipsy tribe (of which they form a part) can read, they do not much trouble themselves about the contents of books, but rather regard them as things outside of their own peculiar world. Not so, however, with respect to pictures. Few care more for pictures than the gipsy tribe. They interpret themselves in a moment as forming the subject of the frontispiece of this number. We should like to be present at Sally's face it, and hear the remarks thereon. If they should have ever felt annoyed at any former neglect, now will be their time, and if any unlucky bookmaker should be passing, we should not be surprised to hear him thus accosted. "Ah! you was only *wrote* about, but we was kept for the picture."

The number of families living in the Potteries belonging to this tribe, varies from ten to forty, according to the time of year. One of their favourite encampments has long been in an open yard, with a narrow entrance between two houses. Here they pitch their tents around three sides of the square, with an open space in the middle. This might be called Gipsy-square, and it was here the group was taken, which appears as the frontispiece. Look at the further end of the square, and a considerably more substantial than the usual tent residences. This abode was formerly an advertising van for Astley's theatre. A portion is fitted up for a common-room of flexible hazel-sticks, and tarred canvas. A little plot of ground, about two yards square, has been dug up in front to receive a flower, and a Virginia creeper is planted under one of the windows. The furniture consists of a bed, a stove, a German clock, a low seat, a couple-backed rocking-chair, and a table on the roof, that the mice may not gnaw the tallow, an old unfinished oil-painting (master unknown), and something like a gallery of pictures from the "British Workman." The chimney is an old tin pail, inverted, and on one side of this habitation a respectable sign-board is to be seen—

THOMAS HERNE,
BRUSH AND CANE
CHAIR BOTTOMER.

The veterans who thus advertises himself and his calling, from the appearance of his face, is not patient. He is now about ninety years of age. He descendants, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren are number upwards of fifty.

Intemperance was for many years the besetting sin of this man. Often was he to be seen staggering home, or led along, and at the end of it, "checked into his gaffer like a log of wood." He joined the Temperance movement in this neighbourhood, at a early stage in its history, and for 30 years has been a faithful and a consistent abstainer. His natural strength instead of abating seems rather to have increased, and his swarthy face brightens up as he talks of the days of his early life. His tall military figure, clothed in a respectable fustian, and rendered still more conspicuous by a showy red plush waistcoat, with handles of brass under his arm, may be constantly seen in the early morning as he passes the street, crying, "*Cheers* to mend, *cheers* to mend."

The old man is a frequent visitor at the various meetings held at the Workmen's Hall, and being a little deaf, he usually occupies a front seat, and by the varied expression of his broad intelligent face, and his intelligent interest in what is passing. A silver medal stamped with the device adopted by the Workmen's Hall Temperance Society, was presented to him a short time ago, in consideration of his being the oldest member connected with this Society.

The recollection of past sins seems still at times to trouble him much: he said to the missionary, "When I thinks what I've done, I don't seem to know what to do with myself." A large Bible was lured to forgive me, and I bless Him I'm a good deal happier than I used to be." Gipsies are not in the habit of speaking of praying; "*bless*ing" is the term invariably employ. A gipsy-woman said to the missionary a few weeks ago "My sins troubled me very much, but one morning I was longing to pray, and I felt as soon I felt lightened, and I've been happier ever since." This prayer could not read, and probably had never heard of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," but in thought she was one with him. "So I was in my prison-house just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosened from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and begun to tumble, and so continued as I did, till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more. I was then glad and lightsome."

In the early days of our Mechanics' Society, the missionary requested the loan of our room for one evening, that he might tell the story of his gipsy friends to tea. On entering the room I was much struck with the appearance of the party, and thought I had never before seen so many handsome people assembled together in one room. It was a hot evening, and they had been pouring out the tea so light task, as each drank at least eight large cupfuls of it. At first, our attempts at conversation failed almost entirely, the monosyllabic replies answered with reserve and caution, and at last my only resource seemed to be to keep talking about myself, what I had seen and heard, and the impression it had caused in the infirmary, and second fired with the ambition of relating their adventures, showing that they also had travelled and knew something about the world. Our tables were placed near the window, and the hot rays of the sun shining in, added considerably to our discomfort. I asked one of the men if he would not like to shut down the blind. He gave a kind of shrug of the shoulder and shake of the head, but did not offer to move. My second application was not more successful, for I said, "I have you any reason for not taking to pull down that blind?" "Yes," he said, "I have. It's just here, I was so 'took to' with the cold last winter, and one day I made a vow that I'd never stand out of no sunshine as long as I lived, and I won't." "That was an unfortunate vow," I said, "it was like saying that because you had been so uncomfortable through the winter, you would be uncomfortable through the summer also." But neither logic or persuasion availed anything, and the others so respected his vow, that I had to pull the blind down myself. In the course of conversation, our conscientious friend said to me, "I's pose when you drinks your port wine you think you have a lot of the juice of the grapes in it, don't ye?" I replied "I was not in the habit of taking port wine, and therefore the process of making it did not personally affect me, but I should be glad to learn anything he could tell me about it." He then told us that for years he had been at work in a wine-making establishment in the South of France, and if people only knew as well as he did the stuff which was put into the bottles they would not think so much as they now seemed to do, about their wine.

Amongst the varied efforts which have been put forth for the improvement of the lower classes, these interesting people have not been forgotten. One kind lady has interested herself in them, and a day school has been established for them during the winter months, many of them attend and some have conquered the difficulties of reading and write. Their habits of life are not favourable to the reception of the principles and practices of the Christian religion. Many of them depend for their livelihood on fortune-telling, and other immoral practices, and have literally to forsake *all* before they can follow Christ. But some have been enabled to turn their straight gate and narrow way." The name of a gipsy-woman might be added to the goodly number of faithful ones mentioned in the 11th chapter of Hebrews. "Through faith" relinquishing money by telling fortunes, and who will rather "Remember to keep holy the Sabbath-day" than accept a golden fleece.

"And they who do such things, declare plainly that they seek a country."

BLESSED is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord has promised to them that love Him.

JAMES I. 12.

THE BIBLE—AND HOW TO USE IT.

"I AM glad that gratuitous circulation is not to be carried on extensively by this Society, but that the people are rather to be induced to purchase the Scriptures for themselves. This plan was one of the good plans adopted by my friend, the Rev. J. H. Wilson, the founder and first minister of the Bible Church in Aldersgate-street (established by God with singular genius for that kind of work. One of his principles from the very beginning was to give nothing cost him, but to help the people to get for themselves what was proper for them to have; and, among other things, he had it down as a rule not to give away the Scriptures, but to induce the people to purchase copies for themselves. I remember paying him a visit in his first rude meeting-place, a low cottage, with mud floor and unpainted walls, and, after service, they began to collect money for Bibles. It was indeed a strange scene; I never was among so many rough-looking people in my life. And their speech and behaviour was just of a piece with their outward appearance. For instance, the minister, looking over his list of Bible subscribers, called out the name of a man, say John Thomson, and said—"You have paid so much, and have so much more to pay; whereupon up started a rough sailor-looking man, who shouted out—

"All right, mister; look out;" and he sent the penny spinning over the heads of the people.

Mr. Wilson called out the name of another—a woman—who replied,

"I'm no paying the night;" and so on.

This will give you some idea of the sort of people who were subscribing for Bibles. Rough as they were, they were induced, in great numbers, to purchase the Bible, and being so induced, they prized it, took it home, and read it; and I feel sure that a wonderful work has been wrought in that place. Amongst my audience that evening was a young woman, to whom Providence had given great attractions, but who was one in long feature marks of debauchery and wickedness. She sat near me, and looked at me with a bold, brazen face, as much as to say, "Do tell me anything you like, but you'll not move me. To my surprise, however, I found that she was one of the Bible subscribers. Years passed by, and I went one evening to the Bible Church, to a new chapel. Feeling exhausted, a brother undertook for me the introductory devotional services in the evening, and I sat in a pew, wondering who the woman was in place of her Bible to look on. After service, Mr. Wilson said to me—

"I could not help looking at you as you sat beside that woman who showed you her Bible; do you know who she is?"

"No, I replied. "Do you not remember the woman who sat looking at you with such a defiant air when you preached in the old house?"

"Yes, I said, I think I shall never forget that face."

"Well," said he, "that is the same woman, and she is now one of the most zealous and consistent members of my church; that Bible which she showed you, was the only thing else. She has other Bibles now, but *that* Bible she never leaves her house with her.

"I hearkt that Bible,' she says, 'w' ma sun money, and that Bible brought me out o' what one money that was ever coined could ever bought me."

—Dr. W. H. Guthrie's *speech at a meeting of the Scottish National Bible Society.*

LIGHT HOUSE INSTITUTION, AT ST. JUST, CORNWALL.

THE FIRST AND LAST LITERARY INSTITUTION IN ENGLAND.

AMONG the many plans for improving the condition of the labouring classes—or more properly, for enabling those classes to improve their own condition—there is none more likely to be both popular and useful than the opening of large well-lighted and warmed rooms, or halls, where working-men can assemble after the toils of the day, and in pleasant conversation, or profitable reading, refresh their minds, and enjoy their leisure without the temptation of strong drink, or the bad associations of the ale-house. Many of these rooms are now open in different places, furnished with newspapers; some having libraries, and affording the great accomodation of a reading-room, a conversation-room, and a lecture-room. The outlay for building such places, even on the most plain and economical scale that is consistent with neatness, order and comfort, must be very great; and those are indeed very generous benefactors to their humbler neighbours who have devised and carried out the plans of working-men's halls or rooms.

In the first year of the present century, the first Mechanics' Institute was founded in Glasgow, not only with the avowed object of imparting scientific and general knowledge, but also in the hope of withdrawing mechanics from the scenes of riot and dissipation which too often formed the only resource for their leisure time. But it has been found after more than half a century's trial, that while Mechanics' Institutions have greatly benefited the upper portion of the working-classes; and still more, the young men of the commercial and professional classes; they have not been exactly adapted to the needs of the ordinary working-man, who required, as a rule, not so much to hear a lecture, or to join a debate, as some rest and social intercourse, and quiet reading among companions of his own station. Therefore, as far as mechanics were concerned, except with some few highly honourable and encouraging exceptions, Mechanics' Institutes did not meet their case. Hence the erection of Working-men's Houses, which are intended to combine the relaxation and ease of a social gathering, with occasional instruction. There are, however, scattered up and down the kingdom some very interesting institutions that have found favour with, and done great good to, the working-classes. One of the most interesting associative institutions in the kingdom is that represented above.

A wild moorland, stretching away for some miles, leads from Penzance, in Cornwall, to St. Just—a town in the midst of copper and tin mines, and chiefly, if not wholly, inhabited by people engaged in mining operations. Half-a-mile beyond the town, is Cape Cornwall jutting out into the Atlantic Ocean, and from thence a range of rocks and rocky islets lead to the Land's End. The writer has seen most of the towns in England, but never beheld one more peculiar than St. Just. Long rows of small houses, mostly belonging to miners, diverge from an irregular centre space. The good clergyman (and well he merits to be called so), some medical men, mine shareholders, and tradesmen are the gentry of the town and district. The shopkeepers are few, the chief population being employed in the mines. Yet, in this remote region, a stranger sees much to delight and surprise him. The church and chapels are well attended, the houses, many or most of them, belong to their occupants; the women, young and old, are most respectably dressed, and the manners, speech, and appearance of the whole population indicate a large amount of general intelligence and piety.

In a central part of this remote town, and within hearing of the roar of the Atlantic, where a stiff breeze dashes the waves on Cape Cornwall, is erected a Building, which is, in point of situation, the first and the last Literary Institution in England. On the basement, is a committee-room and library, and, mounting a good staircase, the visitor enters a lofty, well-proportioned hall, commodiousness and elegance. Cushioned seats, hanging clocks on the platform; and a table suited for the display of chemical experiments, and other diagrams, comprise the furniture. The majority of the members that assemble here are working-men. The Institution is truly educational, and much used by those hard-handed sons of toil, who in the deep recesses of the dark mines, hundreds of fathoms under the earth, and here, under the sun, "have cut the tin, or copper ore from its rocky bed. No employment can be more laborious; those who are engaged in it are, as a class (of course there are some exceptions), among the most honest, industrious, simple-minded, and thoughtful, of British workmen.

It would surprise the librarian of many an institution in our great towns, who is asked in the proportion of twenty times for a novel, for once for a scientific work, working-men, are scientific works. Twelve years ago, when the writer first entered the library of this Institution, a book was lying on the table, that had just been finished, it was the "Connexion of the Physical Sciences," by Mrs. Somerville, and it had evidently been much read, as it was nearly worn out. About a year ago, the writer saw the library again, and found that, at the express request of the members, an elaborate and expensive work on Chemistry had just been ordered.

Working-men, one reason why this Institution was founded, and flourishes is, the people are, for the most part, intelligent, order, and domestic comfort, and the blessings of a people that fear God will work right manfully.

AN INTERESTING FACT.

AN able Lecture on "Lancashire Poets and Poetry" was delivered some time ago, by Mr. Harry Hartley, of Preston, the Rev. J. Morris, Esq. F.S.A., of Manchester, in acknowledging a hearty vote of thanks to the Lecturer said—"Some three and thirty years ago, in 1850, a poor boy arrived in Liverpool, from a runaway excursion to sea, landed in Liverpool one Sunday morning, and immediately he had landed, he started off home on a travel from Liverpool to Manchester, with only twopence in his pocket—he was going to my pocket, but he was not quite sure whether he had more than twopence, he was outside of someone being a pair of trousers, a shirt, and an old time-battered crow-hat. He started off, he footed and bare-legged on his way home, having heard by hearsay of the rich and beauty of that ancient old poem—

"Mid pleasures and palaces, wherever I may roam
Be it my lot to walk, there is no place like home."

To his home he was going, a poor friendless orphan, hoping to be received, and yet scarcely knowing whether he would be received or not. The course of his journey he necessarily came to Warrington, footsore, weary, thirsty, and hot, he called at a cottage door, and asked for a drink of water, and asked for a drink of water. He looked at the door which was opened by a clean respectable old woman taking her tea. She looked for the other half of her cup. The old woman rose and came to the door, and after patting the little wanderer in hand, and charging him with being a runaway from home, and a sailor, wished to know whether he was returning home to his mother. At the mention of his mother the boy burst into tears. The kind old lady took him into her clean comfortable cottage, and seating him beside her tea table, gave him a substantial meal of bread and butter and tea, and what was still more valuable—and it was the turning-point in that boy's life—instead of threatening him with the police, and giving him up to the world, she encouraged him with kind words, and hoped that he had seen his wild oats, and that he would no longer call upon her. The boy was overcome at the thought of his mother's heart, and he would be a better and wiser lad. His bodily frame was refreshed by the comfort he had had, and he was off on his way home. It will be consequence, his heart was strengthened by the kindness of the old woman, and that poor lad of 33 years since has given you the lecture to-night!"

PITY THE POSTMEN!

LOOPOX, with its three millions of people, has no Sunday delivery of letters. Letters are delivered on the morning of the lawful days of the week, have their rest on the seventh. In the provinces, the letter-carriers have to go through the whole seven days of the week, and seldom have even one mid-day in the year. We am glad to find the Postmaster-General recommends in his Annual Guide, that persons in the provinces can easily *prevent* (if they will) the Sunday labour of the letter-carriers by the following regulation:

"ANY PERSON may, by a written Notice, addressed to the Post-office on Sunday, by addressing to the postmaster, written request, duly signed, to that effect."

Let all those who feel for the rest of the Lord's day for *themselves*, make an effort to secure the same boon for those valuable public servants, the LETTER-CARRIERS.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PRIZE ESSAY on "*Wife at Home.*"—The text of the competition is "Keep at home, and be sober" and a word of 100 of the best pieces to examine. We are compelled to defer the issue.

DAY OF REST.—Will be given in the next issue, "Lord, gather ye of Thy your oil in your own pot," to any hair-dresser who will put it up in his shop.

INTERESTING LETTER cannot be noticed. Any names of Correspondents, however, are not published if so desired.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of numerous literary contributions. We cannot promise when any would will appear, but many of them are in hand, and some of them will appear, at the earliest opportunities, another on we possibly answer inquiries about them.

THE BRITISH WORKMAN, PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.—We have received the following striking testimony in favour of this valuable tract—"From a perusal of the tract, I feel very much interested in its mission having occasion to call on a family in this neighbourhood, we was invited to have an immediate reading of the tract, and the interest was so great, we had to go here and there for hymns, when the husband, who is a drunkard, was so interested, he actually left the house to the tract, and we found of being squatted in a low seat, with his back bent and his head almost between his knees, and with his back bent also double. He said he was drinking a glass of ale, but he was very bad with it, and he was very much ashamed of what he alone his mother, showed him the place where he was squatted down, and he said, "Sir, I'm ashamed of myself, I'm a disgraceful world try it for himself, he would speedily find the good accomplished by the tract." In one instance refused, the tract, the wife, but a copy of the "British Workman" being produced, the husband was induced to read it, and after a few days, he was so much interested that he actually left the house, and has been the Bookseller in the town. Thus encouraging results have been the Bookseller in the town. Thus encouraging results have been the means of bringing our little tract into contact with many of the humbler classes, and which some lovely lessons have been learned by myself, and opportunities afforded of speaking to them on spiritual things, which will tend to be of vast importance when the dress is a close."

* Bottlestick Copper Mine, extending under the sea, is at St. Just.

But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings—MALACHI iv. 2.

☞ NOTICE.—*The next number of the "British Workman" will contain the remarkable narrative of* 'THE MAN THAT KILLED HIS NEIGHBOUR.' *We should like it to be read* ALOUD *in every Farmer's family in the land. Those who are troubled with bad tempers will do well to read it twice over. Bookseller in agricultural districts will oblige by making this No. widely known.*

☞ *The "British Workman Almanac," for 1864, with costly Illustrations by Bruleman Brown, will be ready in October. Price One Penny. To present divine opportunities, those of our readers who desire to secure copies, are recommended to give their orders to a Bookseller without delay.*

DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.

'British Workman' Relief Fund.

The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of the following contributions since 1st June to 28th July, 1863:—Rev. Hugh Stowell, Esq., Walthamstow, Int.; Collected at Saint Bees College, 7s. 10s.; E. Beauchamp, Esq., Gosfordalg, 4s.; Dotsch, Cornwall, 7s. 6d.; William Rabbeth Taylor, Craibock, South; Collected by Master W. Harvey Robert Wilson, Cockfosh, South Africa, 4s.; Collected by Master Robert Wilson, South Africa, 1s. 6d.; Mr William Rent, New South Wales, 1s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Jane Ottomb, Cleveland, Yarmouth, 1s. 3d.; Collected by Miss Jane Ottomb, Cleveland, Yarmouth, 1s. 3d.; Collected by Mr Tom S. Rattenbury, Bow, 1s. 6d.; Shop-money in Bourne Valley Pottery, Tonge, 1s. 10d.; S. O. Rattenbury, Esq., 7s. 6d.; Small sums under £1—£5 7s. 1d.

	£	s.	d.
Amount previously announced ...	4520	10	4
Received from 1st June to 28th July, 1863,	40	8	3
" the readers of *Children's Friend*	3	11	6
Total ...	£4564	10	1

N.B.—A Box of Water-Colour Drawings of Indian Flowers, from a Lady; A Bracelet (Anonymous); a Bracelet, from a Lady; Grace's Apparatus; and some Gentleman's Lace, from a Kind Lady, have not yet been disposed of. When sold, the amount will be remitted to the Central Committee, in Manchester.

Treasurer's Cash Account.

Dr.	£	s.	d.
To Cash received, from the Readers of the "British Workman," as per Cash-Books, from August 28th, 1862, to July 27th, 1863, both inclusive	3188	11	10½
" Ditto, from the Readers of the "Children's Friend," from December 1st, 1862, to July 31st, 1863, both inclusive	375	18	2½
Total...	£3564	10	1

1862.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
Dec. 2.	By Cash remitted to Central Relief Fund Committee ...	1200	0	0
1863.				
Jan. 27.	" Ditto ditto	1200	0	0
Feb. 27.	" Ditto ditto	600	0	0
July 28.	" Ditto ditto	564	10	1
	Total...	£3564	10	1

I hereby certify, that I have examined the above account, and also the vouchers for the same, and find that all monies received (without any deduction) have been remitted to Lancashire, the entire expense of clerks, postages, copying papers, advertising, &c., having been defrayed by the Editor of the "British Workman."

S. O. RATTENBURY, *Public Accountant,*
3, Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, London.

SHAFTESBURY, *Chairman.*
SAMUEL GURNEY, M.P., *Treasurer.*

31st July, 1863.

BALLAST-HEAVERS, THE PRINCE CONSORT, AND THE QUEEN.

The ballast-heavers of the port of London have tendered a pleasing testimonial to the goodness of the late Prince Consort. In a letter to the Queen they state:—"Before he came to our aid we could only get work through a body of river-side jobbers and middlemen, who made us drink before they would give us a job, made us drink while at it, and kept us waiting for our wages, and drinking after we had done our work, so that we could take only half our wages home to our families, and that half too often reached them through a drunkard's hands." They could get no help till they appealed to the Prince Consort. He got a clause in the Merchant Shipping Act which put them under control of the Trinity House, passed rules for their employment, got their wages paid in money, gave them a house to wait in for their work, supplied it with papers and books, and encouraged them to form a sick and benefit society. They concluded their letter by asking the Queen for an engraving of their benefactor to hang up in their room.

The following reply was returned to their letter:—"Windsor Castle, June 12, 1863.—My Dear Sir; I have had the honour to lay before Her Majesty the Queen the address from the ballast-heavers of the port of London, which you have kindly forwarded to me for presentation. Her Majesty has been deeply touched by this spontaneous testimony to the active benevolence of her beloved husband, and amongst all the tokens of sympathy in her grief, which she has gratefully received from all classes of her people, no one has been more gratifying to the Queen, and no one more in harmony with her feelings, than the simple and unpretending tribute from these honest, hard-working men. I am commanded to request that you will assure the ballast-heavers that the interest in their welfare so usefully displayed by him whose life was employed in endeavouring to benefit the people of this country, is fully shared by Her Majesty, and that Her Majesty rejoices to hear of the happy change in their moral and social condition. The Queen has the greatest pleasure complying with the request contained in the address, and has ordered two prints of the Prince Consort, one in uniform, and one in ordinary dress, to be framed and presented, to be hung in the room in which the ballast-heavers wait; to them Her Majesty has added one of herself, as the Queen would wish, in the remembrance of these grateful men, to be associated with the memory of her great and good husband, whose virtues they have so highly and justly appreciated.

Believe me sincerely yours, C. B. PHIPPS.

Frederick J. Furnival, Esq."

THE THREE PICTURES.

A BALLAD.

COME, working-men, come one and all,
Come gather in a band,
And hear a story, good and true,
About our native land.

'Tis not of any warlike deeds,
Or famous days of old,
Yet a nobler or a sweeter tale
I think was never told.

Where London City has her port,
And thick as forest trees,
A countless host of ships resort,
From near and distant seas:

There dwells a race of sturdy men,
Strong sons of British soil,
Who brave the hallast, load the ships,
And work with hardy toil.

These honest labourers, many a year,
Were cheated and betrayed,
By crafty, cringing, cruel men,
Who plied a wicked trade.

For with the tempting drunkard's drink
They won their sinful gains;
And held the mastery of these men,
Who groaned like slaves in chains.

Their homes, their wives, and children dear,
All felt the latter stroke,
That made upon them every thing hearts,
And longed to break the yoke.

At length, in mercy to their woe,
God raised them up a Friend,
The noblest, kindest, truest heart,
That Providence could send.

Highest in nature, as in name,
Chief among men he stood;
Ah! with a throbbing heart I speak,
Of Albert—Great and Good.

Lofty his state: yet dear to him
The humble sons of toil;
Sacred, as dear, he held the rights
Of all on Britain's soil.

He broke the yoke, set free the men,
Oppressed the sinful profit's pow'r;
And many a poor man's heart and home
Were happy from that hour.

Happy! But o'er the brightest lot
Dark clouds will surely come;
And on one dismal winter day
Gloom fell on ev'ry home.

A cry run shuddering through the land
That he, the loved of all,
Lay in his stately palace home
Beneath a mortal pall!

The Christmas carol of that year
Was rather sobbed than sung;
The festive greetings of the time
Were silent on each tongue.

For God had taken what He gave,
Our loss no words could tell,
But this we know—amid our tears—
"He doeth all things well."

And now as time went sadly on,
Still more men felt the worth,
Of that good Prince, whose death had left
A blank upon the earth.

All hearts yearned for him—as a friend
Their souls had loved and known,
Before his pictured face men wept,
"He was our Prince—our own."

Then came, amid the many cries
From labour's grateful band,
One, from the Queen of London Port,
To the Lady of our land.

They asked with loyal, earnest love,
A gift their walls to grace,
That they might see the Prince's smile
Their honester's face.

Their simple prayer reached England's Queen,
And touched that gentle heart;
She felt that in her heavy grief
All true souls shared a part.

And that purchase, the deep low wail,
That ran along the land,
Was tender, as the grandest dirge
That lofttier heights resound.

And so she gave the labouring men
Their wish, in ample way;
Two pictures of the Prince she sent
To cheer their honest eyes.

And added, with that tender charm
Which graces all her life,
Her portrait. Not as England's Queen,
But as Prince Albert's wife.

That in their grateful memories,
These men her name should blend
With *her*—the dear departed Prince,
The poor man's standfast friend.

For nobler does our monarch deem,
Goodness, and manly worth,
And virtue, and paternal love,
Than any rank on earth.

Now we would shout—"God bless the Queen,"
But our tears are running o'er,
Let's pray—"God bless Her!" in our hearts,
And love her evermore.

C. L. BALFOUR.

The above verses were read, amid the breathless interest of the Ballast Heavers, at their Tea-meeting, on the 30th July, 1863, on the interesting occasion of the inauguration of the Queen's present.

VALUE OF OATMEAL.

In Scotland, the nourishing quality of Oats, both with respect to man and brutes, is well known. With respect to Oatmeal, the people of England seem to have fallen into an egregious error respecting its qualities: from its producing in some a sensation of heartburn, or heat at stomach, they have condemned it as heating; and from a mistake with regard to the nature of diseases, have supposed it to give cutaneous affections—not more frequent in Scotland than in other countries; and which indeed arise from no particular element, but always from a contagion communicated from one person to another. Besides, the most eminent French physicians speak of Oatmeal as cooling, and consequently prescribe it in fevers: and the inhabitants of the East and West Indies prefer it to arrow-root, when labouring under inflammatory disorders. * * Though Oats be the food of horses in England, yet the people of Scotland live principally upon it: and in no country in Europe do we find a more healthy and vigorous race of men. Oatmeal-porridge is the best food for children; and, as an old author has justly observed, "It is the king of spoonmeats, and the queen of soups, and gratifies nature beyond all others."—DR. WHITLAW.

THE BIBLE v. SWEARING.

ONE of the Auxiliaries to the British and Foreign Bible Society, in what is called the "Black Country" beyond Birmingham, determined, about fifteen months since, that every Saturday night them should be sent out two or three Christian men with packets of Bibles, to visit the public-houses and low beer-shops, to catch the miners and puddlers and other labourers when they were full of money, and to ask them to spend some of the week's wages in buying the Sacred Scriptures.

It seems there is no part of the soil so barren but that, if you cultivate it in a powerful and dependent spirit, it will produce fruit unto righteousness, and to the praise and glory of God. In ten months that one Auxiliary sold on Saturday nights, in public-houses, seventy pounds' worth of copies of the Old and New Testaments! I was present the other day when the Report was read, and there met related how, on one occasion, they went into a public-house and said to the men who were assembled there drinking:

"We have come to sell you copies of the Bible."

One of them presently remarked, "Would it not be a good thing to have a copy of the Bible to read down in the pit at dinnertime?"

They agreed to buy a copy for that purpose, and received it, when the hawkers said the print was too small to read in the pit, and if they would buy one with a larger print, he would give a shilling towards the cost. They bought a copy with a larger print, and then one of the men said with great simplicity—

"Well now, if we have the Bible at dinner-time, we must not have no swearin'."

The old divines used to say prayer would drive out sin, or sin would drive out prayer. And this simple-hearted man instinctively felt that the Bible must drive away swearing, or swearing would drive away the Bible.

Well, in their own crude, unlettered way they made this law, that if any man swore in the pit during dinner-time, when the Bible was being read, a fine should be imposed upon him, and the fines to be thrown the man should receive the vessel containing the beer, and might look at it as much as he pleased, but must not touch it, but pass it on. You may think there is something of the ludicrous in this, but we there not in it a wonderful homage to the power of the Bible?

Is there any other book in the world that you could carry into the midst of a company of men like that which would make them feel that, if they read it, they must put away some of their sins?—*Rev. Charles Vince.*

FREE-LABOUR COTTON.

Extract of a letter, just received from a lady in Canada.

"Now is the time for English ladies to stay the cruse of slavery—to form a National League. Let them abstain from the use of all *slave-grown* cotton and produce, and Slavery must fall. Is not such a glorious end worth any amount of sacrifice? We are feeling deeply in this war just now: we are never the coat of this awful war, and we see and hear how the market supports the system, and what wonders it ENGLAND!"

See the merchant-vessels ride
Homeward o'er the ocean flood,
Bearing on the flowing tide
Wealth of cotton rich and good;
Bearing home from British soil,
Cotton mined by British toil,
By a freeman's strong right hand,
Reaped on many a burning strand.
See in dock and warehouse lie,
Stores of cotton, pil'd high;
English women, come and buy.

Come, and clothe yourselves therein,
Here's no stain of war and sin,
Thus no tears of blood have wet,
Only drops of honest sweat.

Buy—and light th' unkindled fire,
Cheer the mother, bless the sire;
Still the children's wailing cry:
English women, come and buy.

Let the millwhites's busy hum
Still the beating of the drum;
And more peaceful smoke arise
Than war's dread artilleries.

Ask of her, the young and fair,
Lovely bride of Britain's heir;
She the queen of all the State,
Fashion's glass," among the great,
The observed of every eye,—
Ask the royal Bride to buy.

Fair the marriage blessing wreathed,
Round her young brow's head,
In a thousand weapons sheathed,
Firmside warmed, and chaddon fed.
See in dock and warehouse lie,
Stores of cotton piled high!
English women, come and buy.

THE BAD BARGAIN;

Or, the World Set Up for Sale.

THE devil as the Scriptures show,
Tempts sinful mortals high and low;
And always acting well his part,
He suits his bribes to ev'ry heart:
See them the prince of darkness stands,
With baits for souls in both his hands.

To one he offers empires whole,
And gives to every one a soul!
To one he freely gives in barter
A peerage, or a star and garter;
To one he pays polite attention,
And begs him just to take a pension.

Some are so fit'd with love of fame,
He bribes them by an empty name:
For fame they toil, they preach, they write,
Give alms, or early forth and fight:
Prefer man's praise to God's salvation,
And sell their souls for reputation.

But the great gift, the mighty bribe,
Which Satan pons amid the tribe,
Which thousands seize with eager haste,
And all desire at least to taste,
Is—(kindly reader—what d'ye think!
Alas!—'tis money—money—think!

Round the wide world the tempter flies,
Presents to view the glittering prize;
See how he goes from shore to shore,
And how the nations all adore:
Souls flock by thousands to be sold,
Smit with the love of filthy gold.

See at you needy tradesman's shop,
The universal tempter stop;
'Wouldst thou,' he cries, 'increase thy treasures,
The lighter weights and sanitive measures,
Thus shalt thou thrive:' the trader's willing,
And sells his soul to get a shilling.

Next Satan to a farmer hies,
'I secure to cheat,' the farmer cries;
Yet he whole heart on wealth was bent,
And so the devil was content:
Now markets rise, and rents fall,
And Satan sate secures his soul.

Mark next you cheerful youth so jolly,
So fond of laughter and of folly;
He hates a stingy griping fellow,
But gets each day a little mellow;
To Satan too he sells his soul,
In barter for a flowing bowl.

Thus Satan tries each different state,
With might and main he tempts the great,
The poor with equal force he plies,
But wins them with a humbler prize:
Has gentle arts for young beginners,
And louder sins for older sinners,

Oft too he chests our mortal eyes,
For Satan father is of lies;
A thousand swindling tricks he plays us,
And genius too he never pays us:
Thus we, poor fools, are strangely caught,
And find we're sold our souls for nought.

Nay oft, with quite a juggler's art
He hals the tempted gill out part;
Some pleasure arts before our face,
Then claps a trouble in its place;
Sends some huge loss instead of gain,
And conjures rapture into pain.

Be wise, then, oh, ye worldly tribe;
Nor sell your conscience for a bribe;
When Satan tempts you to begin,
Resist him, and refuse to sin;
Bad is their bargain on the whole,
Who gain a world and lose a soul.

HANNAH MORE.

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MR. JEREMIAH CHADWICK CONDUCTING ONE OF HIS "HALF-HOUR MEETINGS," WITH THE RAILWAY-MEN IN MANCHESTER.

The Clergyman and the Repentant Burglar.

THE world of fiction hardly contains a more thrilling scene than an incident which occurred in the life of the late Rev. Mr. Lee, Presbyterian minister, of the village of Waterford, N. Y.

Mr. Lee was engaged in his study about midnight, preparing a discourse to deliver to his congregation, when he heard a noise behind him, and became conscious that some one was in the room. Mr. Lee exclaimed "What is the matter?" and turning around in his chair, he beheld the grim face of a burglar, who was pointing a pistol at his breast. The ruffian had entered the house by a window, supposing that all the occupants were wrapped in sleep.

"Give me your watch and money," said he, "and make no noise, or I will fire."

"You may put down your weapon, for I shall make no resistance, and you are at liberty to take all the valuables I possess," was Mr. Lee's calm reply.

The burglar withdrew his menacing pistol, and Mr. Lee said,

"I will conduct you to the place where my most precious treasures are placed." He opened the door and passed to the room where his two children lay slumbering in the sweet sleep of innocence and peace. "These," said he, "are my choicest jewels. Will you take them?" He proceeded to say that as a minister of the Gospel, he had few earthly possessions, and that all his means were devoted to but one object—the education of the two motherless children. The burglar was deeply and visibly affected by these remarks. Tears fled to his eyes, and he expressed the utmost sorrow at the act which he had been about to commit. After a few remarks from Mr. Lee, the would-be criminal consented to kneel and join in prayer; and them in that lonely house, amid the silence of midnight, the offender poured forth his penitence and remorse, while the representative of religion, of peace, and good-will, told him to "go and sin no more." Such a scene has few parallels.

OUR RAILWAY SERVANTS CAREO FOR.

THE City of Manchester furnishes a most pleasing instance of what *kind-hearted perseverance* in a good object may accomplish. Mr. Jeremiah Chadwick, one of the City Missionaries there, commenced labouring some years ago amongst the Railway-porters, Engine-men, Lamplighters, &c. At first he had many difficulties to overcome, but by "patient continuance in well-doing," he at length secured the affections of hundreds of the men. Finding that his good counsel was having a beneficial influence over the conduct of the men, the Directors have given every encouragement to the visits of Mr. Chadwick, and at stated times he now has the opportunity of addressing in 'groups' hundreds of men who eagerly attend his meetings. The deep *gratitude* of the men has been evinced in many pleasing ways. We may mention, on the authority of Thomas Key, Esq., Goods-manager of the London and North Western Railway, that on one occasion Mr. Chadwick brought a sample of a beautiful pocket-Bible, and immediately, upwards of *five hundred copies* were purchased by the men! We rejoice to find that some of the Directors of Railways in Manchester, are exerting themselves to *lessen* the amount of *Sunday work* on their lines. Such Directors will secure for themselves the *heartfelt thanks* of thousands.

The Directors of the Stockton and Darlington Railway have set a noble example. They have spent upwards of £4000 in the erection of a building, comprising a Lecture-room, Library, Reading-room, Committee and Class-rooms, and a *Refreshment-room*, (intoxicating drinks excluded) for their men. Already the most pleasing results have arisen from this excellent step, and we hope that other Companies will follow this good example. It is worthy of note that the Stockton and Darlington Railway is the *oldest* in the land (opened in 1825)—has, we believe, the *least Sunday traffic* of any line, and pays the *best dividend!*

RAILWAY-WORKMEN'S INSTITUTE, NEAR THE STATION, DARLINGTON.

THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

A FOX fell into a well, and was sorely puzzled how he should get out again. At length a goat came to the place, and wanting to drink, asked Reynard whether the water was good? "Good!" said he, "ay, so sweet, that I am afraid I have surfeited myself. I have drank so abundantly." The goat hearing this, leaped in, and the fox instantly jumped on his back and horns, and by their assistance nimbly leaped out, leaving the poor goat at the bottom of the well.

MORAL.—The lesson to be learned by this fable is, that we ought to consider *who it is* that advises us before we follow the advice given; for however plausible the counsel may seem, if the person who gives it is surprisingly, we may be assured that he intends to serve *himself* in it more than us.—*From Æsop's Fables.*

No, Never!—A poor simple man once said, "I have lost all my property; I have lost all my relatives; my last son is dead; I have lost my hearing, and my eyesight; I am alone, old, and poor; but it makes no difference—Christ never grows old; Christ never is poor; Christ never dies, and Christ will never forsake me.—Never, no never!

"COUNT THEM! COUNT WHAT?"

"COUNT THEM."—Count what? Why count the mercies that have been quietly falling in your path through every period of your history. Down they come—every morning and every evening, as angel messengers from the Father of Lights, to tell you of your best Friend in heaven. Have you lived these years wasting mercies, treading them under your feet, and consuming them every day, and never yet realised from whence they came? Do you ask "what are these mercies?" Ask the sunbeam, the raindrop, the stars, or the Queen of Night. What is your life but a mercy. What is the propriety of stopping to play with a thorn bush, when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers and eat pleasant fruits? Happy is he who looks at the bright side of life, of providence, and of revelation—who avoids thorns, thickets and boughs, until his Christian character is such, that if he cannot improve them, he may pass among them without injury. Count up your *mercies*, my friend, before you complain of your afflictions.

Whom to Marry.—WHEN a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly affectionate and respectful, from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition she may be placed. Were I to advise a friend as to his choice of a wife, my first counsel would be, "look out for a pious girl, distinguished for her attention and love to her *parents*." The fund of worth and affection indicated by such behaviour, joined to the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail, as a rule, to render her a mild, obliging, and invaluable companion for life.

Paul the Apostle had three wishes, that he might be *found* in Christ, that he might be *with* Christ, and that he might throughout life *magnify* Christ.

Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth;
keep the door of my lips.—Psalm cxli. 3.

"CARPENTER, HERE'S YOUR 'LOWANS."

A SERVANT-MAID came to me one cold day, when I was engaged, in company with some fellow-workmen, doing repairs at a gentleman's house, and said, "Here, carpenter, here's your 'lowance," and she tried to thrust a jug into my hand. "Thank you, none for me." "What, are you a teetotaller?" "Yes, I am." "Oh, well, you'll come for me?" "Certainly," and she passed on. Seven or eight minutes elapsed; when the damsel reappeared, this time with a jug of hot coffee and a plate of bread and butter. "Here, carpenter," said she, "Missus says she's very glad there's a temperance man at work here; she always likes to encourage such men; and so I am to get you some hot coffee and bread and butter for your 'lowance every day, as long as you stop." My mates cast a longer eye on the dish prepared for me, of piping hot fragrant mocha, backed up by a nice little pile of well-buttered slices of the stuff of life! One of the men spoke up—"I'll tell you what, mates, Glaister *is the best off!*" My only regret was that the good lady had not seen her way to provide hot coffee for *all*. Our well-to-do friends may depend upon this, that by providing good refreshments, instead of giving either money or beer, they will give a *powerful impetus to the spread of sober habits* among *our working population*. It is one of those quiet, silent, but powerful ways of doing good that could be carried out without much trouble, by thousands. W. GLAISTER.

"Missus likes to encourage such men, so I am to get you some hot coffee and bread and butter for your 'lowance every day, as long as you stop."

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BRITISH WORKMAN

THE MAN THAT KILLED HIS NEIGHBOURS.

Reuben Black was an infatuation in the neighbourhood where he resided. The very sight of him produced effects similar to a Hindoo magical tune, called Ragg, which is said to bring on clouds, storms, and earthquakes. His wife seemed lean, sharp and uncomfortable. The boys had a brazing aspect, as if they could stand on end with perpetual fear. The cows poked out their horns horizontally, as soon as he entered the barn-yard gate. The dog growled, and his tail between his legs, and yowl him askance, to see what humour he was in. The cat looked wild and scraggy, and had been known to run straight up the chimney when he moved toward her. Fanny Kemble's expressive description of the Pennsylvania stagehorse was exactly applicable to Reuben's pool of water—it looks resembled an old hair trunk." Continual whipping and kicking had made him such a stoic, that no amount of blows could quicken his pace, so sharpness could change the dejected drooping of his head. All his natural language and, as plain as a horse could say it, that he is a most unhappy beast. Even his owner's pressure had a guarded and knotted appearance. The bark spot little quickly tears of grief, and the lumbering gait, and the tail, that felt the continued discord, and made sorry faces at each other behind the owner's back. His fields were red with sorrel, and rank with mullen. The grass seemed to wither and grid on his own visage. Every day he cursed the town and the neighbourhood, because they poisoned his pasture, seemed to hate him and their lives. Continued invasion involved him in so much expense, that he had neither time nor money to spend on the improvement of his farm.

Against all this he had a great character in the neighbourhood, he had brought three suits in succession. Jon and he had retrieved a people from the mire, and Reuben was owner in the deal. He said Joe and recovered damages, for which he ordered the sheriff to seize his pig. Joe in his warmth, called him a miserable miser, a curse to the neighbourhood. These remarks were soon repeated to Reuben. He brought an action for libel, and recovered twenty-five cents. Reuben was taught by occasional, but watched for Joe to pass by, and set his dog upon him, screaming furiously, "Call me an old weather again will you? I'll teach you to be more respectful to your betters." Joe went home and scolded his wife, boxed little Joe's ears, and kicked the cat; and the one of them knew what it was for. A forwarded fence Reuben's hog was found dead by poison. Whereupon he brought another action against Joe Smith, and not being able to prove him guilty of the charge of a dog-murder, he took his revenge by poisoning a pet lamb, belonging to Mr. Smith. Thus the last game went on, with mutual resentment and hate. Joe's temper grew more and more vindictive, and the love of talking over his troubles at the grog-shop increased upon him. Poor Mrs. Smith cried and sighed, and wrote to Reuben Black, for a better hearted man never lived than her Joe, when she first married him.

Such was the state of things when Simeon Green purchased the farm adjoining Reuben's. The estate had been much neglected, and had caught thistles and mullen from the neighbourhood. But Simeon was a diligent man, blessed by nature with a healthy organization and a genial temperament, and a wise and kind education had added greatly to the strength of his physique.

His steady perseverance and industry soon changed the aspect of things on the farm. River mud, autumn leaves, old leaves, were all put to service, and soon the production of rain and beauty. The trees, with moss and insects, soon looked clean and vigorous. Fields of grain waxed whose and only possessed folks." Meadows rose covered half the house with their abundant clusters. Even the rough rock, which formed the door-step, was edged with the prettiest of wild flowers. A sleek, feeding in clover, tossed his mane and neighed when his master come near; as much as to say, "The world is all the pleasanter for your being in it." Simeon's farm, the old cow, fondling her calf under the great walnut tree, walked up to him with a serious friendly face, asking for a slice of apple or two with the grass. Chanticleer strutting about, with his troop of plump hens, and downy little chickens, took no trouble to keep out of the way, but flapped his wings, and crowed a welcome as his very face. When Simeon turned his steps homeward the boys threw up their caps, and ran shouting, "Father's coming!" and little Mary came bounding to him, with a dandelion blossom to place in his buttonhole. His wife was a woman of few words, but she sometimes said to her neighbours with a quiet kind of satisfaction, "Everybody loves my husband, than knows him. They can't help it."

Simeon Green's neighbourhood knew that he was never engaged in a lawsuit in his life, but they all predicted that he would find it impossible to avoid it now. They told him he was too good-natured to contend to quarrel with people whether they would or not; that he was like John Lathurne, of whom Judge Jenkins said, "If the world was made of nothing but John Lathurne, Lillburne would still quarrel with John, and John with Lathurne."

"Is that his character," said Simeon, "If he exercises it upon me, I will soon kill him."

In every neighbourhood there are individuals who like to foment quarrels, and from one slight difference, or malice or mischief, but rarely because it makes a ripple of excitement in the dull stream of life; like a contest between dogs and people. Such people were not slow in repeating Simeon Green's remarks about his wrangling neighbour. "Kill me I will he?" exclaimed Reuben. He said to more; he was the tightly compressed mouth had a still significant expression, that his dog dodged him, as he would the track of a tiger. That very night Reuben turned his horse into the highway, in hopes he would commit some trespass on the neighbour Green's premises. But Joe Smith seeing the animal at large, let down the bars of Reuben's own corn-field, and the poor beast walked in, and feasted as he had not done for many a long year. It would have been a great satisfaction to Reuben if he could have brought a suit against his horse; but as it was, he was obliged to pay damages for his beast's trespass. His next explosion was to shoot Mary Green's handsome chanticleer, because he stood on the stone wall and crowed, on the ignorant joy of his heart, two inches beyond the frontier line that bounded the contiguous farms. Simeon said he was sorry for the poor bird, and sorry because his wife and children liked the pretty creature; but otherwise it was no great matter. He had been intending to build a poultry-yard, with a good high fence that his hens might not annoy his neighbours; and now he was admonished to make haste and do it. He would build them a snug warm house to roost in; they should have plenty of gravel and oats, and room to promenade have plenty of gravel and oats, and room to promenade and forth, and crow and cackle to their heart's content. Mary cried only enough to relieve herself, and be out of tears, when they could enjoy themselves, and see out of harm's way.

But Reuben Black had a degree of ingenuity and perseverance which might have produced great results for mankind, had these qualities been devoted to some more noble purpose than provoking quarrels. A year ago in his garden very unpopular, he discovered a friendly area into Simeon Green's premises. Whether the many state of things there had a charming effect on the cow, Reuben not; but it happened that the neighbouring bough bore more abundant fruit, and glowed with a richer hue, than any other boughs. One day little Green, drawn as he would whistling shrill, picked up a pear that had fallen into his father's garden. The instant he touched it, he felt something on the back of his neck, the lifted sting of a whip, the sharp cut of the whip, followed by a shower of angry words, that the poor child pushed into the house in an agony of terror. He had experienced falled. The boy was soothed by his mother, and told not to go near the pear-tree again; and there the matter ended.

This improvable good-nature vexed Reuben more than all the tricks and tauts he met from others. Evil efforts he could understand, and repay with interest; efforts he could understand, and repay with interest, but what to make of this perpetual forbearance. It seemed to him they must be something contemptuous in it. He doubted whether Simeon all the time was not laughing together, because he made him feel so uncomfortably in the wrong, and did not afford him the slightest pretext for complaining. He was accustomed to see people, in his neighbour's determined looking so happy, and presenting such a bright contrast to the listlessness of his own. Simeon, it seemed, was in great peaceable and happy mood, and as little Simeon's hoarse tossed his head higher, and flung out his mane, as if he knew he was going to Simeon's pasture, and may. The offended man of Green covered his house with roses and honeysuckles on purpose to shame his bare walls. But he didn't care—not he! Simeon was going to be foolish enough to fill his boards with such stuff. But no one resented his disparaging remarks, or sought to provoke him in any way. The rose smiled, and the neighbour, and the honeysuckle; but none of them had the least idea that they were insulted by Reuben Black. Even the dog had no malice in his heart, and he had one night chased Reuben home, and back at them through the bars. Reuben told his master the next day, and swore he would bring an action against him if he dared not keep his dog in safe. The poor Simeon answered very quietly, that he would try to take better care of him. For several days a strict watch was kept, in hope Tyne, tyre would very soon be forgotten. Tyne had paced home undisturbed, and not a solitary bow-wow furnished excuse for a lawsuit.

The new neighbours not only declined quarrelling, but they occasionally made positive advances toward a friendly relation. Simeon's wife sent Mrs. Black a large basket full of very fine flowers, which attracted the unexpected attention, she cordially replied, "Tell your mother it was very kind of her, and I am very much obliged to her." Reuben, who was standing by at the time, paid little attention to this message once without any impatience, except whistling the smoke through his pipe a little faster and nearer than usual. The next day, Simeon was going out of the door, and the friendly words were repeated, he exclaimed, "Don't make a fool of yourself, Peg. They want to give us a hint to be more friendly." "Pshaw, that's the upshot of the business. You may send 'em a basket, when they are ripe; for I scorn to be under obligation, especially to such mean people." Poor Peggy, whose and life had been for the moment refreshed with a little dew of kindness, admitted dismayed into her bosom, and the hole that rudeness had made in her heart.

Not long after this advance toward good neighbourhood, some harvesters were in the Green's pasture, passing over a bit of marshy ground, with a heavy team, stuck fast in a bog, occasioned by a long-continued rain. The poor oxen were goaded to the utmost exertion, and Simeon ventured to ask assistance from his wealth neighbour, who was working at a short distance. Reuben replied gruffly, "I can't spare time to be bothered by my own business." The civil request that he might be allowed to use his oxen and chains for a few minutes, being answered in the same manner, Simeon was relently walked off, in search of a more obliging neighbour.

The men, who were left waiting with the patient suffering oxen, exchanged significant glances, and said they hoped he would get stuck in the same bog himself, the employer rejoined, "If he does we will do our duty, and help him out." "Oxen are such a thing as being too good-natured," said they. "If Reuben Black takes the notion that the people are afraid of him, it makes him temptin to be more aggravatin."

"Oh, wait a while," replied Mr. Green, smiling, "I will kill him before long. Wait and see if I don't kill him."

It chanced soon after that Reuben's team did stick fast in the same bog, as the workmen had wished. Simeon noticed it from a neighbouring field, and gave directions that the oxen and chains should be immediately conveyed to his assistance. The men laughed, shook their heads, and said it was good enough for the old hornet. They, however, proceeded to obey the order of their employer requested. "You are in a bad situation, neighbour," said Simeon, as he came alongside the foundered team. "But my oxen are strong, and I have a good team, and I think we shall soon manage to help you out." "You may take your oxen back again," replied Reuben, gruffly. "I don't want your help." "I wish you a friendly one Simeon answered, "I cannot consent to do that; for evening is coming on, and you have a very little time to lose. It is a bad job at any time, but it is still worse in the dark." "Light or dark, I don't ask your help," replied Reuben emphatically—"I wouldn't take it if I was in the bog for many a long year, you asked me." "The trouble I had in relieving my poor oxen teaches me to sympathize with others in the same situation. Don't let your pride stand in your neighbour's way. It is impossible for me to go home and leave you here in the bog, and night coming on."

The team was soon drawn out, and Simeon and his men went away, without waiting for thanks—When Reuben went home that night, he was unusually thoughtful.

After smoking awhile in deep contemplation, he gently knocked the ashes from his pipe, and said, with a sigh, "Peg, Simeon Green Ass killed me!" "What do you mean?" exclaimed his wife, dropping her knitting, with a look of surprise. "You know when he first came into the neighbourhood, he *said* he'd kill me," replied Reuben; "and he has done it. He offered me his assistance to help me his team out of the bog, and I told him I had enough to do to attend to my own business. To-day my team stuck fast in the same bog, and he came with two yoke of oxen to draw it out. I felt sort of ashamed to have him lend me a hand; so I told him I didn't want any of his help; but he answered just as pleasant as if nothing contrary had happened, that night was coming on, and he was not willing to leave me in the mud." "He is a very pleasant spoken man, and he is a pretty word to say to the boys. But his wife seems to be a nice neighbourly body, too." Reuben made no answer; but after smoking awhile, he remarked, "Peg, you know that big tatting awhile, he remarked, "Peg, you know that big ripe peaches at the bottom of the garden? you may go well carry it over there in the morning." His wife said she would, without asking him to explain where "over there" was.

But when the morning came, Reuben walked back and forth, and round and round, in a state of aimless restlessness, and suggested by hens, and fashionable idlers who feel restless, and don't know what to run after. At length the cause of his uncertain movements was enlength the cause of his uncertain movements was enlength the cause of his uncertain movements was enlength

NOTICE.—*Our next number will contain notices of* CELEBRATED SERMONS, *with an Engraving, by John Gilbert, of John Maynard, the heroic Pilot of Lake Erie. Will our readers kindly take an interest in circulating this number amongst our brave Jack Tars?*

The BRITISH WORKMAN'S ALMANAC for 1864, with large Engraving of 'Take Care of your 'Tis Buts,' is now ready. Price One Penny. This Almanac is intended for the walls of Workshops, Kitchens, &c., &c.

HOME TRAINING.

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."—PROV. xxii. 6.

THE most common of all human complaints is parents groaning under the vices of their children.—*R. Cecil.*

Good laws will not reform us, if reformation begin not at home.—*Richard Baxter.*

No greater harm is done to Christendom than by the neglect of children: therefore, to advance the cause of Christ, we must begin with them.—*Martin Luther.*

I think I may say, that of all the men we meet with, nine parts of ten are what they are, good or evil, useful or not, by their education.—*Locke.*

The most important thing in this world, next to the soul's salvation, is the taking care of children; and yet there is no subject on which there is so much ignorance as on this.—*H. W. Beecher.*

The man who gives his children a habit of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.—*Lord Kaimes.*

The last thing forgotten in all the recklessness of dissolute profligacy, is the prayer or hymn taught by the mother's lips, or uttered at a father's knee: and where there seems to be have been any pains bestowed, even by one parent, to train up a child aright, there is in general more than ordinary ground for hope.—*The experience of a Prison Chaplain.*

I have long felt that until the fathers and mothers are better men and better women, our schools can accomplish comparatively little. I believe that any improvement that could be brought to bear on the *mothers* more especially, would effect a greater amount of good than anything that has yet been done.—*Earl of Shaftesbury.*

"SO LIKE MY MOTHER'S VOICE;"

Or, the value of kind words.

A FRIEND told me, not long ago, a beautiful story about kind words. A good lady, living in one of our large cities, was passing a drug-shop just as the keeper was thrusting a young man out into the street. He was very young and very pale, but his haggard face and wild eyes told that he was very far gone in the road to ruin, as with oaths he brandished his clenched fists, threatening to be revenged upon the man who had so ill-used him. This poor young man did not see the lady, who shrinked with passion that he could not see the lady, who stood very near to him, until she laid her hand upon his arm, and spoke in her gentle, loving voice, asking him what was the matter.

At the first kind word, the young man started as though a heavy blow had struck him, and turned quickly round, paler than before, and trembling from head to foot. He surveyed the lady for a moment, and then, with a sigh of relief, said:

"I thought it was my mother's voice, it sounded so strangely like it! But her voice has been hushed in death for many years."

"You had a mother then," said the lady, "and she loved you."

With that sudden revulsion of feeling which often comes to people of fine nervous temperament, the young man burst into tears, sobbing out, "Oh, yes, I had a angel mother, and she loved her boy! But since she died, all the world has been against me, and I am lost! least to good society, lost to honour, lost to decency, and lost for ever!"

"No, not lost for ever; for God is merciful, and His pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady, in her low, sweet voice; and at the musical words swept the hidden chords of feeling which had been long untouched in the young man's heart, thrilling it with magic power, and awakening a host of tender emotions, which had been buried very deep beneath the rubbish of sin and crime.

More gentle words the lady spoke, and when she passed on her way the young man followed her. He marked the house which she entered, and wrote the address which was on the brass door-plate in his memorandum book. Then he walked slowly away, with a deep, earnest look on his white face, and deeper, more earnest feelings in his aching heart.

Years glided by, and the gentle lady had quite forgotten the incident we have related, when one day a stranger sent up his card, and desired to speak with her. Wondering much who it could be, she went down to the parlour, where she found a noble-looking, well-dressed man, who rose deferentially to meet her.

"Pardon me, madam," he said, "for this intrusion; but I have come many miles to thank you for the great service you rendered me some years ago," said he, in a trembling voice.

The lady was puzzled, and asked for an explanation, as she did not remember ever having seen the gentleman before.

"I have changed so much," said the man, "that you have quite forgotten me; but though I only saw your face once, I am sure I should have recognised it anywhere. And your voice, too, *it is so like my mother's* voice.

Those last words made the lady remember the poor young man she had kindly spoken to in front of the drum-shop so long before, and she mingled her tears with those which were falling slowly over the man's cheeks.

After the first gush of emotion had subsided, the gentleman sat down, and told the lady how those few words had, by God's blessing, been instrumental in leading to his conversion, and making him what he then was.

"The earnest expression of 'No, not lost for ever,' followed me wherever I went," said he, "and it always seemed that it was the voice of my mother speaking to me from the tomb. I repented of my transgressions, and resolved to live as Jesus and my mother would be pleased to have me; and by the mercy and grace of God I have been enabled to resist temptation and keep my good resolutions."

"I never dreamed that there was such power in a *few kind words* before," exclaimed the lady, "and surely after this I shall take more pains to speak them to all the sad and suffering ones I meet in the walks of life."

WORKED TO DEATH.

ONE of the most affecting calamities of the summer of 1863, was the sudden death of a young dressmaker employed in a fashionable house of business at the West-end of London. It was proved by evidence at the inquest, that during the busy season she had laboured so long and so much, that she had scarcely any ventilation, and that the hot air, and the long hours of work, combined, are of necessity destructive of health, and often of life.

Many thoughts will arise in the minds of readers as they ponder the sad history of a young creature so overworked, that she sank under the strain; particularly when it is remembered that in the case referred to, there was nothing worse than usual in the hours of toil; and the diet, and home accommodation were considered better than in most houses. From all that has transpired, it seems that fourteen and sixteen hours of constant work are the rule of the trade, and that busy times it is often expected that the young people should sit up two or more nights a-week; and that as to food, and lodgings, the first is scanty in quantity and poor in quality; and the last is unhealthy from overcrowding.

The writer has known many books written about these evils, but never before has the statements which have recently attracted so much attention. Some years ago there was a fashionable house in the City, which made the end of every season, they had fully half the young people invalided. And yet that was by no means one of the worst houses.

Some latent spark, a few years ago, undertook to establish a society, and engaged to give their orders to early, that there need be no overpressure of hurry; but they found that during the time they gave for the completion of their orders, their dresses were not put in hand any the earlier. Therefore there must be blame resting with those of establishments, who are in haste to get rich, and exact more from their assistants than can be rendered without danger to health and life.

The hours of work for working men are fixed by rule, and a specific price for working men is allowed for dinner, to twelve, out of which one hour is allowed for dinner, and half-an-hour for tea.

There are no fixed hours of work for milliners, dressmakers, and mantle makers.

The first step in the way of amendment of the present system, would be having a *fixed rule as to the hours of work.*

Another cause of evil in this business is, that there are so many hands engaged in it, that if an employer intends to be oppressive he or she can say, "I can get plenty of workers, and those who don't like my terms can go."

It is a well-known fact that young women often leave their situations, and seek to be employed as hygeian workers at the dressmaking. They are led to do this by a belief that they will wear some articles of dress, which they and also that they can wear some articles of dress, and to a well-regulated family would be very advantageous. Of these rules of their Christian name, they are addressed as "Miss;" for these very foolish and vain dressers, many girls every season sacrifice the comforts of a good table, an airy bedroom, a secure home, and regular hours.

If this class of helpers were not so numerous, the young people, many of them from good families, and well educated, who have been regularly apprenticed to the millinery and dressmaking, would be able to make reasonable terms with their employers. Their services would be more prized; and their wages being lower, their pay, their health, and their comforts, would be more carefully attended to.

But there are some consequences of this overcrowding of the ranks of needlewomen, more terrible than sickness or death. Year after year, numbers of overworked, and sickly young women, are dismissed after every season. They have not earned enough to the busy time, enough to lay by anything; and when they work is over, what are they to do? Some have homes to return to; some tired of their trial of gentility, very wisely retrace their steps, and return to service; some have a little private connexion, and manage to eke out a living, until the busy time comes round again; but some—a large number, with neither home, or work or friends, are driven by idleness, vanity, and hunger combined, into the cruel streets, and swell the ranks of the poor wretched outcasts, whose misery defies all description. They sink even in this world, into the blackness of darkness, and the pit of destruction.

Ponder well, dear reader, these few earnest words. When you hear it said that all female pursuits are overstocked, remember that domestic servants are not as yet too large a class; and that really good domestic servants are by no means numerous. Many families would gladly keep more servants than they do, if there were not so much misfortune and dissatisfaction manifested by those they employ. But as one of the readiest means of preventing such terrible results, as that of young girls being worked to death, let me earnestly advise young women against entering into an already overcrowded ill-paid business, where there are no fixed rules as to hours of work, and but few arrangements made for health and comfort.

Parents who value the health of their children, should see to it, that if they place them in a dressmaker's establishment, that they make a regulation as to the hours of toil; and indeed no time should be lost by the working-classes and their friends, in bringing public opinion to bear upon this question; so that a young girl shall not have to work nearly twice as long as a strong man.

Christian friends who are zealous for the honour and sanctity of our Sabbaths, hardly seem to be reminded, that Sabbath-breaking is not the only, and Sabbath-keeping the exception, with the overworked dressmakers and milliners of our great cities. Often they are forced to do nothing up, the day preceding the Sabbath as a day to sleep and recruit their exhausted frames. Often they are required to work a part of the Sabbath; and the blessed influences of the Sabbath are unknown to this large and important section of society. How can it be expected that there should be anything but misery to the poor sufferers, and the result of this defiance of Divine laws, and human justice?

B.

DIOGENES having been asked, "What is that beast, the bite of which is most dangerous?" replied; "Of wild beasts, the bite of a slanderer, and of tame beasts, that of the flatterer."

THE PRODIGAL.

"Neither do I condemn thee."—JOHN viii. 11.

WHEN sore reproach, or cruel scorn
Would wound with unforgiving force
A wanderer's heart, already torn
With silent pangs of keen remorse,

From man, relentless and unkind,
Whither shall the poor outcast repair?
Where may Repentance hope to find
A pitying eye, or pardoning ear?

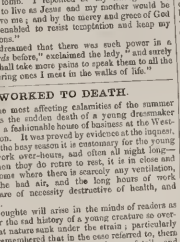
Though every voice should wound thy fame,
And dip their arrows deep in gall;
Though every tongue should aim
Their sore reproaches at thy fall;

There still is One, whose pity weeps
In fond compassion o'er thy lot:
The Wanderer's Friend invites thy steps,
And whispers, "*I* condemn thee not."

J. D.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

BURLEIGH SALTERTON was, some years ago, the scene of a most thrilling incident. Six infant children, one Wednesday morning, got into a boat on the beach, and a boatman-boy observed it off. The boat drifted away to sea before the children were missed. Terrible was the agony of the mothers when they knew it. The prevailing fear was cut off in all directions; every boat was on the look out till far into the night. Daylight returned, and still there was no tidings of the helpless children; the day wore away, and still nothing was heard about them—they were lost either in the expanse of the wide ocean, or buried within its insatiable depths. A Plymouth trawler, fishing the following morning early, saw something floating at a distance, and bore down to it. It was found to be a boat—and in the bottom of it, on a bed of straw, lay six children, cuddled in like a nest of birds, fast asleep, God having mercifully given them a blessed sleep, that they might not despair. The trawler took them on board, fanned them with bread and cheese, and gladdened their despairing little hearts with a promise to take them home. Between three and four in the afternoon, the trawler was seen in the offing with the boat in tow, and the news carried instantly into the best crystal palace in the town was rubbed again and again, and at last they fairly made out that it was the identical boat. The news flew through the town, and thousands of people crowded to the beach, for there were no children discovered in the boat—none to be seen in the sloop. Intense was the agony of suspense, and it was shared it with the mothers. At last the trawler came in, and the word went round "they're all safe," and many stout-hearted men burst into tears, women shrieked with joy, and became almost frantic with their insupportable happiness. It was indeed a memorable day—and a prayer eloquent for its rough sincerity, was uttered up to Almighty God, who, in His infinite mercy, had spared these innocent children from the perils and terrors of the sea during that fearful night. Five of these children were under five years of age, the sixth but nine years old.



Hide Thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.—Psalm li. 9, 10.

DISCONTENTED BETTY.

ONE morning, as Betty sat milking her cow,
And thinking as much as her time would allow,
A neighbour came by who had known her for years,
To whom Betty confided her cares and her fears.
"Well, Betty, and how do you like your new place?"
Said he, "You are looking in very good case."
"Indeed," replied Betty, "I never was worse,
For I find I'm expected to slave like a horse;
By four in the morning I'm up as my work;
Then there's nothing to live on, but porridge and pork!
I've to wash, and to scrub, and to dairy and bake,
And eight or nine beds every morning to make,
Besides keeping clean every inch you can look in;
But the greatest annoyance by far is the cooking!
Her friend, who had patiently heard what she said,
Observed, with a sigh and a shake of her head,
"Indeed, now dear Betty, *Contentment is Wealth*,
Though you've plenty to do, you have excellent health:
I assure you (believe it or not as you please),
I'd rather be you, making butter and cheese,
Than the idle fine lady who lives at her ease!"

LAWFUL DAYS.

In all places where public placards are exhibited in Scotland, the stranger sees such announcements as this:—

"Steamers ply from this pier on all Lawful days, at such an hour," &c.

OR,

"Omnibuses start from hence to—on all Lawful days, at—o'clock."

People from South Britain, reading these announcements, often inquire, and say, "What do they mean by 'Lawful days?'" and then comes the explanation that the steamers, or the omnibus ply on the Sabbath, for that is not days of the week, but one of the Sabbath, for that is not lawful.—GOD'S LAW FOUNDED.

All the works of God are ruled by law. The starry heavens, the "Great Ocean," the rock-built earth, "Roods and tempests, and stormy wind, obey the voice of His word. All living things exist by fixed laws of being; and these instincts fill out the law. Man, formed in the image of his Maker, was endowed with higher privileges and loftier responsibilities. Intelligence, and then the power to him, to understand God's will, and he was so far left free that he could prove his love to God by a willing obedience.

When, therefore, in God's Holy Book—the Bible—which is His revealed will, man reads the words, "Remember thou the Sabbath day," he knows that God has said it is laid down, and that which it is quite right and lawful to work at his worldly business, or take his innocent pleasure, on six days of the week, it is not lawful on the Sabbath.

Shall man, the only mortal being in all the creation, that can understand God's law, be constantly striving to break it?

Shall man, who is so constituted, that a rest one day in seven, from his usual toil, is merciful for his health of body and mind, wilfully neglect so great a boon? Rather let the prayer rise to his lips, "Write Thy law upon my heart, O God, my Saviour."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PRIZE ESSAY ON WIFE AT HOME.—We hope to publish the award in our next number.

ENCOURAGE.—We are glad to learn that there are now twenty-one drinking fountains in Belfast and its suburbs. Our Irish friends have set a good example. The Town Council has readily granted leave; the Water Commissioners have supplied water gratuitously, and the Gas Company has in the most liberal manner undertaken to light four of the large fountains free of expense. We are glad to find that the movement was forgotten in Belfast. We understand that at the Calder trench 200 horses, and at the Cirencester Cattle Cattle Show, 1000 horses drank in July last.

THE "BRITISH WORKMAN" AS A LOAN TRACT.—A Tract Secretary, in Manchester, writes to Messrs. Partridge, "I have distributed the 'British Workman,' as a Loan Tract, between two and three years, and no Workman, as a Loan Tract, has been lost, or wilfully not received, but find it answers exceedingly well. We generally put 2 or 3 copies in circulation often lingered after. We find it a good Tract." Replies of the 'British Workman,' Illustrated Cover, may be had (free of charge) from the Publisher only, on 1 Loan Tract only) may be had at cost price, viz. 2s. per hundred, if ordered direct. This charge does not invoice, 2s. per hundred, if ordered direct. This charge does not invoice, 2s. per hundred, if ordered direct. This charge does not invoice,

THE LOSINGS' BANK.

As Mr. Reed, the builder, came into his yard on Monday morning, he met George Joyce, one of his men. A fine intelligent man he was, and a very skilful workman.

"Good morning, Sir," said Joyce.

"Good morning, Sir," replied Mr. Reed; "I wanted to see you this morning particularly, Joyce, to speak to you about a mistake you made on Saturday."

"I am sorry to hear it, Sir—I was not aware—I hope no harm's done, Sir."

"I wish I could say none, Joyce,—but I fear there is serious harm—to me—and, what I care more for, to your wife, your children, and yourself,—and, I might add, to your country."

"I don't take your meaning, Sir," said Joyce, looking puzzled.

"Well, then, I'll speak my meaning plainly. You know, Joyce, that I desire to be the friend of my men, as well as their master. As a friend, listen to me. As I was returning home on Saturday evening, on passing the Post-office, a large number of working-men and their wives, were going into the Savings' Bank, there to deposit a part of their week's earnings; and it made my heart glad to see amongst them many of my own men. But I passed on, and as I came by Cattle's Corner, I saw you, and several others, turn into the Losings' Bank, there to deposit your wages. It's always a pleasure to me to pay my men the money they have so well earned; but I own, Joyce, I grudged you yours."

"Losings' Bank, Sir? I suppose it's the 'Red Lion' you're talking of. I did turn in for an hour with a mate."

"Joyce, you are a thinking man. I know that by the way you do my work. Have you ever *thought* about this matter?"

"Well, not very particularly, that I know of. To my mind there isn't much to think, save that after a long week's work, it's hard if a man must n't take a bit of rest, without being taken to for it a'most as bad as if he'd been stealing, or murdering."

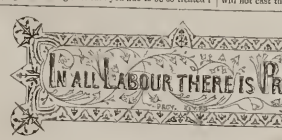
"Well, there are thefts and murders take place in the public-houses more than ever came before a Judge and Jury; but they are not the less noted by Him who has said, 'Whoso hateth his brother is a murderer;' and whose eye sees the wife and children, whose money is wrongfully taken from them. But to return to what I was saying, have you ever reckoned up what you deposit each time you turn in?"

"Well—a shilling it may be, or two," said Joyce.

Mr. Reed taking a pencil and piece of paper from his pocket-book, handed them to Joyce and said, "let me look at it fully, and make a fair calculation. You deposit Your money—and lose it.
Your time—and lose it.
Your character—and lose it.
The health of body—and lose it.
Your strength of mind—and lose it.
Your manly independence—and lose it.
Your self-respect—and lose it.
Your sense of right and wrong—and lose it.
Your self-control—and lose it.
Your home-comfort—and lose it.
Your wife's happiness—and lose it.
Your children's rights—and lose them.
Your country's honour—and lose it.
Your own soul—and lose it.

"It looks a black list rather," said Joyce. "I did not think there was so much in it; and that last deposit is the worst of all."—*Abridged from No. III. of the 'Church of England Temperance Tracts;' and from 'Illustrated Penny Readings.'*

WHEN you make an appointment, you contract an obligation—a debt; therefore, be not a minute late. Why should you wantonly squander the time of another by keeping him waiting? Would you like to be so treated?

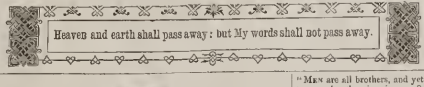


Don't get in debt. Dr. Johnson held that early debt is sin. His words on the subject are weighty, and worthy of being held in remembrance. "Do not," said he, "accustom yourself to contract debt only as an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity. Poverty takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. ...Let it be your first care, then, not to be in my man's debt. Resolve not to be poor; whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult. Frugality is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence. No man can help others that wants help himself."—*Self-Help.*

Wish of a Good Man.—"I would rather," said Dr. Sharpe, "When I am laid in the grave, that some one in his manhood should stand over me, and say: 'There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the danger of the young. No one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need; I owe what I am to him.' Or would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children, 'There is your friend and mine; he visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family.' I would rather that such persons should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable, in my estimation, than the most costly cenotaph ever reared."

War.—"GIVE peace in our time, O Lord." This prayer goes up from thousands and thousands of voices every Sabbath-day. Do we mean what we say? Or do we mock God with solemn words on a thoughtless tongue? If we mean the words—really *pray* them and not merely say them, we shall each strive to have a peaceful spirit, and feel no bitter thoughts; seek to have a peaceful home, and utter no angry words; try to keep a peaceful tongue, and avoid quarrels. For BLESSED is the PEACEMAKER.

Cottage on Box Hill, near Bath, built by "Pie bats."



TRUTH FRAE 'MANG THE HEATHER.

At the present time, when some of our great scholars are seeking to shake our faith in the 'good old Bible,' it is refreshing to find that there are those amongst the common-sense and hard-handed *Sons of Toil*, who can defend the truth with an *ability* which would not do discredit to many of our divines. A Scotch shepherd has issued a valuable little work, bearing the above title, * illustrative of the truths of Christianity, which we commend to the perusal of all working-men. Being from the pen of one of their own class, it will, we hope, have a place in every working-man's library. We trust that this production of a worthy shepherd will be made a blessing to many.

* "Truth frae 'mang the Heather." By W. McCraw. Price 1s. S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row. 3rd Edition

THE faithful servants of God may be assured that He will not cast them off in old age, nor forsake them when their strength fails them. He is a Master that doth not cast off old servants.

THE ticking of a clock may be considered, as old Tusser, with his chisel, chipping off a portion of our existence.

RIGHT is might.

"MEN are all brothers, and yet they tear each other in pieces. Savage brutes are less cruel than they: lions make war upon lions, nor tigers upon tigers. Man only, notwithstanding his reason, does what those creatures which are deemed void of reason never did."—*Archbishop Fenelon.*

"THE true interest of Europe is not that one country should exercise a peculiar influence, but the true interest of Europe is to come to some common accord, so as to enable every country to reduce those armaments which belong to a state of war rather than peace."—*The late Sir R. Peel.*

Six-day Drivers.—The six-day drivers are in most cases better off than the seven-day men. They surely prosper better, and in humbrela dresses are better clothed. They and their wives may often be seen going on the Sabbath to a place of worship. This was never the case formerly, for *all* were *seven*-day numbers."
Wm. Shaw, Missionary to Cabweu.

How they deal with Drunkards in New Zealand.—In the *Lyttelton Times*, published in the province of Canterbury, in the above colony, we find the following advertisement:—"Notice to the Public.—Whereas it has this day been proved to the satisfaction of us, the undersigned, being three of her Majesty's justices of the peace, that one Mary Ann Robertson, of Christchurch, who is described at the foot of this notice, has become an habitual drunkard, and is injuring her health by excessive drinking, we hereby under the provisions of the thirty-third clause of the 'Publicans' Ordinance, 1862,' give notice that we prohibit all persons from supplying the said Mary Ann Robertson with any spirituous or fermented liquor whatever for the space of two years from the date hereof." This warning is enforced by the threat of a fine of £20, or three months' imprisonment.

Rights of Slaveholders.—"Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of human laws that sanction such a claim. There is a law above all the enactments of human codes, the same throughout the world, the same in all time, such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages and opened to one world the source of power, wealth, and knowledge; to another all unutterable woes; such as it is this day. It is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man."—*Lord Brougham.*

BUY YOUR OWN HOUSE!

"THERE'S some pleasure," said a friend, "in seeing such industrious chaps as William Meeken get on in the world. Some years ago he was a quarryman, and a hard drinker. He was induced by a friend to join the Temperance Society; this led to his joining a Christian Church, and he speedily began to "Buy his own cherries!" He put his "Tis bats" into the Savings'-Bank, and he has gone on so steadily, that he is now foreman at one of our large stone works. Not only is his house his own, but he has saved money enough to buy a few *acres of land*, including two capital *orchards*, so that he now can grow his own cherries!"

[The above interesting testimony, illustrative of what some working-men can do, has been communicated to us by an eminent Land-surveyor. If any of our readers ever go over Box-Hill, in Wiltshire, they can see for themselves the house, gardens, and orchards, referred to]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NOW READY.—The British Workman Almanac for 1864. With large engraving of the Box of "Tis Bats" Price One-Penny. The Brewer's Family, by Mrs. Ellis, with 8 illustrations by L. Stard. 2s. 6d.—Nancy Winnie, the Village Gossip, and How she was Cured. With 8 engravings, 1s. 6d.—The Haunted House, by Mrs. Ellis. With 4 engravings, 1s.—Who put my Pipe out? With 8 engravings by George Cruikshank, 1s. 6d.—"Truth frae 'mang the Heather," by W. McCraw, a Scotch Shepherd, 1s.—Friends of the Heathen, (an excellent book for reading at Mothers' Meetings) 6d.—Buy Your own Cherries! Illustrated edition, 6d.

Ready on the 29th November—The Yearly Part of the "British Workman," for 1863. The cover printed in colours, price Eighteen-Pence, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.—"Bread of Hope Recipes," for 1863. The cover printed in colours, 1s.; gilt, 2s.—"Cuttings Prize," for 1863. The cover printed in colours, cloth, 1s. 6d., 2s. and 3s. The Complete Edition of the "British Workman," for 3 years, will also be ready, in plain cloth, 12s. 6d.; gilt, 15s. 6d.

☞ *The New Catalogue of* ILLUSTRATED BOOKS, *suitable for Christmas Presents, Birthday Gifts, School Prizes, &c., may be had by forwarding a postage-stamp to S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row, London, E. C.*

"BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES!"

The Illustrated Edition of this popular and useful narrative is now issued. It is an attractive book (Price Sixpence) with woodcuts by John Gilbert, Harrison Weir, Henry Anelay, and B. Hazard, and may be ordered through any Bookseller. We recommend schoolmasters and teachers to make this a "Prize-book" for those boys, who can read the story found in the best style. The narrative is admirably adapted for a reading lesson. Sunday-school teachers should also have the book in their libraries, for lending amongst the parents of their scholars.

"BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES!"
(ONE OF THE ENGRAVINGS FROM THE ILLUSTRATED EDITION)

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The Ship on Fire; and the noble Pilot who saved 500 of his fellow-creatures, but sacrificed his own life.

BRAVE JOHN MAYNARD!

JOHN was well-known as a sturdy, intelligent and God-fearing pilot, on Lake Erie. He had charge of a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo, one summer afternoon. At that time, those steamers seldom carried boats.

Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out:—

"Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is."

Simpson came up with his face as pale as ashes, and said:—

"Captain, the ship is on fire!"

Fire! fire! fire! instantly resounded in all directions!

All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the flames, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was useless to try to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward, and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from land?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we reach it?"

"Throw overboard an hour, at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger enough *here*—see the smoke bursting out! *Go forward*, if you would save your lives!"

Passengers and crew, men, women, and children, crowded to the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at his post. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke rolled aft. The captain cried out through his trumpet, "John Maynard."

"Ay, aye, sir!" responded the brave tar.

"How long can you hold?"

"South-east by east, sir."

"Head her south-east, and run her on shore."

Nearer, nearer, the fire came, the passengers the above. Again the captain cried out "John Maynard." The response came feebly, "Ay, aye, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?"

"By God's help I will!"

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand was burned, and his teeth were set, yet he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship—every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped overboard, and his spirit took its flight to his God.

He sacrificed his life to save the lives of others. Noble John Maynard! It is worth a greater effort to save a man from *moral ruin*.

J. B. GOUGH.

The above affecting narrative has been beautifully verified by "Josephine," in the following lines:—

Is North America once lived
A man unknown to fame;
(Methinks, that very few have heard
Of brave John Maynard's name!)

A skilful pilot he was bred;—
In God was his delight;—
He hand was clear—his hatch was strong—
His hopes seemed ever bright.

Once, from Detroit to Buffalo
A steamer plied her way;
And honest John stood at the helm,
That lovely summer day.

Well filled with joyous passengers,
She cut the waters wide;
Leaving a silver line of light
Along the foaming tide.

But suddenly her captain starts!
His cheek is white as snow!
O, sight of dread!—Light wreaths of smoke
Come curling from below!

Then rose the horrid shout of fire!
Appalling, wild and dread!
And the steamer carried not—
Nor human aid was near!

All hands to instant work were called!
Alas! all toil was vain!
The fury of the raging flames
No effort might restrain!

Then forward rush the passengers—
Dismayed with terror sore!
John Maynard, at the helm* still stands,
As stedfast as before!

Now dreadful clouds of smoke arise,
And sheets of flame divide!
"John Maynard, are you at the helm?"
The captain loudly cried.

"Ay, aye, sir!" was the quick reply.
"Then say, how does she head?"
"South-east by east,"—the answer came
Above the uproar dread.

"Head her south-east!" the captain shouts,
"And run her quick ashore."
"Ay, aye, sir!" but the quick response
Was feebler than before.

"John Maynard! can you yet hold on
Five minutes longer still?"
The captain's last scorn caught the words,—
"By God's good help I will!"

Scorched were the old man's face and hair;
One hand disabled hung;—
Yet with the other to the wheel
As to a rock he clung!

He beached the ship!—all on board
A landing safe was given;—
But as the latest footed on shore,
John Maynard rose to heaven.

* Our artist has shown John Maynard whilst on the "Bridge," and not at the Helm.

BRAVE JAMES MAXWELL!

JAMES MAXWELL, of Glasgow, was a pilot. He belonged to a family of sturdy and energetic men, and inherited their qualities. In 1847 he was employed to pilot a fire steam-ship—the *Clydesdale*—from the river Clyde to the west coast of Ireland. Everyone knows the terrors of our rock girt coast. The weather was rough but no danger was apprehended. A few more dreadful even than tempest was destined to attack the vessel. They had just reached the most difficult part of the Galway coast, when the vessel was discovered to be on fire! The flames burst through the paddlebox. The pilot, of course, had charge of the vessel, and his presence was the spirit of every one. The fire was most intense. He had to put his helm back, and the passengers were gathered to the fore, in rapid rush of alarm. The vessel steered keeping that hard rock, while it carried the flames and smoke backward to the quarter gallery. There stood the pilot like a martyr at the stake! for the only chance of safety to the passengers was his keeping to his post. The master and crew did their very best to keep the place on which he stood as cool as possible, by throwing it with water. Soon the cabin under him was on fire, still he never flinched. He certainly gave himself up, for he heard a prayer, "*Lord, provide for my wife, my mother, and my child, and enable me to do my duty.*"

His feet were actually roasted on the deck, but he continued to run the ship as close to the angle of a ledge of rock, and there every creature got safe on shore—all uninjured except the gallant man to whom they all owed their lives. He was a noble, but a sad spectacle of suffering; not only were his feet disabled, but his sturdy frame was reduced to the utmost emaciation. His hair turned grey. He lived a cripple for more than one night.

It is not on earth that such deeds are rewarded.

Messrs. Chambers brought his case before the public, but the brave pilot died in poverty before the full benefit of a subscription that was raised for him. His wife did not long survive him. His children were aided in their education by the public. But their best maintenance was their father's example.

n.

CELEBRATED SAILORS.

SIR MARTIN FROBISHER.—This enterprising English sailor, was born in 1526, in Yorkshire, of parents in humble life. Being brought up to the sea, he early displayed the talents of a great navigator, and was the first Englishman who attempted to sail to a northwest passage in China. After fifteen years of continued disappointment, the Earl of Warwick and others enabled him to fit out three ships in 1576. As he passed Greenwich, Queen Elizabeth "commended them, and bade them farewell, with shaking her hand at them out of the window." On this voyage he discovered Greenland, and entered the straight now known by his name, stopping at various islands. He returned to Harwich the same year, bringing with him, in token of possession, a piece of black stone like sea-coal, which was very heavy, and supposed to contain gold. A second expedition was fitted out in the following year, and on the same, commissioners were appointed to report upon the whole affair, whose decision was most favourable. Three ships were accordingly prepared to seek the passage, while others were to proceed to the island for ore. One was only collected, but the season was unfavourable for discovery. Frobisher was afterwards engaged in several naval expeditions, and died at Plymouth, in 1594.

WILLIAM FALCONER.—One of the most truthful poets of the sea, was the son of a poor Edinburgh barber, and was born in 1730. His education was confined to reading, writing, and a little arithmetic; but he eagerly grasped at whatever knowledge lay in his way. He was sent early to sea, on board a Leith merchant ship, and before he was eighteen years of age had risen to the rank of second mate in the Britannia, a vessel engaged in the Levant trade. In one of his voyages in this vessel, he was shipwrecked off Cape Colonna, in Greece, and all hers that he lays the scene of *The Shipwreck*, the poem by which his will long be remembered. It was dedicated to the Duke of York, and has taken rank among the classical poems of England. A peculiarity of this poem is that, while its poetic merits are great, it is a safe guide to practical seamen. It embodies within itself the rudiments of navigation, and may be considered as the grammar of the science. He was afterwards in the naval service, and is supposed to have perished in a frigate bound to Sofia, of which the fate was never heard. Besides his celebrated ten some minor poems, he compiled a Universal Marine Dictionary, which has been approved by the professional men of the navy, as of great utility.

REV JOHN NEWTON.—Though the son of parents in the middle class of society, only had the benefit of schooling from his eighth to his tenth year. While young he performed several voyages with his father, who was master of a ship in the Mediterranean trade, but recklessly threw away his advantages, till in a few years he had him a common sailor on board a ship going to Venice. Afterwards he was on board a man-of-war, and subsequently engaged in a slave trade, in the African coast. During this time he was dreadfully wicked, being a blasphemer and an infidel, and degraded and vicious in his habits. But by wonderful providences, and through a remarkable preservation from shipwreck, he was led to the serious study of the Bible and to prayer, and became a changed man. He gave an account of his remarkable escaping "Narrative" of the thrilling incidents of his early years. Though after this change in his views and habits he continued for a time in the slave trade, he was being prepared for his future work, being led to the study of those languages and works which informed and disciplined his mind, and which were afterwards of service to Liverpool, we find him in 1764 appointed to the curacy of Olney, and in 1779 to the living of St. Mary Woolnoth, London. While a clergyman he not forth gospel truth by his works, his life, and his ministry, so as to gain the love of all around him and win over many to the service of Christ. Thornton, Scott, Cowper, Cecil, a crel friend, and allowed Mr. Newton £200 a-year, while at Olney, for hospitality and to distribute amongst the poor and needy. The friendship of Newton with the poet Cowper is well-known. Many of the "Olney Hymns" were contributed by the poet. Mr. Newton died in 1807, in the eighty-third year of his age.

JOSEPH HUME.—The late Joseph Hume, who accomplished so much for humanity, by his untiring advocacy of political reform, to which he devoted half of a long lifetime, was the son of the master of a small fishing or trading vessel, who died when he was not more than nine or ten years of age. His mother, left in humble circumstances, with a large family, was compelled to keep a crockery-shop, and to pinch and pare for their support and education. Joseph, however, received a good education, and in course of time, having obtained an appointment in the East India Company's service, went to India, where he made a large fortune, and returned to devote his liberated energies to the good of society in his own land.

He died at Burnley Hall, Norfolk, Feb. 20th, 1855.

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK.—The renowned navigator of the seas, was born in Yorkshire, in the year 1728. His father was a day-labourer, a Scottish peasant, and afterwards an under-steward upon an estate near the village of Great Ayton. James was kept at work upon the farm till he was fourteen, when he was permitted to attend school. When a few years older, he was apprenticed to a shopkeeper, in a small fishing town about ten miles from Whitby, but displeasing a longing for the sea his indentures were cancelled, and he engaged himself to the owners of some vessels engaged in the coal-trade. This navigation, carried on upon such a coast, at some seasons of the year very dangerous, became from that circumstance a nursery at skilful seamen. Cook gave his mind to his new occupation and was soon made master of a vessel. At 27 years of age he was made mate of a vessel of 400 tons, and afterwards served with distinction in the River St. Lawrence, on board a man-of-war. Fellow-feeling made him humane, and he applied himself to the study of Euclid, which he mastered; and then devoted himself to the study of astronomy and hydrography. After having been Marine Surveyor of Newfoundland and Labrador, he was honored by being appointed to the command of the expedition to Otaheite, to observe the transit of Venus across the face of the sun. Dr. Solander and Sir Joseph Banks accompanied him on this voyage. Other interesting and extensive voyages of discovery were made by this humane, courageous and successful seaman, of which the published narrative is well known and much read. He was killed in 1779, by the natives of the island of Owhyee (now written Hawaii), during a quarrel, in which he unfortunately became involved with them; and near where the native was by the Europeans, on the stump of a second rate cased with copper, records the sad event. He discovered New Caledonia and Norfolk Island, New Georgia and Sandwich Islands, and many smaller islands in the Pacific; surveyed the Society Islands, the Friendly Islands, and the New Hebrides; determined the insularity of New Zealand; circumnavigated the globe in a high southern latitude, so as to decide that no continent existed north of a certain parallel; explored the then unknown eastern coast of Holland for 2000 miles; determined the proximity of Asia to America, which the discoverer of Behring's Straits did not perceive, and discovered (or re-discovered, if it be true that a Spanish navigator had seen them before) the most important group in the Pacific; and, at any rate, so brought the Sandwich Islands to the knowledge of the civilized world, as to make their value appreciated. What perhaps is quite as important and quite as much to his honour, "he survey afford the materials of accurate geography" He bore war upon the sea, and a man has done more to make every ocean familiar to others.

JOHN TAYLOR.—Best known by the title which he seems to have given to himself, of *The Water Poet*, was born in the city of Gloucester, in 1580. His education was limited, for he himself informs us that he was "gravelled" in his "accidence" at school. He got to father Coming to London, he was bound apprentice to a waterman, an occupation which he followed for many years. His sense of humor, his extraordinary talent, and his attracting public attention by extraordinary performances, accounts of some of which he wrote. He died in his tenement, which, in 1654, the publicans, who had mounted to upwards of eighty, in prose and verse, are principally of value in affording interesting glimpses of the opinions and manners and general state of society of the times in which he lived.

THOMAS GUY.—The celebrated founder of Guy's Hospital, was the son of a lighterman and coal-dealer in Horsleydown, Southwark. He was apprenticed to a bookseller, which trade he followed, and by diligence in business, successful speculation and great penuriousness, realized a large fortune, out of which he built the hospital which bears his name, and an almshouse and library at Southwark. To Christ's Hospital he gave £40 a-year for ever, and the residue of his estate amounting to about £80,000, among those who could prove themselves in any degree related to him. He died in 1724, after having dedicated to charitable purposes more money than any one private man upon record in this kingdom.

AN INCIDENT AT SEA.

A sailor had sailed from a distant shore. It was the first night at sea. The wind had been increasing in fury, until with its accumulated force it swept through the masts as if bent on carrying them with it on its seaward journey. With every lurch the timbers creaked and strained, until the boatswain's face became pale with the feeling of fear. They had gathered around the well-secured table in the centre of the cabin, and, as was very naturally suggested by their present circumstances, the conversation turned on storms at sea, shipwrecks, and perilous adventures on that treacherous element.

One after another expressed his opinion as to the greatest cause for fear, or greatest of dangers in such circumstances. The first speaker had met with a collision, and hardly escaped with life from that source. Another believed the most to be dreaded was from the danger of venturing in unseaworthy vessels. A third spoke of hurricanes which no mortal skill nor science could foresee, for the strongest constructed craft outside. Another spoke of a terrible scene which the lapse of years seemed hardly to have rendered less vivid to his mind's eye: a noble ship sailing at morning, and at night broken between two mountain icebergs, and crushed like an egg.

The captain spoke at last, a stillness and weather-beaten mariner: "Twenty-seven years," said he, "have I navigated the Atlantic ocean in vessels of all kinds and sizes, and the only danger I fear, and which it is impossible for human skill to avoid, is a human power to every, *lightning*. Think of a ship with all its masts pointing to the clouds, like conductors to draw down the deadly fluid into her bosom, with no lofty tree or friendly mountain-top to share the fearful charge; and then the silence utter impossibility of discovering where the fatal bolt has lodged, until too late."

He then described, with thrilling minuteness, an occurrence of this kind on a voyage from Liverpool to New York, some years since, when such a thing was made smothered flame had been resting in way to the bottom of the hold, until its ravages had proceeded to the bottom of deck the hatchers were beaten down, and the pitch boiled up in the seams of the planks. How they escaped an agony the captain knew not, sulphurous smoke filled the cabin. How, just as the flames burst through, a dense fire of food seemed narrowed down to the size of a pin-hole, and disappeared, and rescued them from the impending doom.

At the close of his narrative, he turned to a lady who had listened as one in a dream. "Do you need not fear, madam; a tighter ship than mine exists three miles from shore, and even precaution in human possibility is taken against lightning agony the captain, with pitiful comfy, "*If I did not commit myself to a higher power* than human, I should never have been here." It was a word in season. It reminded the hearers of their true refuge, and the duty of trusting, and only, there was a pause, and all turned in for the night.

Ere the vorrage closed, the captain sought the interception of that Christian female for his sons, and appealed for his wife's conversion. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

A. T. D.

HYMN FOR THOSE AT SEA.

"Those men see the works of the LORD, and His wonders in the deep."

ETERNAL FATHER, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bid'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O CHRIST, Whose voice the waters heard
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkest on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage dost sleep;
Oh hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

MOST HOLY SPIRIT, Who dilst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
And bid its primal order rise
And give, for wild confusion, peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

O TRINITY of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
Thus ever shall we to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Amen.

From *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. Published by Novello.

'POOR JACK!'

This following interesting story was related several years ago, at a Bible-class meeting at Brighton, by a stranger who requested permission to address the company. A child of a drunken sailor asked him for bread. Irritated by his request, the drunkard knocked the beggarmaid down with his foot, and the child fell into the sea. Nothing could be done from the shore, and the child soon disappeared; but the sailor felt that Providence was entrusted over him, and by clinging to an oar or raft that he came near, he floated till picked up by a vessel then under weigh. The child could only tell them his name was Jack, in the hubbub of the cries of the crew of the ship. *Poor Jack* as he grew up, was promoted to wait on the officers, received instruction easily, was quick and steady, and served in respectable ranks. In the last he had obtained so much promotion that he was appointed to the care of the wounded seamen. He observed one with a Bible under his head, and asked the man to read to him, but the man when he was dying, requested Jack to accept the Bible, which had been the means of reclaiming him from the ways of sin. *Some circumstance had now occasioned his father in the penitent sailor.* Thus for the sake excited so much interest, that when the speaker was the effect it had produced, he, with a modest bow, added, "Ladies and gentlemen, *I am poor Jack!*"

THE WIPE AT HOME.

Award of the Prize of £20.

The Prize for the best Essay has been awarded to

THE REV. T. H. WALKER, of *Chesterfield*,

Author of "Cottage Sketches;" "God Servants, God Wives," &c.

We hope to publish the Prize Essay in our next November, or the Number for January.

AN EXTRA PRIZE of £10 has also been awarded for the Essay by Mrs. JOHN HARVEY, of Portway, Frome, Somerset; who adds to his name the words, "self-taught."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.—The Treasurer of our Soldiers and Sailors Fund acknowledges £1 from "A Friend," and 2s. 6d. from "A reader," for the "Circulation of the Friend and Workman among Soldiers and Sailors." A hard-working man in Sunderland, also writes, "I remit you the price of twelve copies of the 'British Workman,' to be distributed gratis to some of the sailors, for the benefit they will do a great amount of good. I get them to read, and they are grateful for the teachings."

Myself have received much good from your teachings.

"During the last few years we have expended a considerable sum in sending packets to Soldiers and Sailors, and we find it a most useful work. The good seed cast in the Army and Navy will bear fruit in after years, and we shall be rewarded. We are now more than our individual means can give. Was sorry we were glad to acknowledge the above quarterly contributions. Ed. B. W.]

A friend at Ilminster writes—"I have obtained twenty-three new subscribers for the 'British Workman,' and twenty-one for the 'Cultivator' and 'Friend.' The 'British Workman' is really received. If you show a copy there is scarcely any hesitating."

From a friend in Lincolnshire—"I am happy to say I have already obtained fifty subscribers to your publications. The people are much pleased with the 'British Workman;' when I show a copy I have but little trouble in obtaining subscribers."

"GO, WORK IN MY VINEYARD."

Ye servants of the Holy One,
Your Master's voice obey,
And rest not till your work is done,
Nor for the morrow stay.

Look to the garden of your heart,
For weeds are growing there;
With faithful prayer act well your part,
It needs a constant care.

Behold the fields for harvest white,
Fields of immortal grain;
Go, labour there with all your might,
Your work shall not be vain.

And other soil awaits the seed—
Beside all waters sow;
And ask your Father on each deed
His blessing to bestow.

However humble is the sphere
By God assigned to you,
In just the place He gives you here
There is a work to do.

Some sow the seed, while others reap,
And some prepare the soil;
While some through sufferings only weep
And pray for those who toil.

Why stand ye idle all the day?
Filled with a Saviour's love,
Go, point to dying souls the way
To life and joys above. LEILA GREY.

HIDDEN TREASURES.

In the "green-room" in Dresden, where for centuries the Saxon princes have gathered their gems and treasures until they have become worth millions of dollars, may be seen a silver egg, a present to one of the Saxon queens, which, when you touch a spring, opens and reveals a golden yolk. Within this is a golden chicken, whose wing being pressed, also flies open, disclosing a splendid golden crown studded with jewels. Nor is this all: another secret spring being touched, hidden in the centre is found a magnificent *diamond ring*.

So is it with every truth and promise of God's word—a treasure within a treasure. The more we examine it, the richer it becomes. But how many neglect to touch the springs. L. H. R.

GENTLE REPROOF.

AT one of the railway stations, an aged man took a seat in the carriage in which I was riding. He soon showed that he had been drinking. His language was vile and awfully profane. His language seemed too bad to be heard; but what could be done? He would probably resent any reproof of good manners that could be given; "trample it under his feet, and turn again and rend us." A gentleman sitting a short distance from him sought to catch his eye and restrain him by a steady reproving look. That not availing, he went to the swearer, and said, in a kindly tone, "I believe, sir, that you and I are the oldest persons here; are we not?"

"Yes," he replied, with a pompous air, "I think we are: and I believe I have the majority."

"Well, then," said the gentleman, "shall we not set a *good example* for these younger people, and use no bad words for them to imitate?"

"That may be *your* doctrine" said he, "but it is not mine."

The gentleman returned to his seat, and said no more; but the swearer's voice fell, and his oaths ceased. He was tamed by a gentle reproof. I. T.

MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

"COME, aunty, the train will leave you." This was the cry of a little boy of three years old, whose mother had just placed him on a seat in the carriage in which we were leaving for a short excursion to the country. "Come, aunty," repeated the little fellow, "the train will leave you."

"Hush, darling, aunty has gone to get you a stick," was the reply of the gentle mother. A lovely young lady had accompanied mother and child to the station; but too gentle and tender to allow the little fellow, had bid a silent good-bye to the mother, and then glided quickly away while the equally tender mother was arranging her small parcels preparatory to being seated.

But the cry went on, oftimes repeated, and increasing in earnestness and impatience, "Come, aunty, oh come, aunty, the carriages will leave you!"

"Hush, darling, aunty has gone for a stick," again repeated the fond mother; and thus they continued for five minutes, when the whistle sounded, and the train was off. At this the grief and disappointment of poor little Charlie were inconsolable. He cried most piteously, and when he regained utterance it was again to repeat, "Oh, aunty, the train has left you. Stop, you have left my aunty?" and with this he rushed frantically at the window, and would doubtless have dashed headlong through it, had not the tender mother gently restrained him, saying, as she did, "You must *hush* baby, Charlie! the train has left your aunty, and you *must be quiet*."

Now, from a significant smile which the mother favoured us with when she first repeated her quieting words, we supposed she was dealing falsely with her darling child, and merely to save the pain of a few tender, *natural*, and loving tears, at parting with this beloved aunty, was all this duplicity practised, and tears more bitter and long-continued were the result.

How often, think you, could such scenes be repeated ere this darling Charlie, now so loving and truthful, would learn to deal falsely with dear mamma, and tender-loving aunty, and then with his little playfellows, and so on up to manhood?

Oh mothers, too *gentle* mothers, who thus teach your children to lie, pause ere you *make scars upon the souls of your children that age may not efface*. C. H. S.

A BEAUTIFUL EPITAPH.

Rev. Dr. Calvin Chapin, when eighty-four years of age, wrote of his wife, "My domestic enjoyments have been perhaps as near perfection as the human condition permits. She made my home the pleasantest spot on earth to me, and now that she is gone my worldly loss is perfect."

TRUE NOBLENESS.

THERE is no quality displayed by the British workman more frequently than thoroughness. But sometimes this fine quality is perverted, and instead of being a means of good, becomes an injury both to its possessor and others. A man calls himself generous when he is ready to stand treat to his companions, and the drink is handed round at his expense. But his companions lose their time, and often their earnings; some of them may be partake of this fatal kind of treat; such generosity begins in reckless waste and folly, and ends in quarrels, want, and poverty.

True generosity is when a man is willing to *deny himself* in order to promote the real good of others. Many Christian men in the last century were generous. All they have to give they put most work—and work hard for, and yet they will often toil to support some helpless relative, whose claims on *them* are not perhaps nearer than the claims they have on others of their family.

In the autumn of the Hartley Colliery accident, how noble was the record that there was a widow supporting his aunt; a grandson supporting a grandmother; brothers, in many cases, supporting two or more sisters. Now this was noble generosity. Not out of their abundance, but by their toil at a hard and dangerous occupation, these worthy men maintained their helpless relatives. What an instance of the kindliness and liberality of the sons of toil! Well might the benevolent Bishop of Durham say, as he shook one of these men by the hand, that he honoured him. All good men honour true worth.

But there is another thought. These Hartley colliers were for the most part Christian men. Love to God had made them loving, manly, self-denying. We are Divinely told that "if the man who neglects his own household hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

There men not only were good and true as husbands, fathers, and sons; but they recognised the claims of more distant kindred and neighbours, and have left a lesson that right-minded British workmen should be proud to follow. Not in reckless waste and drinking companionships is true generosity seen; but in the self-denying toil, that the old and feeble may have rest—in the kindly tone, and generous gift, that lighten the weak and tender; this is the self-denial Jesus loves. This is the fulfilment of the command, "Bear ye one another's burdens." But the noble thoughts would fain make a character truly noble—industry, economy, and Christian love. Reader, pray for grace from on high, that you may possess these. B.

THE RECKLESS SAILOR.

The days of miracles are past, but the blessed promises of the Bible are a living truth to-day. In a seaport town of New England there lived a young woman, a sailor with one son. He was a wayward youth, at the age of nineteen, seemed to be hopelessly hardened in vice. His mother had prayed for him earnestly and unceasingly, as only a mother could do; and the good beloved child, but after years of supplication and tearful waiting, she could see no change for the better.

She attended a prayer-meeting, where a sailor, in his homely phrase, told what a wicked life he had led, what God had done for his soul, and begged the praying men and women of that audience to *pray for the sailors*.

The mother's heart was full, thinking of her own son. She went home, resolved to spend that day and night in prayer for her boy. She did so; and when the day seemed to her that a great weight was lifted from her soul. She felt a strong assurance that her prayers were heard. The next letter she had after received from the wanderer brought the glad tidings of his conversion.

He wrote her, that on a certain day he left a new and strange concern about his soul. He neither appeared to be present with him, urging him, as she had so often done, to forsake his evil courses. He read the Bible, he tried to pray, he took down a Christian sailor on board the ship, and four days after wrote to his mother in a new spirit, and with a new hope. May not this true story carry encouragement to many despairing hearts? S.

"IF TWO OF YOU SHALL AGREE."

A YOUNG farmer and his wife, a pious couple, found it necessary to him some one to help them in their farm. They engaged a backsliding lad of the wife, a very wild, profane young man. So bold was he in sin, that many were afraid of him.

One day just before he came to live with them, the wife, with a sister's love, proposed to her husband that they should pray for their new hired man. They agreed, and kneeling together, they cried to God, and asked that God would hear and answer. They did so.

About a week after he came, he was one day ploughing, and, as he afterwards told the writer of this, he "began to feel strangely." He saw himself a sinner, "lost and ruined by the fall." He hardly knew what to do; he stopped his team in the furrow, and fell down on his knees and cried for mercy.

Before a great white throne he found mercy; and oh, how changed was he! As he had once been bold for Satan, now he is bold for Christ. He is now preparing for the ministry, and has been for some years engaged, by points, his friends to Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, even the chief. J. G. D.

"GLORIFY THE LORD IN THE FIRES."

AMONG the many illustrations of Scripture which Whitefield often introduced into his sermons, one is truly worthy of record. Preaching from the words, "Wherefore, glorify ye the Lord in the fires," in one of his, he says, "When I was once in a corn rage at Shields, I went into a glass-house, and standing very attentively, I saw several masses of burning glass in a furnace. The workman took one piece of glass and put it into one furnace, then he put it into a second, and then into a third. I asked him, 'Why do you put that into so many fires?' He answered me, 'Oh, sir, the first is not hot enough, nor the second, and therefore we put it into the third, and that will make it transparent.' 'Oh,' thought I, 'does this man put this glass into one furnace after another, that it may be rendered perfect?' Oh my God, put me into one furnace after another, that my soul may be transparent, that I may see God as He is."

THE WIDOW'S SON AND HIS BIBLE.

THERE was a pious widow, living in the northern part of England, on whom, in consequence of the loss she had sustained, devolved the sole care of a numerous family, consisting of seven daughters and one son. It was her chief anxiety to train up her children in those virtuous and religious habits which promote the present happiness and the immortal welfare of man. Her efforts were crowned with the best success, so far as the female branches of her family were concerned; but, alas! her boy proved ungrateful for her care, and, leaving his home, he soon became wretchedly rampant and pleasure, till, having impoverished his circumstances, it became necessary that he should go to sea. When his mother took him to the place where she was made her tenament, inscribed with his name and her own, solemnly and tenderly entreating that he would keep the book and read it for her sake. He was force of energy upon the bosom of the trackless deep, and year after year elapsed without tidings of her boy. She occasionally visited parts of the island remote from her residence, and particularly the metropolis; and, in whatever company she was cast, she made it a point to inquire for the ship in which her son sailed, if perchance she might hear any tidings of the beloved object who was always uppermost in her thoughts. On one occasion, she met, in a party in London, a sea captain, of whom she made her accustomed inquiries. He informed her that he knew the vessel, and that she had been wrecked; that he also knew a youth of the name of Bell, and added, that he was so depraved and profligate a lad, that it were a good thing if he, and all his, were at the bottom of the sea. Pierced to the inmost soul, the happy mother withdrew from the house, and resolved in future upon strict retirement, in which she might at once indulge and hide her hopeless grief. "I shall go down to the grave," was her language, "mourning for my son." She lived her residence at one of the seaports on the northern coast. After the lapse of some years, a half-naked sailor knocked at the door, to ask relief. The sight of a sailor was always interesting to her, and she hastened to awaken recollections and emotions better imagined than described. She heard his tale. He had seen great perils in the deep, had been several times wrecked, but said he had never been so dreadfully destitute as he was same years back, when himself and a fine young gentleman were the only survivors of a vessel's crew. "We were saved, sir. "We were cast upon a desert island where, after seven days and nights, I closed his eyes. Poor fellow! I shall never forget it." And he went on to describe the poor weather-beaten cheeks. "He read day and night in a little book, which he said his mother gave him, and which was the only thing he saved. It was his companion every moment; he wept for his sins, he prayed, he searched the book; he talked of nothing but this book and his mother; and at the last he gave it to me, with many thanks for my poor services. 'There, Jack,' said he, 'take this book, and keep it, and read it, and may God bless you!' and it all I've got, and then he clasped my hand, and died in peace." "Is all this true?" said the trembling, astonished mother. "Yes, I'll swear it upon my life," he said. And then drawing from his ragged jacket a little book, much battered and time-worn, he held it up, exclaiming, "and here's the very book, too." She seized the Testament, descried her own handwriting, and beheld the name of her son, coupled with her own on the cover. She wept more than she had wept for years. She seemed to hear a voice which said, "Behold, thy son liveth." Amidst her conflicting emotions, she was ready to exclaim, "Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." "Will you part with this book, my honest fellow?" said the trembler, anxious now to possess the precious relic. "No, madam," was the answer, "not for any money,—not for the world." He gave it to me with his dying hand. I was more than indebted to him, I owed him a debt, without losing this treasure, the value of which, I hope I have learned for myself; and I will never part with it till I part with the hand that gave it me. T.

True seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain.—*Colton's Lacon.*

THE WRONGS OF CHILDREN.—No. I.

"AH, you must permit me to say it—for it is a truth, in some things, the South (of England) is far behind the North."

These were the faithful words of a venerable friend, who has spent a life that now is ended, in benevolent, in doing good. I heard him, with the respect due to his age, and the deference due to his character. I felt pained to be compelled to admit that what he said was true. I looked from the window of my pleasant home, amid the green hills of Surrey, and said to myself, the air of this genial South is soft and balmy. The sweet sound music of the people smooth and civil. Can it be that there is cruelty among them, which the rough man of the stern bleak North would scorn to perpetrate? Yes! there is one cruel wrong that lurks unchecked. Children are, in defiance of God's laws of compassion, and man's laws of expediency, still employed in climbing the dark, stifling, dangerous chimney, to the peril of health and life. And from the schools demoralizing influence of the brutal men who thus evade and defy the law, those poor children rob not only the body, but the soul.

Few people are aware of the extent to which the law is evaded in reference to these helpless children. Mr. Wood, of Dowlais, made visits to a few towns in the northern districts of the South, and he found that there were still children of tender years, employed by master-sweeps, and made to go up dangerous chimneys.

In Windsor . . .	5	In Stroud . . .	1
,, Reading . . .	1	,, West Marling . .	4
,, Reigate . . .	1	,, Tunbridge Wells	10
,, Chatham . . .	5		

Thus, in one little town, at least forty poor children were found so employed, in defiance of all laws, human and Divine.

At one of the above places, there was a very cruel master. The children were often running away unable to bear his severity, and his remark about them was [—" Let them run, I don't care, I'll make them as I like. *I can get* any number from the guardians!"

At Tunbridge Wells there is one sweep who does not employ boys. And among the gentlemen of the South, Brighton is free from this disgrace of oppressing helpless children, becoming them to a trade that must be cruel. A trade that the parents must be by what they reach maturity:—a trade that generally makes them cripples:—a trade that often kills them:—a trade that exposes them to such treatment, that sad and brutal men, that the poor boys become corrupted, and join the ranks of the criminal. The testimony of the master of the Northampton, and Sussex Lodge, at the "Sweeps Society" meeting, being, that they *are seldom without a sweep in their cells*.

In the North, the great towns—such as Manchester and Leeds, and many other places, are free from this terrible lash. Oh, mothers and fathers amongst the working classes of the South of England, look at your own dear children and ask yourselves the question, "How could I bear to shield my child from the lash of a 'relentless boy,' should behalf my child?" And then remember these poor little beaten, starved, dirty, neglected, brutalized children have no protection from the lash of the man or your own little ones. Make inquiry in your districts, and if you find any evasion of the law, come forward and denounce the offender.

It is a penalty of £10 for any sweep who employs a child in going up a chimney. See that the law is enforced.

There is a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Very laudable is its work. Kind-hearted men and women take notice of cruelty that oppresses the poor patient dumb brute creatures who cannot plead for themselves. But children are of more value than these. Children are valuable as these: children, as far as making their case known to those in authority, are as dumb as these. For the sake of humanity that ought to cherish children, for the sake of Jesus who blessed childhood, see to it that the fair valleys of the South are not disgraced by an iniquity—as great as that of Slavery—an iniquity strong as death, and more cruel than the grave! C. L. B.

A CHILD'S REPROOF.

A LITTLE boy, one day seeing his little mother in a passion, thus spoke to her: "Mary, look at the sun, it will soon go down; it will soon be out of sight, it is going, it is gone down. Mary, let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

THE "BRITISH WORKMAN" AS A LOAN TRACT.

THE BRITISH WORKMAN, by being folded up like a Map, and glued into an ordinary sized Tract cover, may be circulated and read with convenience as a Loan Tract. As the publication is issue only quarterly, it is recommended, that the means of inducing Working-men to abandon their drinking habits, receive religious tracts, and attend a place of worship, we commend in the hope that Tract Societies will lend their aid in promoting its circulation amongst the masses. Several are doing so already.

The Secretary of a large Tract Society in Manchester writes as follows:—"We have circulated your British Workman as a Loan Tract between two and three years, and we find it answers exceedingly well. It is not only well received by the people, but asked for by them. We generally put two or three copies in circulation to each district, along with other Tracts."

The Secretary of a Tract Society in London writes to the same effect.

"I find the British Workman everywhere meets with the approval of the working classes, and is welcomed by all, often visiting the very houses where a tract would be laughingly refused."—Outside the Gate, Secretary.

"In our large tract distributions we feel greatly the want of tracts written exclusively and expressly for the working-classes. The British Workman supplies that desideratum." Rev. J. Garwood, M.A., Clerical secretary of the London City Mission.

"Its publication is so well adapted for gaining access to families where before it had been found difficult."—Manchester City Mission Reporter.

"The British Workman is the place where a tract is refused." —London City Mission Report, 1860.

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RICHARD BAXTER'S OPINION OF SLAVEHOLDERS.

"THEY who go out as pirates and take away poor Africans, to make them slaves and sell them, are the worst of robbers, and ought to be considered as the common enemies of mankind: and they who buy them and make use of them, as their hearts of hardness, are fitter to be called demons than Christian men."

"GO, LABOUR ON!"

Go, labour on! Spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do thy Master's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

Go, labour on! 'Tis not for nought
All earthly loss is heavenly gain!
Men heed thee not, men praise thee not,
The Master praises! What are men?

Go, labour on! Enough, enough,
If Jesus grants thy soul to win
To notice e'en thy willing mind,
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

Go, labour on! Thy hands are weak,
Thy knees are faint, thy soul cast down;
Yet labour on! Soon night shall break
The throne, the kingdom, and the crown!

Go, labour on—while it is day,—
The long dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work—up from thy sloth,
It is not thus that souls are won!

See thousands dying at your side,
Your countrymen, kindred, friends at home;
See million perishing afar,
Haste brother, to the rescue come!

Toil on, toil on; thou soon shall find
For labour, rest—for life, heaven;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold I come."

"She did not consider that she STOLE it, because it was condemned to the flames."

"THOU SHALT NOT COVET."

In 1853, I knew a young girl, whose great bereatment was a love of dress. She looked pale and wretched whenever she saw anyone among her companions better dressed than herself. She always lamented she was too poor to buy fine clothes. It happened that her aunt kept a lodging-house at a watering-place, and this girl lived with her as a servant. A lady, from London, went down to lodge in their house. On the very night of the lady's arrival, she was seized with the worst form of cholera, and died in a few hours. The clothes the lady had on, when she was attacked with the disease, the doctor ordered should be burned, for fear of infection. There had not previously been a case of cholera in the town, and the authorities were anxious to take very vigorous measures, if possible, to stay the pestilence. Now the lodger had worn a very handsome silk gown. Jane noticed it with covetous eyes when the poor lady came. She heard the order given that the clothes should be burnt, to which of course the lady's friends made no objection, and Jane's aunt threw out a large bundle from the window, into an iron-pot in the yard, in which there was some lighted tow. But Jane managed to get away the silk gown. She did not consider that she stole it, because it was condemned to the flames. She coveted it, and yielded to the temptation. Now, some people think that cholera is not infectious, and I cannot venture to say whether it is or not, but I know that no one in that house shared the poor lady's fate, but Jane. Ten days elapsed—she took an opportunity to wear that gown when she went to see her mother, and was taken ill with it on, and died after three days' illness. "THOU SHALT NOT COVET."—*From Mrs. Balfour's "Plain Thoughts for Plain People."*

He that hateth covetousness shall prolong his days.

A LADY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

MRS. TROUPE, the accomplished wife of a captain of the British navy, gives a lively account of a call she with two other ladies made upon Mrs. Washington, who like her husband's mother, was distinguished for her management of household affairs. "As she was said to be so grand a lady," says Mrs. Troupe, "we thought we must put on our best hats and bands. So we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles and silks, and were introduced to her ladyship. And what do you think? We found her *knitting, and with a check apron on!* She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were without a stitch of work, and sitting in state; but General Washington's lady with her own hands was knitting stockings for her husband!"

JACK, AND HIS HARD LUMP.

"HALLOO, Jack! Hallo! Won't you have a glass this cold morning?" cried a tavern-keeper to a jolly Jack Tar who was smartly stepping along the road.

Jack had formerly been a hard drinker, and had spent many a bright sovereign in the tavern he was passing, but a year ago he had signed the Temperance pledge.

"No, landlord, no! I can't drink: I've got a *hard lump* at my side." As the witty sailor said these words, he pressed his hand against his side, adding, "*Oh, this hard lump!*"

"It's all though leaving off grog," replied the landlord: "some good drink will take your lump away. If you are fool enough to keep on teetotal, your lump will get bigger, and very likely you'll be having a hard lump at *your other side.*"

"True! true! old boy," with a hearty laugh, responded the merry tar, as he briskly drew out a bag of gold from his side-pocket, and held it up to the publican's gaze: "*This* is my hard lump. You are right in saying that if I drink, my lump will *go away*, and if I stick to teetotal I shall have a *bigger lump.* Good-bye to you, landlord. By God's help I'll keep out of your net, and try to get a *hard lump on both sides!*"

Tears.—Robert Hall considered the word 'tears' surpassingly beautiful. It belongs to the Saxon family he so dearly loved. The tear itself often glows like a diamond on the cheek where the rose and lily blend. Its moral beauty, as a perfect diagnerre of compassional and benevolence, is the greater. There are tears of gratitude, of joy. These sparkle like the morning dew. There are tears of penitence. Angels celebrate them with their heavenly harps.

A Beautiful Thought.—A little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied, "I was thinking if the *wrong side* of heaven is so glorious, what must the *right* be?"

"Oh, this hard lump!"

"This is my hard lump!"

"PAINE'S LAST MOMENTS" AGAIN.

THE REV. HUGH JONES, Minister, of the Seamen's Chapel, Commercial Road, London, writes:—

"One Sunday afternoon, I observed a coloured man enter the reading-room. After tea, he manifested to us his Christian experience, the details of which were most gratifying. He reminded us that on his visit to this country during the last year, he had attended the Seamen's Chapel, and our Sunday meeting. He felt powerfully impressed with what he had seen and heard then, and anxious about his soul's salvation. When on board, he read his Bible, as also the little publications which our Mission supplied him on leaving England. These had, by the blessing of God, led him to the Saviour, and to the peace of the Gospel. Besides this, the mate of the vessel observing him reading one day, inquired what it was that was interesting him. He told the mate it was the BRITISH WORKMAN, and the article that he was engaged with, was about *Paine's Dying Moments.* In reply to this, the mate, who was a sceptic, said it was 'all bosh and nonsense' or words of that sort. He, however, accepted the loan of the periodical. In a few night's time, the mate was observed to be reading the Bible, and before reaching port, professed to have found the mercy of God in Christ Jesus!"

"NEW SHOES:" OR, GOOD FOR TRADE.

It is interesting to observe how "good for trade" it is when a man gives up his drinking habits. There was a tenant of a place of worship, and had during that time been accustomed to wear the "cast off things" of others. After joining the Temperance Society at the Merchant's Hall, he soon began to clothe himself in decent garments, bought with his own honest and hard-earned wages. The tailor, the hosier, the draper, and various other tradesmen, reaped the benefit of the man's reformation. It was quite an event in his life, when he entered a shoemaker's shop to be "measured" for a new pair of shoes. What a mighty change would be effected in our country if the fifty millions now spent yearly in strong drink, were devoted to industry!

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NOW READY—The British Workman's Almanac for 1866. With large engraving of the Box of "Tin Bats." Price One Penny.

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BRITISH WORKMAN.

THE WIFE AT HOME.

"O! STAP AT WHOAME, MAMMY, WI' TAMMY AN' ME."

A PRIZE ESSAY, *to show that it is better for married women to stay at home, and attend to home duties, than to go out to daily work. By* T. H. WALKER, *Author of "Cottage Sketches," "Good Servants, Good Wives, and Happy Homes."* &c.

"ORDER," says Pope, "is heaven's first law," the proof of this is everywhere visible. In surveying the works of God, the most careless observer can scarcely fail to notice the fitness, order, and harmony, everywhere apparent. The near, and the distant,—the minute and the vast,—things animate and inanimate, alike, bear the impressed stamp of infinite wisdom; a wisdom which has so arranged and connected everything that has been produced, as to establish through all their parts a mutual relation and dependence, and by their combination to form a perfect whole. Very little observation is necessary to convince us that everything on earth is governed by one universal law, and that law is "order."

If we survey the planetary world, notwithstanding the vast size of its numerous and different orbs, the mass her and complexity of their motions, yet such is their order, agreement, and harmony, that during the lapse of thousands of years, there have been no, the least derangement, no dislocations, no distances, prejudice forces, right-ownership, declination, parallaxes, and directions remain, and, as at first, move on in one unbroken harmony, and majestic grandeur.

If we turn to earth, we find everything here produced is nicely adjusted in number, weight, measure, admirably constructed, and rendered tributary to the mutual harmony and prosperity of the whole. Trees and plants, mountains and valleys, seas and rivers, earths and minerals, the animal, feathered and finny tribes all contribute to the same benevolent design,—the welfare and happiness of man.

If we examine the human body, we cannot but see that all the parts of which it is composed are so formed and arranged as to be most convenient, and best adapted for their various uses, and that in its formation the Creator both prefer and has made provision for and adjustment, but also for its wants and convenience, so that any derangement of its members would produce not only deformity but considerable uneasiness and pain.

This is also with the constitution of human society. Notwithstanding no national order has been so greatly deranged by the sins and follies of mankind, it is still evident that in its original design God had the welfare and happiness of its creatures in view, inasmuch as men are connected, and made to mutually dependent, that they resemble the members of the human frame, which though differing from each other, each fulfilling its appropriate functions, and possessing different degrees of importance and utility, yet all are so intimately joined together that if one, or more, be injured or diseased, it becomes the occasion of suffering and inconvenience to the whole, the healthy action of every member being essential to full enjoyment. Thus God has made our welfare, and the happiness of society depends upon each one fulfilling the proper duties of his station. Some are designed by nature to offer counsel, others to direct, others to learn,—some to contrive, others to execute,—some to labour with the hands, others with the head; in this way there is created a mutual action and reaction, which it is obvious, therefore, that any violation of this order,—any selfish invasion of the rights of others, any attempts to shake off our social obligations, or to destroy our dependency,—the foot saying to the hand, or the hand to the head, "I have no need of thee," must occasion disorganization and anarchy, since all the parts are connected by the same common ties and obligations, and fitted to the harmonious action of the whole, and on this harmonious action the welfare and happiness of all depend. In this respect society resembles a large complicated machine, having a great number of wheels, some large, others small, all related to each other, and essential in their place to the proper working of the whole; while all more in motion and order, the action of the machine is perfect, and little is designed, but if any of the wheels get displaced, or work irregularly, then the action is impeded and rendered imperfect, and the safety of the machine or of its operatives is endangered.

These remarks will apply to *Families*, which are so many epitomes of society in general. The domestic constitution is of Divine appointment, and the principles by which it is regulated are the same as those which are essential to the welfare of states; indeed the interests of states and families are identical. The family may be here in mind, that a nation is made powerful, great and happy not so much by the number of its inhabitants, as by their ability and character, and that a family may be greater depend in a great measure on the economy of the several members which in the aggregate compose the nation. There never has been, and never will be, a nation permanently great and happy, consisting chiefly of wretched and disorderly families. If there be any truth in the figure by which a nation is compared to a pyramid, then whilst individuals are the materials of which it is composed, it is the well-regulated condition of families that constitutes the strength and stability of the pyramid, and gives firmness and durability to the whole. Let family ties be disregarded, and however imposing the appearance of the pyramid, it contains the principle of decay and ruin. Well-instructed and well-ordered families are the springs which send forth the tributary streams that make up the full current of a country's greatness; families of an opposite character contribute to its weakness, degradation, and ruin.

It may be confidently asserted that in no country has the domestic constitution been so correctly understood, or its principles so efficiently maintained, or home comforts so extensively enjoyed as in our own happy home! What melody in these little words! What a hearty response they call forth from every rightly-regulated mind! What delightful associations and pleasant emotions cluster around them! How pleasant to think of home—the home of our childhood, where parents dwell, and brothers and sisters live in mutual affection, cheered by the smiles of a mother's love, and the blessings of a father's care and sympathy, and where the soothings of affection are felt in all our life's sorrows, or alleviate its cares. The recollection follows us to distant lands—seas and continents may widely force us, many allurements may surround us, or more cares and sorrows oppress us, still the remembrance of home, and of the beloved ones there, remains fresh and powerful.

Some time ago, a vessel from the East was approaching Plymouth harbour; an interesting-looking youth, a midshipman, was seen standing apart by formator for considerable length of time almost immoveable, his eyes steadily fixed upon some distant object; whatever it was, seemed all-absorbing, and he was blind to everything besides. Thus he remained for more than an hour. A passenger at length said to him, "Pray, I see something very interesting that you gaze so intently?" "O, yes," he replied, and his eyes sparkled with delight; "I don't you see yonder white cottage among the trees?" "Yes." "That's my home! I've a mother there! I've two sisters there! They're waiting and watching for me! I want everything that I can be wise on them," and his own eyes glistened with tears of joy in the anticipation. After a long cruise of five years, the love of home was strong, notwithstanding the many scenes he had seen in China, India, and Japan had been able to weaken the impression of home, or loosen his attachment to the objects of his early affections.

There is nothing in the world so delightful to contemplate as the sight of an orderly, well-regulated, and happy family, where everything is in its place, and where the duties of every relation are faithfully fulfilled, where husband and wife, parents and children, bound together in the sweet compact of mutual affection, are found moving together harmoniously in their several spheres of duty, where every one is dividing, every portion of misshed, every burden lightened, and every joy doubled by sympathy and affection, and where each strives to be happiest of all. Such a family must be peculiar objects at once our admiration and esteem. We see in it a thousand charms no where else to be found. It is here that the heart, the seat of the affections, and habitions of his act; and here the poet is inspired with the sweetest melody of his song. If there be a human being unattractive and unpleasant, it is one who has assured his heart is void of everything noble, tender, and benevolent.

Thanks to the Giver of all Good, the happiness of such a scene is not confined to any one privileged class of society. It may be realized by the great and noble, it may be found in the cottage of the poor. I have never been a more lovely proof of this been presented than in the early life and domestic life of our beloved Queen and her lamented Consort. Yet, if it be desired by every other class of society; by the labourer as well as the lord,—by the mechanic as well as the master,—in the cottage as well as the palace. The following sketch is presented both as a proof and an illustration.

"Who is that woman, who is now approaching, "Who is he?" A factory operative, and the next little cottage towards which he is hastening to enlist his own, and well he may, for it is the home of his affections, and where He has just finished his daily toil; wearied with long hours of continued application, amidst the incessant din of machinery, and the oppressive heat of a closing atmosphere. With an exhausted frame he is hastening home. He is evidently thinking of home comforts, for he is repeatedly muttering to himself,

"How sweet when busy day is over,
And calculating cares retreat,
To meet the fond endearing lover,
And find a home both clean and neat."

His children are watching for his return, and eagerly run to meet him, and he hastens to the door to be beside. His faithful wife, who has everything prepared for his comfort, welcomes him at the door with her wonted smile. The table is spread, the fire burns bright, and the arm-chair placed in readiness—the well-deserved meal is ready for the table. See his cool-worn countenance assumes an expression of contentment and satisfaction,—he toil is forgotten,—fatigue vanishes,—he can rest and be thankful. The evening is one—he takes a turn in his little garden, he fans pigeons, he feeds, and enjoy a gambol with his children. See him on his return, seated in his easy chair, whilst his wife with her needlework in hand takes her place by his side, and pleasantly recounting the little incidents of the day, and the children near play, fully around them both. In the smiles and cheerful conversation of the wife, and in the prattle and gambols of the other, he finds a rich recompense for his toils, and blesses God for his dear friends. This is no ideal scene,—it is fact—it is reality, it has been realized in instances innumerable, and might be in a hundred families at present. Who that desires the happiness of his race, but must wish that this were more general? Who would the homes of men be the centre of nearly all the joys of life? Are not they the social world,—they would be so many arks to supply them with the provisions of life, and rest and joy. Obvious as is this fact, it must nevertheless be admitted that the sentiment of the British Isles like the depletions are rapidly disappearing. It would be well for the age of which we are too much disposed to boast, as an age of intelligence, knowledge and in science, scenes of household disorder, strife and misery, are more commonly seen and more deplorable in their character. The proof of this is very obvious, it is as apparent as the sun at noon-day, especially in our manufacturing districts and towns.

As a contrast to the former sketch, the following is presented as a specimen of what may be witnessed in almost every street of our manufacturing towns. Behold, too, a factory operative is returning from his daily toil. He is faint and weary. But, alas! there is no wife to meet him at the door, and no children are there to meet and welcome him—no comfortable hearth where he may stretch his weary limbs,—no eager family to hail his approach, and solace him with sweet smiles and cheerful prattle. Instead, he has to wait his turn, and then, half-famished and wearied, he has nothing but dirt, disorder, and discomfort, to meet his eye. The house is in a state of confusion, scenes bawling with each other, or crying for want of food. One prime cause of all this is, the wife is not there, she is not improved by her return. She is also jaded with the toil of the day, and with chafed and irritated feelings begins to scream, and "I can do everything," she exclaims, "till I've had some gin." The fire-water is soon fire, and when inspired by the wretched draught, she begins to prepare a wretched, but considerate and unhealthy meal; after which her husband, cursing his wretched lot, hastens to his usual carousal at the publicans, and finishes the day in drunkenness.

That this domestic degeneracy should exist in a country where such extensive efforts are making for the improvement of society, is a proof that there is some prime evil in operation which is exerting a wide-spread and growing influence, and to which the measures in operation only partially apply. The evil is not a solitary one, it is connected with many others, but of these it may be regarded as the root, or stem, for they grow out of it and are its natural results. The evil referred to has been originated by the general introduction of machinery and steam-power into our various manufactures, and the abstraction of females from domestic occupations by the employment offered in our factories.

The time was, when the weaving of cotton, woollen, and lines, were home operations. The chief processes of manufacture were carried on in the own dwelling; and with the help of his own family, their employment might be turned a domestic one, children reared up and under the fostering care and immediate influence of their parents, home not only were their morals better preserved from corruption, but they also acquired domestic habits, habits of industry, and of home improvement, and the daughters, too, obtained that acquaintance with domestic duties which prepared them for the duties of wives and mothers. This state of things has been nearly wholly abolished by the transfer of our leading manufactures to the factory. Thither the operatives must go, and there, in the employment, and as the factory affords easy work, and good wages for females, he is naturally induced to seek support for himself and family there.

In all our manufacturing districts the sad results of this altered state of things is becoming more apparent, and most lamentable. Girls are sent to the factory as soon as her age permits, she is thus withdrawn from her mother's care, and exposed to the corrupt influence of hundreds of other young people, who are made to make her as giddy as themselves. No difficult thing to effect, for evil communications are sure to corrupt good manners. Let any one visit the factory, at the close of the hours of work, and mark the coarse language, the loud laugh, the bold stare, the rude remarks, the absence of female modesty, and the boisterous conversation of factory-workers and the danger of her position will at once be seen.

From six in the morning to six at night, with the exception of meal-times, the mill-girl lives in a world of machinery. The management of looms and shuttles, mules and jennies, occupies her mind, and thought and duty. When released from her daily toil, she naturally desires ease and recreation,—she has no disposition to employ her mind in anything, she seems herself to be entitled to some recompense for the confinement and occupation of the day, and that recompense is rest and amusement. Instead of being a home, she finds her mother ought to wait upon her. From her intercourse with her mill-companions she gradually acquires a spirit of independence, and of self-gratification, an impatience of parental control, an aversion to household duties, and a determination to spend her evenings as she pleases, and that is usually in the pleasures, and evil company. Perhaps the fond mother sometimes thus by pleading, "Poor thing! she has to toil hard all the day, I would be glad to see her, do anything at home, she needs at night a bit o' rest and pleasure." Thus she grows up in a state of the most lamentable ignorance of all domestic duties, and of everything which most concerns a female to know, with her head filled only with folly, dress, and vanity.

This, indeed, is what it is not to be so bad were she to continue *single*, but marriage is the prevailing idea with mill-girls, the chief subject of their thoughts and conversation, and she is married without any concern about their unfitness for its duties. Here is the prime source of most of the misery, discontents, and disorders of our manufacturing districts. It seems the character of a national calamity when young women, raw and inexperienced, who can neither hold a potato, nor bake a loaf, nor make a shirt, nor cook any article of food fit to be eaten, marry from the mill, as they generally do, without the smallest capability of making a home comfortable to a husband, or of contributing to a husband's comfort, or even to his wants.

Even here the evil does not terminate, the new-married wife has no domestic duties, for she which she feels herself unfitted; she has been accustomed at home to have everything done for her, her meals prepared, her bed made, her clothes washed, and that she has become a wife, she has all these duties to perform, not only for herself but for her husband also; this she has become unable to do, the labour of the mill, she, therefore, resolves to return to her former employ that she may have the means of providing for herself and for herself. The husband and wife thus lead and wife soon assume an independence of each other, and excepting that the former pays for their mutual dwelling they may be said to have their respective homes, one creating heart-burnings, selfishness, alienation and opposition.

Still the evil keeps progressing—the wife becomes a mother,—the home is never desirable to her accustomed pursuits,—a the sheaf must shake off or break, yet she is no more reconciled to domestic duties than before. Maternal duties are thrust upon her, she is to nurse, and even more hateful than household ones, she finds herself unfitted to fulfil them by proxy. If she cannot impose the burden on her mother, or mother-in-law, she hires some aged worn-out woman to take charge of her child during long hours, and, as may be expected, the child soon becomes neglected, and the want of proper nourishment and attention. When the mother leaves home, after the day's labour of the day, she is in no mood to endure the tedious cares of a cross and ailing child, especially if it deprives her of her accustomed rest. With some it gives vent to the feelings of maternity in her bosom, she looks upon the cross infant as an incumbrance, and recretly wishes it were dead. The child is thus left to its unfortunate lot. The following fact will evince its truth. It is a bleak winter's morning—the snow is falling—as the factory-bell rings a young woman with her child hastens down the street with a bundle in her arms,—it is a baby three months' old, wrapped up in a dirty blanket,—it is crying piteously—it has been all night long, contributed by loss of rest, the mother throws it upon the bed of the old woman who is its daily nurse, saying with an oath, "Take that thee, I'm sick o' it, I'm gone; it's gone on if that way all o' night; I hope it will die before I come back." On her return at the close of the day, the child's ailments and disappointments is still lying. "What," she exclaims, "is it yet? that harm dead yet?" O can such language proceed from a mother's lips? Yes, mother, she feels herself as a *grandmother*, and the result is, the children grow up ignorant, dirty, noisy, contentious, and unruly, and by their perpetual brawls and disobedience become a plague to each other, and to all around.

Amidst all this, what becomes of the husband? Ignorant, thoughtless, and foolish, as the girl he has married he reaps the bitter fruits of his unwise choice. Home is no home to him, its very name is a hateful sound. Instead of comfort,—no extraction,—true sympathy, kindness, and affection, he finds only misery. The wife is no solace to his chafed spirits,—no rest or indulgence for his misery. He is taught by the conduct of his wife to pursue a system of selfish enjoyment, and instead of being a home, he seeks it elsewhere. The pots of intoxication, he banishes all thoughts of wife and children, and then compels him to return to his miserable dwelling, where under the influence of intemperance he carries the one, and abuses the other.

Instances are not wanting in which, when the necessities of a family have rendered personal attention at home indispensable, the husband and wife have actually changed places; and the former has been better housed, and in fact knew but little about it,—the latter, in the mill, and could earn two or three shillings a-week more than the husband. Yet who has attempted the living while he fulfilled his duties at home. The writer has seen instances where under the circumstances described, engaged in washing, cooking, nursing, and other household engagements, what was the result, the children were sickly and rickety;—the husband felt himself, as well he might, a false principle; the order of God was perverted,—the wife assumed a superiority and authority belonging her sex, and the domestic relation proved a curse instead of a blessing.

Where the state of things described is found to exist, it is obvious that the social evils that generally prevail, multiply, and become more and more aggravated by the progress of time;—every succeeding generation may be expected to wax worse and worse. They already make and have made, it necessary to an extent which threatens to introduce a state of semi-barbarism, which is opposed every social and moral obligation. The selfishness, profligacy, and ignorance, the improper tempers,—the prodigality,—the disregard of religion,—the low vices, and the neglect of relative ties which are to be found in the one sex; and the ignorance, the thoughtlessness and disorder, the want of domestic management, and unfitness for maternal duties which so often characterize the other, may justly be regarded as the result of a neglect of the duties of proper maternal training, and this must ever be the case where vice and mothers pursue the course which has been described.

No mention, or observation, of the treatment of life the order of God is departed from, it is error in the extent of calamity. Just in proportion as husbands and wives, parents and children, fulfil the sphere which Providence hath assigned them, and neglect the proper duties which belong to it, they proper for themselves unhappiness of a character, and occasion innumerable evils to others. The order which God has instituted is essential to all happiness. The experience of all ages, and of every clime in the history of the Bible, to the lessons, confirms and illustrates this remark. Let the inquiry, who questions the fact examine what district, or town, or street he may, he will find the reason why happiness, and take an estimate of the amount of real comfort on earth, and he will find proof sufficient, that the largest amount of real happiness, and the most affection and sympathy is to found in those families that adhere the closest to the Divine law of "order," and that all departures from it bring their corresponding evil consequences. Where then is the remedy? Where can we find a remedy for the many and various relations of life laid down with unerring clearness, and infallibility, and yet so to be read and understood by all? The answer is in the Sacred Scriptures, the same Scriptures, that the study of the Bible, and the observance of its precepts, is the only effective remedy for our social evils of whatever kind.

O, when will our *young women* awake to the folly of marrying husbands, whom they know, who scarcely possess one single qualification essential to domestic happiness? When will *young women* be persuaded how essential a knowledge of good housewifery is to their future comfort and welfare, and how important it is to their respect, and elevation, which every true lover of the sex would have them enjoy? When will *young men* to make the most of the opportunities which God placed in their a natural help and blessedness,—to keep their *proper station*, and mind their *proper work*, remembering that the duties of a wife are not those of a man, and therefore, that as it belongs to the husband to provide for the support of his family, so to her it belongs to promote to the utmost of her power the comfort and welfare of her husband and children.

Much is now doing to rescue our factory-girls from the evils to which we have referred. Much of these evil causes have been formed for their instruction in sewing, washing, and ironing, arrangements have also been made for teaching them cooking, and other domestic duties, and many also have become conscious of the defects of their early training have availed themselves of these classes, and have derived much benefit from them, and, in fact, many other manufacturing towns persons may be found deeply affected by the condition of our female factory-workers, and who are ready to render assistance, would at once procure instruction for themselves and others. The misery which might thus be prevented, and the positive blessings which might thus be acquired, are incalculable.

But, O ye parents, who are neglecting your duties, sacrificing all you ought to regard as dear and valuable for the sake of the gain you derive from the factory, what shall be your feelings when you see the ruinous course you are pursuing? Presuming that your husbands are *men*, and not *brutes*, and yet the very duties provided for your comfort, and which would be so much enjoyed, they were you to abandon the mill, and attend to your home duties, as every good wife and mother ought to do, you would be insure gainers, and your husbands would enjoy the proper respect and affection of your husbands,—gainers by the domestic comfort and happiness you would enjoy,—gainers by the best and most important of children, order, and comfort your dwellings might be made to assume—and gainers too by the new character you would assume as good wives and good mothers. Learn, then, to be wise for yourselves,—wise for your children. Try to establish *order* in your dwelling; it is never too late to mend. Be not discouraged, a determined mind more than conquers all. Listen, O listen to the voice of your children, as with plaintive tone they cry,—

"O! stap at whoame, mammy, wi' Tammy an' me."

☞ *Our New Year's No. will contain a beautiful Engraving by Mr. J. D. Watson, of the* ASTONISHED SCEPTIC; *or, THE INFLUENCE OF OLD BIBLE TEXTS. If our friends kindly help us to the wide circulation of this Well our friends kindly help us to the wide circulation of Well our friends kindly help us to the wide circulation of this Nos. It will, we trust, have a special mission for good.*

Poor Man's Wife.—It is a blessed thing for a poor man to have a contented wife; one who can be with to live beyond her husband's income, because her next door neighbour does; one who can be happy in the love of her husband, her home, and its duties, without asking the world for its smiles, or its favours.

RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

The rights of woman, what are they?
The right to labour, love, and pray;
The right to weep with those that weep
The right to wake when others sleep.

The right to dry the [illegible] tear;
The right to quell the raging fear;
The right to smooth the brow of care,
And whisper comfort in despair.

The right to watch the parting breath,
To soothe and cheer the bed of death;
The right, when earthly hopes all toll,
To point to that within the veil.

The right the wanderer to reclaim,
And win the lost from paths of shame;
The right to comfort and to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

The right the little ones to guide
In simple faith in Him who died;
With earnest love and gentle praise
To bless and cheer their youthful days.

The right the intellect to train,
And guide the soul to noble aim;
Teach it to rise above earth's toys,
And wing its flight for heavenly joys.

The right to live for those we love;
The right to die that love to prove;
The right to brighten earthly homes
With pleasant smiles and gentle tones.

Are these thy rights? Then use them well;
Thy silent influence none can tell.
If there are three, why ask for more?
Then best enough to answer for.

Are these thy rights? Then murmur not
That woman's mission is thy lot;
Improve the talents God has given;
Life's duty done, thy rest is heaven.

Domestic Happiness.—Husband and wife must naturally bear and cheerfully bear with each other's faults, and forbearance and love both in husband and wife, to secure happiness in the domestic circle.

CHILDREN'S REPROOF.

I was one day reproving a little orphan boy for using such words as "*goodness*," "*mercy*," as exclamations. I told him it was only a mild way of swearing, which, if not checked, might lead to open profanity; that these exclamations referred to various attributes of God, such as the *mercy*, *goodness*, and *graciousness*, and should not be so thoughtlessly used.

He seemed grieved and ashamed, for he had not thought that in saying these things he was taking God's name in vain, and disobeying the command of Christ to let our conversation be, "Yea, yea," "nay, nay."

As we were talking, a prattling boy who sat next me said "But, ma'am, everybody, even good Christians, have *little ways of swearing*. They say, 'upon my word,' and 'to save me;' and I heard you say 'mercy' once."

I felt reproved, as I stood in the presence of a little child who had so plainly rebuked me. I owned my error, and asked him to remind me if he heard me use any of the unnecessary and forbidden words again. Perhaps some other parents who are jealously watching the conduct of the little ones at home," and striving to train them for Christ, may profit by this innocent reproof.

I knew one little girl whose teacher had taught her to check the beginnings of sin against the third commandment. One day when she come home from school, where she had been watching and correcting herself, she said, "Mother, you say, 'I know,' and Miss Brown says it is wrong to say any such things." Instead of being offended, her mother replied, "I know I do, and am very sorry I have the habit; and if you will remind me when I say it, I will give you sixpence each time for your mission-box." So Jessie did as she was bid, and her dear mother overcame the habit, but it cost her more money and watchful effort than she thought possible.

May we not learn some important lessons from these young immortal plants every where blossoming about our pathway?

M. E. W.

"BE COURTEOUS."

You might go a day's march without meeting with a more surly, ill-spoken man that Robert Jeffs was at one time of his life. Manifully for himself and others he was led to change his un-Christian, and unmanly mode of dealing with his fellows, and to obey the Scriptural "anchorism which I have placed at the head of this chapter. And it was on this wise:—

One morning, very early, Robert was at work in the little plot of garden before his cottage-door. The summer sun had risen, and was shining on the dewy flowers till the crystal drops gleamed like diamonds! Robert was a thrifty, industrious man; he liked to do any little thing to make his home tidy; he was not in the habit of drinking or swearing; and his neighbours had nothing much to say against him, only that he was "so dreadfully early and uncivil." Very bad qualities those. No man can be truly happy who possesses them.

Well, as Robert was making and weeding, and making his little plot tidy, his next door neighbour came out of his house to start on his way to work. His name was Thomas Cole.

"Good morning, neighbour," said Thomas cheerily.

Robert was stooping over some flowers, and without moving or looking up he mumbled something that sounded like "Ning."

"A fine time for gardening," continued Thomas.

"Humph!" returned Robert, "Must do it when I can, or not at all."

"Just so," said Thomas. "My garden wants a bit of seeing to; I intended to do it this morning, but as I want a bit of chat with you before I go to work, I've put it off till to-morrow."

At this, Robert Jeffs stood straight up. "Tom Cole," said he, "I don't want to be bothered with you nor nobody else, so you may go and do your garden this morning, and welcome."

That was plain English at any rate, and Thomas understood it. Without saying a word, he walked quietly off. His face was flushed. His heart was hot within him. "I can't do it," he muttered, "it isn't in human nature to do it."

Oh, Thomas had a great struggle with his feelings just then. Ill tell you how it was: He came out of his house that morning with his heart all aglow with the thought that he was going to do his neighbour some good. A situation had been offered to Thomas for his eldest son as footman in a gentleman's family. He was wanted immediately; but the poor lad could not go on account of being confined to his bed by a lingering sickness. Thomas felt very sorry for the poor lad, and had taken such a situation for his son. But as it was impossible for him to accept it, Thomas wisely and kindly determined to offer it to some one else. So knowing that Robert's eldest son was out of employ, and knowing also that he had was of good character, and superior manners, he resolved to speak to Robert about it. At that purpose he left his garden-work that morning, and accosted his neighbour as I have shown. You have seen with what result.

Now, Thomas Cole tried hard to live like a Christian,—to return good for evil; to do unto others as he would have them do unto him; to live peacefully with all men; but that morning bitter thoughts and feelings crept into his bosom. However, he resolved not to harbour them. "No," said he, "I will help me not to render evil for evil to my neighbour. I'll go to Jeffs again this evening and tell him what I wanted of him this morning, and may be it will be like putting coals of fire on his head, as the Bible says, that'll melt him and make him civil and kind for the future."

So, in the evening, he went and knocked at the cottage door. Jeffs himself answered it. He seemed surprised that Thomas should call, after what he had said to him.

Thomas did not wait to speak of the beautiful evening, or anything else; he came straight to the point at once. "Neighbour," said he, "my boy's had a good situation offered him, but he can't take it because he's ill, and I thought p'raps you'd like to go and see about it for your daughter Ann's sake, and for your own sake, Ted. It's all Mr. Dongin's, in the city."

Robert Jeffs seemed bewildered. It was what he could n't understand—that returning good for evil.

"Do you making game?" was his first question.

"Indeed I'm not, neighbour," said Thomas, "I'd advise you to see after it pretty quick. I think it'll be just the place for your Ann. Good evening."

He was walking off when Robert's voice arrested him.

"Eh! Cole!"

"Yes." Robert advanced a few steps and held out his hand. "A crusty uncivil brute I showed myself to you this morning, and all times. I don't deserve to be so civil to me like this. I tell you what it is, friend should think o' me for future."

He left the words unspoken, and turned abruptly into his cottage. That was enough for Thomas—he knew it "*Friend Cole*" he muttered. Verily that kind act had been as live coals poured on Jeff's head. Ted Jeffs got in the situation; and brought home to see his parents, dressed in his respectable livery with "a lot of buttons behind his back," his father is reminded of the text among our fellows, "Be courteous."

And his neighbours say of him, "Can't tell how it is, but somehow or the other Robert Jeffs has learned how to keep a civil tongue in his head ever since his son got that situation."—*Nelson Brook.*

AN EMPEROR'S DYING WORDS.

When Severus, emperor of Rome, found his end approaching, he cried out, "I have been everything, and everything is nothing; then, ordering the urn to be brought to him in which his ashes were to be enclosed, on his body being turned, according to the custom of the Romans, he said, "Little are, thou shalt contain one for whom the world was too little."

GOD SEEN IN THE DESERT.

"Whatever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I was myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was 500 miles from the nearest European settlement. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss at frutiles catch irresistibly my sight my eye. I mentioned this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation: for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not but contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves and capsules. How much infinite Being thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with uncommon eye the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after His own image? Surely not. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was to hand, and I was not disappointed.—*Extract from Mungo Park's Travels in Africa.*

CHARITY.

Proportion your charity to others' necessities and your own ability; and where the object is doubtful, rather relieve a *drone* than let a deserving poor be neglected.

True charity, a plant divinely nursed,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven its unbidding green;
Exals'nant to the shadow it supplies,
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies.
COWPER.

"ONLY THIS ONCE."

"Come, Frank, come play snowballs with me, will you? Frank hesitated; his conscience continued in the same earnest tone, "*only this once*;" and the two boys were left together to decide the matter of playing a game of marbles "in winnings," while the writer passed on, pursuing a train of thought suggested by the incident.

Ah, "this once," what mischief has it wrought! How easy, and yet how dangerous for youth hankering after forbidden pleasures, to yield to the soft entreaties to take the first sip, with the secret intention that it shall be the last. "*Only this once*," and I am satisfied! This he says when he takes the first intoxicating drink; that is to become his nearest companion through a miserable life.

"*Only this once*"—I'll take a few shillings from the desk of my employer, to pay for attendance at the theatre, a clubroom-treat, a night's debauch.

"*Only this once*," cries the stripped, deluded youth, when he takes his first lesson at the gaming-table, from which he rises little better than a fiend to pursue a career of infamy, ending in black despair.

"*Only this once*" think of it, young man. Would you become a drunkard, a libertine, a thief, a gambler? Then let "this once" alone. Your word, your self-respect, your integrity, your reputation, your happiness, your prosperity, all go with this fatal, lying reply.

Once entered on a sinful course, ere long you will find yourself in deep waters, which, if they do not overwhelm you, will inevitably carry you on, unless rescued by Divine interposition, until you are dashed over the swell principle into the seething whirlpool beneath.

Have not millions thus wrecked body and soul for time and eternity by yielding to this seductive, specious pleading? Beware of the *first* risings of sinful desire; beware of evil company; beware of unsanctified books; beware of pleasure and amusement. Seek the bosom of upright men. Look upward to that Eye which is ever upon you. Seek His protection and guidance. Seek His friendship, for He loves you. He, the love of Christ can more than satisfy your thoughts for time and eternity. Seek the Spirit may turn your feet into wisdom's paths of "pleasantness" and "peace."

REMARKS OF JOHN NEWTON.

Satan will seldom come to a Christian with a gross temptation: a green log and a candle may be safely left together; but bring a few shavings, and the work is begun. Satan will not tempt you to murder, or steal, or strike, and then tell you you may soon bring the green log to ashes.

A Christian should never plead spirituality for being a sloven; if he be but a shoe-cleaner, he should be the best in the parish.

My principal method of defeating heresy is by practising the truth. One proposes to fill a basket with *tares*; now if I can fill it first with *wheat*, I shall defy his attempts.

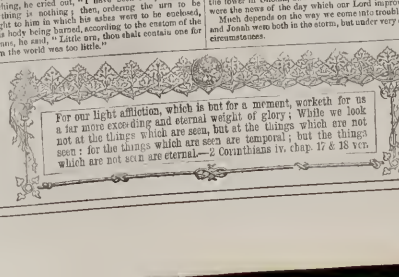
There are critical times of danger. After great services, honours, and consolations, we should stand upon our guard. Noah, Lot, David, and Solomon, fell in these circumstances. Satan is a footpad: a footpad will not attack a man in going to the bank, but in returning with his good fortune.

Christ has taken our nature into heaven to represent us; He has left us on earth with His nature to represent Him.

God's word is certainly a restraint; but it is such a restraint as the irons which prevent children from getting into the fire.

If we were upon the watch for improvement, the common news of the day would furnish us; the falling of the tower in Siloam, and the slaughter of the Galileans, were the news of the day which our Lord improved.

Much depends on the way we come into trouble. Paul and Silas were both in the storm, but under very different circumstances.



For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.—2 Corinthians iv. chap. 17 & 18 vers.

A PRAYERLESS FATHER.

"There was one little circumstance," said a gentleman in relating his religious feelings, on his admission to a Christian church, "that more deeply impressed me with the importance of being a Christian, than any other. It was a question asked me by my son Henry, a little boy four years old. He was and myself had taken great pains to teach little Henry verses of Scripture and hymns, and he never went to bed without saying his little prayer. One day I laid my hand on his head, tired and fretful, he refused to do it; and while I was insisting upon it, telling him how wrong it was not to pray, he looked up into my face and said in childish simplicity, "*Why do you send me to pray, Pa? I never see you pray.*"

"No sermon I had ever heard, no book or sermon I had ever read, so impressed me as this rebuke from my child. I determined then, by the help of God, to lead a different life, and henceforth teach my children by example as well as precept."

That father is now a follower of the Lord Jesus, an active member of the church, and his happy family gather daily around the domestic altar.

CHASTENING IN LOVE.

O Saviour, whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chastened my wanderings and guided my way,
Adored be Thy power which illumined my blindness,
And wounded me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I followed the vision—I clasped it the toy;
And still, in displeasure Thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright—but a worm was below;
The moonlight shone fair—there was blight in the beam;
Sweet whispered the breeze—but it whispered of woe,
And bitterness flowed in the soft flowing stream.

"COME UNTO ME."

Come unto Me," says the blessed Saviour, "that ye may have *life*!" not merely this brief span of life, but that unending existence which is measured by eternity. To all misguided wanderers from the paths of true peace, the compassionate Redeemer holds out his hands, saying gently, "Come unto me, that ye may have life." Come, poor, weary, heavy-laden sinners, ye who have sought, and sought in vain, for peace and joy in earth's delusive pleasures, in sin's maddening cup, in folly's vain promises, "Come unto me," says Jesus, "that ye may have life, and that ye may have it more abundantly."

P. G. R. D.

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"She carefully lifted one of them between her teeth."

THE TERRIER AND THE RABBITS.

A GENTLEMAN, at Devonport, told the writer that he had a very spirited female terrier. She was most valuable as a rat dog, and was by nature fierce to her enemies, and faithful to her friends.

From a dog of this kind, much *intelligence* was to be expected; but not much *gentleness*. Her bark was strong, short, and clear. Her coat a glossy black, with tan-coloured feet. Her shape compact. Her eyes large, clear hazel; and all her movements swift and resolute. Not a cur dared to appear within the range of Snapper's quick scent, to say nothing of her keen eye.

Some neighbours of Snapper's master kept rabbits, and they were always afraid of her getting near the hutch, and killing the young ones. They certainly never expected Snapper to show any kindness to the rabbits, and just considered that the safest way was carefully to protect the helpless rabbits from so fierce and active a foe.

It happened that there was a hole, unnoticed, in the bottom of the rabbit-hutch, where there was a litter of young; and one day the straw that had filled the hole being removed, the little rabbits fell through. Snapper, who had been watching a hole under the fence, saw the rabbits fall before anyone else was aware of the accident. She made a leap to the little soft defenceless things, and of course it was natural to a creature of her kind, that she should destroy them; but instead of doing so, she carefully lifted one of them between her teeth, as she would a puppy of her own, and carried it with all care into the kitchen of the house, laying it down on the rug before the kitchen fire, to the amazement of the family; who, seeing her instantly depart, watched her, and saw her go and fetch a second, and a third in the same way, bringing them in without in the least hurting them. The children, whose pets the rabbits were, could not have moved them so safely, or more tenderly. As they looked at Snapper doing this kindly deed, they saw that then dog was not only brave and clever, but kindly and gentle. And that is what we should all strive to be. n.

MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION.

On the 7th of February, 1862, a pious miner was busily working at the bottom of a pit shaft, in West Bromwich. He was engaged fastening the chains of the skips over the coal, when suddenly the engine started to wind it up. He unhappily had not fastened all the chains upon the skip, and the consequence was that the skip overturned by the sudden jerk, and slipped the coal over the miner. The hook caught the miner's trousers, tore them up to the waist, and held him by the hem of his trousers, and a seam of a new shirt he had on. By this frail hold the man was raised up 990 feet, and brought safely to the top (although insensible), without sustaining any injury, except a slight bruise on his leg. The miners at the bottom of the shaft thought their mate was killed, and they were searching for his remains among the fallen mass of coal. The wonder was that he was not dashed from side to side by the jerk, and precipitated to the bottom a lifeless mass of mangled humanity. But that God whom he strove to serve, by His Good Providence, mercifully preserved him. Truly it is said, "He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

THAT you may be always ready in time, take care to be ready a little before the time.

CONSTANTINE AND THE MISER.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT, in order to reclaim a miser, took a lance, and marked out a space of ground of the size of the human body, and said to him, "Add heap to heap, accumulate riches, extend the bounds of your possessions, conquer the whole world, and in a few days such a spot as this will be all you will have."

Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His. And let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.—2 TIMOTHY II. 19.

NOT CREDITABLE.

AT a time when we see so much advancement amongst working-men, when we learn with pleasure the progress of co-operative societies, clubs, and libraries, it is with regret that we note a most painful and unpleasant fact—which it is the duty of all respectable workpeople to repudiate—which has been brought before the notice of the public, at the Wandsworth police-court. For the most part, particularly of late, people have noticed the good demeanour of workmen when engaged in the repair or building of sacred edifices. When the preparations were being made in St. Paul's Cathedral for the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington, we never saw, during the night or in the day, although many visits were made, a man with his hat upon his head, or heard a single word spoken of a violent or irreverent nature; and the same may be said of other experiences; but at Tooting church, for some reason which is not explained, one William Hooker, a carpenter, injured a plane which he had borrowed from one of his fellow workmen, and offered to replace it by another. This very fair offer was declined, and the owner of the plane insisted that Hooker should pay a fine of 2s. 6d. *for beer*. He refused to comply with this, and a dinner time the whole of the men set upon him, tied his legs, and pulled him up by a pulley to the height of between 12 and 15 feet. A cord was passed under his arms and between his legs, and they allowed him to hang, pulling him at intervals up and down until he called out "BEER," although Hooker had offered to buy a new plane. One held him fast round the body, while another tied his hands behind him: the legs were tied together, a rope with a slip knot placed under the body, and a threat was made that if the 2s. 6d. were not paid, the sum would be raised to 5s. Hooker was unable to remain in the position very long, as the cord was tight, and nearly took away his breath, and he was obliged to scream out "BEER." They then cut him down, and the ill-used man would not pay, and Henwood the proprietor of the plane, took the 2s. 6d. from his hand. The beer was then fetched, Hooker would not touch it, and the next morning all the men made a strike against him, and he lost his job, and had not been able to get another. Very properly the parties concerned in this outrage were brought before the magistrate, and some of them were fined to the extent of 10s.; but in the course of the investigation, Henry, one of the workmen, said, that when a man went into a shop he had to obey certain rules, which were time-honoured, and had descended from their forefathers, and were likely to descend to their children. We hope that Mr. Fosser is wrong in this opinion, and that all well-conducted carpenters will combine in their exertion to put a stop to such proceedings as these, which are disgraceful, and out of harmony with the spirit of the age.—*From the Builder.*

The great question we have to solve is, what life makes of us, not how do we find it.—*Sedgwick.*

Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.
2 TIMOTHY II. 15.

Music of Words.—Listen to the mother talking to her young babe. The comfort is surely not in the words, for the child understands not one of them. It lies, of course, in the *music* of words. It is the mother's tone of voice, her music, which the child understands, and receives into its little troubled heart.

Twelve Dollars Reward for the Man who Invented Sunday.

"ARE YOU CONTENTED?"

AN eccentric wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, upon which was painted the following: "I will give this field to any man who is contented." He soon had an applicant. "Well, sir, are you a contented man?" "Yes, sir, very." "Then what do you want with my field?" said the old gentleman. The applicant did not stop to reply!

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

ONE day during the summer of this year, a dog was observed sitting on a man's clothes, which were lying on the banks of the Mersey, between Jackson's boat and Northenlee, in Lancashire. The faithful creature kept a vigilant watch over the clothes, at the same time looking earnestly on the water, as though longing for its master's return. No man being visible in the river, some passer-by concluded that the owner of the dog had been drowned. They gave an alarm. Inquiries were made, and it was found that the dog and clothes were the property of Mr. Henshaw, of Chester Road, Manchester. On the river being dragged, the body of Mr. Henshaw was found at a little distance from the spot where his faithful dog kept watch over the clothes. Mr. Henshaw had left home early for the purpose of bathing.

THE WIDOW'S LAMP.

SOME years ago, there dwelt a widow in a lonely cottage on the sea-shore. All around her, the coast was rugged and dangerous; and many a time was her heart melted by the sight of wrecked fishing-boats and counting-vessels, and the piteous cries of perishing human beings. A happy thought occurred to her. Her cottage stood on an elevated spot, and her window looked out upon the sea; might she not place her lamp by that window, that it might be a beacon light to warn some poor mariner off the coast? She did so. All her life after, during the winter nights, her lamp burned at the window; and many a poor fisherman had cause to bless God for the widow's lamp; many a crew were saved from perishing.

That widow woman "did what she could;" and if all professing Christians kept *their* lights burning as brightly, might not many be warned to flee from the wrath to come?

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If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness—1 John 1. 9.

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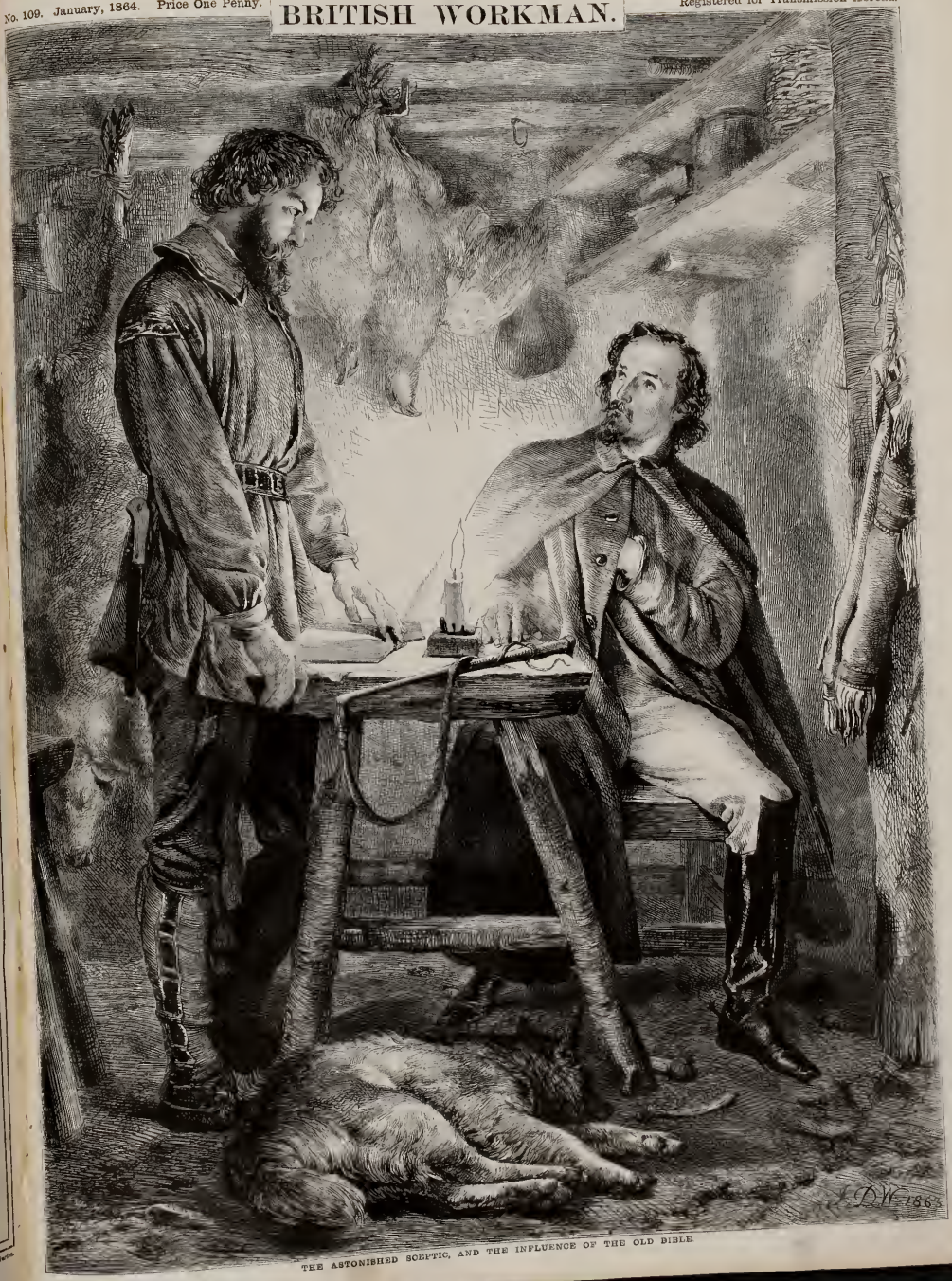

THE ASTONISHED SCEPTIC, AND THE INFLUENCE OF THE OLD BIBLE.

THE ASTONISHED INFIDEL, AND THE POWER OF THE OLD BIBLE.

A VIRGINIAN RANGER, who was the Chairman of a noted Infidel Club, was once travelling, on horseback, through Kentucky, having with him bank-bills of the value of twenty-five thousand pounds. When he came to a lonely forest, where robberies and murders were said to be frequent, he was so soon "lost," through taking a wrong road. The darkness of night came upon him, and he was unable to escape from the threatened danger he knew not. In his alarm, he suddenly espied, in the distance, a dim light, and urging his horse onward, he at length came to a wretched-looking cabin. He knocked, and the door was opened by a woman, who said that her husband was out hunting, but would shortly return, and she was sure he would cheerfully give him shelter for the night. The gentleman tied up his horse, and entered the house, but with feelings which may may be better imagined than described. He, too, was, with a large sum of money, alone, and perhaps in the house of one of those robbers whose name was a terror to the country.

In a short time, the man of the house returned. He had on a deer-skin hunting shirt, a bear-skin cap, seemed much fatigued, and in no talkative mood. All this baded the infidel no good. He felt for his pistols in his pockets, and placed them so as to be ready for instant use. The man asked the stranger to retire to bed, but he declined, saying that he would sit by the fire all night. The man urged, but there he stayed, the more he thought of his danger. He felt assured that she was his last night on earth, but he determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. His infidel principles, now, were of no avail. He leant grew into a perfect agony. What was to be done?

At length the hunter-woman, seeing he was nodding to a wooden shelf, he took down an old book, and said,

"Well, stranger, if you won't go to bed, I will; but it is my custom always to read a chapter of Holy Scripture before I go to bed."

What a change did these words produce! Alarm was at once succeeded by a calm resolve to die. Though growing himself an infidel, he had now confidence in the Bible! He felt *safe*. He felt that the man who kept an old Bible in his house, and read it every night in prayer, was no robber or murderer! He listened to the simple prayer of the good man, at once dismissed all his fears, and he lay down to rest, made calm and sleep as calmly as he did under his father's roof. From that night he ceased to evils the good old Bible. He became a sincere Christian, and ever afterwards ascribed the preservation of his life, and his property, to the fear of God.

THE POWER OF A BURNT BIBLE.

IT was a dull winter's morning; the sky was leaden, the air was damp and cold, and the trees, now quite denuded of their summer clothing, shivered in the wind. All was gold and cheerless without; and it was a day when John Evans' house. He had come down stairs moody and sullen to breakfast. His wife had prepared the fire, and two little ones sat close and still, at the hearth, for John spoke little to any of them, and looked dull and discontented.

What was the matter with him? "Oh! nothing; nothing," he would have said, if you had asked him. But why was he not happy—with his kind, industrious little wife, his healthy children, and his business so far prospering as to give them all a comfortable living? Tom had every thing in this world that could make him happy, but all would not do, for his *mind* was uneasy—he was an *infidel*.

Breakfast was finished; the wife cleared things away, the children were moved to go to school, and John took out his clout, and sat himself cross-legged on the floor, and set to work, with his needle and thimble, for the day.

"How dark it is," he exclaimed, looking out of the window; "I always happens so when I have most to do! What a thwart, dark window this is! I never was in such an unmanlyfied place, and all this work to do!"

"Well, you should be thankful for that, at all events," said his wife timidly. "The Bible teaches us always to be thankful for every thing; for mercies we have do we deserve. I don't think, dear Thomas, you should be so discontented; God has given us a great many blessings which the less unchristian have not."

"Don't talk to me of blessings, and the Bible, and such things, Jane. You know I don't believe in any of them." Jane was silent; her *sorrow* was too deep for words.

The morning passed on, and Tom was not idle at his work. "Ah, there," said he, casting his eye out of the window, "Ah, there's Mr. Lawton, with his tracts and tracts. I fancy she won't come in here again. I think I've pretty well told her my mind about such rubbish and nonsense. The neighbours may be fooled, but I know this, that I won't."

"Miss Lawton," said Jane, "is a very nice young lady, Tom. If you only could see her mind—"

A knock came to the door, Jane opened it, and Miss Lawton appeared. "Well Mrs. Evans," said she, "how are you to day? Can I have a word or two with you?"

"Oh yes, ma'am; pray come in and sit down." Miss Lawton came in, and sat down. Tom looked at her and said, "Good morning," with a sour countenance enough.

"I am going the round of my district," said Miss Lawton, "to look after the wants of my people, and particularly to inquire whether they are well supplied with Bibles."

At the mention of Bibles Tom scowled, and Jane turned pale, for she knew her husband disliked them, and, indeed, he would not allow one to be in his house.

No one spoke, so Miss Lawton said again. "How are you supplied with Bibles in your house, Mrs. Evans?"

Jane was just faltering out an answer, when her husband relieved her by saying gruffly at once, "We haven't no Bible in our house; and I don't mean to have one either."

"No Bible at all!" answered Miss Lawton, "Well, I am sorry to hear this; because I think no house can be really happy without the reading of God's book. But why is it that you have an objection to the Bible, Mr. Evans? I never heard of its doing any one any harm, and I am sure it has done a great many people much good.

"I say what I say," answered Tom. "I haven't a Bible in my house, and don't mean to have one."

"Perhaps," said Miss Lawton, "you don't like to spend money upon one. Now, I will tell you what, Mr. Evans, I don't want you to spend a penny upon what you don't like, but I will make you a present of one. There," said she, putting upon the table a nice little roan Bible, "I will leave this with you; you will take it as a present from me, will you not?"

"Leave it or not as you please, ma'am," answered Tom; "I have said them shall not be a Bible in my house, and there shan't either."

"Well, my friend, I sorry you'll let me leave it?"

"Oh, yes, leave it if you choose; but mind you, you see that fire. As sure as you cross the threshold of my door, that book goes into the fire. I'm a man of my word, and I'll do it."

"Mr. Evans," said Miss Lawton, looking calmly at him, while her wife trembled with emotion, "I *will* leave the book; and you may do with it what you like; but may God yet use that despised book for the salvation of your soul!" And she offered up a silent prayer, that He, in whose hand is all power, might have mercy upon the poor infidel, and use his own Word as his instrument.

Miss Lawton rose up and took her leave. She crossed the threshold, and closed the door. John Evans immediately moved to the table and seized the Bible. "There," said he, holding it out at arm's length, "I'm a man of my word; this book shan't *stay* in my house to be trouble me," and he flung it on the top of the fire.

A column of smoke soon rose from the volume; then the flames came out, and then the wind which blew right down the chimney. Jane went out of the room, silently weeping, to a neighbour's cottage. As she opened the door, a great gust of wind rushed about the burning leaves. The infidel stood over the fire till all appeared to be consumed, and then sat down to his work.

The short day wore on over, and evening stole on. Tom left his work, and desired his wife to light the candle; then they sat over the fire together.

"I fancy, Jane," said Tom, "that our district lady, as she calls herself, didn't expect I would keep my word about that book. Jane, there is a word of my word. I have burnt it, and that's the fitest place for it," pointing to the blackened leaves underneath the grate. "The fire has done its work; I hope it isn't there's a bit here which haven't been touched," and he took up a small piece which had been blown to one side, and so had escaped entire destruction. It was brown, and scarcely said what is had been, but the print seemed to have been burnt out into bolder relief by the action of the fire.

"I did not expect you would burn the book, but I will just see what the fire has left." He took it in his hand, and, holding it up to the candle, read these words,—

"*Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away.*"

These words were not read for Tom Evans without effect. The Spirit of God worked by them. He could not lose remembrance of them. He rested not till he found a Christian church, and there he learnt how God was answered. God was true to his promise, "My word shall not return to me void, but it shall accomplish the thing whereunto I send it."—*Friendly Visitor.*

BIBLE FAITH.

You humble cottager at her own door,
Pillow and bolsters, all her little store,—
Just know, and known no more, her Bible true;
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew.
O happy peasant! O unhappy land!
Hits, the mere tinsel, here, the rich reward.
He praised perhaps for ages yet to come;
She never praised, scarce even wished, for home
He, lost in errors his vain heart prefers;
She, safe in the simplicity of here.

COWPER.

Of most things it may be said, vanity of vanities, all is vanity; but of the Bible it may truly said, verity of verities, all is verity.—DR. ARNOWSMITH.

WHERE DID HE GET THAT LAW?

AN AGED lawyer of great eminence and talents, who, from early life, had imbibed infidel principles, one day met an elder of the Presbyterian church, who was also a lawyer, and said to him, "I wish, you to examine into the truth of the Christian religion. What reasons have you advise me to read on the evidences of Christianity?"

The elder, surprised at the inquiry, replied, "That is a question, sir, which you ought to have settled long ago. You ought not to have put off a subject so important to this late period of life."

"Is it too late?" said the inquirer; "I never knew much about it, but I always supposed that Christianity was rejected by the great majority of learned men. I intend, however, now to examine the subject thoroughly myself. I have upon me, as my physician says, a mortal disease, under which I may live a year and a half or two years, but not probably longer. *What books, sir,* would you advise me to read?"

"The Bible," said the elder.

"I believe you don't understand me," resumed the unbeliever, surprised in his turn; "I wish to investigate *the truth of the Bible.*"

"I would advise you, sir," repeated the elder, "to read the Bible. And I will give

you my reasons. Most infidels are very ignorant of the Scriptures. Now to reason on any subject with correctness, we must know what it is about which we reason. In the next place, I consider the internal evidence of the truth of the Sacred Scriptures stronger than the external evidence."

"And where shall I begin my investigation? I inquired the unbeliever.

"At the New Testament?"

"No," replied the elder; "begin at the beginning—at Genesis."

The infidel bought a commentary, went home, and sat down to the serious study of the Scriptures. He applied all his strong and well-disciplined powers of mind to the Bible, to try rightly but impartially its truth.

As he went on in his perusal, he received occasional calls from the elder. The infidel freely remarked upon what he had read, and stated his objections. He liked this passage—he thought that teaching and beautiful—but he could not credit a third.

One evening the elder called, and found the unbeliever walking the room with a dejected look, his mind apparently absorbed in thought. He continued, not noticing his friend, but came in, busily to trace and retrace his steps. The elder at length spoke:

"You seem, sir, to be in a brown study. Of what are you thinking?"

"I have been reading," replied the infidel, "the moral law."

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked the elder.

"I tell you what I used to think," answered the infidel. "I supposed that Moses was the leader of a horde of banditti; that having a great mind, he had acquired an ascendency over a superstitious people; and that on Mount Sinai he played off some sort of fireworks, to the amazement of his ignorant followers, and that this was the origin of his pretended revelation, in their mingled fear and superstition, that the exhibition was supernatural."

"But what do you think *now?*" interposed the elder.

"I have studied the Decalogue, carefully, into the *nature* of that law. I have been trying to see whether I can add anything to it, or take anything from it, so as to make it better. I tell you it is perfect."

"The first commandment," continued he, "directs us to make the Creator the object of our supreme love and reverence. That is right. It is fit that the Creator, Preserver, and Supreme Benefactor, we ought to treat Him, and *none other*, as such. The second forbids idolatry. That certainly is right. It forbids infidelity, the greatest idolatry, the first of all idolatries. The fourth fixes a time for religious worship; and if there be a God, he ought surely to be worshipped. It is reasonable that there should be a stated worship, sufficient of our inward regard. If God be worshipped, it is proper that some *time* should be set apart for that purpose, when all may worship together without interruption. One day in seven is certainly not too much, and I do not know that it is too little. The fifth defines the peculiar duties arising from relationship. Injuries to our neighbour are then *classified* by the moral law. They are divided into offences against life, chastity, property, and character. The sixth, by applying a legal idea with legal sentences, "I notice that the greatest offence in each class is expressly forbidden. Thus the commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill,' implies, murder; in property, theft; in character, perjury. Now the greater offence must include the less of the same kind. Murder must include every injury to life; perjury must include injury to purity, and so of the rest. And the moral code is closed and perfected by a command forbidding every improper desire, and every improper feeling.

"I have been thinking," he proceeded "where did Moses get that law? I have read history: the Egyptians were the most ancient nation, next to them were the Greeks and Romans; and the wisest and best Greeks or Romans never gave a code of morals like this. Where did Moses get this law, which surpasses the wisdom and philosophy of the most enlightened age? He lived at a period comparatively barbarous, but he has given a law in which the learning and sagacity of all subsequent time can detect no flaw. Where did he get it? He could not have soared so far above his age as to have devised it himself. I am satisfied where he obtained it. It came down from heaven. I am convinced of the truth of the religion of the Bible."

The infidel,—infidel no longer—remained to his death a firm believer in the truth of Christianity.—*Arvine.*

RESPONSIBILITY OF PUBLIC MEN.

MR. VAN BEUREN, formerly President of the United States, was a lower class whilst he was living at his house in Canton, New York, and had made up his mind to leave on the Sabbath. Mr. Wright, although not a professor of religion, urged him to remain and observe the Sabbath and attend church with him, adding, "Men in your station ought to set a better example than to travel on the Sabbath."

LORD BYRON.

A YEAR or two before the death of this distinguished poet, John Sheppard, Esq., of Bath, wrote to him, saying, that among the papers left by Mrs. S., who had died about two years before, he had found a prayer which she had composed on his behalf, that he might be forwarded to his lordship; who, in reply, bore this striking testimony to the happiness of true Christians. "Indisputably," said his lordship, "the firm believers in the Gospel have a great advantage over all others, for the simple reason, that it true, they will have their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can at worst, be but on a level with the infidel in any temporal sense, having had the assistance of an exalted hope through life, without subsequent disappointment, since, if they were for them, 'out of nothing, nothing can arise, not even sorrow.'"

MONSIEUR BAUTAIN.

M. L. BAUTAIN, a professor of philosophy at Strasburg, has furnished the following account of the power of the Scriptures on his heart:—"A single book has saved me; but that book is not of human origin. Long had I despised it; long had I denied it a class book for the credulous and the ignorant; until, having investigated the Gospel of Christ, with an ardent desire to ascertain its truth or falsity, its pages proffered to my inquiries the sublimest knowledge of man and nature, and the simplest and at the same time, the most consistent system of moral ethics. Faith, hope, and charity were enkindled in my bosom; and every advancing step strengthened me in the conviction, that the morals of this book are superior to human morals, as its oracles are superior to human opinions."

THOSE that will not return to the duties they have neglected, cannot expect to return to the comforts they have lost.

> The law of Thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver.
>
> KING DAVID.

> Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee.
>
> KING DAVID.

TO OUR READERS.

DURING the past year, we have had many encouraging tokens that our little paper has been blessed in visiting. The thanks of Soldiers, Sailors, Workingmen, and others, thank God, and take courage.

In commencing the TENTH YEAR of our labours, we beg to ask our friends to kindly aid us in still further extending the circulation. There are yet many parishes and districts where the *British Workman* is seldom seen.

THE QUEEN *v.* TOBACCO.

TOBACCO for smoking purposes within the precincts of Windsor Castle has been prohibited by the express command of her Majesty the Queen. Costly vases, finely framed and glazed, requesting that gentlemen will not smoke in the Castle, have been placed in the private rooms of the Lords in Waiting and Equerries of the Royal suite, and even in the rooms of the York Tower, which are being fitted up for the Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The servants and workmen of the Castle are also prohibited from smoking within the Castle, by command of Her Majesty.

PLANT-GROWING FOR THE POOR.

THE cultivation of plants in the houses of the poor is one of the most beneficial things which has been devised. The love of flowers has undoubtedly been implanted by God in the human heart, and it is particularly struck by the following remark of Lord Bacon:—"A garden is the purest of human pleasures. God Almighty first planted a garden. And, indeed, it is the proper delight of the mind, and tends to purify the pursuits, and elevate the love, however small, but may have one or more growing on the windowsill. I saw, many years ago, with a gentleman, who spent thousands of pounds in a magnificent glasshouse. He kept a Dutch gardener, as they were considered more clever at that time, and he once said to me, "I do all I can to make my gardener happy, but am always beaten by the cottagers; for each one takes a pride in his little garden, and the whole attention of his family; the plant, like a child, is watched from the seed, and grows to a perfection to which I cannot attain."—*Hibbert's Gardener's Magazine.*

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.

THOUSANDS of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; and none was blessed by them; none could point to them as the instrument of his happiness; not a single tear they wrote, not a word that they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the grass of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that shall not perish from memory. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you need not perish from the world. No, your name—your deeds—will be as legible in the hearts of those you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth, as the stars of heaven.

DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

I HAVE faith in labour, and I see the goodness of God in placing me in this world where labour alone can keep me alive. I would not change, if I could, our subjection to physical laws, our exposure to hunger and cold, and the necessity of our contact with the material world. I would not, if I could, so temper the elements that they should make vegetation so exuberant as to anticipate every want, and the minerals so docile as to offer no resistance to our strength or skill. Such a world would make a contemptible race. Man owes his growth, both energy, chiefly to that stirring of the will, that conflict with difficulty, which we call *effort*. Easy, pleasant work does not make robust minds, does not give and such a consciousness of their powers, does not train to endurance, to strong force of character, and to that force without which all other acquisitions avail nothing.—*Channing.*

DEAL GENTLY WITH THE ERRING.

THE man possesses an extremely growelling mind who upon a fellow-creature, who has a tender heart, instead of denouncing as a consummate scoundrel one who has erred, will throw around him the mantle of charity and gently lead back the erring one to the path of duty and to God. We are not our own keepers. Who knows when we shall so far forget ourselves as to put forth upon a fellow-creature, the hand which is his saviour path. But, if we should fall, where would be the end of our course; if in every face we see a frown, and in every frown we read vengeance, deeper and more rapid we should descend in the path of infamy; when, if a different spirit were manifested towards us, we might have said our career of sin and died an honest and upright man. Deal gently with those who have gone down, have their back bare and persecution. A kind word is more valuable than a mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, lest you should be thrust into the confines of the grave an erring and unfortunate brother.

IGNORANCE is a blank sheet on which we may write, but error is a scribbled one, which we must first erase.

BENEFITS OF LIGHT.

SIR JAMES WYLIE, a distinguished physician, while in Russia, discovered that four times as many patients in the Hospital of St. Petersburg died with wood in the room properly lighted, as those who were confined in dark rooms. This led to a reform in lighting the hospitals in Russia, which was followed by the most beneficial results. It has been found in cities visited by the cholera, that the greatest number of deaths have occurred in narrow streets, and on the sides of those having a northern exposure. The sunbeam is necessary to the slopes of mountains are better developed and more healthy than those of the northern, and those who live in secluded valleys are often subject to peculiar diseases or deformities.

COVERN BY LOVE.

We particularly recommend the subjoined extract to all who have at heart the good of their children, and who wish to make their happy.

"We have not half confidence enough in the power of love to discern thoroughly, and reclaim the vicious. The fault begins in our families. We do not seek enough to link begins in our families. We do not seek enough to link bear with each other's faults. We mistake our selfish impatience of such other's foibles or faults, for righteous indignation at wrong; and our obstinacy and pride which would conform all others to our standard, for the firmness of principle and fidelity to duty. We do not seek enough in our own home, to call forth the better qualities in each other's hearts. The faults of our friends, are often the reflection of our own weakness or errors. Our carelessness causes their petulance, our jealousy their suspicious, our selfishness their grief, our injustice their danger. So likewise it is with our children. We do not love them enough to make sacrifices in little things. We love them enough to make sacrifices in great things, but do not teach them in disinterestedness, by our example, to give up our taste for them. We indulge ourselfs, and the quickest way of correcting a misconduct, which shocks our nerves, or disturbs, or interrupts our occupation, is resorted to.

"Oh! how quickly parents lose the confidence of their children, never to be regained,—by injustice, selfishness and absence of love! Children, who have lost faith in the love of its parents: if the son and daughter only love, and love tenderly, truly enough how much less problems of life that they should wonder the erring, should not be speedily continued. This is the grand rule in domestic education—love! Give your children a genial home atmosphere in which to grow and develop. Bear with their faults, which are frequently the beginning of their best excellencies—in patience, wait upon the growth of their excellencies. Do not quench the spirit of truth, of beauty, of love in them, by your harsh violence.

Live as near God, as you can, and trust your children, father to the genial influences of the atmosphere you create, than to your worldly-wise precepts and corrections, and to the pruning-knife of your standard of right and propriety.

Throw them on their own tender consciences, and do not substitute in their minds artificial sins for real ones; and vex, if at all, on the side of indulgence. Obedience, not to God, but to the arbitrary will of a parent, is often procured at the expense of a thousand sacrifices of the heart, and the starvation of the soul, and make the broken-spirited, suspicious and cold-hearted man or woman. Deal with your children as God deals with His children. Do not meet their errors, their backsliding, with your own or their obstinacy, with willfulness still greater; "Overcome evil with good."

Do what good you can.—I see in this world two hoops of human happiness lying on one heap, and add to them the smallest bit from one hoop, and add to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, I find a child dropped a halfpenny, and if I pick it up to another, I can wipe away its tears. I feel I have done something; I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but, meanwhile, I will not neglect this.—*Rev. John Newton.*

THE BOOK.

(THE BIBLE).

This Book—this holy book—on every line
Mark'd with the seal of high divinity;
On every leaf believ'd with pangs of love
Divine,—and with the eternal hewitry,
And signature of God Almighty stamped,
From first to last—this my of sacred light,
This lamp from all of the eternal throne,
Mercy brought down: and in the night of time
Stands, casting on the dark to grope its bone,
And evermore beaconing men, with tears
And earnest sights, to read,—believe,—and live.

The wise man, says the Bible, walks with God—
Surveys, far off, the endless line of life:
Values his soul—thinks of eternity—
Both worlds considers, and provides for both:
Knows exactly his passions guards: abstains
With reason's eye from the forbidden fruit
From evil; lives on hope—and hope has fruit
Of faith: looks upward; purifies his soul,—
Expands his wings, and mounts into the sky:
Passes the sun, and gains his Father's home,
And drinks with angels from the fount of bliss.

POLLOK.

THE BIBLE is useful to all sorts of persons; a *worldling* should often read Ecclesiastes; a *decent person*, the Proverbs; a *distressed person*, Job; a *penitent*, Timothy and Titus; a *backslider*, the Psalms; a *libertine*, Peter and Titus; a *backslider*, the Psalms; a *libertine*, Peter, James, and Jude; a man that would *study providence*, Esther; and those who are engaged in *great undertakings*, Nehemiah.—RUSSELL.

THE WRONGS OF CHILDREN—No. 2.

THERE is a well-known story of a noble Roman lady who, being asked to show her jewels, presented her children as the most precious of all her jewels. And this saying of the truehearted mother has come down through two thousand years, and is one of those heart-stirrings "that roll on for ever," never losing force; because of the tenderness and truth that is in them.

Children are the choicest treasures of the home. How they bring love into the dwelling, and call out feelings that make their parents better for their presence! Something to watch over—to tend—to provide for; breaks down selfishness, softens the hardness of the human heart. Many a man and woman who have been careless, and thoughtless, and severe, before they became parents, have had all their better qualities called forth by their mutual love for their offspring.

Every little child is a living message sent from God—the source of all love. He speaks through it, as by a voice of infancy, and says, "Take this child, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

Children are the choicest treasures of the State. They are not only a possession—but a hope. The future greatness of a land must depend on what the present care of children become. To care for the welfare of childhood then, is to regard the richest jewels of the nation. Neglect in this particular is sure to be followed by injury to the community. In a free country like British, the influence of the homes of the land comprehends to a great extent both the customs and the power of the nation. The family bond which regards the father as head of the household; and makes his house—even if only a mud-walled cottage, or a rough room—sacred," his castle"—distinctly recognizes the right and duty of the parent to maintain, teach, and provide for the child. Very hard, in some poor homes, it is to do this duty. Where there "are few to work and many to feed," the hand of the child is indeed heavy. All honour to the industrious honest man who toils day by day—from morning to night—summer and winter, to keep a home for his little ones. What grateful love should glow in the hearts of his children! What kindness, courtesy, and industry, ought to be shown by his wife! Where there is right feeling in the family—the poor man's home will often be the abode of the very tendcrest and most delightful feelings. Parents and children will be bound together by and by stronger, that the strain of life is so great, and their mutual dependence so complete.

In our land no power of State can enter the poorest dwelling, and take away one of the children, or compel the father to set them to any employment, or pursuit, that he does not approve of. In Prussia, throughout the land where, for a time trifle, the children can be well instructed by competent teachers, who have learned the best systems of training and teaching, they from the age of infancy that they are able to work for their living. In the founding of these schools the nation has come to the help of the poorer members of the country. So that it cannot be said that they have been unmindful of their duty to the poorer classes. No greater blessing can be conferred than that of putting the means of education within the reach of all.

Readers of the *British Workman* know that what is done for the people, is not always as valuable as what is done by them for themselves. Just so according to the old proverb, "A child may lead a horse to water, but an army cannot make him drink." And there were a school in every cottage, unless parents value their children's real interests they cannot be induced to let them have instruction.

What is the common complaint of every teacher throughout the land?—It is this: "The children are taken away either before they have learned anything, or just as they are beginning to make progress that would benefit them for life."

Can it be true that the great hinderers of the work of instruction, are—

PARENTS?

Why are the children thus taken away from school, or prevented from going there? Because they are set to work as soon as they can possibly earn any trifle of money. They are set to work at any kind of trade, no matter how unhealthy, or how long the hours of toil.

These are serious statements:—and they are made in deep sorrow:—but they are true.

What is the excuse for this state of things?—an excuse not up not so much as a plea, but a justification from which there can be no appeal—poverty.

God forbid that this poverty and there should be one word offensive to honest, industrious, frugal poverty. Such poverty commands all sympathy and reverence. The Lord of Life and Glory, when He came in fashion as a man, and dwelt among us, chose poverty as His condition that none of His true disciples through all time, should dare to despise, or to neglect, the poor poor. But poverty is not honest or virtuous when it is produced or increased by idleness, or by waste. It small earnings are made smaller by bad habits, if the money earned, made, and wrung out of sweaty the week's wages, they sin against themselves, their children, and their God.

There are thousands of clerks, and teachers, who earn no more than the labouring classes,—and very much less than skilled mechanics,—and yet they manage to keep their children at school for a proper number of years, and when they put them out to get their living, the children are able to work. And among all the thousands of little ones who are working in factories, or foundries, or in other wholesome manufactures, it would be difficult to find the young children of this class whose parents, being yet alive, had ever been at such employments.

The poverty that tries to hide itself—that strives to the end rays rather than to show them, is known to be the very bitterest kind of poverty. And yet this large class is the most capable, but poorest poor, contrive to keep a childhood for their little ones.

It has been lately proved, by the most careful inquiry throughout the kingdom, that there are 17,776 children and young people employed in unhealthy trades, viz., Potteries; Lucifer-match Making; Percussion-cap Manufactories; Lace-making; Fustian Cutting. Above 17 years of age, Paper Staining; Fustian Cutting. Above 17 years of age, Paper Staining; Fustian Cutting. Above 17 years of age, Paper Staining

"TOUCH HIM IF YOU DARE."

COMICAL DOGS.

In the life of that remarkable man, Samuel Drew, of Cornwall, an amusing account is given of two dogs belonging to his family. He states:—"Our dairy was under a room which was used as a barn, into which the fowls found their way, and, in scratching among the chaff, scattered dust on the pans below, to the great annoyance of my mother-in-law. In this a favourite cock of hers was the chief transgressor. One day, in harvest, she went into the dairy, followed by our little dog; and finding dust again on the milk-pans, she exclaimed, 'I wish that cock was dead!' Not long after, she being with us in the harvest-field, we observed the little dog dragging along the cock, just killed, which, with an air of triumph, he laid at my mother-in-law's feet. She was dreadfully exasperated at the literal fulfilment of her hastily-uttered wish, and snatching a stick from the hedge, attempted to give the dog a beating. The dog seeing the reception he was likely to meet with, where he evidently expected marks of approbation, left the bird, and ran off; she brandishing the stick, and saying in a loud and angry tone, 'I'll pay thee for this by-and-by!' To the evening she was about to put her threat into execution, when she found the little dog established in a corner of the room, and the large dog standing over it. Endeavouring to fulfil her intention, by first driving off the large dog, he gave her plainly to understand that he was not at all disposed to relinquish his post. She then sought to get at the small dog behind the other; but the threatening gesture and fierce growl of the large one apparently proclaimed, 'Touch him if you dare,' and sufficiently indicated that the attempt would not be a little perilous. The result was that she abandoned her design."
From Our Dumb Companions, by *Rev. T. Jackson, M.A.*

THE EYES.

That fine part of our constitution, the *eye*, seems as much the receptacle and seat of our passions, appetites, and inclinations, as the mind itself: and at least it is the outward portal to introduce them to the house within, or rather the common thoroughfare to let our affections pass in and out. Love, anger, pride, and envy, all visibly move in those little orbs.—*Spectator.*

A *beautiful* eye makes silence eloquent; a *kind* eye makes contradiction an assent; an *enraged* eye makes beauty deformed.—*Addison.*

The eyes of the lofty shall be humbled.—Isaiah v. 15.

A MODEL RAILWAY COMPANY.

The Stockton and Darlington Railway Company, which was in the van of railway enterprises—being established by the combined energy and foresight of the late George Stephenson and Edward Pease—held its last meeting as an independent company recently at Darlington. It forms now merely a section of the North-Eastern system. Mr Pease, M.P., at the meeting, congratulated the shareholders on their unexceptionable and gratifying position as a company. They had been in existence thirty-eight years, and yet had not killed a single passenger, nor run a Sunday excursion train over all that period. They began with only £100,000 capital; they were now handing over to the North-Eastern £4,000,000.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.
Matthew v. 16.

A PUDDLER'S HINT.

A puddler writes us from Pensall, as follows:—"I put about three table-spoonfuls of oatmeal into three quarts of water, and keep it in a stone bottle, near me at my work. I shake it up when about to drink. It serves me and my boy during the day or night, as we may be at work. Sometimes, in the hot weather, our masters kindly give the men some oatmeal, and we procure a large tub and mix it to our liking. Some of our iron-works are badly supplied with water. It would be the means of keeping many men from the public-house, if masters would provide a good supply of pure water in the works."

THIN SHOES.

A tombstone somewhere in New Jersey bears the following significant epitaph: "Died of thin shoes, January, 1859." If the truth were always spoken, there would be many epitaphs of that description.

THE BREAD LOAF.

Thank God, my friend, for a good bread loaf this hard winter. You cite "*in work,*" and can provide for your family; but remember that there are tens of thousands of your fellow-countrymen who are "out of work," or on "short time." Not only pity them, but come in the place of your loaf for them. Hard times may come to you. Sickness, or an accident may in a moment lay you aside. Live *within* your weekly income, and put a little into the Savings' Bank weekly. Again I say, "Thank God for a good bread loaf this winter, and give a slice to the poor." Uncle John.

Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.
Luke vi. 37.

THE AUCTION SALE.

In a stranger had passed, the other day, through a village in the West Riding of Yorkshire, he would have seen a crowd gathered in front of one of the houses listening to the loquaciousness of an auctioneer, as with hammer in hand, he knocked down to the highest bidder the "valuable household furniture and other effects," and if the stranger had mingled in the crowd, he would, doubtless, have heard much sympathy expressed towards the mistress of the house, and her three little children, who, at the close of the sale, would be deprived of their home. It may be asked, were these children fatherless, and their mother a widow, and was death the cause of this sad havoc in their home? The answer to both these questions must be in the negative. The whole scene was a fulfilment of the words of the wise man, "The drunkard shall come to poverty." At the time to which the above remarks refer, he whom their children called father, was confined within the walls of a cell, in one of the county gaols, reflecting, it is to be hoped, and feeling sorrow for the past, as well as forming resolutions for a more sober and godly life in the future. Succeeding, at his father's death, to an old-established business, few men in his trade have possessed such rare opportunities for earning a comfortable livelihood; but notwithstanding the advice and warnings of friends, for several years he has more or less indulged an appetite for intoxicating liquors, till, at last, whilst under the influence of these liquors, he committed the cowardly act upon her whom he had promised to "love and cherish," for which the law compels him to suffer. No sooner had he been placed under arrest, than the creditors made their demand for long-standing debts, to meet which, the auctioneer's hammer was obliged to be wielded over his household furniture. While expressing a hope that he may leave his present gloomy abode a better man, we would ask the reader, Are not these painful facts a fearful proof that the Apostle's words come true in the present world, as most certainly they will in the next, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap?"

HOW TOM BURTON GOT ON

What country in the world is there like Old England where working-men may get on if they will? The history of Tom Burton* is a pleasing illustration. Instead of spending his dinner-hours in the public-house, drinking and smoking with his shopmates, he employed himself in reading and improving his mind. He became fond of mathematics and geometry. One day his master passed through the shop, when Tom was busy working out one of Euclid's problems. Tom was so absorbed with his book and chalk-board, that he did not observe his master for some time. At length Mr. Shepherd spoke a few words of commendation. He afterwards went for Tom into the counting-house, and offered to lend him books out of his library. Tom was truly grateful for this help. He rose, step by step, until he became a master-builder himself, and *now*, some of his drinking shopmates are amongst his working-men! May the Tom Burtons of our land be increased in number.

TOM BURTON SOLVING THE PROBLEM.

* Tom Burton; or, the Better Way By the Author of "A Working Man's Way in the World." 3 Illustrations, cl., 1s. Partridge.

WRITE IT IN GOLD.

"The great comprehensive truths," says President Quincy, "written in letters of living light on every page of our history, are these: Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom, none but virtue; virtue, none but knowledge; and neither freedom, nor virtue, nor any vigour or immortal hope, except in the principles of Christian faith, and in the sanctions of the Christian religion."

CANVASSING COMMITTEES.

Our best thanks are due to the Committees of Workingmen who, during the last year, have laboured so energetically (without fee or reward) to extend the circulation of the "British Workman." We hope that they will continue their efforts, and that their example will be followed in many other places. A few hundred Committees of working-men (like the one at Burnham) would soon double our present circulation. Directions for forming Committees may be had on application, by letter, to the Editor, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.

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THE HEAVIEST TAXES.

The taxes are indeed heavy, said Dr. Franklin on one occasion, and it is hard on us by the government were the *only* ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing any abatement!

TWENTY-EIGHT SUGGESTIONS.

We beg again to express our warmest thanks to the friends who have materially aided in extending our circulation, by enclosing in their letters copies of the "Suggestions for increasing the circulation of the *British Workman.*" If all our readers who carry on an extensive correspondence would lend a helping hand in this matter, our circulation might soon be doubled. There are thousands of working-men's homes in England where our little paper is *never* seen. A supply of the "Suggestions" may be had, post-free, on application, by letter, to the Editor, 9, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.

☞ *A Catalogue of* Illustrated Books, *suitable for Working-men's Reading-rooms; Village Libraries; New Year and Birthday Gifts, School Prizes, &c., may be had by forwarding a postage-stamp to S. W. Partridge, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

THE SHEET ALMANAC.

A friend writes:—"I have been much gratified by the result of visits that I have paid to *Lodging-houses,* and the homes of working-men, to ask the *acceptance* by the occupants of a 'British Workman's Almanac.' With a few wafers (or tacks) that I have taken in my pocket, I have fastened the Almanac on the walls. What have been the thanks that I have received."

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THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

Registered for Transmission Abroad.

REDUCED TO THE RANKS.

REDUCED TO THE RANKS.

"Drunk when Orderly Sergeant over the Canteen."

He who was posted there to prevent the drunkenness of others, and who, six years ago, wrote that joyous letter to his father—which his father will never read again—except in sorrow! You can see the lines on a face, which, left with many a secret debauch, you can tell by the rigid muscles of the header how overwhelming is the sense of shame, and complete the contrast of the loss—of comrades with whom he has sat at the same table, and of the esteem that he had won from his officers in the day of his self-governed youth. Which of as is safe from the power of this wiliest of tempters, who offers the glass with a smile of friendship, and repeats the offer till the senses of the taper are confounded, and the fear of triumphant treachery, and threat of irresistible tyranny reveal to self-conscious the fact that he is a *Drunkard!*

Ah, happy morning when he wrote that letter! Ah, happier morning, still—how often did his thoughts recur to it before retrospection had been changed into sin,—when they received it at his father's cottage. "Our boy is a Sergeant, Sir"—his mother had told the Clergyman who dropped in to see them, and it was with joyful thanks for dinner—for there were smiles on all their faces, father, mother and sister—all were so glad and happy, the Minister could not but, in some sort, share their happiness.

And his father, when the dinner was over, took his staff and went forth to walk. And ten-time during the kettle sang out, it was boiling, and the toast was heaped up in piles; and the eggs were ready for frying; and the bacon had cut—what! Sunday morning! Sunday times?—and the girls were beginning to wonder that the old man was staying so long; when the sound of feet was on the mat, and the friend of the family came with the head of the family, and hearty and repeated were the congratulations between the two retired old soldiers.

"Sweetheart, and a Sergeant! Thy daughter Mary is certain as sunrise, and very likely he'll be an officer before he's thirty years old!" And that night the old man, before sleeping, prayed earnestly for blessings, and hope might prove true;—but added, so audibly as to awaken his wife—"THY will be done, not mine."

Had it not been well? Had it not been well, then, when he went home on furlough? Was not the hope repeated that bright cold wintry morning, when nothing summed him at sunset, but his sense of manhood? Was not the letters he wrote too? Cheering them with regimental gossip; and better still—it was to cheer his sister,—cheering them with gifts from the Savings' Bank, of which he kept £30—though still he sent them from time to time a portion of his pay; drought there, or rain, Would he not be married soon, then? had now begun to think? How happy would they be if he should bring her home to them some day!

Oh woeful, woeful morning! Long it is since they have heard from him—longer still since any gift of money has come. Long it is since that letter was sent on, perhaps;—and the corps may have gone up the country where the poets are so far between, and so irregular.

"Give it here!" said the Sergeant, with a frowning and tantalizing the family. "Give it up, give it up," all of them cried together; and the eyes of the merry postman rolled with pleasure as he the yielded the letter. "It's for you, father," said the married sister, who was spending the New Year's Day with them. "Dear, and they have had of it, to be sure! I should think so," his father was dead and gone, and his mother had left the roof-tree to inform there no more.

When is it, father? "—I'll read it, John, what's happened?"—There was now in India then—"*Dead!* father! *Dead!*"—No, girl—no, nor dead." "*Then* true—you'd better tell—said the old man." And the old man, rising from his chair at the breakfast table, and relaxing to give up the letter. "Oh, John, John, what is it? Tell us, tell us, my man—I can't abear suspense—"

"*I'll tell ye, I'll tell ye*, when I CAN," he cried, stamping now in the excitement of grief. Speechless, they listened. "He's lost!" (he did mean dead, he did, he, but he could not manage the words, and he tried as it again)—"He's lost!"

"Never mind it, John, think, it's so long ago," said the dame, brightening up, as women will with thoughts of comfort for men. "He's recovered now, John. We'll be prouder of him though he *has* lost it—*the wound's healed up by this time?*"

There was comfort on every brow but the father's, and it seemed in sorrow, for that he was thus made to mourn there. He stood up erect, as when he was the tallest of the Grenadier Company. For a moment even he seemed firm and composed. But it was to be long ere he spoke those words. His tongue would not say them, and he sunk back in his chair, the tears coursing down both cheeks, both hands clasped, and a low moan of grief, that burst forth in convulsive sobs. The open letter lay on the floor, and the mother lifted it up. Not a word was spoken. All read it for themselves; no one repeated its contents. Every face was blank. The old man went out; the dame turned mechanically to household business. When occupied thus, she was happy; and they wept on all day. No lips uttered the merry name, no face beamed with the hopeful thought—"A happy New Year." All fell, but none said—"REDUCED TO THE RANKS!"

TOM JONES.

What he was—what he might have been

Tom's home was Herefordshire; and in speaking of what he was, it would be necessary, like all photographic artists, to take the portrait at some distance off. This time shall be when he was thirty years of age. In fact he was dwarfish; and a hump on his back increased his deformity. Tom was not a bad-looking chalkers, being large enough for a man twice his bulk and height. Under shaggy eyebrows, there were two deep-set black eyes, whose piercing look made the village children stare tremblingly by on the other side of the road. His thin compressed lips were strangers to a smile; while deep cut lines on his face, chiselled there by constant and bitter repining, threw up a set of features, further removed from the beautiful, than is ordinarily seen. He had rags for his clothing, a stool for his seat, a broken box for a table, fish for his flooring, a bag of shavings for his bed, coarse fare, and little of it, for his subsistence, and a drunken woman for his mother. The door of his hut was hanging on one hinge. The windows were dotted with rags, paper, and bunches of straw. Portions of the thatch on the roof had disappeared; while the ruins of an old cupboard, and a fire-grate, minus two of its bars, completed the prize which, if destitute of beauty, has the merit of being truthful.

There are spots where you see nothing but sterility, the green meadows, no enhanced growth, no trees with luxuriant foliage, no song of birds, no noise of cattle, nor any footprints of man, are discernible, for miles. We investigate the cause, and discover, as in the history of Elisha, the barreness results from a spring in the neighborhood, whose waters are poisonous. Looking at the poor creature, and at his surroundings, so barren of physical comfort and social enjoyment, one is enticed to inquire of a neighbour or two as to the cause of all this misery. Passing through a drunken mother is a fact quite sufficient to point out the poisonous fountain which has produced the barrenness. Tom's home, when he came awakened, we like to trace the history of that stream, and mark on his banks the different stages of its pernicious influence.

Tom's father kept the village general shop; but dying before Tom was born, the business was left to the mother, who at that time was considered a respectable person. Mrs. Jones was not deficient in sense and good business habits. The shop was small, but well-stocked; and on the death of her husband, she before proposed a genteel position to assist the widow by purchasing of her, rather than go to the adjoining market-town; so the charming of success was soon in the hands of the young widow, whose good looks and pleasing manners aided interest to the widow's cap.

For a number of two after Tom's birth, everything looked hopeful to the outsider; but soon after this, the villagers whispered to each other, that there was some a little too fond of the bottle. At first, the more charitable condemned these insinuations, as idle gossip, and wicked slander; but the fact was, that the whispered reports; until, at length, conscious that her innocence was known, she so far lost self-respect, as to make no attempt to conceal the habit she had practised, even before her marriage, secretly.

A ball may lie a long time on a flat surface; but if it is pushed over the edge of a hill, it will roll, and be rapid, and its rapidity will increase as it sinks. It was thus with Tom's mother; and a few troubles were all that were needed to lower her in the eyes of her friends, and in her own eyes too.

By this time, little Tom was ten months old. Everyone who saw the child, was astonished at the change were struck by the intelligence of his eye, the straightness of his limbs, and the clearness of his complexion. Tenderness and sympathy were the feelings of every one; and it seemed to all the child; until one morning, the entire village was aroused from its ordinary quiet, by the report, that the woman Jones had disappeared, and that the outer the shop was shut last night, and falling down stairs, with Tom in her arms, had broken both his legs. Poor little fellow! That accounts for the crutches he was always afterwards obliged to use.

Early the next year, in consequence of the young widow's intemperate habits, the shop was sold to the business; which she did to another widow, named Johnstone, for £80. For a week or so, this alteration of circumstances produced a marked change in the mother; and some even ventured to hope that she might pass a comfortable livelihood at her needle, as it was still known she had been brought up to the business. But, alas! she was married, and many of the country around, were willing to help her, out of the respect they entertained for her deceased husband. But her intemperate habits must hope, when the thing hoped for is the sobriety of a poor drunken woman! If it is hard for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, it is far harder to enter into the kingdom of heaven, or for an intemperate man to be reclaimed; it seems, even a harder thing, if possible, for a woman to be reclaimed. Tom's mother was married, when once she has unhappily fallen into the dreadful abyss.

The reformation of Tom's mother was but transient; and the next thing we find is, that the child crippled in his legs, in deprived of the use of his arms by a severe attack of rheumatism, brought on by a fit of drunkenness, in which the wretched mother, with her infant, lay all night in a country lane, exposed for hours to the winter's cold and rain.

Year after year passed over the intemperate mother and unfortunate child, declining only physical and moral evil, degree after degree, the mother's intemperate habits of this wretched kind of existence, Tom and his mother presented the dark picture already sketched.

Of course, with the mother, Tom's education was entirely neglected. He had managed, however, to learn to read a little; but according to his account, until the age of twenty-one, he had never heard of the Saviour's redemption against God, to whom he attributed injuries to his afflicting him, and whose name, in consequence, he never accepted blasphemy. Tom was never a profane swearer, than Tom, the dwarf and cripple, never existed. His spiteful feelings against Providence, marked their bitterness in a manner, and for their bitterness of expression, might have been handsome; but such was no one ever passed the miserable hut of the drunken mother, and saw the cripple with his crutches at the open door, without an involuntary shudder.

Shortly after the age of thirty, spiritual light dawned on the mind of Tom, and he felt as the love of Jesus became clearer and clearer to his enlightened perceptions, sweet peace soothed his troubled spirit, and helped him to endure patiently, what, otherwise, could not remedy. He died at the age of thirty-eight.

This is what Tom was. Now see, what he *might* have been.

Not long since in one of the large manufacturing towns of the North, a public meeting was held, for the elevation of the working classes. The green hall was crowded long before the time of commencement, with intelligent operatives, with a fair sprinkling of wealthy employers. The gentlemen who were appointed to occupy the chair, was evidently very popular, and on rising to address the meeting, he was greeted with a most enthusiastic burst of applause. The cheering was so long, so vast assembly waiting for the cheering to cease, one could not hear that the square forehead, brilliant eye, Roman nose, well-curved lips, their hair and whiskers, gentlemanly, but not flashy clothes, indicated a soul earnest, practical, sympathetic, and benevolent.

"In the honour you have done me to-night," said he, "I cannot but feel proud." (Cheers.) "Having arisen myself from the working-classes, I should feel myself unworthy of the name of a man, did I not sympathize with every effort whose object was like the present."

(Hear, hear, and cheers.) "There are stages in every man's history; and these stages are related to each other, as the cause is to the effect. The child is the father of the man. One yesterday makes one to-day. And our present has been created by the past."

With me, my forty years in the wilderness (and I am thankful to say it has been quite a spiritual wilderness), may be divided into four seven and a twelve, reckoning backwards. For the past seven years, I have been among you, in a commercial capacity, and I'd been among you, in a spiritual capacity, for more than one-half of that large public act of benevolence for the benefit of our operatives, I hope I shall not shut my ears to a gentle voice whisper, suggesting that large praise bring with them large responsibilities. (Cheers.)

"If you had known me, the seven previous years, you would have seen me, in my capacity as a respectable firm living five miles distant, where I worked hard, and succeeded in acquiring, not only the esteem of my senior partners, but a little money, which, by the blessing of God, enabled me to enter upon my present position.

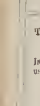
"Seven years further back still, I occupied various situations in the factory, some of these paid better and were more pleasant than others; but all were qualifying me for another position, for which the religion I possessed taught me not to lose the joy and contentment of the foreman, through the anticipation of one day occupying my master's counting-house.

"Still going back to the first of these seven, of years, you must look for me among the boys and youths who could not well without their wages, and who were very properly expected to do the roughest and most disagreeable portion of factory labour. That sort of work I did; as a young bobbin-boy me was seen, a healthy body, happy heart, cheerful countenance, good-nature to equals, and respect to superiors.

"Two years before this I attended a village school, where I learnt a little of reading, writing, and ciphering. I don't think I was any particular genius; but in the adolescence and boyhood, I remember, by comparing me to a broad-wheel wagon, which he would say, in the long-run, went further than the race-horse. I believe he thought I was a good boy, and that my parents,

THINGS WORTH KNOWING. No. 1

By a Physician



In very cold weather, many a life may be saved by the use of a fire guard,—a box of iron,—or a wire-guard round the fire. Never let children cluster around the fire without such a guard; and never let them play with fire.

If, unfortunately, a child's clothes should catch fire, extinguish the flame by immediately *laying the child on the floor and rolling it up in any thick cloth or garment*,—such as a sack, a cloak, a thick apron, or the hearthrug. When the flame has been put out,—the child's clothes must not be taken off immediately,—but well wetted with cold water, until the pain has abated. Then take off, or cut off the clothes very gently, without tearing the skin, *and cover the parts well with common flour*, from a flour-dredge, or sprinkled in with a tea-spoon hand. Lay the child in bed, and send for a surgeon.

Sovereignty may be treated in the same way as burns.

T. H. B.

TWO SIDES OF THE STORY.

A RHYME FOR WINTER.

Old Father Frost has come again,
With ice, and snow, and sleety rain;
And wintry days are short indeed,
And wintry cold is sad and weary:
A poor man cannot wish his stay,
Old Father Frost! haste—haste away.

I know some spots that Father Frost
Near with his chilling foot has trod;
'Tis the warm kind heart with love o'erflowing,
'Tis the thrifty home with comfort glowing:
Old Father Frost may go, or stay—
True hearts have sunshine ev'ry day.

Father Frost is a tyrant grim,
He chills the blood, and bites the limb;
He touch locks up the flowing river,
He breath can make the sweetest shiver
The poor man cannot wish his stay,
Old Father Frost, haste—haste away.

Nay, Father Frost is not so bad,
His hand is hard, his purpose glad;
Under the ice the stream flows freeling,
Under the snow the seed is growing:
You'll find when Father Frost's away,
His work has helped the summer day.

And so the cares of life, good friend,
Though hard to bear, and sharp to wend,
Bring to the soul a keaped-up measure
Of wisdom's sweet, precious treasure;
Like Father Frost's most healthy chill,
They're sent to cure, and not to kill. C. L. B.

THE WRONGS OF CHILDREN, No. 3.

THE LITTLE LACEMAKERS.

Whenever I meet a company of working-men returning at six o'clock from their day's work, and notice the strong frame and healthy look of most of them, I am inclined to say—"Good Mr. Stonemason, or Carpenter, how old were you when you were apprenticed to your trade?"—The answer I should get would most likely be "Oh, I was a stout lad of fourteen or thereabouts."

"And you had plenty of play, and some schooling, before you went to work?"

"Of course I had; I could read, write, and count, pretty well, and as for play I was first-rate at that!" And with a broad smile and a hearty laugh the healthy mechanic would pass on, wondering, may be, at my questions.

Yes, fourteen years for play-time, and schooling,—and meanwhile a spell of work, at helping mother or father, and learning to be handy in going errands, and careful in minding little brothers and sisters, and then at those fourteen years in the Sunday-school, learning good things about duties to God and man,—about life, death, and eternity,—about Jesus and salvation. And all the whole fourteen years, loving home, and father, and mother, and growing up strong, and hardy, and happy. That is the life of thousands of British children, thank God! The men that build our ships and our houses, make our steam-engines and railways, have mostly been so reared. And a noble race they are.

"If the women who make the house a home for them are tender hearted, careful, and true, we may say "Happy is the people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

But there are thousands who are apprenticed before they are half fourteen years of age, little tender girls, as well as boys. Reader, do not throw down this journal with the words—"impossible!" It is so. From the Report of the Commissioners, who have inquired into the employments of children, it is found, that multitudes are working hard day by day—and all day, and part of the night, before they are fourteen years old.

The youngest apprentices are the little pillow-lace-makers; at six years old they go to the lace-school to learn to make lace.

A witness living at Branscombe" being examined said:—"I know of one girl, who was just apprenticed, at 4½ years old. She was clever, and worked hard, but was delicate, and the work hurt her health, as witness heard, and after two or three years she died of brain fever."

Poor little "clever" worker. God, in mercy, gave her rest! Her living-death was more terrible than the sudden destruction dealt by railway accidents, falling in the number of the innocents! This pillow-lacemaking seems to be a very clean, pretty employment, to those who know nothing about lace, but the buying, and the weaving of it. Children of the tenderest years learn it, and when they are able to work pretty well, they seldom earn more than from one shilling to two-and-sixpence for a hard week's work.

Long before the investigation, that has been recently made by the Commissioners, I had an opportunity of seeing a sight, which I shall never forget. In a village in Bedfordshire, I was taken to visit a lace-school. It was the little front room (about 16 by 20 feet), of a small cottage. The door was of brick, and very close, as was the window, and the place generally. There were twenty-eight children, the elder of them from eleven to thirteen, and about a third under nine years of age.

The first thing I felt as I stepped in out of the fresh air was a sense of suffocation from the closeness of the place, and yet I noticed that some of the children shivered at the breeze that came in with me from the opening of the door, and it was closed instantly. Never had I seen such a group of village children before. They were all pale, or sallow, and most of them were very thin; those that had had something of the roundness of childhood, were puffy-looking.

The postman in which they sat, made ones back ache to look at. The cushion or pillow was on their laps, or on a sort of rail, and they either bent like a hoop over the cushion, or leaned their chest against the support. All were heavy-eyed and weary-looking, and one child was crouched up in a corner with her eyes shut, the mistress saying in a not unkind voice—"she's bad with the headache." I felt as though the woman did not look severe, I noticed a long cane by her chair, and the little ones who sat nearest her seemed to stand a look at me from their work very hard.

"How young these children are!" and I with surprise.

"Yes, they must learn young—but the littlest only work four hours a-day."

Four hours! for these infants, and in such a posture and such an atmosphere. No wonder that the women had men of their village were pale, stunted, narrow-chested, and sickly.

I left with sickness of heart, seeing the wrong, and yet not knowing how it was to be remedied.

For then, as now, the testimony was, "As soon as ever the children can earn a trifle, the parents make them do so." There is a flourishing public-house in that village, amid all the poverty, that was established chiefly for making the young children into slaves! These poor little creatures, when they could not work are too tired to go to books, or even to play. Useless amusements are crushed, body and soul.

When they grow up to be women, they know nothing of household work, and the man who marries one of them finds that she cannot cook, wash, sew or scour. All they can do, is to bend over a lace-cushion, and be paid for which, on an average, they earn 1s. 6d. or 2s. a-week. So for about 2s. a-week, health is ruined, and home neglected.

All that children ought to enjoy and learn, all that women ought to understand of household economy and comfort, is given up for this miserable pittance. Was there ever such waste of God's best gifts of time, and health, of mind and body?

Added to this, in most lacemaking villages the people are opium-eaters. They employ opium for two purposes; first, it allays the craving of hunger, and as they do not know how to cook, and have no time to cook, they are content with any kind of makeshift. Secondly, they use it in some form to quiet the babies, having no time to nurse them.

We talk with pity of the Chinese who goes blind over the carving of a fan; of the pearlfisher of Ceylon, who often dies at the age of twenty-five, diving, and remaining too long under water as he dredges for the pearl oysters, and our pity is well bestowed. But the young children of our manufacturing districts are not equally—or living such lives of suffering, that we may well weep more over the living than the dead.

Parents! teachers, and all who can, let us be noble to bear your poverty, and resolve to live on porridge, or on potatoes and salt, rather than take from your dear children those sweet years of childhood when, by God's working on your honest endeavours, they may gain knowledge in the school, and health by wholesome exercise. As early as you like to apprentice your boys to trades. There are plenty of things children can and ought to do, that keep them from idleness and benefit their health. Employ your time wisely and kindly, and God will bless you, to grow up useful men and women, and the joy will be yours to have

"Your children arise and call you blessed."

THE EVILS OF GOSSIP.

And withal they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not.—1 Tim. v. 13.

She who stands lounging at the door,
And gossips precious time away,
Perhaps is laying a store
Of sorrow for another day.

For evil words and wicked thought
To foolish talk at first proceds;
And who has not one this found out,
That evil words are the worst of deeds?

And though in greater wickedness
The fruit of these lost moments be,
Yet gossip leads to idleness,
And idleness to poverty.

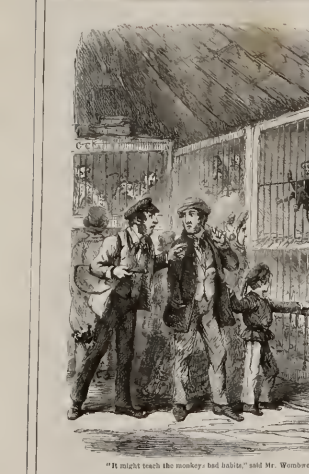
KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Children are frequently accused of cruelty to the whole animals placed in their charge, and too often, alas! the charge is correct. It is, therefore, pleasing to notice any instance of an opposite character, in order to encourage all, whose hearts are open to feel and care for those who feel, but cannot help themselves.

Some months since, a boy, a young tom-cat, a wanderer from home, took up his abode inside the garden of Coster Crescent, Edinburgh, where there is a cab-stand. The animal soon became familiar with the cabmen, who built a snug nest for him, wherein he has resided ever since, happy and content. The men feed him well, and make quite a pet of him, and he may often be seen marching up and down by their side on the footway. Master Tom has grown a fine handsome fellow, and wears a pretty brass collar, purchased for him, a few weeks since, by his friends. It bears the following inscription, composed by one of the cabmen:—

"My name is Tom—it's on my collar;
Which cost my friends about a dollar;
I am respected by a few
For I've got friends as well as you." J. R. D.

☞ *A Catalogue of* Illustrated Books, *suitable for Working-men's Reading-rooms; Village Libraries, School Prizes, &c., may be had by forwarding a postage-stamp Prices, &c., may be had by forwarding a postage-stamp Prices, &c., may be had by forwarding a postage-stamp Prices



"It might teach the monkeys bad habits," said Mr. Wombwell.

"Because they know their patients like it, or perhaps because it helps to bring them a job," said Alfred.

"That is just like your uncharitable way of condemning those who differ from you," said Sam.

"Should I be considered uncharitable," said Alfred, "if I saw your clothes on fire, and I endeavoured to put it out, although it might hinder the tailor from getting an order.

"Of course not, but what has that to do with the question," said Sam.

"Just this," said Alfred, "by your smoking, you are burning the clothes off your back, and wasting the health of your body into the bargain. Hear, what Dr. Frout says,—'Tobacco is assuredly one of the most virulent poisons in nature.' Professor Graham says,—'Tobacco is one of the most powerful and deadly poisons in the vegetable kingdom.' Professor Hitchcock says,—'I group alcohol, opium, and tobacco together, being equally poisonous, alike to be rejected, because they agree in their effects.' And Dr. Hassack calls tobacco 'a fashionable deadly poison.'"

"But I don't see," said Sam, "how it burns the clothes off my back."

"None are so blind as those who *won't* see," said Alfred, "or else you would have seen before this, by even taking a bird's-eye view, that every pipe of tobacco costs money, and that when you are smoking it, you are really 'melting your gold' into tobacco juice and smoke, instead of into clothes which would cover and protect you from the changing weather."

"It only costs me a few pence per week, and I never miss it," said Sam.

"But I know you *miss* what the money would have bought you instead," said Alfred, "and I am sure you could get rid of your money fast enough without *burning it*."

"Burning my money! I will that is a *rich* idea, it never struck me before," said Sam.

"Because it ends in *smoke*, I suppose," said Alfred, "and it all things that end in smoke are *worthless*, what is your pipe of tobacco worth?"

"Not much, according to your account, evidently," said Sam, who began to feel the subject was getting rather too warm for him.

"Well, take my advice, and save your tobacco money, and in a short time you will *see* clearer, and perhaps *think* clearer also, for somehow this smoke fuddles the brain, as well as blinds the eye, but besides that, look at those 'some monkeys' across the road imitating your bad example."

"This at once brought back to Sam's mind, the late trip he had at the Wild Beast Show, however, he tried to shake off the feeling by saying,

"I only smoke half an ounce a-day." "Three halfpence a-day is tenpence-halfpenny a-week, or two POUNDS SEVEN SHILLINGS and TWO-PENCE A-YEAR, and all ends in smoke," said Alfred; "try and condense it into something more substantial, for just suppose that those lads continue to smoke at your rate from the present time until they reach the age of forty (they appear to be about ten now) in those thirty years they will spend SEVENTY POUNDS FIFTEEN SHILLINGS each, which if put into the 'Post-Office Savings' Bank' would have added every month a *farthing* to every Pound for interest, and at the end of the thirty years would most likely come to over ONE HUNDRED POUNDS EACH! There's a sum for you to *work* out at leisure, my boy," petting Charley on the head.

"I'll think about it," said Sam, "good bye, you mean well no doubt."

"Good bye, and when I see you again, I hope you will be emancipated from the bondage of a bad habit, and the tyranny of an evil fashion."

Away went Sam, thinking it was about time he did something for better or worse; but his first step certainly was downward, for he opened his box and found "just a pipe" left, so he filled, and lighted it, and away as he went along, he happened to overtake a respectable-looking gentleman, and just as he was in the act of passing, a gust of wind sent the smoke of Sam's pipe right into his face, which occasioned a cough so loud, that Sam, who at all times was civil, apologized by saying, "he hoped his smoking did not annoy him."

"Lock—imitating your bad example."

"But it does, you can hear," said the gentleman, "and I hope we shall not be long before we get an Act of Parliament to make men, like other chimneys, consume their own smoke."

"You are rather hard upon a fellow," said Sam.

"Hard, do you call it?" said the gentleman, "Why should the pure air be contaminated by your nasty filthy habits? The Board of Health surely ought to put it down as a nuisance, as they do other things not half so annoying, for it is, as Leigh Hunt says, "the stinkiest stink of all the stinks!"

"I beg your pardon I am sure," said Sam, "but I could not help it just then."

"You could if you had not learned the habit, and persisted in the practice," said the gentleman.

"I think I shall give it up," said Sam.

"Do, and spend your money in a better manner!" and so saying, he parted company with Sam.

"I am in luck's way," thought Sam, as he went on his road home, which he soon reached, after the conversation just narrated, and tea being on the table, he quickly recovered his spirits while disposing of the creature comforts which his wife had provided, but such was the force of habit, that as soon as he had finished his tea, ere he was aware, he had reached down from the mantelshelf his tobacco-box and pipe, and was soon puffing away as heartily as ever.

Mother, of course, was full of inquiry as to what they had seen, and whether they had enjoyed themselves, to which little Charley gave a ready answer, by saying, "he had never seen such things, and such big hons, such lots of other animals, only father came away before they fed them" (for reasons known to our readers), but he was delighted beyond bounds, and hoped they would soon come again, so that he might be able to hear the lions roar at feeding-time.

"Father," said Charley, "why didn't you stay and let us see them this time?"

"Because they wouldn't let me smoke my pipe out," said the father.

"What did you want to smoke for?" said Charley, rather provokingly.

"Because I like it," said Sam.

"But if you like it," said Charley, "why do you spit it out? I always swallow what I like."

"Ran away, you don't understand anything about it," said the father, rather vexed.

No doubt the boy did not understand the matter, it was very doubtful even, whether the "big boy" was much wiser, but while he mused over the matter, he sent the smoke from him in such clouds that his wife said—

"I do wish you would either go out to smoke, or else leave it off, it is almost suffocating to one, I declare."

"What, are you going to have a turn, as well as the rest?" said Sam.

"I would turn it out if I could, she said (not knowing what he meant exactly), "smoky chimneys are bad enough, but smoking men are ten times worse."

"My word, mission!" said Sam, "you are getting the steam up."

"I don't see what use it is in a sum seeking a pipe from the first thing in the morning, to the last thing at night," said his wife.

"Why it is a great enjoyment," said Sam, "it warms one's nose."

"Stuff and nonsense," said his wife, "burning money and brains away at the same time, into a walking chimney-pot; I call it a sin sick of it."

"Well I did think of giving it up," said Sam, "and I'll begin from tonight."

"I hope you will, for I have been half inclined to say that if you did not give over smoking, you shouldn't come near me, until you did."

Away she ran, to fetch some water from the pump, and her hearty laugh might be heard as she tripped along the garden walk.

Sam gathered together his pipes and threw them away, and, as he took his box in hand, he said, "I won't throw you away, but use you to condense the smoke in."

It was easier said than done, and Sam was not aware what a strong hold the pipe had upon him, until he began to lay it aside; unconsciously at times he might be seen feeling about his pocket for something he fancied he wanted, when, all at once, he would appear to remember his resolution, and for a time, he had to cheat his appetite by putting a piece of pencil in his mouth to meet the necessities of the case, and thus starve the enemy out, but in a short time he became "weaned," and like other children, forgot all about it. Self-conquest is the highest form of victory, and happy is the man, who, by God's help, is enabled to subdue all other enemies, and in this way to bring his body under subjection.

Sam's plan of action was at length decided upon, and next morning instead of calling for his "half ounce," he put the money into his tobacco-box, and continued to do the same every morning for a week, and when at length it became full, he changed his copiers for silver, and the silver for gold, and at the end of the year, he had thus saved over two pounds, so, one fine morning he started off to market, and changed his tobacco money into a pig.

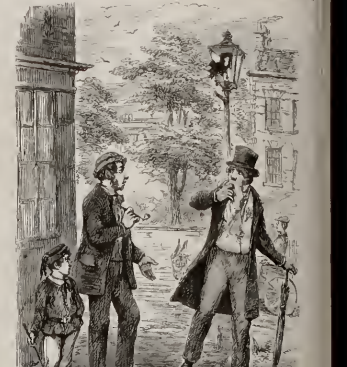
Alfred Stanley was delighted to hear of the change in Sam's habits, and when he received an invitation some time after, to take tea, and spend the evening with him, he went with considerable pleasure, but judge of his surprise, when Sam pointed out to him two fine fat dressed bacon hanging on the wall, and said—

"That is condensed smoke, Alfred.

"Well," said Alfred, "I have heard of strange things done by 'Wizards of the North,' and have read of condensed steam, but it was reserved for Sam Adams to practically demonstrate the possibility of changing a Pipe into a Pig."

"Yes, said Sam, "it is astonishing how my eyes have been cleared and opened since the smoke has been removed, and I can tell you another thing, 'condensed bacon' is much more profitable than smoked pipes, whether they be *mere* shams or *real* shams: and I trust that my example may induce others to try the experiment, to gain *real* 'returns,' and so realise the profit of changing a 'Pipe into a Pig.'"

☞ A Superior Edition of "How Sam Adams's Pipe became a Pig," printed on tinted paper, will shortly be issued, uniform with "Buy your own Cherries," (prose) and "Buy your own Cherries," (in rhyme). 6d.



"You are rather hard upon a fellow," said Sam

"That" (pointing to two fine flitches of bacon) is condensed smoke!"

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BRITISH WORKMAN.

"THE WIFE AT HOME:" AND "THE FIRST SNOWDROP."

THE SNOWDROP.

Written on being presented by my husband with the first snowdrop that blossomed in our garden.

"O Lord! how manyfold are Thy works: in wisdom hast Thou made them all."

WELCOME, welcome, little flower,
Thou modest pretty little thing!
I love to see thee bursting forth,
Sweet harbinger of Spring.

How manifold Thy works, O Lord!
In goodness all are made:
From seraphim to meanest small,
Thy wisdom is displayed.

In tiniest flower Thy skill is seen,
And in the mightiest wave;
In strongest beasts that prowl abroad,
And man's athletic form.

The cedars on Mount Lebanon,
The tall and stately pine,
The clinging ivy, sturdy oak,
The fruitful juicy vine.

The merry footed lark warbling trills
That tune their songs so free;
Yet, every thing that breathes or lives
Derives its life from Thee.

I dwell not in far sunny climes,
Where groves of spices grow,
Where myrtle hedges charm the eye,
And balmy breezes blow.

I cannot wander forth at noon
O'er hill and dale to look,
To see the flower hesperind mead,
And hear the bubbling brook.

But I can in my cottage sit,
And quick my meeting eye,
And feel my joyful spirits soar
To Him who reigns on high.

And then I have my little sweet flowers,
And pretty busy bees;
And I can hear a few sweet birds
Sing warbles the lovely trees.

But, better far, the thoughts on you
Round this terrestrial ball,
And of my Maker's works exclaim,—
"*My Father made them all!*"

S. S. (A WORKING MAN'S WIFE.)

THE WIFE AT HOME.

PRIZE ESSAY. By WM. JNO. HARVEY (*self-taught*), of *Portway, Frome, Somerset.*

THERE are some words in the English language, that, from their simplicity, and what may be even termed their childishness, are capable of exercising the profoundest depths of the most rocky heart, of charming the most wayward mind into the strictest attitude, and causing his whole being to vibrate with emotion; yet, yet sweet and full of melody—easily written; and yet sweetly sounding—they sweep across one's life-strings, calling forth their sweetest and most sacred music.

Among such words are "Wife" and "Home." How often have they nerved the warrior's arm when engaged on the field of carnage! Their talismanic power has been felt by many a mariner when "Far, far at sea!" The prisoner in his dungeon, the prodigal in the far-off land of vice, and the dissolute in his degradation and misery, have all felt the irresistible influence that accompany the lustest whisperings of those grand old Saxon words.

How full of poetry! How fascinating! They meet us in our childhood, with their strange and hidden meaning. They fall upon our ears as some sweet music from angel's lyre, and gild our early manhood with flood of love, and light, and beauty. In riper years, they serve as guiding stars in a darkened hemisphere of our existence. And when the ebb-tide of life sets in, when the frosts of hoary age have nipped other joys and pleasures, still the hoar head remembers the dear memory, and consecrates, and causes the soul to live over Saxon words.

But, alas! it has too often been a day-dream—a dream that no sooner becomes a fact, than as by the shifting slide of some panoramic entertainment, the scene changes—the bright vision is dashed to the ground, and through the remainder of life, the disappointed one finds leisure to consider the folly of the dream that held him entranced in youth and early manhood.

But it is time we considered the more immediate object of our essay, viz. "To prove that it is far better for wives to stay at home than to go out to work; and that the working man bears more by his wife's absence from her domestic duties, than he does from her earnings by industrial employment away from her family." In endeavouring to prove these points, we shall be unable to present a balance-sheet showing the profit consequent upon wives staying at home, and the loss incurred by going out to work. We must take a more lengthened method of proving the truth of our statement, one, however, that may not be less satisfactory. The amount of gain may be shewn by the sum produced as the weekly wages of the wife; but the loss account requires the most careful consideration. Questions of unhappiness, dishonesty, morality, vice, poverty, and intemperance have all to be nicely balanced in order that a true estimate may be formed; all questions of far more importance than pounds, shillings and pence.

In testing the truth of our axiom, we shall endeavour to see which of the two methods is best. I. For the WIFE; II. For the CHILDREN; III. For the HUSBAND; IV. For the HOME; V. As regards SAVING; VI. As regards HEALTH AND LENGTH OF LIFE; VII. As regards HAPPINESS AND COMFORT; and VIII. As regards RELIGION.

I.—We say it is better for the WIFE, personally, that she should not leave her home. Woman's work is not only a glance at many of the homes of our working-classes to satisfy the most casual observer, that a large number who hold the title of "wife," deserve not that name; that from ignorance, carelessness, mistaken ideas, or vicious habits, do not fulfil the high duties and responsibilities of their profession. There is in our relationship in life that needs so much previous training, and yet in many cases, there is no use so foolishly disregarded in early life. This is the commencement of all grades of society, but is more painfully the fact in reference to the working-classes. As a rule, the daughters of our working-men are early in life sent to school, to stores, or to mothers' shops, having received but a slight scholastic education. Here, they remain until the matrimonial step is taken, ignorant of domestic duties, they continue in their old employment with the mistaken notion that it is the best thing they can do. A great deal of responsibility in this matter rests with the parents, whose duty it is to train England's daughters, that they may be better fitted to be the wives of England's "sons of toil." This is the true tone of all grades of society, but is more painfully the fact in reference to the working-classes. As a rule, the daughters of our working-men are early in life sent

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

LABOUR with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something, unattempted still,
Waits the rising of the sun

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its measure or its prayers,
Like the incendiaries of waits;

Waits, and will not go away,—
Waits, and will not be gainsaid;
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made,

Till at length it is, or seems,
Greater than our strength can bear,—
As the burden of our dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere;

And we stand from day to day
Like the dwarfs of times gone by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky. *Longfellow.*

A WATER DRINKER.

CORBETT thus describes his own experience:—"In the midst of a society where wine or spirits are considered as of little more value than water, I lived two years without either; and with no other drink but water, except when I found it convenient to obtain milk; not an hour's illness, not an headache for an hour, not the smallest ailment, not a restless night, not a drowsy morning have I known during these two famous years of my life. The sun never has beheld me, I have always to wait for him to come and give me light to write by, while my mind is in full vigour, and while nothing has come to cloud its clearness."

Mercy.—Our hearts shrink from sorrow, as our forms from the winter's blast, but He who bids the snow descend in fleecy showers, and gives a voice to winter's howling blasts, sends grief in mercy as He sends the storm.

THE FIRST QUARREL.

EVERYBODY who has ever walked down a staircase knows that a false step at the beginning of the descent would end often falling all the way down. So they are careful at the beginning. It would be well if this carefulness were carried out in life, and *beginnings* were guarded. On a memorable morning day of last year (1863), I took shelter from the rain in a workshop that was occupied by the manager of some glass works, and found there, sheltered too, also the wife of the manufacturer. She was in feeble health, and somewhat advanced in years, and as she cordially welcomed me to the comfort of a glowing fire, we fell into conversation about a subject we were both interested in—the rise and progress of the working-classes of the district.

"I wish," said my companion, whom I will call Mrs. Kindly, "that the women spread better with their husbands, it is so sad, the snappish way they have of speaking." "The men are rough too," I replied, for my heart always pleads for my sister women. "Ah, that's true, but it takes two to make a quarrel, and the women forget that," she answered, adding "I may speak about this for I have been married more than forty years, and I and my husband have our first quarrel to come yet, and while I keep in my right mind, it shall never come." Mrs. Kindly spoke very decidedly, and I said, in some surprise, "What! you have never quarrelled all those years?"

"No—and, by God's grace, we won't begin now. It all lies in the plan that my good mother taught me when I married, 'Beware of the first quarrel.' You know if there was not the first, there would not be the second."

"Well, but with all the vexations of life, how did you manage?"

"Oh, I just remembered that quarrelling never made trouble less; and if things went cross, and tried my husband's temper, then if I could not say a pleasant word, I was always able to keep silent, and it is wonderful how soon little clouds that might have brought great storms, passed over."

"Perhaps," said I, inquiringly, "you have had no trouble?"

"What, forty years and no troubles! In that lively? My husband has been life a restless man, and had many struggles before he became a master and a manufacturer. And then we had no children—that is sometimes a cause of discontent. There's many a woman grieves, like Rachel of old, that is ready to say, 'Give me children or I die.' But God appoints our lot; and though I own sometimes I cast myself down into my room when I see others and daughters in other houses, I know that God's will was best for us. And so it has proved. My husband has prospered, in things that belong to the mind, as well as in worldly matters. We have two nephews whom we have brought up, and they are as tender of us as the most dutiful sons could be. I may be thankful for all this mercies, but most of all, that there has ever been peace and love in our dwelling."

Well, dear reader, should such a testimony as this be so rare? Why not there so few husbands and wives that can say, "Our first quarrel has not come yet?" simply because there is such rare attention to the beginning. If any young married woman sends this, let her resolve to follow the example of Mrs. Kindly, and if she finds it hard to rule her spirit, let her go to Jesus the Prince of Peace, and say, "Lord, give me Thy spirit."

INFIDELS.

In moving among mankind, I have now and then met with infidels, who have not only declared their disbelief of the Bible, but endeavoured, also, to destroy the faith of others in that blessed book. The way in which they always began their attack, has been to bigle and wriggle about some disputed point of little importance, with as much confidence as if they were on the very point of overturning the whole truth of Scripture by their silly prattle. Just as soon would a poor blind mole tear up from the ground an oak of a hundred years' growth, by burrowing under one of the leaves of its roots.

If ever you fall in with any of these unhappy beings, do not be drawn in to evil with them about trifles, but boldly declare your opinion, leaving them to wrangle, if they like, by themselves.

Tell them, that if there be anything good, and pure, and holy, and heavenly in the world, the Bible exhorts us to practise it; and if there be anything that is evil, and base, and vile in the world, the Bible commands us to avoid it. That will be a poser.

Tell them that the Bible contains more knowledge and wisdom than all the other books that were ever printed, put together; and that there who believe its promises, and obey its commandments, have peace, and hope, and joy in the cares of life, and the trying hour of death. This will be a poser too.

Tell them that the Bible has been loved and believed by the wisest and best of men, from generation to generation, as the word of the living God; and that it makes known to a sinner the only way of salvation through the merits and death of a crucified Redeemer. This will be another poser.

And then, ask them, before they pull the book to pieces any more, to produce one that has done those and all part as much good, in making men happy on earth, and in guiding them in the way to heaven; and this will be the greatest poser of all.

Depend upon it, this course will be better than wrangling and jangling, this course will tame and tame, hump your temper, and feeling yourself outwitted, into the bargain, the fermenting concocts of silly coxcombs, whose hearts and whose heads are empty, will be sensibly thrown off. I have written this in a Christian temper, and manifested in a proper degree of Christianity. The burden carried by the infidel is heavy enough, and, in fact, only will be, and grow heavier; let me, therefore, accost him with kindness.

Repent thee, sinner! act a wiser part,
Let sin lain under foot, and lift your heart.
Make for the Cross, and keep the Gospel track;—
Happy thy soul will be, and happy thy back.

I know well enough that neither my poor prose, nor poetry, of itself, can be useful; but if the High and Holy One, the Heavenly Archer, pleases, He can make both the one and the other prickles, to sting, and wounding, deep direct to the heart of the infidel. To His mercy and grace I would humbly leave the matter, with the prayer that all infidels, and Jews, and Turks, and heathens may become Christians in heart, in spirit, and in truth, and be made partakers of the glorious inheritance, prepared, through Jesus Christ, for the people of God.

Old Humphrey.

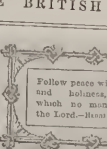
LITTLE THINGS. A TEST OF CHARACTER.

"As daylight can be seen through very small holes, so little things will illustrate a person's character."

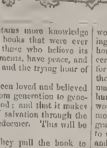
While reading these words I recalled to mind, that I had seen them very forcibly verified, and shall endeavour as far as I can remember, to relate the circumstances. It was our lot, a few summers ago, to spend a few weeks in the outskirts of a cheerful little seaport, on the west-coast of Scotland. The first Sabbath of our sojourn, on returning from church by the footpath skirting the beach, the better to enjoy the fresh sea breeze, we saw before us, two little children, one of which had slipped down a few steps over the footpath sloping towards the shore, and every effort to regain the top, only sent her further back among the loose gravel, poor child, it was quite a "Hill of Difficulty" to her! Her brother failed, and she cried very piteously. A gentleman, who with his wife was a little in advance of us, among the sad plight of the little one, stepped down, and lifting her gently in his arms, placed her beside her companion, nothing her the while and, looking back, watched to see them get inside their own gate, safe out of harm's way. It was a little thing to do, and, at the time, of no moment, but it brought the conviction to our minds very conclusively, that he was a kind-hearted man, and when we came to learn that he had by little cross-leads of his own, we felt he would be a kind, loving father.

The weeks passed on, amid alternate clouds and sunshine, till at last came a day of fearful storm, the wind at times increasing to a perfect hurricane, carrying all before it in its relentless course. The yachts and pleasure-boats were all housed, or, stuffed off the moorings, and one little yacht, not without some hazard, was taken round to the bay, for greater shelter and security. With this gale was at its height, a man who had charge of a small yacht, seeing it had dragged its anchor and anxious to prevent further damage, weighed anchor and put out, and had safely reached the yacht, when it was swamped and the poor man launched amidst raging waves.

It was an awful sight, people rushed from their houses, the one cry being, "Is there nothing be done for that poor man?" But who would venture on such a sea? An attempt indeed was made by a humble boy, but without success, when lo! a little boat was seen with a solitary rower, making for the drowning man, surely and steadily he held on his way, and every one exclaimed, "We were feared that he too, would be engulphed in the raging sea; but soon it was manifest no novice plied the oars, for by dint of admirable coolness and heavy rowing, every wave between each yawning billow so that the frail bark rose like a bird on its nest, he reached the struggling seaman and beaming him up with one hand, with the other rowed homeward. Another boat now put off to his aid, and ere long both boats safely reached the shore. But the strength of the poor seaman, who was some years advanced in years, was quite exhausted in his struggle for life, and his spirit had passed away, and though every means was used to restore animation, all proved of no avail. But though the life was gone, it was none the less a heroic deed that had been done, and one experienced a feeling of intense thankfulness, that he who so nobly adventured himself for the life of another, had been so mercifully preserved. And who was this brave man? It was the very same who had so carefully and tenderly lifted the little child from her imaginary danger; he had been returning from the village, and seeing the accident from the



Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.—HEBREWS XII. 14



For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come

HEBREWS XIII. 14.

beginning had at once gone to the rescue. The next day was the Sabbath, all traces of the storm had passed away, and the sea lay calm and peaceful beneath the brightness and beauty of the summer sun. Nothing broke the stillness save the sound of the Sabbath bell falling softly on the ear, telling of a home of rest above, where storms can never come. During the morning service, at the place of worship we frequented, the preacher alluded very touchingly to the sad event of the previous day, and brought home the striking and solemn lesson regarding the uncertainty of life, and the urgent need of being prepared for death, very welcome to the hearts of all, and we thought, as we looked towards the pew where the gentleman and who had so nobly ventured himself for courage and humanity the day before, that with heart and voice he would join more heartily in the song of praise that morning, from the consciousness that he had been so graciously and mercifully preserved, enabled again to worship God in the Sanctuary, with the voice of "joy and praise." M.

OUR SERVANTS.

SOMETIME ago I happened to be in the company of ladies, who were canvassing the character of their servants, and were complimenting the cook, housemaid and nurse maids, that you were sadly spoiled by laziness, gossip, and the love of dress; were dainty and saucy, and finally wanted high wages; and they finally wound up their censures by affirming that "servants are a nuisance, and religious servants, the worst of all." Now this verdict stung me to the quick, especially as it had been given in the absence of the accused. I held my peace, and after a little reflection, I thought it wiser to say a few things to our servants than to say things about them. Well then, by your good leave, let me say first of all—*be true.* There is nothing like *truth.* Its value is known by its counterfeit. Depend upon it, if gold and silver were not of great price, nobody would run base money; any more than faded prudes would use paint, if they had not first faded by dyed and the roses from their complexion. Therefore never allow other people's hypocrisy under any form to make you swerve from the truth; if you do, it is, worth mistaken, how excellent must itself be!

"Truth" is the first and the best of all the virtues. It is the foundation of honour, the line of righteousness, the plummet of exactness, the pendulum of punctuality; it is strength of character; it makes threats terrible, and promises reliable; without truth, friendship is but flattery; and contracts are lies. No matter what else pretends, "truth" abides for ever. It does not indeed follow that the possession of it is everything in a good servant, there ought to be many other good qualities; such as diligence, order, humility, and the like; but unless "truth," the fair "white stone" lie at the foundation of your character, some day or another, everything else you have learned will come down together, and you will be found out to have been a servant without principle.

Therefore take truth into your very heart—God's truth—that will cure the heart's deceitfulness, give law to your lips, oneness to your actions; it will look out at the windows of your eyes, and make your character, all of it, as clear as crystal. But, be sure of this, that you will have many temptations to swerve from the truth; at one time, you may make some mistake in your work, through ignorance;—speak the truth, and at once acknowledge it;—sometimes, you may lose something through negligence;—confess your fault, and be ready to make it good. —or, you may break something that is very valuable;—that is very provoking; but gather up the fragments, take them to your mistress with a humble confession of the fact. The devil may tell you that the matter being little, the lie to cover it cannot be great;—or the matter being great, it is worth a lie to keep it from the thought! No lie is little. Nothing can be worth a lie. Be too proud to tell a lie. I should say, rather pray with the devout Psalmist, "*Save me from a lying tongue!*"—Save me from hypocrisy and guile; from false looks, false tones of voice; from everything that is untrue. In *truth*, let me be like Jesus, who is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." God loves truth, and He will answer such a prayer for Christ's sake. Now, should you not be quite perfect in other respects, your employer will say of you,—"she always speaks the truth." P. H.

BEST PLACE TO LEARN.

MR. CECIL, during a very severe illness, said to a person who spoke of it, "It is all Christ. I keep death in view. If God does not physic me up, I shall improve my better. I find every thing but religion, only vanity.—To recollect a promise of the Bible; this is substance! Nothing will do for me but the Bible. Books, and other different opinions, I cannot say this is truth! I cannot grasp it as a substance; but the Bible gives me something to hold by. I am surrounded with these curtains, then from all the books I ever read."

WILBERFORCE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In one of his speeches on the Slave Trade, Mr. Wilberforce thus referred to the opposition of the slaveholders and their partisans. "The grand arguments against us are derived from what are called Methodism and Fanaticism. What gentlemen mean by these terms I am not very well aware, and I may doubt perhaps, if they themselves know; but that I will say—that I strongly allow to the sufferings of my fellow-creatures, and to the warmed with the desire of relieving their distresses, is to be a fanatic, I am one of the most inveterate fanatics ever permitted to be at large. And as the harsh treatment adopted by the other side to cure me does not at all suit my complaint, and is not likely to produce any change, I would recommend them to alter their regimen."—*Life of William Wilberforce, by his Son.*

A TEMPERATE MEMBER.

A WEALTHY manufacturer from the west of Scotland, while at Edinburgh on business, once called upon the late Dr. Gregory for his advice. He was a man of noble stature, rather corpulent, with a very ruddy face, and whose exterior altogether spoke the comfortable liver. After seating himself, the following dialogue ensued:—

Gentleman.—Well, Dr. Gregory, I has come up to Edinburr' on the way o' business, and I just thought I would tak' your advice about my health.

Doctor.—Your health, sir? What's the matter with you?

Gent.—I'm no just sae wrol i' the stomach as I'd like to be.

Dr.—The stomach! I suppose you are a drunkard or a glutton then, sir.

Gent.—No, no, Dr. Gregory, ye canna say that—ye canna say that; ye maun kin' o' know that I'm a guid man, and a temperate man, and a deacon, as my worthy father was before me.

Dr.—Well, let us see: what do you eat and drink? What do you take for breakfast?

Gent.—I tak' coffee an' a bit o' toast and a fresh egg or a bit o' salmon; though I have as much appetite for breakfast.

Dr.—Yes; and then you take something by way of lunch, between breakfast and dinner?

Gent.—I canna say on ever muckle about the lunch; but can tak' a bit o' kind' cheese, and a glass o' ale if it be there; but canna say I care ower muckle about it.

Dr.—Well, what do you eat for dinner?

Gent.—O! I'm no very particular, though I maun say I like my dinner.

Dr.—I suppose you take soup first?

Gent—Yes, I can say I like my soup.

Dr.—And a glass of porter, or brandy-and-water with it?

Gent.—Yes, I like a glass of something wi' the soup.

Dr.—And then you have fish, or beef and mutton, with vegetables?

Gent.—Yes.

Dr.—And a glass of ale or porter with it?

Gent.—Yes, I tak' a glass o' ale now an' then wi' my meat.

Dr.—And then you have boiled fowl and bacon, or something of that sort I suppose?

Gent.—I maun say I like a bit o' fowl an' bacon, now an' then.

Dr.—And a glass of something with them?

Gent.—Yes.

Dr.—And after the fowl, you have pudding?

Gent.—I'm no fond o' the pudding, but I can tak' a bit, if it be there.

Dr.—And you must drink wine with the pudding?

Gent.—I canna take ower muckle o' the wine, but if I has a friend wi' me, I tak' a glass or sae.

Dr.—And then you have cheese or cream?

Gent.—Yes, the gudeweife is ower fond o' them; but I canna say I care muckle about them.

Dr.—But you take glass of wine or two with your nuts?

Gent.—Yes, a glass or two.

Dr.—Well, you do not finish your dinner, without whisky-punch?

Gent.—I find my dinner sits better on my stomach with a little punch; I tak' a glass or sae.

Dr.—And you have tea I suppose?

Gent.—Yes; I maun tak' my tea wi' the gudewife.

Dr.—And a bit o' something with it?

Gent.—Yes, I can tak' a bit o' something if it be there.

Dr.—But you do not go to bed without a supper?

Gent—No, no, Doctor, I canna say I like to gang to bed without my wee bit o' supper.

Dr.—And what do you eat for supper?

Gent.—O, a bit o' ony thing. I'm no very nice; a bit salmon, or boiled tongue, or cold fowl.

Dr.—And a glass of something with it?

Gent.—Yes.

Dr.—And can you go to bed without a 'night-cap' of hot punch?

Gent.—I maun say I sleep the better for a glass of hot punch, though I canna say I'm ower fond o' the habit.

Dr.—Well, sir, you are a fine fellow! You are indeed a fine fellow! You come to me with a lie on your mouth, and tell me you are a sober man, and a temperate man, and a deacon, as your worthy father was before you; and you make yourself out, by your own statement to be a glutton, and a wine-bibber, and a whisky-tippler, and a beer-swiller, and also a drinker of that most abominable of all compositions, called punch. Go home, sir, and reform yourself, and prepare yourself for your training and drinking, and you will have no need of my advice.

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"Before I was afflicted I went astray."

THE INVALID BROTHER.

He was a fine strong-minded man. His sister had often urged him to seek, by prayer, for a change of heart; but he rebelled against the testimony of the Sacred Volume and the strivings of the Holy Spirit. Suddenly, a serious accident laid him on a couch of tedious suffering. There he learnt "a life-lesson." The affectionate and prayerful nurse watched for a suitable opportunity, and then read words out of THE BOOK or BOOKS. Like Lydia, his heart was opened to receive the truth. He arose from his bed of suffering, "a new man in Christ Jesus."

God, in mercy, has often to afflict the *body* that He may bless and save the *soul*. Oh, how many of us, like David, have had to say, "Before I was *afflicted* I went astray."* "It is good for me that I have been *afflicted*." I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou in *faithfulness* hast *afflicted* me."

* See Psalm cxix. verses 67, 71, and 75.

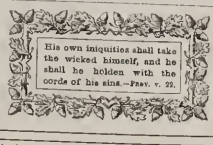
ONE DROP AT A TIME.

HAVE you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze one drop at a time, until it was a foot long, or more. If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming: one little thought or feeling at a time, adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be final deformity and wretchedness.

THE HEART AND THE TONGUE.

THE cure of an evil tongue must be done at the heart. The weights and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion. A guileful heart makes a guileful tongue and lips. It is the work-house where is the forge of deceits and slanders; and the tongue is only the outer shop where they are vended, and the door of it. Such ware as is made within, such, and no other, can come out.—*Leighton.*

It is not often in great things that we are called upon to show that we love our neighbour as ourselves. It is in the daily, hourly exercise of little domestic virtues, that they who truly love God may be distinguished from those who love Him not.—*Mrs. Geldart.*



His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins.—PROV. v. 22.

"WE SHALL EAT THE FRUIT!"

A BLACKSMITH had in his possession, but under mortgage, a house and piece of land. Like many others, he was at one time fond of the social glass, but was happily induced by a friend to join the Temperance Society. About three months after, he observed his wife one morning busily employed planting rose-bushes and fruit-trees.

"Mary," said he, "I have owned this cot for five years, and yet I have never known you before care to improve and ornament it in this manner."

"Indeed," replied the smiling wife, "I had no heart to do it until you gave up the drink—I had often thought of it before, but I was persuaded that, should I do it, some *strangers* would pluck the roses, and eat the fruit. Now, with God's blessing, this cot will be ours, and we and our children may expect to enjoy the produce. We shall pluck the roses and eat the fruit."

"Teach him to look higher and thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain."

Patrick Henry.—This distinguished man was eminent through life as a statesman and an orator. A little before his death, he remarked to a friend, who found him reading his Bible, "Here is a book worth more than all the other books which were ever printed; yet it is my misfortune never to have, till lately, found time to read it with proper attention and feeling."

Dr. Johnson.—Dr. Samuel Johnson is distinguished as a writer on morals; his compositions have seldom been excelled in energy of thought and beauty of expression. To a young gentleman, who visited him on his death-bed, he said, "Young man, attend to the voice of one who has possessed a certain degree of fame in the world, and who will shortly appear before his Maker: read the Bible every day of your life."

ROWLAND HILL ON GIVING.

"The tithe of all things brought they abundantly."
2 Chronicles xxxi. 5.

AT the conclusion of a meeting of a religious society connected with Surrey Chapel, a gentleman on the platform arose and said, "I hope every one will *give a little*." Upon which the venerable Rowland Hill got up, and exclaimed in a voice and manner truly characteristic, "I hope every one will *give a deal*."

Early Rising. It is remarkable to see what numerous examples we have of early rising in the Scriptures: let anyone take a concordance, and look out the passages where they are mentioned, and he will be surprised at their number.

CONTEMPLATE the works of God, and thou wilt learn thine own insignificance.—*Maunder.*

ANECDOTES.

Bolingbroke's Testimony.—Lord Bolingbroke, a man of great intellect, of great political influence during his life, but an avowed infidel, declares that "The doctrine of rewards and punishments in a future state, has so great a tendency to enforce the civil laws and restrain the vices of men, that though reason would decide against it on the principles of theology, she will not decide against it on the principles of good policy." Again he says; "No religion ever appeared in the world, where natural tendency was so much directed to promote the peace and happiness of mankind, as the Christian. The Gospel of Christ is one continued lesson of the strictest morality, of justice, benevolence, and universal charity. Supposing Christianity to be a human invention, it is the most amiable and successful invention that was ever imposed on mankind for their good.

Reynolds and the Orphan.—A lady applied to the eminent philanthropist of Bristol, Richard Reynolds, on behalf of a little orphan boy. After he had given liberally, she said, "When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor." "Stop," said the good man, "Thou art mistaken. We do not thank the clouds for rain.

THE COUNTRY GIRL AND SHEEP.

I SAW a poor over-driven sheep drop down on its way to Smithfield. The driver finding that the suffering animal *could not* move further, placed it on the edge of the causeway until he could send a man to carry it away. A servant girl, not long from the country, soon came out of the adjoining house, and began to pat and soothe the poor lame animal. It was a pleasant sight, and I could not but involuntarily exclaim, "God bless her kind heart!"

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING.

Further Extracts from Letters.

A FRIEND in one of the remote parts of Scotland, thus writes to our publisher:—"I, and two or three friends, have obtained sixty new Subscribers to the *British Workman*. I send you their order for the quantity for the next three months, and a post-office order for the amount. The showing a copy of the *British Workman* in, in many cases, was the best plan. Those who had previously declined, became Subscribers when they saw the periodical itself."

A SCHOOLMAST, at Brighton, writes:—"I have obtained twenty Subscribers to the *British Workman*. Only once there a copy was put because a subscriber. If every schoolboy would do this, the *British Workman* would soon have a largely increased circulation."

A FRIEND, near Inverness, writes:—"I have to-day obtained 10 Subscribers to the *British Workman*. It is wonderful how well it is received. I only met with one refusal."

A WORD TO BOOKSELLERS.—A Bookseller, in Gloucestershire, writes as follows:—"I gave the lists you sent me to one of my customers, who has canvassed for Subscribers, and obtained no less than 40! Please send me more lists for another of my customers who is going to try what he can do."

WHAT AN INVALID CAN DO.—We have received the following from a gentleman in Bath:—"Before my affliction I formed one of a Committee of four gentlemen, in a country town, who obtained about 200 *British Workmen* and *Band of Hope Review* monthly some time ago. I write to a lady, a friend, persuade her to be sister of your papers, the result of which was, she canvassed the village, and now circulates about sixty per month. I have obtained forty per month. I gave those statements in your—in a few words may do. When I was first laid aside by illness, I thought I felt a great pleasure in persuading or executing your papers."

THE "TIS BUTS" BOX.

We are thankful to find that the narrative, "Take care of your 'Tis Buts,"* has already been productive of good. A Working-man writes:—"I took your advice last August, and I got a box, and dropped the coppers in every night, that I *used* to spend in drink. At Christmas week I opened the box, and found above £2 in it, which helped me to a good Sunday suit.

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THE HALT (OR THE "TRAVELLER'S REST"). Engraved, by permission, from the painting by J. F. HERRING, Esq.

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THE SUNDAY RIDE, AND THE "TRAVELLER'S REST."

"And so, Paul, you're off?"

"Why not, Suz?" was my answer to my sister, who stood, Prayer-Book in hand, at the door, ready dressed for church.

She did not reply to me, and I started, impatient to be gone. It was a pleasant morning in June; the shadows from the elms and beeches about our house fell upon the ground, mixed with golden light, a soft breeze was astir among the boughs, and down the glade, the greenest of green grass was yet wet with the raindrops that had fallen overnight, as cool drink for herb and tree, and bird and flower. Rover, Dash, and Dandy barked joyously at the prospect of a scamper, and chased round and round the grey house, as if to say how myself, so touching my steed with the whip, and throwing my hand in farewell to Susan, latarried at a cheerful trot through the stone-pillared entrance, out at the gate, and across the twenty-acre field towards the lane that wound half-way round the wide stretch of moorland I loved so well to repent, and that for many a mile surrounded our farm's farm. What a joy was a ride on horseback to me! All the week confined to a desk and stool in a dark counting-house at my uncle's office, the Sunday is of all time, was a day to be looked forward to as a holiday, a day of thorough enjoyment, and this day scarcely just made for me, as I said to myself while pursuing my way, head erect, and wide-open eyes, gazing on the spread-out landscape, unobstructed by a single cave or fear or annoyance. Now and then, as I sped on, I drew rein, and stood up in the saddle to look the better across the country, the mental effort of which, I felt some my ears, scarcely clinging to the distance, sounding of the sweeter to me because so far away.

With such a day, I thought upon the heather, now in the old parish church, where I know Susy and her Prayer-Book were by this time located, and wished she were with me on the heather moorland, where every breath seemed to minister new life into my veins, and every yard of wind to rub off some of the city pallor contracted during the week's hard work, and which I felt to linger. For some hours, I rode on thus, nothing or cantering on the open country, alternately cheering on, or whistling back, the dogs, which gave chase to every bird that rose, or walking slowly along by the side of a brook that wound hardly musing within and beneath, on its way to the under stream that by it sent to swallow it in the distant river of Dee.

Leaving the moor, I gained the high road, and was sorry to perceive that I was approaching a house by the roadside, where strangers, on a day like this, could then obtain the refreshment needed by myself and my horse. An unclouded sun had been shining upon us, and for miles we had to stop at every hostelry to water and let the dogs shewed signs of heat and thirst, so, riding up to the door of the "Traveller's Rest," and dismounting, I left the horse in charge of the ostler, and went inside to get what I required. The bar was already supplied with guests, and the small room I was shown into, had had recent visitors; it was clean, and smelled strongly of tobacco and stale ale, so strongly, that upwilling to remain in it, I took my glass in hand, and made my way down the garden in front of the house, to a shady nook at the further end, covered with blossoming honeysuckle, and pungent from the nail by a hedge of sweetbriar.

While seated here, enjoying the perfume and rest, the sound of voices came to my ear from speakers immediately behind the arbour. I had no need to listen, every word was distinct, and the following conversation reached me, while I drank my ale, and smoked a cigar. The speakers I found to be the holiday, and the ostler who was giving water to my horse.

"It's a fine morning," began the gentler voice, "and you shall be hot enough directly, I'll be bound!"

"Yes, yes, mum," responded the gruff organ of the ostler, "Sunday's allers fringes plenty o' folk, when it's fine. But for my part, I wouldn't mind if it was allers wet on a Sunday, I wouldn't."

"Why, Dick?"

"Then'd be fewer folk go a pleasurin', an we'd maybe be able to get shut a bit, like other Christians. I'm about tired o' this work, I am, an' would like a Sunday's rest sometimes."

"There's no rest likely for either you or me, Dick! So we may as well be contented."

"If you are one of your grumblin' ones, I'm not, mum; leastways I was never reckoned so, an' I can work as hard as the hardest, an' never budge; but an ostler's life ain't a bed, an' nobody's else's. He can't never have no rest, nor eat a bit of the Sunday dinner his own. Why, I reckon it's right year come Whitsuntide since I was in a church."

"You're no worse off than many others, Dick."

"No, so to speak, I know I'm not, mum. Not so bad as some I know. There's old Solar at the Greyhound, a' Sunday morning, he never see the inside of a church or chapel for eight-and-twenty year, but he's a fellur' for the other day, but—then, he cares nought about it, he's lost the taste o' it. Drinkin' is his own. Why, I reckon it's eight year come Whitsuntide since I was in a church."

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"Well all like something we haven't got," responded the holiday. "Do you suppose I don't find it hard to be tied here serving out beer and gin, and pipes, Sunday after Sunday, when I'd like to be at church, and hearing a few words about something better? But I put up with it, knowing it not what I am used to before I was married, and I may tell you, Dick, that if I'd known the sort of life I was coming to, I would have gone out as long for a living than ever I would have gone out Traveller's Rest." I was brought up to be a gentleman, and on a Sunday as well as anybody, and to go regular to a place of worship, and on Sunday afternoons, when my mother sat down in the parlour, with the spectacles on her nose, reading her Bible, I've sat there beside her looking and the cat purring, and I've gone home from morning till night, and on Sundays it's worst of all, in that quarter, I've felt as if I should be called to call me, as the saying is."

The speaker's voice, had, indeed, by the sound of it, been at times, and was now, low and—my horse I suppose—heavy drinking.

"Then Dick answered, "That's just what I've been ever since, mum! My grandfather was a good sort o' man, and when I was ever so little had used to call me to him, an' put his hand on my head, an' tell me them very words, bobbin' me remember 'em when I was grown up—allus to do my duty in the state God pleased to call me to. Well, mum, so I've tried to do; but,—I've been considerin'"—and here Dick paused.

"What have you been considering?" asked the landlady.

"Whether—you won't mind what I'm goin' to say, mum, I ope?—whether this sort o' life's what God's pleased to call me to?"

"How can you doubt it? You're an ostler, and I take it, you will never be called to anything else."

"May be not, mum. I war allers very fond o' 'osses, an' it 'osses could speak, I'm thinkin' they'd talk somewhere again' being used as they do sometimes. They ought to have their rest, as well as Christians, so they ought. But that wasn't what I war goin' to say. Do you think God's pleased to call me to such a life as this, lettin' folk to go about an' get drink on a Sunday?—such a life as keeps me from church, or my time to think what I'd wished to do the week? Do you think, mum, my good to be got out o' church-goin', why shouldn't I have a chance for well-doin' as well as other folk should you, mum, and mester, be forced to keep here among the 'osses, an' an' an' loose talk, when you ought to have time to call your own? I wish all publics' were shut up o' Sunday."

"But you know as well as I do, Dick, that if we shut up this place on Sundays, we might as well shut it up altogether, for folk could do so with all my heart, but it's a Sunday-house."

"So it is, the more's the pity! Why did you ever take to it, mum? Knowin' as it was a Sunday-house for town parties?"

There was no answer for a short time. Perhaps the landlady was puzzled, or, perhaps, being drunk, she had lost her tongue.

"Ah, mum, I thought upon the heather, now in the old parish church, where I know Susy and her Prayer-Book were by this time located, and wished she were with me on the heather moorland, where every breath seemed to minister new life into my veins, and every yard of wind to rub off some of the city pallor contracted during the week's hard work, and which I felt to linger. For some hours, I rode on thus, nothing or cantering on the open country, alternately cheering on, or whistling back, the dogs, which gave chase to every bird that rose, or walking slowly along by the side of a brook that wound hardly musing within and beneath, on its way to the under stream that by it sent to swallow it in the distant river of Dee.

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WELSH BOY AND HIS BIBLE.

"As I was travelling not long since, on the mountain of Conway, there passed on the road a little boy with a big book under his arm. I asked him what book he had, but we could not understand each other. He was a little Welsh boy, and the book was a Welsh Bible. He passed on until he came to the jutty jawed rock among the mountain side, and sat down to read it to them. A gentleman from a distance came to a tangled cur cur. I said to my friend, a Welsh poet, who accompanied me, "Climb up those rocks, a little, and see what he is." He did so, and was that little boy on the mountain top praying to the God who made the mountains. His Bible was open before him. He bends and prays again he reads a few verses, and prays again. He was asking God to bless the town of Conway, and that on the morrow (it was Saturday afternoon) many souls might be converted, and that God would bless His servants everywhere, as they preached His word. Oh, what a glorious religion, I thought, which can make that little boy a high priest of the Almighty. I felt strengthened in my work the next day, and often since that, as I have thought that many such precious little ones are praying for us."—*Rev. Newman Hall.*

"THERE'S A BRIGHTER FIRE AT HOME,"

As, tired and sturdily along,
Giles Thatcher tramp'd his own hearth-side,
The cold wind blew with a shrill and strong
Across the moor and wide.

And, ere he gained the inn hard-by,
Moaned, "The Good-man's House of Call,"
Dark, storm-drear'n clouds darken'd the sky,
And rain began to fall.

The window, with its curtain red,
And brilliant light-gleam, seemed to smile;
It looks him—so his comrades said—
Step in, and rest awhile.

All else was dark,—so dark and drear,
I cannot tender that he deemed,
When shouts of laughter met his ear,
That all was as it seemed;

And longed to join that merrilul crew,
And sit beside that blazing fire,
The while the north wind stronger blew,
And sounds of storm rose higher.

"Come in, to shelter from the rain!"
Cried host and hostess, kindly born
In neighbor—and gain—
Giles Thatcher paused—and went.

But, on the threshold of the place,
Wherein came those frequent shouts of glee,
He started as an upturned face,—
A child's hands clasped his knee—

And, sweetly heard above the mirth,
A voice said, "Father, I have come,
To tell you there's a brighter hearth,
And better drink, at home."

It was enough; the father bowed
His stalwart form, he raised the child;
And, 'midst the laughter long and loud,
He stood erect, and smiled.

Her mouth cheek pressed his shaggy hair,
Her sweet breath cooled his fevered brow;
He clasped her tight—he did not care
For all their jeering now!

He turned again to face the wind,
Again the storm across the moor,
He left the inn-light far behind,
He gained his cottage door:

The while the child he loved to strain
Close to his warm and manly breast,
Lay almost hid from wind and rain,
Like bird in sheltering nest.

Beside the hearth, expectant now,
The mother sat, and silent, pale,
"So late!" it written on her brow:
"Be patient!" in her eyes.

The door springs wide, the logs blaze high,
The wife's pure kiss is warmly given;
The door is shut, the wind cut by:—
Storms do not enter heaven

And earthly homes of peace and light
Are types of that eternal rest,
Where all things sinless are, and bright,
And beautiful, and blest!

Night darkens grimly o'er the plain,
As, with a smile of honest pride,
The toil-worn man comes once again
To this—his own fireside.

Dry garments wrap his wearied frame,
His loved wife joins the fragrant tea;
The darling, who to meet him came,
Is seated on his knee.

Ah, better far than noise and din,
Thus assuming glare, or foaming can,
This homely rest, this peace within,
For him—for every man!

* * *

Let every wife whose heart's desire
Is that her husband may not roam,
Take care to have the *brighter fire*,
And *better drink*, at home.

C. W.

THE DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"THERE is more money made in the public line than in any other, unless it be in the pawn-broking," said Martha Hornby to her brother; "and I do not see why you should feel uncomfortable; you are a sober man; since I have kept your house, I never remember seeing you beside yourself; indeed, I never could work properly without your teaching beer, much less wine or spirits. If you did not sell them, somebody else would. And were you to leave the Grapes to-morrow, it might be taken by those who would not have your scruples. All the gentry say your house is the best conducted in the parish."

"I wish I really deserved the compliment," interrupted Matthew, looking up from his ledger-book. "I ought not to content myself with avoiding beer, wine, and spirits; it I believe, as I do, that they are as much alike to the character and health of men, I should be by every means in my power, kind others to avoid them."

"But we must live, Matthew! and your good education would not keep you—we must live!"

"Yes, Martha, we must live! but not the lives of vampirs;" and he turned rapidly over the accounts, noting and comparing, and mentally absorbed in calculation.

Martha's eyes became enlarged by curiosity—the small low curiosity which has nothing in common with the noble spirit of inquiry. She believed her brother was in most things; but in her heart of hearts she thought him foolish in worldly matters. Still, she was curious; and, yielding to what is considered a feminine infirmity, she, and: "Matthew, what is vampirs?"

Matthew made no reply; so Martha—who had been "longing to be heard" by her uncle, while her brother was dreaming over an unpaid bill—proceeded to tell us usual about "much serving," and troubling all within her sphere by worn-out and shrivelled-up maxims, as much as by the necessary duties of active life—looked at Matthew as if speculating on his sanity. Could he be thinking of giving up his business, because of that which did not concern him—but she would do her duty to him." It is strange how low and cunning persons do often manage higher and better natures their their own.

"Martha," he said at last in a low voice, "I cannot afford to give longer credit to Peter Croft."

"I thought he was one of your best customers; he is an excellent customer, I am sure; he has to do as a rule clear-starcher; and I am sure he spends every penny he earns here—much was Martha's answer.

"And more! he owes me more! Why, last week the score was eighteen shillings—besides what he paid for."

"He is an honourable man, Matthew," persisted Martha. "It is not long since he brought me six tea-spoons and a sugar-tongs, when I refused him brandy (he will have brandy). They must have belonged to his wife, for they had not P. C. on them, but E—something; I forgot what."

Matthew waxed wroth. "Have I not told you," he said—"have I not told you that we must be content with the flesh and blood, without the bones and marrow of these poor drunkards? I am ready to compare them, in a high point of view, to a pawnbroker; and, if the woman asks for it, I can say I lent it, Mrs Hornby—you know I can say that."

Peter Croft had a BIBLE on the table, and filling back the pages with his trembling fingers, showed it was absolutely illustrated with pictures. Martha loved pictures; "she had taken to pieces a *Pilgrim's Progress*, and, varying the devotional engravings it had contained with abundance of other pictures, she had produced new pages, and a few coloured caricatures, had covered one side of a screen, which, when finished, she considered would be one the ornaments of her brother's house and home. After the drunkard had partially exhibited its contents, he stood by with stolid indifference, while she measured the engravings with her eye, and turned over and over towards the screen. "Very well," she said, uttering a deliberate untruth with her lips, while her heart was made up to what to do—"very well! what did you say you wanted for it?" He repeated the sum: she took out exactly half, and laid the shining temptation on the table before him.

"Have you the heart, Miss Hornby," he said, while fingering, rather than counting, the money—"have you the heart to offer me such a little for such a great deal?"

"If you have the heart to sell it, I may have the heart to offer such a price," she answered, with a light laugh "and it is only a DRUNKARD'S BIBLE!"

Peter Croft dashed the money from him with a bitter oath.

"Oh, very well," she said; "take it—or leave it."

She resumed her work.

The only purpose to which a drunkard is firm is to his own ruin. Peter went to the door, returned, took up the money—"Another shilling, miss? *it will be in the Gazette before morning!*"

Martha gave him the other shilling: and, after he was fairly out of the room, grupped the book, commenced taking of the pictures in a light-hearted manner, congratulated herself on her good bargain. In due time the house was cleared, and she went to bed, placing the Bible on the top of her table, amongst a mass of pictures, and of worn-out dusters and tattered glass-cloths "waiting to be mended."

That night the master of "the Grapes" could not sleep; more than once he fancied he smelt fire; and after going into the unoccupied rooms, and peeping through the keyholes of the doors of those which were occupied, he descended to the bar, and finally entering the little bar-parlour, took his day-book from a shelf, and placed the pages, which he carefully turning over its leaves, but the top of the table would not shut, and raising it to remove the obstruction, Matthew saw the Bible, and opened it at the very day-book, he opened the sacred volume.

It opened at the 23rd chapter of Proverbs, and, as if guided by a sacred light, his eye fell upon the 29th verse, and he read:

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

"They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder!"

He dashed over the leaves in fierce displeasure, and, as if of themselves, they folded back at the 5th Galatians:

"Envy, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

"Now and Old, New and Old," murmured Matthew to himself—"I am condemned alike by the Old and the New Testament. He had regarded intoxication and its consequences heretofore as a great social evil; the fluttering rags and footless boots of the drunkard and his family, his blackened complexion, the ill-feeling, the violence, the murders wrought by the dread spirit of alcohol, had stood in may before him as a great social or moral disease, but not as a call to mind, if he really knew, that the Word of God exposed alike its destruction and its sinfulness. He was one of the many who, however good and moral in themselves, shut their ears against the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely; and though, in his heart of hearts, he was a lover of the Bible for the strength, and truth, and wisdom and consolation to be found in its pages, he had looked on the book as a collection of texts, written upon a strip of paper, in the careful hand of one to whom writing was evidently not a common occupation.

He read the 23rd chap.—"For the Lord and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags." 1 Corinthians, 6th chap. 10th verse—"Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor railers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

"Again that sweet text!" murmured Matthew; "and I have seen the means of bringing so many of my fellow-creatures under its ban!"

I Samuel, the 1st chap.—"And Eli said unto her, How long wilt thou be drunken? put away thy wine from thee." Luke 21.—"Ah! take heed to your selves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares."

"Ay, that day," repeated the landlord—"*that day*, the day that must come!"

Ephesians the 5th chap.—"And be not *drunk* with wine, wherein is excess—but be filled with the Spirit." Proverbs 20th chap.—"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

"*Woe to them who selleth wine to thy neighbour, and moreover strong drink to his destruction.*"

He rose from his chair, and paced up and down the little room; no eye but His who sees all things looked upon the carnestness and agitation of that man; no ear but the All-hearing heard his sighs, and his unuttered prayers to be strengthened for good. He said within himself, "Who will counsel me in this matter?—to whom shall I fly for counsel? to whom will tell the what I ought to do?—how remedy the evils I have brought to others while in this business, even when my heart was alive to the wickedness?" He felt that he found in his wife—none who would do aught but laugh and ridicule the idea of giving up a good business for conscience' sake; but so it was, that in the Bible he read of a Being in an Immortal Friend, take counsel of Him—pray to Him—learn of Him—trust Him; make His Book your guide; and opening the Bible he read one other passage, "Keep innocency, and *take heed to the thing that is right*, for that shall bring a man peace at the last."

Pondering on this important rule of life, so simple and so comprehensive, he turned back the pages, repeating it over and over again, until he came to the first leaf, wherein were written the births, marriages, and deaths of the humble family to whom the Bible had belonged, and therein, amongst the dates of the birth, he saw in a stiff, half-printed hand, the name—EMMA HANBY, only daughter of James and Mary-Jane Hanby, born so-and-so, married at such a place to Peter Croft.

"Emma Hanby"—born in his native village; the little Emma Hanby whom he had loved to carry over the brook to a hazel-bush on the opposite side, where he had sat in the meadows—for whom he had gathered flowers—whose nuts-pail he had often lifted over the church-stile—whom he had seen in her mother's pew, and love woman since—whom he would have married, if she, light-hearted girl that she was, could have loved the tall, yellow, awkward, red-headed young man, who had grown so tall, and her delight to call "Daddy"—was she then the wife—the torn, soiled, tattered, worn-out, insulted, drunken wife of the drunkard Peter Croft? Yes! It seemed impossible; her memory had been such a sunbeam from boyhood up; the refiner of his nature—the dream that often came to him by day and night. While passing the parochial-school when the full tide of girls rushed from its beat into the thick city air, his heart had often beat, if the ragged beauty of a little girl seemed like the laugh in once thought noble; and he would watch to see if the girl resembled the voice that recalled his early love.

"And I have helped to bring her to this," he repeated over and over to himself; "even I have done this—and has been my duty. He paused, and he reasoned himself by the argument, that if Peter Croft had not drunk at "the Grapes" he would have drunk somewhere else; but his second conscience neither admitted nor sought an excuse; and after an hour or more of earnest prayer, with sealed lips and bowed down, as it were, in humility by consciousness of his infirmity of purpose, and as another elevated by strong reaches of great sacrifice, Matthew, carrying with him the *Drunkard's Bible*, went to bed. He slept the feverish, unrefreshing sleep which to frequently succeeds strong emotion. He saw troops of drunkards—blind, staggering, trembling, ghastly spectres, pointing at him with their shaking figures, while, with pestilential breath, they demanded "who had sold them poison?" Women, pale—broken—brutalized by drunkards' wives—in either case, starved wretched creatures, with scores of ghastly children, herded him as he passed through narrow streets, and he was pelted with the stinking atmosphere which hung as a veil before his bedroom window.

To Matthew, the sunbeams came like heavenly messengers, winging their way through the darkness and chaos of the world, for the world's lights and life. He had never thought of the Bible as he had been thought of and felt it then, and much good it did him, strengthening his good intent. A positive flood of light poured in through a pane of glass which had been cleaned the previous morning, and played upon the cover of the poor Drunkard's Bible. Matthew knew the cover was worn, and burt full of sentiments—the emotions of his early and better nature—and he bowed his head upon his hands, and prayed in humble and contrite spirit. The bundles of that prayer, which escaped from between his lips in murmurs sweet as the murmurs of living waters, was—that God would give his servant power to the prosperity, the regeneration of his own kind. Oh, if God would but mend the broken vessel, it He would but heal the bruised reed, if He would but restore him into his flock! Oh, how often he repeated—"God give me strength! Lord strengthen me!"

And he arose, as all great men after steadfast prayer—strengthened—and prepared to act about his work. I now quote his own account of what followed.

"I had, so said, fixed in my mind the duty I was called upon to perform; I saw it bright before me. It was now clear to me, whether I turned to the right or to the left, there it was, written in letters of light. I went downstairs, I made all the arrangements, I brought a half-dozen of my men into the bar-parlour, I took my own hands, in the grey, cold light of morning, I tore down the sign of my dishonesty to a good cause. "The

The Landlord of the "Grapes" emptying the casks and demolishing the bottles in his cellar.

Grapes' lay in the kennel, and my first triumph was achieved. I then descended to my cellar, locked myself in, turned all the taps, and broke the bottles into the torrents of pale ale and brown stout which foamed around me. Never once did my determination even waver. I vowed to devote the remainder of my life to the destruction of alcohol, and to give my power and my means to victims and succour those who had wasted their substance and debased their characters beneath my roof. I felt as a freed man, from whom fetters have been suddenly struck off; a sense of manly independence thrilled through my frame. Through the black and reeking arch of the beer-vault, I looked up to Heaven; I asked God again and again for the strength of purpose and perseverance which I had hitherto wanted all my latter life. While called a 'respectable man,' and an 'honest publican,' I *knew* that I was acting a falsehood, and dealing in the moral—perhaps the eternal—deaths of many of those careless drinkers, who had 'sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause,' even while I, who sold the incentives to sorrow and torment, and quarrels and wounds without cause, knew that they 'but like serpents and sting like adders.' What a knave I have been! erecting a temple to my own respectability on the ruins of respectability in my fellow-creatures! talking of honesty, when I was inducing sinners to augment their sin by every temptation that the fragrant rum, the white-faced gin, the brown bouncing brandy, could offer—all adulterated, all untrue as myself, all make even worse than their original natures by downright and positive fraud; talking of honesty, as if I had been honest; going to church, as if I were a practical Christian, and passing by those I had helped to make sinners with contempt upon my lip, and a 'Stand by, I am holier than thou!' in my proud heart, even at the time I was inducing men to become accessories to their own shame and sin, and the ruin of their families."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Wash me throughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.—Psalm li. 2, 3.

SLEEPERS, AWAKE!

One Lord's-day afternoon, the late Mr. Fuller, of Ketering, perceiving some of his hearers to be drowsy, as soon as he had read his text, he struck his hand three times against the side of the pulpit, calling out, "What! asleep already! I am often afraid I should preach you asleep: but the fault cannot be mine to-day, for I have not yet begun!"

THE WIFE AT HOME.

"Oh, Jane, Jane!" exclaimed a mother, who was the wife of a working-man, as she stood at a neighbour's door, "you know I was out 'charring' yesterday, and earned a shilling, which was a little help to my husband's wages, but what do you think! while I was out, some of the children broke my new eighteenpenny pitcher, and then they either swallowed or melted nearly a whole quarter of a pound of butter, and I had nothing but dry bread for my supper!"

"Well, now," replied her neighbour (who was one of the wise mothers who would *not* go out to work), "I am truly sorry — your shilling *is more than lost*. It has long been my opinion, and here is a proof of it, that a *wife and mother should be a keeper at home.*"

THE MOTHER *from* HOME.

HOME MANNERS.

We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey, and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendour of an iceberg, surrounded by its fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of these families without a heart. A father had better extinguish a boy's eyes than take away his heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasures of his heart? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections. Indulge freely in the warm and gushing emotions of filial, parental, and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. God is love. Love God, everybody, and everything that is lovely. Teach your children to love; to love the rose, the robin; to love their parents; to love their God. Let it be a studied object of their domestic culture, to give them warm hearts, and ardent affections. Bind your family together by those strong cords. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love; love to God, and love to man. *Dr. Hall.*

Fault-finding.—There is a disposition observable in some to view unfavourably everything that falls under their notice. They seek to gain confidence by always differing from others in judgment, and to depreciate what they allow to be worthy in itself, by hinting at some mistake or imperfection in the performance. They are too lofty or too low in your manners; you are too frugal or too profuse in your expenditure; you are too taciturn or too free in your speech; and so of the rest. Now, guard against this tendency. Nothing will more conduce to your uncomfortableness than living in the neighbourhood of ill-nature, and being familiar with discontent. The disposition grows with indulgence, and is low and base in itself; and if any should be ready to pride themselves on skill and facility in this unworthy science, let them remember that the acquisition is easy and easy; a *child* can deface and destroy; dolness and stupidity, which seldom lack inclination or means, can cavil and find fault; and everything can furnish ignorance, prejudice, and envy, with a handle of reprotach.—*W. Jay.*

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In God have I put my trust: I will not be afraid what man can do unto me. Thy vows are upon me, O God: I will render praises unto thee.—Psalm lvi. 11, 12.

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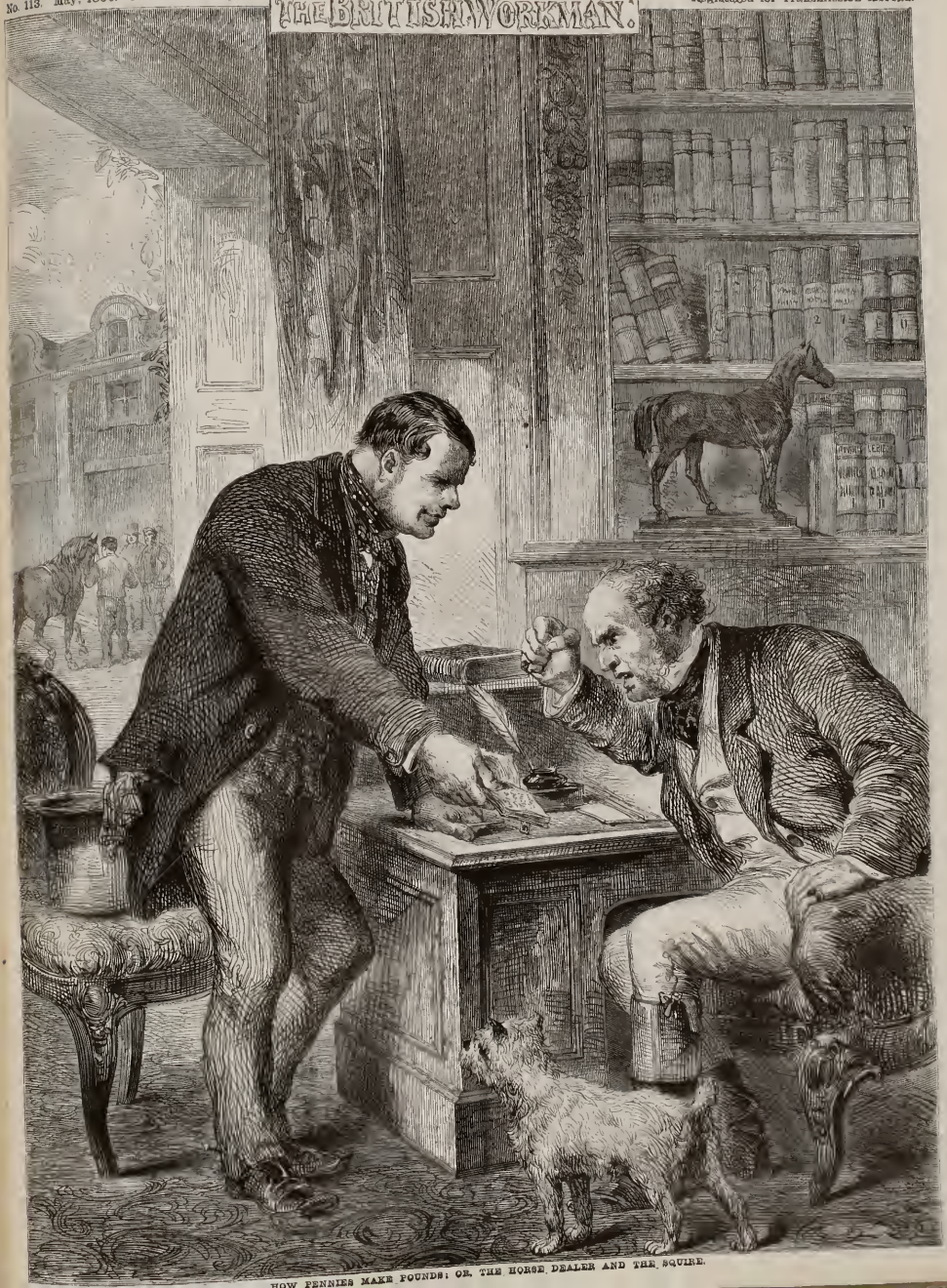

HOW PENNIES MAKE POUNDS; OR, THE HORSE DEALER AND THE SQUIRE.

PENNIES AND POUNDS;

OR, "TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE AND THE POUNDS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES."

THIS is a wise old proverb, that we wish the readers of the *British Workman* to study. It does not mean that pounds do not require to be carefully managed, but it means that those who do not take care of the pence never will have the opportunity of taking care of the pounds. People are too often tempted to extravagance in small than in great matters. "It only costs a trifle." "I never spend more than a few pence for my drink and my tobacco, and what's that to make a fuss about?" These are the common words of scores and hundreds of working men. If they took a pound of the money that cost up the pence that foolish and dangerous luxuries cost, they would be scared by the amount.

There is an equivocal story, which has long been a favourite with boys who like questions in arithmetic—and many men would do well to ponder it.

"There was a certain country squire very fond of horses; and as he was wealthy, and his taste well known, many horse breeders and dealers, when they had a valuable animal, would take him up to show it to the squire, to give him the first offer. One day a very noble creature was brought to the hall. The squire could not but admire its strength, form, and beauty. "Name the price," said he eagerly.

"Three hundred pounds," replied the owner.

"Pooh! three hundred pounds? Are you mad, or do you think me so?"

"Well, Sir, that's the price—no less will buy him."

The dealer proceed to go, but the squire, for a moment, he said, "I see you like the horse, Sir; but not the price. Well, suppose I shift my ground, and ask you to pay for the nails in the horse's shoes? Three pence will cover them. You shall give me a farthing for the first nail—a halfpenny for the second—a penny for the third, doubling the sum for each nail."

"Agreed," said the squire, with a laugh, and bade his groom lead the horse into the stable, and told the dealer to come into the library for the money.

"Stay," said the dealer, "you are quite sure, Sir, you like my terms?"

"Oh, I am sure. Let me see what it will come to." He seated himself at his desk. The dealer, meanwhile, taking out his pocket-book, wrote down some figures, and handed the memo page to the squire.

What a look of surprise and anger was on the squire's face, as he read two millions two hundred and thirty-six thousand nine hundred and sixty-two pounds two shillings and eightpence!

"What absurdity is this?" he said sternly.

"Can it be unreasonable, Sir, when you'll find it right."

Hastily the squire took a pencil; and in a few moments laid it down. The man's calculation was correct, and the squire was glad to pay over the money, for he was originally asked. He had bought not only the horse, but wisdom in the transaction. It was a fine lesson for him; it may be for us—what large amounts little sums will grow to.

Every backing society has among its members men who instead of spending pence in drinks, smoke—and very costly those two habits are—have *added these to the sum they would have paid in rent*, and have in ten, twelve, or fewer years, accumulated a house, the sale of payment was arranged, became the owners of a house, and had the comfort of being their own landlords, with no rent to pay after the first few years of self-denial.

A friend of mine will this year receive from an insurance office a hundred and sixteen pounds. Twenty years ago he was glad to pay one shilling a week for his premiums. If he had died a month after he insured, he family would have had a hundred pounds. But if he lived twenty years, he would receive a hundred pounds himself, and a sum that is called a *bonus* (or good profit) over.

Now, in order to obtain this, he has paid £4 18s. a-year—one pence two shillings a-week. Men are few working men, who drink beer, and smoke, that spend as little as two shillings a-week on their mugs and their pipe. Two shillings a hundred and twenty-four put them into a comfortable little business, or enable them to take a house, and let nice lodgings to sober people, and thus help them on in life?

Take care of the pence. Why, one of the most successful traders of modern times began his career of prosperity by picking up an old horse-shoe, which he sold for a penny.

A lady of very small means wanted to have some money for charitable purposes. She began her poor-fund with a penny reel of cotton. This was lent into a little neat seat that she sold for sixpence; she spent the sixpence in wools, and knitted a pair of cuffs that she sold for a shilling; this was again spent on cotton, that when made up, brought half-a-crown; and when a few months after her death, I inquired how she was getting on, I found she had made her penny into thirty pounds!

Take care of the pence. They are wonderful things. They make away unperceived if they are not taken care of; and they accumulate to pounds if they are taken care of.

A ship-builder once said to me, "when a big hole is knocked in the ship's side, we know it, and can meet with tow and tallow or bung up the place at once, and then set to, repair the damage. But it's your little leakage, that is not at once known, that's dangerous. The water gets into the hold, and nobody knows how or where, and it always dread a little leak, for that often sinks the ship."

Working men! dread the leakage of pennies. Take care of the pence, lest they leak out of your pockets. p.

THOUGHTS ON THE LATE FLOOD.

THE sad calamity that has occurred near Sheffield, by the bursting of a reservoir, Bradfield, that has destroyed so many workmen's homes, and taken so many lives, has filled all England with dismay, and all hearts with pity for the sufferers. The waters which overflowed the valley of the Don, may well be called the waters of Death. Sudden then, and destruction of property and life attended their rapid march, and they left behind them bare desolation—broken remnants and corpses—where gardens, meadows, mills, farm-houses, and many hundreds of human dwellings. So sad and speedy a ruin England, and the men witnessed in our comparatively quiet England; and the great number of the dead, we believe, makes this calamity almost without a parallel.

At sunset, on the Friday evening, how little the inhabitants of that busy valley anticipated the coming catastrophe; the horror and distress that was so soon to overtake them and their dearest ones, the quick silent death to many, the hard battle for life to others, the scene of desolation that the next returning sun was to behold!

Within that seven miles-length of valley stood under the windy midnight sky, mills and factories strong and tall, filled with heavy machinery and industrial furniture, farm-houses, and other out-buildings and stacks, hedges of wood and massive stone, and one of iron, clasping the river-banks on either hand with firm grip of metal fingers, pouring its bold and resolute for long years to come great trees that had grown through many seasons of rain and sunshine, upwards and downwards, high in stem, and broad in girth, and deep-rooted in the earth, but the stronger for the push and onslaught of tempests; whole streets and rows of human habitations, large, well-built houses, and smaller dwellings, stood about the side of the stream. A few minutes afterwards came the terrible flood, with wild, overturning, overwhelming sweep, rushing on with a sound of thunder, and whatever it touched passed they toppled down, and wrenched up, and uncked-in houses and factories and bridges, and trees, leaving behind them little but a level waste of stone and mud, and ruin. The waters of death buried in, and rolled over, the sleeping population, for within those houses, were hundreds of human sleepers—fathers and mothers at the hearth, sitting beside their mothers, husbands and wives, lying unconscious, unapprehensive, not knowing or fearing what kind of sleep this night was to be—children sleeping in all unaware of the destruction that was hearing and straining to be let loose, pent up in the great ninety-five-acre reservoir—the great lake of water, that was channeled by the swollen river, filled with the drainings of the overcharged hills and uplands. Fathers and mothers, and children, brothers and sisters, and wives and children, and swallowed up with their falling houses, or drifted away to strange distant burial-places, where they lay for the morning, with no coffin, no shroud, no sound of tolling of mud for a shroud. Tall buildings, strong bridges, machinery, trees, beams, houses, were dashed, or swept away, as though they were mud and straw and twigs, were but paper and cardboard and wire, and in half-an-hour its wild outburst of waters had done more mischief than many years of continuous labour could undo.

Many who read this paper will have seen the devastations of the flood, some may have suffered by it, through losing property, or friends, or relatives, and we may not have been among the number of those who successfully struggled for life amid the waters. All will have heard of it; and it is well that we should hear of it, and that we should have seriousness in all minds, from the thought brought home by it, so startlingly and appalingly, of the uncertainty of all earthly possessions, and of the uncertainty of human life. It is by no means a new thought, we are perpetually hearing of it, and as perpetually putting it on one side, as not pleasant, or unnecessary. We are always being reminded of it, for God has put the word *change* upon all His creation, for all His children to learn the lesson of it, and yet we are too ready to forget it! How we put it from us impatiently, and endeavour with all our hearts to believe in, and be satisfied with, the present condition of things, as permanent and lasting! We take to our hearts a lie, and shut our eyes to God's word, written so plainly that all may see, and so perfectly in harmony with experience. We need at times an almost overwhelming shock, a terrible convulsion to shake our blind faith in the stability of earthly things, and to make us look upon our houses and land as very firm, real things, possessions we can rightly call our destroyed or rendered valueless; we are constantly reckoning upon the continuation of this earthly life and as we will not read and consider God's plain words that He writes up daily for us in the sky, that is changing everywhere, and in as varying clouds and revolving sun;—and on the earth, changing in the grass and flowers, that perpetually have filled with new life, prospered, decay and death, never resting or remaining the same for an hour, and that changing and decaying that our life hands have made, on our own bodies especially, that God gives, they are; He sends us the same teaching in a voice of thunder, and terrible, and crushing things, since quiet ones fail, so that His lesson shall be learned in some way.

Then comes such a night's experience as that of Friday the 11th of March, at Sheffield, which is talked of through the whole land, and rudely shakes our confidence and trust in the stability of all that we call our house, but little is needed to make our firm outward possessions vanish. So small an event as a few days rain more than ordinary, the sudden melting of winds suddenly, and without warning, into the other world, overturns villages and alters the face of the country. We feel our own helplessness, and confess that we are always more ready to acknowledge God. And this is the lesson He would have us learn.

The poor creatures who were carried away by the flood, and called out in their agony to their friends, "Help—save us!" would have been rejoiced indeed, could those friends have given strong enough, and long enough to reach them and drag them to safety, and henrying waters. But those friends were powerless to help. Glad enough they of they could, have saved the struggling ones. They could not. Earthly possessions, we saw them carried away in a moment. But the death of the body, terrible as it seems at such moments, is nothing so terrible as that slow death of the soul, that has not, as opposed to the love of God, that is creeping over so many around us. We see it in others, sometimes we feel it in ourselves, but we are unfrightened as we ought to be, we do not ask to be saved from it, too often we encourage it. And yet it, however, and strives to draw on from this death of self, by affliction, or by other means, as sometimes outward ruin, to accomplish in us an inward salvation. The shakes violently the bed on which we lie slumbering that we may awake to our danger and destruction. And to those who cry "Help, save us!" He can in mercy reply—His arm is never too weak or too short to reach them. He will save them at once and for ever.

Just before going to press we have received the sum of £1 16s. to aid of the sufferers by the flood, from "The men employed in the Cab Department of Messrs Bromley and Co's Establishment, Ashton-under-Lyne," which we shall have much pleasure in handing over to the Mayor of Sheffield, who is Treasurer to the Relief Fund. We shall gladly take charge of any further contributions.—Ed. B. W.]

NEW WAY OF CATCHING A THIEF.

A MAN had been in the habit of stealing corn from his neighbour, who was a member of the Society of Friends. Every night he would quietly go into the field, and fill his bag with the corn which the good old Friend's teal had placed there. Every morning the old gentleman observed a diminution of his corn pile. This was very unusual, and must be stopped—but how? One said, "Take a gun, conceal yourself, wait till he comes, and fire." Others said, "Catch the villain, and have him sent to jail."

But the Friend was not prepared to enter into such measures. He wanted to punish the offender, and at the same time to bring about an reformation, if possible, so he fixed a *trap* close to the hole through which the man would thrust his arm in getting the corn.

The neighbour came at the usual moving mission at the hour of midnight, big in hand. Unsuspectingly he thrust his hand into the crib to seize some corn, when lo! he found himself unable to withdraw it. In vain he tugged, and pulled, and sweated, and alternately cried and cursed. His hand was fast, and every effort to release it only made it more secure. At a time the tender of his breast measurably subdued. He gave over his useless struggles, and began to look around him. All was silence and peace. Good men were sleeping comfortably in their beds, while he was compelled to keep a dreary, disagreeable watch through the remainder of that long and tedious night, his hand in constant pain from the pressure of the clamp which held it. His tired limbs, compelled to sustain his weary body, would fain have sought the bench beside the door, and have taken a little in slumber, but lo! there was no rest, no sleep for him. There he must stand and watch the progress of the night, and endure the pangs and the tears of morning. Morning came at last, and the Friend looked out of his window and found he had "caught his man."

The man was in no mood to say, "Go out and give him a good horse-whipping, just as he stands, and then release him; *that* will cure him." But not so the Friend. Such treatment would have sent the man away embittered, and muttering curses of revenge. The good old man hurried on his clothes, and started to the relief and punishment of his prisoner.

"How does thee do?" said the Friend, as he came within speaking distance. The poor culprit made no answer, but burst into tears.

"O, I see thee now," said the Friend, as he proceeded to release him, "I am sorry that thou hast got thy hand fast. Thou hast put it into the wrong place or it would not have been so."

The man looked crest-fallen, and begging forgiveness, hastily turned to make his retreat.

"Stay, friend, thee has not yet filled. Thou needs corn, or thou would not have taken so much pains to get it. Come let me fill it," said the Friend.

The poor fellow was astonished at this and held the bag, while the old man filled it, interspersing the exercise with the pleasantest conversation imaginable, all of which was like dropping coals of fire upon the merciless victim.

The bag was filled, the strong tied, and the sufferer hoped to be soon out of the presence of his tormentor. At length he ventured to inquire, "How much?"

"Stay!" said the Friend, as the man was about to hurry off, having uttered some more his apologies and his thanks. "Stay, thee has breakfast ready on this; thou must not think of going without breakfast. Come, Ruth is calling."

This was almost unendurable. This was "heaping coals," with a vengeance! The man felt the merciful injustice he had brought to be excused, in vain he pleaded to be released from this so great a punishment. The Friend was inexorable, and he must submit to it.

Breakfast being over, "Now," said the old farmer, as he helped the victim to shoulder the bag, "if thou needs any more corn come in the daytime and thou shalt have it."

With what shame and remorse did the guilty man turn from the presence of the Friend! He never again troubled the Friend's corn crib. He at once repented and became a reformed man. He was afterwards heard to relate, in a meeting, the substance of this story, and he attributed his conversion, under God's blessing, to the course the Friend had so mercifully pursued to arrest him in his downward career.

[We know a gentleman who has tried a somewhat similar plan with *several* convicted thieves, who are now respectable members of Society.—Ed. B. W.]

CLOSING OF PUBLIC-HOUSES ON THE SUNDAY.

THE of Thousands of workmen and their families will have to wait for the fate of the proposed Parliamentary measure for closing public-houses on Sunday's prayer. Even publicans and their families will have cause to rejoice, for "Sunday-work brings no good in the end to anyone." We are interested in knowing that so many *publicans* are signing petitions in favour of the proposed closing on the Sunday. We believe that if the publicans and their families throughout the land were canvassed, a *very large majority* would be found to be in favour of the entire closing on the Lord's-Day. Forms of Petition may be had on application to the Clergyman, or Minister, or by letter, addressed to the Secretary of the "Society for Promoting the Due Observance of the Lord's-Day," 20, A Street, Adelphi, London. W.C.

A WARNING VOICE.

THE *Working-men's Lord's-Day Rest Association* has just issued an address from which we extract the following:—"The Committee, feeling that the Lord's-Day is *equally sacred to the Jewish of a holiday*, earnestly appeal to all who enjoy and value the Sabbath to aid them in their efforts to preserve it as a "Day of Holy Rest." The Committee are quite ignorant of the extent of Sunday Labour, and the evil which is gleaning from their grasp. We therefore propose to *offer Twenty Prize Tracts*, and to seeker information on this important subject in every possible way."

We recommend working-men and their friends to peruse and circulate the Prize Tracts issued by this Association. Specimen copies may be had by forwarding six stamps to Mr. Charles Hill, the Secretary of the Association, 13, Bedford Row, London. W.C.

Working-men have need to be on their guard, or the time will come when to be a publican (or an innocent) seven days' work will have to be done for six days' pay.

THE TWO BEARS.

I.

In an old country town dwelt a man and his wife,
Who lived such a quarrelsome wrangling life,
That the neighbours, disturbed, go their shutters and doors,
There was not such another vile pair in the place.

II.

Like a cat and a dog they would lavish all day long,
No cross was their temper and lawless their tongue,
And louder and louder their voices were heard,
As each madly struggled to have the last word.

III.

But lo, all at once they grew gentle and meek,
Those tongues a new language, they were learned to speak,
The turbulent passions that rent their souls were gone,
And their home is the picture of calm and peace.

IV.

Of course all the neighbours were sorely perplexed
At the strange alteration, and wondered what next;
But none could account for the change that had come,
So suddenly too—on the Sneals and their home.

V.

At last the strange fact was so bandied about,
An old lady vowed she would ferret it out;
And so our Miss Busy (by that name she went)
Goes straight to the Sneals to know what it all meant

VI.

"Good morning," said she, "Mrs. Snail; how d'ye do?
What a change has come over your husband and you?
The talk of the town, indeed, I really must know,
What strange thing has happened to alter you so?"

VII.

"I'm glad, Ma'am, you've come," Mrs. Snail said,
"There has been a change, I am happy to say." ("to-day,
All another world, Ma'am, I'm quite calm,
And all brought about—prey don't laugh—by two bears."

VIII.

"Two bears?" cried Miss Busy, half-fainting with fright,
"Two *bears*, Mrs. Snail? Dear me! Did I hear you aright?"
"Yes, bears, Ma'am—sit down, you have rather a long-tale—
And right glad I am that they ever came here."

IX.

But what, in the world, Mrs. Snail, can you mean?"
"Just two Scripture bears," (the replied, quite serene.
"What, two Scripture bears? Pm perplexed more and
"Though strange, it is true, as I told you before."

X.

"But, stay, Mrs Snail, if your Bible you read,
You'll find no two bears there, you will not indeed,
Except one who ate up the children, you know,
Who mocked at Elisha—dead, long long ago."

XI.

"Yes, Ma'am, but two others are mentioned beside"—
"Where, where, prey?" "Miss Busy impatiently cried:
"My memory in such things is very much amiss,
And I should have found them, if there, before this."

XII.

"Well, Ma'am, then, you cannot this verse have forgot—
'Bear each other's burdens,' (the replied, quite sense,
'Forbearing each other in love,' (it makes the pair,
And the noises of the couple are—Bear and Forbear."

XIII.

How Miss Busy felt, we can't venture to say,
But at least we will hope she was ashamed of the
The Snails, it was plain, having Christians become,
'Twas seen in their peace, and 'twas felt in their home.

XIV.

Take, friend, these two Bears, they cost nothing to buy;
They'll never annoy you, awake or asleep:
Wherever they're welcomed, all bickerings cease,
For they bring to a household sweet concord and peace.

J. W. P.

(1) Gal. vi. 2. (2) Ephes. iv. 2.

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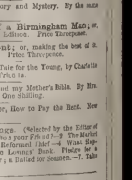
HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING.

Further Extracts from Letters.

A Farmer, in Hertfordshire, writes as follows:—During the past year I have sold upwards of 1100 copies of the *British Workman*, 50 of the *Band of Hope Review*, and 50 Children's *Friend*. Amongst my subscribers are ministers, agricultural labourers, bakers, butchers, brickmakers, shoemakers, carpenters, cross-bowlers, stonemasons, gardeners, farmers, blacksmiths, millers, maltsters, plasterers, wheelwrights, sawyers, schoolmasters, lodging-house keepers, publicans, servants, schoolmistresses, lodging-house keepers, stonemasons, shoemakers, wheelwrights, wooden-ware manufacturers, sawyers, and men, women, and children of all ages. The number to whom I send an allotment, and distribute thirty Supplements to the *British Workman*, which are gaining in one year, is 300 of the most working-all night, in worthy of imitation of those who have nothing more. When I deliver the Supplements, I generally give a little of both parents and children, who are on the look out for them when a new month sets in."



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THE WRONGS OF CHILDREN, No. 4.

THE FUSTIAN CUTTERS; AND LUCIFER-MATCH MAKERS.

SOME readers of our article on the little lacemakers, argue, that one reason of their sufferings is, that they are employed in a sort of private way, by people who, carrying on their work in their own houses, are not brought under the laws that regulate public factories; and that abuses in such cases are frequent in proportion to their being unnoticed. The abuses we do have sought to show, is in the putting of children of such tender years to work at the loom. The public usually rests with parents; and is content to do the bidding in which multitudes of parents join. The money spent in dangerous, and unhealthy, necessary articles of consumption, and food, and education of the children of the working-classes, who have a healthy father, in regular employment. And in the long-run it would be found that the prudence, and self-control of parents in bringing up their children properly, brought its own reward. Instead of a sickly, dissolute race of young boys and girls, without the slightest idea of love for the others of their being, there would be a healthy, kindly, happy community of young people, loving and honouring their father and mother, and able and willing to repay in the old age of their parents the protection and tenderness that had been shown in their own infancy. "Jem, why don't you give your father a share of your wages, he has been a-hurt-up," said a workmate in my hearing once, as I was walking in the streets of Dudley. "Why should I give her my wage? What for?" replied the lad, with a boy of about fourteen, with a terrible oath, in reply. "What did she ever give me but a blow or a curse? She turned me off when I was so high, I guess, and I've turned her off" This is from the parement, and I've turned her off" This is from the tone of language and feeling that all this martyrdom of childhood leads to. The mind and moral, the habits and feelings, are diseased and distorted, as well as the body. The strongest and purest feeling that God has implanted in the human heart, the love of a child for its parent, is crushed out of its source, and the world to each becomes a black desert of iniquity.

Let not our readers suppose that it is the parish-officers, and those who have the care of destitute of orphans children who are to blame. It is by no means common for parish-officers to send the children out of their houses at such early ages as from seven to ten, to unhealthy employments. The children usually found so employed are not orphans; they are worse than orphans, they have bad parents.

One of the many objectionable trades to which young children are put, is "Fustian Cutting," which is carried on merely from parents to their children, any material with a pile on its surface, that is made even with the edge of a long sharp knife, introduced into the machinery. The importance of this knife can be seen thereof, even by a young child, and the ease with which the trade is learned is one reason why so many little creatures under tender years of age are put to it.

If, like many other trades of the children, they worked half-time, that is, six hours a-day, with time out of that given them to take a meal, and then had three hours' schooling, and the rest of the day for healthy home pursuits and recreation, there would be little to object to. The intolerance of the working-man's child is felt, and, *under proper regulations*, beginning early may not be wrong. What we contend for is, that there should be time for the child to attend school instruction, to learn and practise cleanliness, to have cheerful recreation and home happiness, and without these private tasks it cannot grow up strong and sound in body and mind. The fault of the "Fustian Cutting" trade is, that the "Undertaker," or small master, takes the piece-work, have no regular hours; and that as the business is soon learned, very young children are put to it, and have to work twelve, sixteen, and even eighteen hours at it. A witness,* twenty years engaged in the trade, says, "I have known of the children being there (at the work-room) till eleven at night; now this Friday, they will be working on there from six this morning till to-morrow morning night off!"

Now, even if this were a healthy employment, it would be shamefully cruel to keep children employed all these hours. The young frame wants plenty of sleep, as well as plenty of exercise, but this is an unhealthy employment, in the main. The fluff, or fine dust, from the nap, is thrown off, and being breathed during these long sitting-days, and nights, and being breathed during these long hours of work, chokes up the lungs of the poor children, and lays the basis of chest diseases and consumption; most of them have thick breathing, or a cough.

But the worst is, that the attitude in which they stand to the frames to use the knife, twelve or sixteen hours out of sixty, is so distorted, the opposite shoulder knee-joint, that produces lameness; the opposite shoulder grows out, and bad spinal deformities and disease follow. Young children begin to work under ten years of age, and continue these long, dreadful hours, till they do not die, which often happens, they do not die, but, as a witness* says, "I have seen a young fellow, whose life was not so long disease. An eminent medical man, Dr. Simpson, says,† At eight or nine years of age they are put (the poor sufferers are girls) to cutting for the trade of the quart, to the gallon without any proper knowledge of the simplest cookings, or the plainest sewing.

"The children are, in most cases, put out to nurse in order thus the mother may go on with her work.

"Dirt, discomfort, and consequent drinking, prompt to drive the husband to the beer-house, where many spend a large portion of their earnings; a drunken husband is often the cause of drinking in the wife; and, of course, all sorts of evil follow; the children are badly clothed, and badly fed; pale, dirty little wretches, with the painful look of premature old age.

"It often happens that wretched living accompanies great extravagances, and that they are badly fed on what would provide good and sufficient food for a large family, if properly expended. I have been told that it is a common custom for them to have feasts on a Saturday night, when they have hot meat suppers, with beer, &c., and eat like glutons, even if they have to pinch for it afterwards."

Thus waste and want, feasting and fasting, go on in the home, and the poor children are turned out to toil and grow up crippled, ignorant and vicious, a misery to themselves, and a curse to society.

Oh, parents, in Christian England! ought these things to be? We shudder when we read of Heathen lands where they destroy the female infant, but this is a living death! A poet, once drawing an eloquent contrast between a regular infanticide in Heathen lands, and the treatment of many children in our own, said,—

"And I will soothe your pains away—
And I will soothe your pains away—
Oh! the tyrant, the tyrant, the tyrant, the tyrant!"

But, bad as Fustian cutting is, the trade of Lucifer-match-making is worse. It is about thirty years since the very great convenience of the Lucifer-match was first introduced, and since then it has gone through many improvements that science introduced. The old clumsy tinder-box, with its sulphur, and flint-and-steel, and its brimstone-matches, seem to us, and to all, from the lowest to the highest, to be in the clean, cheap, easily-lighted Lucifer. But with every good thing in some old knowledge and necessity, but by carelessness and selfishness. Not regardful of the multitude of fires and accidents that carelessness has caused, and sufferings which, in the poor, we have often tried to stop a warning against the employment of children in Lucifer-match-making is one of the heaviest wrongs that can be perpetrated on defenceless innocence. We use to testify that there are manufacturers who carry on their trade free from all the evils of cruel oppression to the young, but these are the exceptions.

In this manufacture there are many employers in a small way, who have miserable sheds, or outhouses, for workshops, and work, for two men, and a few children, to pursue their trade.

Little creatures from seven years old, are thus employed. The air in which the work is strongly impregnated with phosphorus, which they inhale, and become diseased. There is an affection of the bones that attacks the workers. It begins in the gums, then attacks the jaw, and unremittable pain, ought only to be followed by those who are old enough to judge of its dangers, and who enter it of their own free-will. Such a disease, which one after it of their own free-will. Such a disease, which perfect cleanliness of frequent washing, running the mouth out with some corrective of the air they breathe, and thus prevent the poisoning of the blood, have to be performed, and many die after years of frightful suffering. Besides this dreadful disease, are, of course, terrible accidents from the combustible nature of the materials used, and burns that sometimes kill, and often maim, are common.

A trade like this, which must employ the working in poisonous and combustible materials, ought only to be followed by those who are old enough to judge of its dangers, and who enter

The "Drunkard's Bible." Drawn by George Cruikshank.

prayer gave me hope: she had not spoken then of hope, except of that beyond the grave.

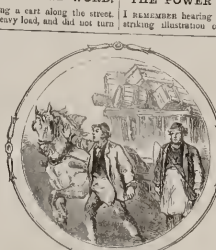
"My friends jested at my attention to the young widow, and perhaps I urged her too soon to become my wife. She turned away, with a feeling which I would not, if I could, express. Her heart was still with her husband, and she found no rest until she was placed beside him in the crowded churchyard. The children live on—the son, with the unreasoning craving for strong drink, which is so frequently the inheritance of the drunkard's child; the daughters, poor, weakly creatures—one, that little deformed girl who sits behind the tea-counter, and whose voice is so like her mother's; the other, a suffering creature, unable to leave her bed, and who occupies a little room at the top of what was the 'Grapes.' Her window looks out upon a number of flower-pots, whose green leaves and straggling blossoms are coated with blacks, but she thinks them the freshest and most beautiful in the world!"

POLITENESS.

SIR WILLIAM COKES, Governor of Virginia, was conversing one day with a merchant in the street, when he saw a negro pass by who saluted him. Sir William having returned the salutation, the merchant, in surprise, asked him, "What! does your excellency condescend to bow to a *slave?*" "To be sure I do," answered the noble-hearted Governor, "I should indeed be ashamed to let a slave surpass me in *civility.*"

THE STRENGTH OF A KIND WORD.

A MAN was one day driving a cart along the street. The horse was drawing a heavy load, and did not turn as the driver wanted. The man was in an ill-temper, and cruelly bent the horse; the horse reared and plunged, but he either did not, or would not, go the right way. Another man who was with the cart, went up to the horse, and *patted him on the neck, and called him kindly by his name.* The horse turned his head, and fixed his large eyes on the man, as though he would say, "I will do anything for you, because you are *kind* to me," and bending his broad chest against the load, turned the cart down the narrow lane, and trotted on briskly, as if the heavy load was only a plaything. *O how strong is a kind word!*



We are glad to learn that the "Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" is contemplating the giving of Medals, or Certificates of Honour, to those drivers, drovers, &c., who are noted for their *kindness.*

THE POWER OF A KIND WORD.

I REMEMBER hearing of an incident which affords a striking illustration of the sentiment uttered by the inspired writer—"*Death and life are in the power of the tongue.*" A young woman, who at one time had been connected with Christian people, and had regularly attended the house of prayer, gradually allowed herself to be led away into the follies of sin, till she became a perfect outcast. She soon found that the way of transgressors is hard. Overtaken by poverty and ill-health, stung by remorse, destitute of friends, and apprehending that no human being would either aid or pity her, she determined to take away her life. In accordance with this purpose, she was hastening to some lonely meadows, through which a river flowed, into which she resolved to plunge in order to terminate her misery. When approaching the river-side, a Christian minister coming in an opposite direction, aware of her sad life, at first thought of either stepping into a different path, or of turning back, that he might not meet her. He however changed his intention, went forward, and as he was passing her, said, in a kindly tone, "Good morning, Sarah." He had walked onward but a few paces when the poor girl, affected by the friendly recognition, said to herself, "I thought no one cared at all for me, or would ever speak a kind word to me any more, but I find I am mistaken. Perhaps even yet I may recover myself, I may yet be happy." She forthwith abandoned her dreadful purpose, and, by God's help, began to live a new life. Let the law of kindness be ever in our tongue! J. S.

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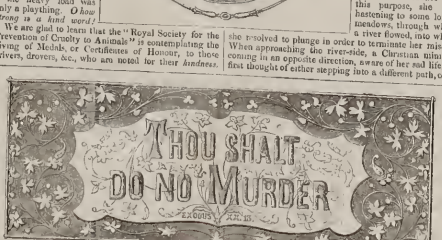

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THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

Registered for Transmission Abroad.

THE LADY AND THE PIE; OR, KNOW THYSELF.—DRAWN BY HENRY ANELAY.

THE LADY AND THE PIE; OR, KNOW THYSELF.

A SOUR Spinie, of sober life,
If he—(the Spinie, of course, not the sober wife)
Or his—(the lady) made complaint
Thing of the thought a very saint.
She hadn't to boast mankind with shame,
And no Hare errors hold her fame.
Her fortune always of loyalty
Was free and the forbidden fruit.
"Had I been Eve," she often cried,
"Man had not fall'n, nor woman died.
I still had kept the orders given,
Nor for an apple lost my heaven;
To gentify my curious mind
I never had noticed all mankind;
Nor from a vain desire to know,
Found it on all my new-made woe."
The Spinie replied, "I fear 'tis true,
The same ill spirit lives in you;
Tempted unlike, I dare believe,
You would have disobey'd, like Eve."
The lady stormed and still denied
Both curiosity and pride.
The Spinie some future day at dinner,
Resolved to try this boasted slimer;
He grier'd such vanity pensive at her,
And thus in serious terms addressed her,
"Madam, the moral applicable lead
With whole our wedding-day is grne'd,
With you I must not share to-day,
For obvious summons me stray.
Of all the dishes I've prepared,
I beg not any may be spar'd;
Indulge in every cooty glut;
Enjoy, 'tis what I really wish;
Only observe one prohibition,
Not touch the a-cover-ed pie;
On one small dish, which cover'd stands,
You must not dare to lay your hands;
Go—forbid not on your life,
Or henceforth you're no more my wife."
The treat was serv'd, the Spinie was gone,
The remaining lady dal'd alone;
She saw whate'er could grace a feast,
Or charm the eye, or please the taste;
But shes as rung'd from this a-cover-ed dish,
From rea'son bounds to tantle fat;
On cost wonders dish she chanc'd to light,
By a deep cover hid from sight;
"O! here it is—yet not for me!
I must not touch, my, dare not see;
Why phos is there? or why forbid
That I so much as hft the lid?
Prohibited of this to eat,
I care not for the sumptuous treat;
I wonder if 'tis fowl or fish,
I know what's there I merely wish.
I'll look—O no, I lose for every
If I'm boray'd, my husband's favour.
I wen I think it wasty hard,
Nay, tyranny to be debarr'd.
Judn, you may go—the wine's decanted,
I'll drink it wasty hard
Now left alone, she was no longer
Temptation present more and stronger,
"I'll peep—my harm can never be much,
For the' I peep, I will not touch;
Why I'm forbid to lift this cover
The phone will tell, and thus 'tis over.
My husband's absent, so is John,
My peeping never can be known,"
Vanishing, she peeked to her wish,
And rus'd the cover from the dish!
She stare—for lo! I an open pie,
From which sex living sparrows fly.
She calls, she scream! with wild surprise,
"Hence, John, and catch these birds," she cries;
John hears, but no sooner can crown her shame,
In at her call her husband came,
Sternly he frown'd as thus he spoke,
"Have you proved a legal obedience broke?
Self-sign'rance lod you to believe
You did not share the sin of Eve.
Lade hav, how must wise your condition!
How small my gentle prohibition!
Yet you, tho' fed with every dainty,
Yet pining in the midst of plenty;
This dish, thus singled from the rest,
Of your obedience was the test;
Your want, mistake by self-denial,
Could not stopple the slender trial.
Humility from hence be taught,
Learn contour to another's fault;
Go, know, like Eve, from time and dinner,
You're both a rain and curious sinner."

HANNAH MORE.

"COME, BE A MAN!"

THREE SCENES IN A LIFE.

It was a lovely afternoon, in the month of June. A soft breeze rendered the hot weather just bearable.

Mrs. Perry was walking about in the garden of her pretty country-home, looking up the shadowed road that led to the neighbouring town. It seemed to linger in the shade—shadow on rays of sun—and the white dust which lay thick upon it was not drawn and arose from the shadowed road, and whirled along in blinding clouds.

Mrs. Perry was looking for her son to a friend of hers that afternoon, but she hesitated as she contemplated the hot, dusty road she would have to traverse.

A little figure bounded up the garden after her. Sweet-tempered and affectionate, full of health and spirit, and the living portrait of his deported father, it can scarcely be wondered at that the child was the joy and pride of his widowed mother's heart.

"Shall you go, mother? he cried.

"I don't know, dear: I'm afraid it is too warm for you."

"O no, mother! I do love to go to Mrs. Jackson's. I can have such a game with Fanny. Do let us go."

"Very well, little pleader, get ready quickly, so that we may have time to walk slowly."

They were soon ready, and on their way. Mrs. Jackson—whom they were going to visit—was Mrs. Perry's best friend from boyhood, and now that the former was settled in the town of D——, where her husband was in business, the widow often walked over to see her, and to while away a lonely hour or two in converse about the past, the present, or the future.

On that June afternoon, they so engaged themselves after greeting each other affectionately. Meanwhile, Charlie was sent into another room to play with Fanny Jackson and her brother.

After their chat had extended over an hour—not a-half, Mrs. Perry began to say "that she must see about going," and request her friend to call Charlie.

"That's a fine boy of yours," said Mrs. Jackson, "but I'm sadly afraid you are spoiling him."

The widow laughed lightly. "I don't think I am," she said, "but you know I must make the most of him; he's my only one."

"Yes, but be careful, my dear," returned Mrs. Jackson, with a smile and a shake of the head, "you cannot possibly be too careful."

She rose from her seat, and called the children. Then turning to Mrs. Perry, she said, "I will call round and on you to stay to tea. But, at any rate, you must not go without taking something. I will draw you a glass of ale. It will help you home."

As Mrs. Jackson left the room, Charlie re-entered it by another door, with his playmates. His face was flushed with romping, and his eyes danced and sparkled with merriment.

"Oh, mother, we've had such fun!" he shouted, "I was ribbon-hunt-ed, and I caught Fanny every time. She's so little, you know, mother, she can't get out of the way in time."

"Well now, come and sit down and get cool, Charlie. We are going home directly."

"Is that water, mother?" he asked, as Mrs. Jackson appeared with a pint glass. "I'm so thirsty."

"No, dear, it's ale—you shall have some. I cannot allow you to drink water while you are in such a heat."

"I won't have ale, I don't like it," said Charlie.

"Mus-tn't say 'won't,' Charlie, dear," said Mrs. Jackson, reprovingly. "A little of the ale will do you good. It will help you home."

Strange that Mrs. Jackson should give utterance to such foolish and dangerous words, when not ten minutes before she had begun to wish her friend good-bye to guard to her son, and had reiterated "you cannot be too *careful!*"

Mrs. Perry took up the glass which her friend had filled, and drunk about half its contents.

"Now, Charlie," she said, "come and drink this up."

The child slowly put up his face to kiss the proffered his mother. "I'd rather have water, mother," he whimpered.

"Mother knows what is best for you," was the reply, as she held the glass to his lips.

He merely tasted it, and turned away.

"Now drink it up to please mother," said Mrs. Perry, "Come, be a man!"

Manly, what appeared to be a tremendous effort, the little fellow took the glass in his hands, and swallowed all it contained.

"That's the way!" said Mrs. Perry, "Charlie must always obey mother; she knows what is best for her boy." Then turning to her friend, she added, "He is anything but strong, and I want to accustom him to take a little ale. It is strange what a dislike he has to it."

"Children are generally some time before they acquire a taste for it," said Mrs. Jackson, complacently.

As they served on their way home, Charlie was in boisterous and unnatural spirits. But a reaction speedily took place. He lagged behind his mother, grew peevish, began to whine, and at last seated himself wearily on a heap of stones by the road-side.

Mrs. Perry again used her favourite phrase, "Come be a man, Charlie! We shall soon be home. Jump up and step along!"

"I can't, mother," cried Charlie, and he added, passionately, "I hate Mrs. Jackson!"

"Charlie, for shame! Hate Fanny's mother?"

"Yes I do; she tells wicked stories. She said that ale would do me good, and it's a story. It makes my legs ache till I'm so tired. I can't walk home, mother; you must carry me."

"Carry a great boy like you? fie, Charlie! Come, Mrs. Jackson thought it would do you good, and help you home, she is very kind."

"She isn't kind, mother. She knew better! I'll have water next time I go to her house. I *will* have water,—it's the best."

"Well would it have been for Charles Perry if he had carried out that determination through life, and had retained the opinion of his childhood.

* * *

Eighteen years had passed away. They had wrought great changes, in many respects, in Mrs. Perry and her son. The pretty little cottage, where we first saw them, was no longer their abode. They were living in a house in a busy city, where Charles was beginning to make his way in the world. Though he had caused her many a heart-ache, he had remained pretty faithful to his mother. She looked over his glaring faults many a time by mentally arguing, "Well, he is a great deal better than some, after all." A heavy sigh generally accompanied the words.

One bright May morning found Charles Perry and his mother in the room which he called his office at Mrs. Jackson's house. One might have guessed that something unusual was going on there, for such a mysterious air of pleasant bustle, of suppressed excitement, and everything was beautifully bright and smart. Besides, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Perry were shining in caps trimmed with white, and their faces were shining with delight, satisfied smiles. More than that, Ann, the maid-of-all-work, had on a cap, actually trimmed with white satin rosettes. As for Mrs. Jackson, it only needed the presence of Fanny of yore—her graceful figure was draped in a dress of pure white, and the rose in her girdle was scarcely more beautiful in contrast with the bloom on her cheek. The fact of the matter was this:—Charles Perry was to be married that morning purposely to claim from Fanny the fulfilment of a promise that she had given him a few months previously.

There was abundance of gossip and merriment at the "marriage breakfast," which it was said to be "a very quiet affair." Only the relatives of the bride, and the bridegroom's mother were present. As is the foolish and pernicious custom on such occasions, wine flowed freely. There were so many healths to drink, even almost once were not forgotten. Under its influence, Charles's fine black eyes grew unusually bright. His conversational powers were great, and Fanny thought he was uncommonly voluble. As he was about to lay his hand again on the door handle, Fanny, rather timidly, half-nervously laid her fingers upon his, and said, "No more, Charlie, dear!"

For a moment his eyes flashed defiantly, then making an effort to retain her physical calm, he said, "That is unlike your old mother. Why don't you pass it over and say, 'Come, be a man?'"

* * *

The years sped on. Troubles were thickening around a home which had geared but a transient season of happiness, and in one place, at least, not happy, but now worn and anxious, sat Fanny Perry.

"Oh, Mrs. Perry, God bless you for coming! I'm so glad," were her words of welcome, as, in spite of her protestations, she had kissed the fresh, wrinkled cheek of her mother-in-law, who had arrived by special and urgent invitation, at Charles's home.

"Carry your grandmother's parcel upstairs for her, Howard," continued Mrs. Charles Perry as she turned towards her eldest son, a fine lad of fourteen. "And come and wet them, mother. I am look tired so dead."

"My dear child, I'm fairly upset. My head is distracted. How is dear little *Lettie*—and how does my Charlie bear up under it all? Oh dear!"

Her words, which at first were low and tremulous, grew altogether inarticulate, and subsided with a quiet, gentle sob. "Tut, tut, tut, no sorrow, or both had dealt hardly with her since the day, when a smiling, blooming matron, she had wished her son and his young bride all joy and happiness in their new course of life. Her hair, then a glossy black, now lay upon her wrinkled brow in bands of grey. Her once merry brown eyes were more intent than ever, and looked quite a worn-down old woman, though her years had not nearly reached three-score and ten.

"It's no use crying, mother," said Fanny, trying like a brave little woman as she was, to speak cheerily, "I've cried till I'm heart-sick. But now I'm resolved to try and endure the worst as a good soldier should."

"Ah, child, you don't feel responsible for anything that's come upon you, because it's no fault of yours. But I know I've been reflected, and I feel sorrow for it, that Charles might have been so different if—if I had only done some things that I did not do, and left undone some that I did do. Oh, Fanny, you never realize what I have suffered the past few years! Remorse, remorse!—it's fearful to experience, my child."

"Don't call it by that name, Charlie," a little tears stood in her eyes. "All may turn out well yet. If Charles would only keep steady, I believe we should be happy and prosperous enough through it be for us. But come upstairs, and see dear Lettie, will you? I think the poor darling is better to-day. It will be such a comfort to you to see your boy's wife, Mrs. Perry. I'm so glad you're come."

Still weeping, the old woman gathered up her shawl and followed her mistress down stairs to see the sick child, who was suffering from scarlatina.

"I keep her quite away from the other children," said Fanny. "I'm so thankful I got through the fever house. God knows I could ill bear any more trouble than I have."

"Surely he does," muttered Mrs. Perry.

While sitting beside the little one's bed, they were startled by an unusually loud, business-like knock at the hall door. Fanny grew pale, and began trembling. "Mother," she said, in a hurried tone, "I don't think I'm well; I really cannot help it, but the least noise upsets me like this. Excuse me, please, I will run down and see if it is Charles."

In a few minutes she returned, and beckoned Mrs. Perry from the room. "Mother," she said, as she sank down on the sofa, "I can't stand it, I can't. *They* are come. The Lord help us! We are ruined!"

Charles Perry did not return home till nightfall. His wife was in bed, and he came into a room to see his mother. He was far from being sober. They exchanged a few desultory sentences, and then a strange, painful silence fell upon them. The baby on Fanny's knee sometimes claimed attention, by uttering a low, soft coo.

"How was it you were not home to dinner, Charles dear?" enquired Fanny, at length.

"Dinner!" he echoed sarcastically, "Could a man eat white pudding over Venavice? Pshaw! I've eaten nothing to-day, and don't know when I shall again."

"Mother," said a little boy who at that moment entered the apartment, "our new servant says that those men that are come to our house are bailiffs. They are not, are they, mother?"

Mrs. Perry started to his feet. His face grew pale. "Fanny," he demanded hoarsely, "what does that child mean?"

Fanny rose and laid her babe on the sofa, then approaching her husband, she passed her hands caressingly, soothingly over his face, and clasped them round his neck. "Husband, I hate to tell you, but it may be for the best, who knows? Oh be strong, be strong, because I Charles, I implore you be calm and patient."

He roared her husband off her, and pushed her away. "Be *calm!* Oh, Fanny, this is greater than I can bear. It is crushing. I cannot—*cannot* survive it!"

A wild, wildly-pitiful shriek, of despair from his old face, and sank down upon a chair. Fanny was sudden; his mother thought he was weeping. She rose from her seat, and mutely, tenderly, gently, as a little child, laid her trembling hand upon his shoulder. Unknowingly, "Charlie, my own boy, you mustn't give up so. Come be a man!"

Oh what recollections those few words awakened in his soul! He raised his head, and fixed his grey, wild, wild, dispairing expression upon his mother's face. "*Be a man!* he cried hoarsely, "mother, mother! Would to God you had never spoken those words to me!" He turned and left the room; Mrs. Perry and Fanny remained in the delighted room, each trying to conceal from the other how passionately she was weeping.

When her burst of grief had spent itself, Fanny said in low tones, "Mother, poor dear Charles could weep, I will believe him so. I pray God he may be comforted, and quickly to him a bit. It may be he is consoled now."

"Grandmother! Oh come I come!" was the piercing cry that startled the echoes of the quiet house five minutes afterwards. It was Howard's voice.

The old lady's trembling limbs refused to obey the summons. At last, however, the chamber of death was reached. What a sight met her gaze!—the lifeless form of her son, and the inanimate form of his nearly heart-broken wife.

For several seconds she stood motionless in the doorway. Then releasing Howard, who was bending over his mother,—the poor boy had her hand from the bed, and pushing back the hair from her white, colourless face, she said strangely, "You're a fool Howard! Making alone when she is asleep! Poor darling, she looks so tired to a dog." The old woman's reason was evidently giving way.

"Don't talk so, grandmam,' implored Howard," said Sarah Jackson's eldest! Don't you see the blood? Oh, grandmother, his blood is cold—he is dead!" The boy groaned and sobbed in his anguish.

Mrs. Perry deliberately walked to the bedside and shook the dead body. "To think he persists in lying here like a child! Charlie, Charlie, get up. Come, be a man, be a man! I say!"

* * *

"You need not be afraid of her, ma'am, said the poor widow, Mrs. Charles Perry, to a lady who had called to comfort and help her in her distress and poverty. "She is very quiet, and harmless."

"Do you not feel her to be a burden?" enquired the lady, as she gazed compassionately at the poor old woman in the chimney-corner, who was the subject of their conversation.

"Of course she is a little extra trouble to me; but she is the nearest relation of my dear husband, and I cannot bear the idea of entrusting her to strangers," replied the widow, with tremulous voice, and tearful eyes.

"Hush! I said the lady, "what is that she repeats so monotonously?"

"It is a sentence that she was in the habit of saying to her little grandson," was the reply. "It is simply this, '*Come be a man!*'"

MELISSA BRAIN.

SAUNDERS MACIVOR, THE SAILOR.

SAUNDERS MACIVOR was mate of the schooner "Isabeth." His home was in one of the little sea-port towns of Fife, on the east coast of Scotland. He was a grave and sober man, of a quiet, reflective disposition, and much even after he had turned his sixteenth year, he was disrespected for his inflexible integrity and the depth of his religious feelings. Both he and his elder were were special favourites of a Mr. Portcous, of Kilmany, an old-fashion Scottish minister.

On one occasion, the mate's servant was dispensed in his parish, and Saunders was absent on one of his oceanical voyages, Mrs. MacIvor was an inmate of the parsonage, and had accompanied her parent out in the night-time, and the poor woman lay awake, listening in utter terror to the fearful moanings of the wind as it shrieked and howled round the house, the rattling of the doors. At length, when she could lie still no longer she arose, crept along the passage, and to the door of her husband's bedroom. "Oh, Mr. Portcous," she said, Mr. Portcous, do ye not hear that? Ay! poor Saunders on his way back from Holland! Oh rise, rise, and ask the almighty help of your servant." The minister accordingly arose, and entered his closet.

The "Elizabeth" at this critical moment was driving towards Scotland in the dark darkness, along the northern shores of the Moray Firth. The fearful storm of shandwick, where so many gallant vessels have perished on the rocky strand; and the increasing roll of the sea showed the greatness of the fury of the wind. Mercer and his own townsman, Robert Hassock, stood together on the binnacle. An immense wave came rolling behind, and the vessel trembled to its keel to the mast hold, when it broke over them half-mast high, sweeping spars, bulwarks, cordage, and all before it in its course. Hassock, just the moment before, had been almost buried in a sheet of foam, and she seemed settling down by the bend. There was a frightful pause. Fast, however, the vessel rose from the waters of the restless deep to emerge—next the forecastle—the vessel seemed of shaking herself from her load; and then the whole deck appeared, as the vessel tilted over to the east wave.

"There are still more mercies in store for us," said MacIvor, addressing his companion; "she floats still!"

"O, Saunders, Saunders!" exclaimed Robert, "there was surely some mark of God at work for us, or she would never have stood *that*."

"The efficacious fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Slander.—The worthiest people are frequently attacked by slander; as we generally find that to be the best fruit, which the birds have been pecking at.

ETERNITY.

ETERNITY! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
As long as God shall God remain,
So long shall last hell's scorching pain,
So long shall last the joys of bliss!
O long delight! long misery!
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity!
O man, if thy mind, musings dwell
Upon the dreadful word of hell,
Oft on the saints' all-glorious lot,
For both shall last when Time is not.
Mark well, O man, ETERNITY!

THE SWEARER AND HIS BOY.

A MAN, in an agricultural district, who was extremely addicted to profane swearing, was one day at work with a yoke of oxen near his house. The oxen, not seeking to obey his orders, he began to whip them severely, at the same time uttering a volley of most horrid blasphemous oaths. The oxen breaking loose from their burden, ran to their houses, while the owner in a passion pursued them, and coming up to one of his cottages, began to whip them again, and to swear as dreadfully as before. His little boy, at this time just old enough to begin to talk, began to mutter his pious oaths after him. No sooner did the father hear this, than his feelings were wrought up to a lively sen Nility. He paused for a moment, leaning on his goad, and wept bitterly. A flood of keen reflections at once rushes upon his convicted conscience, which produced such an effect upon him that he found no rest in his mind, for night, until his tears forgiven, which took place a few weeks afterwards.

THE PLUCKED FLOWER.

There lived a Christian gentleman
Who, being fond of flowers,
Employed a gardener to tend
And cultivate his bowers.

This gardener had a darling child,
On whom his heart was set,
A merry, charming little girl,
A very household pet.

But God, all-wise, saw fit to take
His idol from his sight;
She was the sunshine of his days,
She died, and all was night.

He murmured at the God of Love,
And thought his lot was hard,
But still, to cultivate his flowers,
He paid a strict regard.

In one delightful, fragrant bed,
There grew a fav'rite rose,
This lovely bud he watched with care,
As well we may suppose;

Intending, when it reached its prime,
To pluck it from the tree,
And place it in his master's hand,
Its loveliness to see.

One summer's morning, when the sun
In glorious brilliance shone,
He turned to mark his fav'rite flower,
Alas! the rose was gone.

Some fellow-servant, as he thought,
Had idly plucked the flower,
And thus the care and hope of days
Was shattered in an hour.

He sought the mansion, and he found,
To his intense surprise,
The beauty of his fav'rite rose
Had caught his master's eyes;

Who plucked, and bore it to the Hall,
In gentle keeping, where
It rested in pride of bloom,
And shed its fragrance there.

The gardener's flash of anger changed
Into a pleasant look;
The flower was for his master reared,
That flower his master took.

"Ah, Richard," said the gentleman,
"You gladly yield the rose
Because I chose to take it,—this
A lesson may disclose.

"I thought it worthy of a place
Within this house of mine;
Your Heavenly Father plucked your rose,
And will you still repine?

"Rather rejoice that He should you
A fitting gardener deem,
To tend awhile a lovely flower,
Then yield it up to Him."

J. S. O.

YOU WANT A CHANGE.

A widow woman, residing in a country district, took lodgers. Her lonesome years were chiefly working men, engaged in some new buildings that were being erected in the neighbourhood. Some of there left her on a Saturday evening, and came again on the Monday, but now and then some stayed the entire time, and as she was a religious woman, she set them a good example by going to the house of God on the Sabbath-day, and inviting them also to do so.

An intelligent young workman came to lodge with her. He was careful at his trade, and had been well instructed. He was not a drunkard, nor did he use bad language at any time; but he was, evidently, entirely without religion. He read of an evening; and on the Sundays, when it was fine, he strolled out into the fields with a book, or a newspaper, and lay down by the side of a hedge, smoking his pipe, and reading leisurely; and when it was a wet Sunday he yawned, and stretched, and shifted his seat from one chair to another, and smoked a little, and then read a little, and seemed as weary and dull as it was possible for a human being to be. When he was asked what made him so troubled and restless, he replied, saying, "That he believed he was not in good health," and acting under this suspicion, one Monday while the doleful fit of weariness was upon him, he went and consulted a doctor, who, after hearing his symptoms, said—

"Oh, you want a change."

The young man left home, and at dinner, that day, when his landlady asked him the doctor's opinion, he said, peevishly,—

"Oh, he says the same as all the doctors I have consulted; he says I want a change." I should like to know how that can be, when in the last year my work has been in five different counties—change indeed!—the doctor knows nothing about it."

In the evening, the widow brought the subject up again. She had been thinking over the melancholy of her lodger, and of the doctor's prescription, and as she sat, young man was lighting his pipe after tea, and, with a sigh, was languidly scanning the newspaper, she said—

"Do you think when the doctor mentioned change, that he meant change of place?"

"Of course he did, Mrs. Boyce; why what else should he mean?"

"Oh, I was thinking there's many other kinds of changes."

"How?—I don't understand."

"Why, there's change of habits,—and change of occupation."

"Habits!—what's the matter with my habits?"

"Well, I am old enough, Mr. Richards, to be your mother, and I may speak plainly to you. In the way of your business you've had change enough of place, and that you say has not done you any good. But have you ever tried a change in your way of life? If it is, you go to your work, and when that is over you have no pursuit in the evening; and when the week is over, you have no pursuit on the Sabbath-day. The day is the same as any other, only you have not got your work to help you to get through with it, and you are so dull and weary with hanging the whole day on your hands, that instead of being refreshed by the rest, you are more tired at the beginning of the week than you are at its close."

"Ah, Mrs. Boyce, but I was as bad, or worse, when I was in London, and used to take an excursion train, and have a trip into the country. Why, what with the crowding, the heat, the hurry, and the company, I was tired in the body, as well as in mind. Quite done up and fit for nothing on Monday."

"Yes, I can well believe you were; but suppose now you have tried all these changes, you tried doing good on the Sabbath-day."

"Now, Mrs. Boyce, excuse me, I don't want to be preached to. You good people are so fond of preaching."

"Well, Mr. Richards, I know several of our Sunday-school teachers who are busy all the week, but they enjoy the Sabbath-day; it is an entire change to them, and it refreshes them, and gives them such spirits for all the week. They teach the children in the school, and in their turn they are taught in the time of public-worship, and they meet with young friends like-minded with themselves, and, as it says in a verse of the Bible, 'They take sweet counsel together, and walk to the house of God in company.' I never hear one of them talk of being dull and weary on the Sabbath—that of all the days in the week is to them the pleasantest."

Young Richards made no reply, but he thought over the words the widow had uttered. It was very true that though he had tried many changes, he had never tried the change she spoke of. It would, therefore, be a real, entire change to him. During the week he was much less languid than usual in the evening, for he thought of things to think of. There was a Sunday-school Anniversary, at a neighbouring village, on the following Sunday, and he attended among the congregation. A young man spoke to him, and gave him the printed paper of the hymns the children were to sing.

There was joy on every face, all were active and happy. Richards attended all the services; and on his return to his lodging, he was cheerful with the conviction that he had passed a happy day. The weak idea will begin went on well. Richards was earnestly looking forward to the next Sabbath. He was up early, and off to attend the Sunday-school, to see how he had been missed. This, in a short time, led to his becoming a teacher, and then his evenings were occupied in reading something that he might make use of his class of children in public conversation with his young friends. His pipe was thrown aside. His weariness passed away like a summer cloud. But we should deceive our readers if we said he was happy.

"What lack I yet?" was the question that sounded in the depths of his soul. If the young man had not, in the wanton hour, the grumblings, the unspent Sabbaths, woe to his recollection with agonizing power. The very words, "His mercy endureth for ever," wounded him, for how terrible was the thought that he had sinned against such mercy. But in his altered circumstances, he was not without friends who could counsel and comfort him, who could point him to Jesus, the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." After a time of conflict, the peace of God that passeth all understanding was shed abroad in his heart, and he was changed, through grace, and all things were made new. A new heart—new associations—new prospects. He made efforts to settle down amid the place and people that had been blessed to him; and often when recurring to the opinion that the doctor had once given to him, he would say, "Ah, it was very true, I wanted a change—that change which every unconverted man wants—the change from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God."

PRAYEH.

When a pump is frequently used, but little pains are necessary to have water; the pump pours out at the first stroke because the water is high. But if the pump has not been used for a long time, the water gets low; and when you want it, it requires pumping long while, and the water only comes after great efforts. It is so with prayer; if we are instant in prayer, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and the words are always ready. But if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray; for the water in the well gets low.—*Felix Neff.*

TO AVOID CALUMNY.

"If any one speaks ill of thee," said Epictetus, "consider whether he has truth on his side; and if he speaks ill of thyself, that he conceives may not affect thee." When Antoninus was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ay," said he, "they know I sing better than they." Plato being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him, "It is no matter," said he; "I need be, "if he had not some reason for it." That is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and the true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny—*a good conscience.*

PERMISSIVE LIQUOR BILL.

[We copy the following from a hand-bill that is being extensively circulated throughout the country. The subject is well worthy the thoughtful consideration of all classes—especially of working men and their wives.—Ed. B. W.]

The sale of intoxicating liquors has for several centuries been a source of difficulty to the legislature of our country. Hundreds of acts of Parliament have been passed for the purpose of restricting and regulating the sale, so as to produce the smallest amount of injury to the community. At present, it is one of privilege and monopoly. Publicans have to obtain a certificate from the magistrates at the licensing sessions before they can obtain a licence. This privilege has to be granted and annually renewed by a majority of the justices present. In the United Kingdom there are nearly 100,000 of these liquor sellers who have such certificates from the magistrates. In addition, there are about 50,000 keepers of beerhouses and others, who, for a licence, are on various conditions, obtained direct from the Excise. All these Licences or Privileges to sell intoxicating drinks, are granted extensively for the convenience of the public. The traffic has, however, been invariably accompanied by the most disastrous results. Drunkenness, and the consequent immorality, crime and pauperism, constitute the nation's fearfest blot. The taxation and multiplied injuries which the drinking system imposes upon the whole community, force upon all classes the consideration of the subject. The depreciation of property caused by the establishment of public-houses in any neighbourhood, has induced many landowners to take steps for the removal of them from their estates. These measures of protection, have been followed by such beneficial results, that there are now scores of townships and districts in which no licences for the sale of intoxicating liquors are held. Money that would have gone to the beershop and public-house, is spent at the grocers, bakers, butchers, shoemakers, tailors, cabinet-makers, &c., who deal in useful articles. Poor's rates are less, and the general moral comfort is greatly increased. Parliamentary Committees have reported on the very unsatisfactory state of the licence laws, and all enquiries have afforded proof that the intemperance of a district is in proportion to the facilities for the sale of and consumption of intoxicating liquors. Under all these circumstances an opinion has been rapidly increasing, that the inhabitants of boroughs and parishes should be enabled to show how they regard this dangerous traffic in their midst; and that where a large majority of the ratepayers are opposed to having their rates increased by the public-house and beershop, they should have the power to say that their "environment" should be best consulted by these "privileges" being withdrawn. In view of this conviction, which was expressed in upwards of a thousand petitions presented in 1862 to the House of Commons, containing 272,399 signatures, and of the fact that all parties in the Legislature are agreed that something should be done, Mr. Hanbury, M.P. for Coventry, and Mr. Dudley, M.P., for Manchester, have brought in a bill, embodying the principle referred to for the adoption of Parliament. This measure resembles, in the Local Government Act, the Public Libraries' Act, and other permissive laws. It could not operate in any parish unless the ratepayers desired, and, even then, unless, on taking the votes, the majority in its favour were two to one. If there were 900 votes polled it would require 600 to be in favour of the adoption of the act in that parish before it could be enforced. Hence the bill is called a Permissive Prohibitory Bill. It does not give the power to licensed houses, but simply to prevent licensed from being in operation in the borough or parish which votes for the adoption of the act. Such a measure would evidently increase the liberty and moral power of the people; for at present all the inconvenience and taxation caused by the liquor traffic, are inflicted without any effective popular check. The poor cottager and the occupiers of humble cottages to free themselves from temptation and injury, as the owners of the locally manned, are not able to keep the nuisance from their residences. By this means, the working man and shopkeeper, would be placed on a level with the wealthy aristocracy of the land, both in law and in benefit and protect all, whilst it would injure and oppress none. It would not close houses of entertainment for travellers, but simply remove the demoralizing influence—strong drink. To the working-classes the boon would be invaluable, as the improved demand for useful articles would create so much extra employment, which would increase the wages of the operatives, and at the same time remove those temptations which not only degrade them, but indirectly deprive them of many rights to which they are entitled.

THE MORNING VISITOR.

"Where have you been all night?
How regrets till daylight,
Pretty little sparrow?
Both warm and cozy in my nest,
Close to the bird that I like best,
There we in safety stand to rest,
Pretty little sparrows.
Do not start—no cause to fear—
Tell me what has brought you here,
Pretty little sparrow?
To breakfast—seeing we are chums—
For both meant take whatever comes:
God gives you bread, to give me crumbs,
To feed the little sparrows.
Poor chum, I own your claim,
True we are much the same,
Pretty little sparrow.
I feel the weight of all you say,
So come to breakfast every day,
And take some crumbs, and fly away,
And feed the little sparrows.

G. E.

Islington.

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THE CLEAN FACE.

Tom Rogers was a dirty lad,
But then, his training was so bad;
His father and his mother, too,
Were not so clean as I or you.
Now Tom went to the Ragged School,
Where cleanliness is made a rule;
They washed his face and made it bright,
He scarcely knew, before, 'twas white.
The evening came, and Tom went home,
The neighbours stared to see him come;
"Can that be Tom?" it cannot be;
And yet I do declare it's he!
I surely never yet have seen
Tom Rogers with his face so clean."
Tom Rogers was his mother's joy,
And yet she scarcely knew her boy.
Now Tom was ticked with the fun,
And ran as hard as he could run;
A looking-glass was on the shelf,
Tom looked, *but scarcely knew himself.*
His mother, wondering, tried the plan,
She said Tom looked so spick and span,
As on his face she gently kissed it,
It make *her* own feel dirtier still.
She washed it well—her husband came,
His dirty face underwent a change,
So he received, once in his life,
To be no sliver than his wife.
Now, clean as any other faces,
The three sat down before the fire,
But soon they found, they had not do,
The room looked very dirty too.
So Mrs. Rogers, on her knees,
Made *that* as clean as any place;
Their female lodger thought it strange,
But was to taken with the change,
She felt so sad and dirty,
Her dirty room and dirty face;
So setting to, she washed them white,
And all was clean and tidy that night.
Where dirt and dust were found before,
There dirt and dust were found no more.
Children! let this example be,
Unless with hands and faces clean,
But think, if tempted to disgrace,
Of how Tom Rogers washed his face.

J. E. O.

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Cyril Gordon's story, "Lost in the Heart of Hearts," & Co., Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., and ask for the "*Emigrant's Guide.*"

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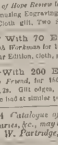

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"She told them that they might come whenever they would to hear it sing."

THE FIRST ENGLISH LARK IN AUSTRALIA, AND ITS SONG.

Some years ago, when the Australian gold fever was hot in the veins of thousands, and fleets of ships were conveying them to that far-off land, a poor old woman landed with the great multitude of rough and reckless men, fired almost to frenzy by dreams of ponderous nuggets and golden fortunes. For these they left behind them all enjoyments, endearments, and softening sanctities of home and social life in England;—mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters. There they were, dually tested in the rain, and the dew and the mist,—a busy, boisterous, womanless camp of diggers and grubbers, roughing and tumbling it in the scrumble for gold-mites; with no quiet Sabbath breaks, nor Sabbath songs, nor Sabbath bells to measure off and sweeten a season of rest. The poor widow, who had her cabin within a few miles of "the diggings," brought with her but few comforts from the homeland—a few simple articles of furniture, the Bible and Psalm-book of her youth, and an English lark, to sing to her solitude the songs that had cheered her on the other side of the globe. And the little thing did it with all the fervour of its first notes in the English sky. In her cottage window it sang, hour by hour to her, at her labour, with a voice never heard before on that wide, wild continent. The strange birds of the land came circling around in their gorgeous plumage, to hear it. Even four-footed animals, of grim countenance, paused to hear it. Then, one by one, came other listeners. They came reverently, and their voices softened in silence as they listened. Hard-visaged men, bare-breasted and unshaven, came and stood as gently as girls; and tears came out upon many a tanned and sun-blistered cheek, as the little bird warbled forth the silvery treble of its song about the green hedges, the meadow-streams, the cottage-homes, and all the sunny memories of the fatherland. And they came near unto the lone widow with pebbles of gold in their hands, and asked her to sell them the bird, that it might sing to them while they were bending to the pick and spade at the diggings. She was poor, and the gold was heavy; yet she could not sell the warbling joy of her life. But she told them that they might come whenever they would to hear it sing. So, on Sabbath days, having no other preacher nor teacher, nor sanctuary privilege, they came down in large companies from the gold-pit, and listened to the hymns of the lark, and became better and happier men for its music.—*From* Elihu Burritt's' *Notes by the Way.*"

SOWING AND REAPING.

When the farmer sows *wheat*, he reaps wheat. When a man sows *sin* he reaps sorrow. Visit yonder hospital. Ask the poor creatures who are suffering the most excruciating pains, whose bodies are loathsome with foul disease. Many of them will tell you, "We are reaping the fruit of our youthful sins."

☞ With 200 Engravings.—The Volume of the *Band of Hope Reviews* (New Series) 1861–1863, plain cloth, 4s.; gilt, 5s. The Yearly Parts, in coloured wrappers. One Shilling each.

THE Mathematician Confounded.

A young man, who had graduated at one of the first colleges, and was celebrated for his literary attainments, particularly his knowledge of mathematics, settled in a village where a faithful minister of the gospel was stationed. It was not long before the clergyman met with him in one of his evening walks, and after some conversation, as they were about to part, addressed him as follows. "I have heard you are celebrated for your mathematical skill; I have a problem which I wish you to solve." "What is it?" eagerly inquired the young man. The clergyman answered, with a solemn tone of voice, "*What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*" The youth returned home, and endeavoured to shake off the impression fastened on him by the problem proposed to him, but in vain. In the giddy round of pleasure, in his business, and in his studies, the question still forcibly returned to him. "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" It resulted in his conversion, and his becoming an able advocate and preacher of that gospel which he once rejected.

THE DUMB SERMON

The Rev. William Tennant once took much pains to prepare a sermon, to convince a celebrated infidel of the truth of Christianity; but in attempting to deliver this laboured discourse, he was so overcome by the feeling compelled to stop, and close the service by prayer. This unexpected failure, in one who had so often astonished the unbelieve by the force of his reasoning, led the infidel to reflect that Mr. T. had been, at other times, aided by a Divine power. This reflection prayed the means of his conversion. Thus God accomplished by silence, what his servant wished to effect by persuasive preaching. Mr. Tennant used afterwards to say, his dumb sermon was one of the most profitable sermons that he had ever delivered.

PUNCTUALITY.

Method is the very hinge of business, and there is no method without punctuality. The want of it not only infringes on necessary duty, but sometimes excludes this duty. Punctuality is important as it gains time. It is like packing things in shoe; a good packer will get in twice as much as a bad one. The calmness of mind which it produces is another advantage of punctuality. A disorderly man is always in a hurry—he has no time to speak with you, because he is going elsewhere; and when he gets there he is too late for his business, or he must hurry away to another before he can finish it. It was a wise maxim of the Duke of Newcastle, "I do one thing at a time."

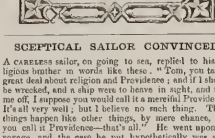
BOOR AND BUSHMAN.

There is a Boor in this neighbourhood, between whom and his Bushman servant a mutual attachment subsists, which has been cherished and strengthened by peculiar circumstances. The Bushman was in the service of another Boor, and having received some provocation from his master, in a fit of desperation shot one of his horses and decamped. Being pursued by the Boor, he threw himself on the protection of his present employer, who had him on his premises, and when the exasperated Boor insisted on the Bushman being brought out that he might be shot, he refused to give him up. Thus the Bushman escaped; and he eventually became a shepherd in the employ of his deliverer. Not long afterwards, his new master was out in the field, and was attacked by a lion, which had got him down, when his perilous situation was observed by the Bushman, who, having no arms at hand, took off his kaross in an instant, and boldly going up to the lion, flapped it in his face, and so intimidated the creature by this unexpected salute, that it retreated, and the master's life was saved. Subsequently the Bushman was himself nearly being destroyed by a lion, when the sudden appearance of his master with a gun, shot that the lion, proved from the jaws of the devourer. The Bushman has been now nearly thirty years in the farmer's employ, and has been allowed to rear a flock of sheep, on his own account, which have so increased, that they are supposed to be worth £1000.—*Extract from the "Life and Labours of G. W. Walker," Dated Colesberg, South Africa, 14th June, 1859.*

☞ Just issued. How to stop Drunkenness. By C. Buxton, Esq., M.P. Published by S. W. Partridge. Price 1s. This book, written by one of the great Brewers in London, is worthy of being read aloud in every workshop in the land. We commend it to the notice of all friends of the working classes.

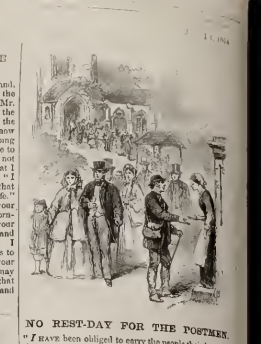
THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE NEVER PRAYED

The Rev. Mr. Kilpin passed a very profane man, and having omitted to rebuke him, he awaited him in the morning at the same place. When he approached, Mr. Kilpin said, "Good morning, my friend; you are the person I have been waiting for." "Oh! sir," said the man, "you are mistaken, I think." "I do not know you; but I saw you last night when you were going home from work, and I have been waiting some time to see you." "Oh! sir, you are mistaken; it could not have been me; I never saw you in my life before that I know of." "Well, my friend, said Mr. Kilpin, "I heard you pray last night." "Sir, now I know that you are mistaken; I never prayed in all my life." "Oh!" said Mr. Kilpin, "if God had answered your prayer last night, you had not been seen here this morning. I heard you pray that God would destroy your eyes, and ruin your soul." The man turned pale, and trembling, said, "Oh, sir, do you call *that* prayer? I did, I did." "Well, then, my errand this morning is to request you from this day, to pray as fervently for your salvation as you have done for damnation; and may God in mercy hear your prayer." The man from that time became an attendant on Mr. Kilpin's ministry, and it ended in his early conversion to God.



SCEPTICAL SAILOR CONVINCED.

A careless sailor, on going to sea, replied to his religious brother in words like these. "Tom, you talk a great deal about religion and Providence; and if I should be wrecked, and a ship were to heave in sight, and take me off, I suppose you would call it a merciful Providence. It's all very well; but I believe no such thing. These things happen like other things, by mere chance, and you call it Providence—that's all." He went upon his voyage, and the case he put hypothetically was soon literally true; he was wrecked, and remained upon the wreck three days, when a ship appeared, and, seeing the signal of his distress, came to his relief. He returned, and, in relating the case, said to his brother, "Oh! Tom, when that ship bove in sight, my words to you came in a moment into my mind like a bolt of thunder, of which I have never got rid; and now I think it no more than an act of common gratitude to give myself up to Him who pitied and saved me."



NO REST-DAY FOR THE POSTMEN.

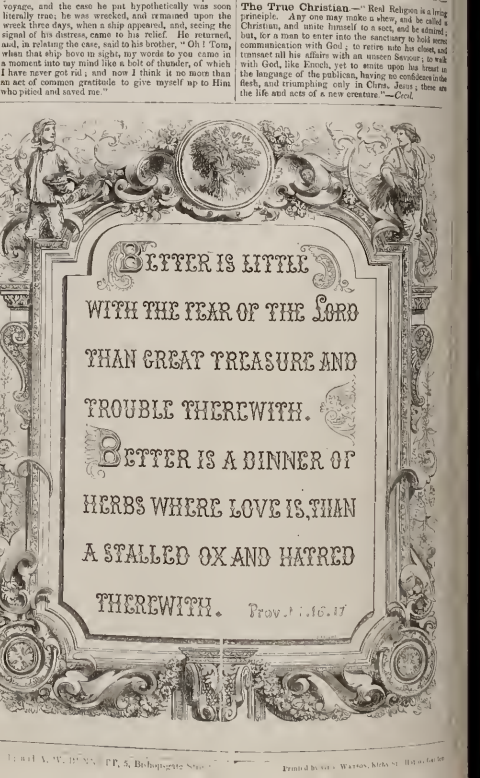
"I have been obliged to carry the people their letters all the morning, instead of being able to go to church."

These words were uttered with deep feeling, not long ago, by a rural postman, just as the congregation was leaving the village church. For four years the man had been on his "round." Over twelve miles of ground he had tramped with his letter-bag that Sabbath morning. On entering into conversation with him, I found that from the 1st week of January to last of December, he had "no *Sabbath rest.*"

What public servants are entitled to our sympathy and help more than postmen? With what interest we listen for *their* well-known knock at the door! Leaden with all its Sabbath-breaking, gives us postmen the rest of the Sabbath; but in the Provinces, they have to toil Sunday and week alike. We are glad to learn that in some parishes the clergy are taking up this matter, and getting up petitions in favour of the non-delivery of letters by the postmen on the Sabbath. The public have the power of securing *at an early* hour for the postmen, as a request, in writing, to the postmaster from any householder, will prevent the Sunday delivery of letters at his house.

O. S.

The True Christian.—"Real Religion is a living principle. Any one may make a show, and be called a Christian, and unite himself to a sect, and be admired; but, for a man to enter into the sanctuary to hold secret communication with God; to retire into his closet, and transact all his affairs with an unseen Saviour; to walk with God, like Enoch, yet to write upon his breast in the language of the Psalmist, having no confidence in the flesh, and triumphing only in Christ Jesus; these are the life and aura of a new creature."—*Cecil.*



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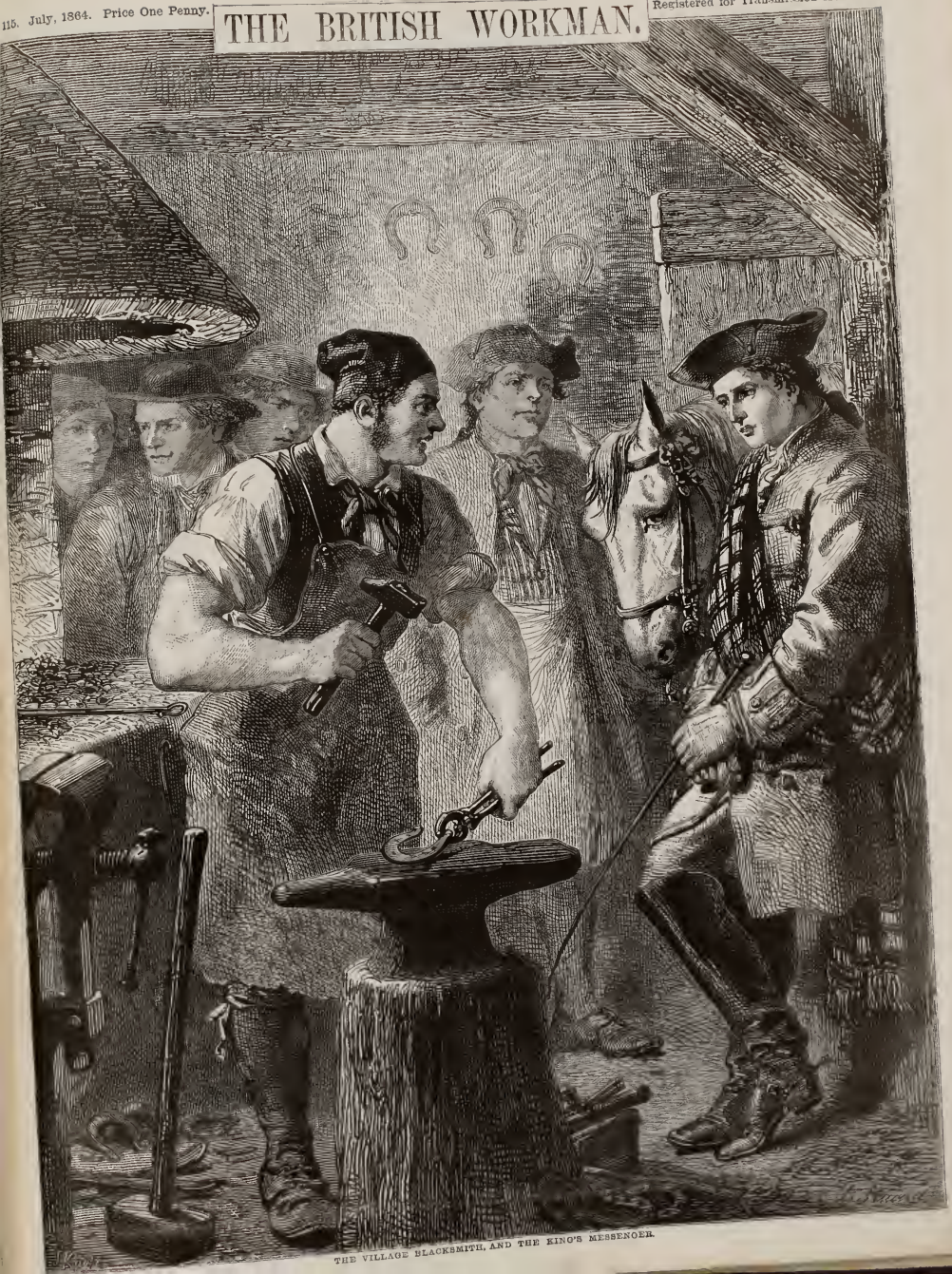

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH, AND THE KING'S MESSENGER.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH, AND THE KING'S MESSENGER.

JEFFRY HAYES was a person of considerable importance in his little parish. Not only was he the champion at every nubcon cut who brave in a quarrel, and proved to fight it out with the offender, but he had the first and sweet in on days when annual horse-race and the work now performed by rail and telegraph, and when groups bursting with importance, rushed to the blacksmith's forge to hear from his lips the last report left behind by some galloping rider who had been detained while his horse was shod.

Jeffry did not fail to make the most of such opportunities, and at a time when unrestriction had disturbed a portion of the king's dominions, he was in the height of village popularity, dispensing news, and lending policies, and copying the well-earned distinction of being known as the best customer of his kind, and the most loyal, to be found on the great London road.

One dark evening, as sound the bright fire from the smithy of Jeffry Hayes flung its ruddy glow across the highway, the sounds of labour had ceased, and several idle villagers were lounging round their oracle until he should deem it proper to put on his hat, and adjourn with them to the nearest ale-house. The smith himself, with broad shoulders and muscular arm, was flourishing his great hammer to the anger and terror of an urchin, who was telling of an attempt he had made to avenge, and was enlarging the magnanimous sympathies of his athletic friend, who appeared to be considering the pressure of honourable assistance on the occasion.

"Ay, I now sure you would stand by me once for justice done," said the alleged challenger.

"That will I," said Hayes, warmly. "Fix time and place, and I'll be there to do my duty." At this high-toned himself, on his mayesty's errand, brought his horse to be shod, as no one but Jeffry Hayes can do it. But hark! here comes a horseman, and I hear by the foot-fall there's work to be done yet. Stand by my lads, and let the gentleman ride straight in."

In a few seconds more a horseman rode up, and asked if a lost shoe could be replaced at once.

"Just in time, Sir," said Jeffry, stepping forward, and lifting the lost, while the rider dismounted, and leaning against the door-post, surveyed by firelight the several persons in the shed.

"You're ridden hard and fur, Sir," remarked the smith, as he proceeded to work.

"Yes; and must go farther still before I rest," replied the stranger.

"Important business on hand, I suppose, Sir," said Jeffry.

"Very. I am a king's messenger, and must not loiter on my way."

"If hammer could speak, that of Jeffry Hayes would have honour witness to the right loyal grasp of a master's powerful hand, as he swung it with increased vehemence and precision on hearing this intelligence.

"Long live our queen, I hope, Sir," said he, pompously.

"The very best. A free pardon for all rebels."

"Free pardon!" exclaimed all at once. "When? after all they have done and done?"

"Free, unconditional pardon," repeated the traveller, "except it be considered a condition that they accept it."

"They can't, surely, but do that," exclaimed Jeffry, "the very thought of such clemency ought to make them lay down their arms, and be true subjects for the rest of their lives."

"Yet, strange to say, that the fact, though quite certain, does not do it."

"What, are they going on in rebellion in the face of pardon, and with no hope, either, of success to their cause at last?"

"Even so, except here and there one who sees things in a better light."

"Well, then, they deserve ascention; and why should not justice take its course?" said the smith, fiercely.

"My opinion is, that it's possible to be too lenient; and loyal men look to governments to do their duty without fear or favour."

"You would have me believe that you are not a rebel yourself, friend," said the stranger, in a low voice, to the smith.

"I! Yes, I would like to see the man who dares call me a rebel," said Jeffry Hayes, with the voice of a Stentor, and minging his speech many terrible oaths; "he should know something of this arm; and down come the hammer upon the anvil with a blow that made the roof ring again.

"Then that dare I," said the traveller, boldly; "and your own lips have condemned you."

"You had better mount and be gone," whispered a villager, at the sight of Jeffry's face like a thundercloud, as he slowly lifted himself from bending over the horse's hoof, and fixed a flashing eye on the stranger's face, who nevertheless stood unmoved and unhinged, looking deliberately—

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain." So runs the holy law, and I call you all to witness that I have not uttered oaths with or profaned the name of the prince he loves and serves. How say you, friends; is it not rebellion against God willfully and continually to curse and despise his law?"

There was no answer, and Jeffry was busy with the shoe again.

"But," continued the stranger, "I told you that I am the King's messenger, bearing unconditional free pardon to all who will accept it. All have sinned, all are rebels; but God, who so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Is it not pardon to rebels the blasphemous tongue, and make him reverence the God who loves him like this? Will you accept free pardon, and act out your own views of the condemning hatred of God?"

"Why ask only me? there be others here who need it fully as much," said the smith, in a surly tone.

"I do say to all, 'Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.' I have no authority to do this but, according to my royal Master's will, I repeat His own proclamation to every sinner,—He that believeth on Him that sent me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation."

"I thought you were an an errand from the real court, and not making up a tale to preach to us," said Hayes.

"It is no made-up tale; it is solemn truth, as you will one day prove; and as God, the King of kings, is real,—as heaven and hell are real,—so I beseech you, as though God himself brought you by me, receive His offers of pardon and grace, and be reconciled to Him. No man who is reconciled to God talks as you talk. Of your deeds and ways I know nothing; but your own conscience will tell you whether you live, and speak, and act, like a follower of the gentle, loving Saviour."

"Your horse is shod, Sir."

"I thank you, heartily, for good speed and good work," said the stranger, placing the charge in the hands of the smith, "and I pray that, by the operation of the grace of God upon your heart, your lord may soon be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. You carry on more than your mere trade in your workshop, friend; see to it that the inscription be written by Him who keeps a book of remembrance of them that fear the Lord and think upon His name. What a messenger you might be of love and mercy from the Prince of peace, to those who come to talk with you here!"

"They would be ready to make a scramble, I reckon," said Jeffry, attempting to laugh, as he looked round.

"Try it; and the next piece of iron you mould be yonder fire, that you shall temper in the human heart, cast under the softening influence of Divine love, and reshaped by the omnipotent Creator for holy and happy ends. Good-night, friends; I must be off on my errand."

"Stop, Sir," said the smith, stepping after the traveller, "who are you that talks to Jeffry Hayes in this uncommon way?"

"One who had a message from God unto you, and has delivered it," replied the stranger, as he rode quickly away.

About half an hour afterwards, as Mary Hayes sat knitting by her cottage fire, she was surprised by the arrival of her husband, who was not expected before his usual time. Being a person of good sense, she uttered no comment, but set his chair, and while he washed away the smoke and dust of his journey, she thought Hayes did not seem to have much appetite, nor disposed to be very communicative, but after looking at the fire for some time, he asked her, suddenly,

"Mary," said he, "have we got a Bible?"

"A Bible! Oh, yes; don't you remember the big book that came with the tea when we were married?"

"Ah, to be sure! Get it, will you? I want to find something in it."

But the after leaf was turned over in vain; the Bible to Jeffry Hayes was like a foreign land to one ignorant of geography.

"I can't find it," said he; "can you, Mary? Something about feet shod with the gospel of peace."

Ah, Mary was not most better informed then her husband, and was consequently at a loss to give him information in one of the Epistles, whereupon, with her knitting-needle to guide before her eyes down the pages verse by verse, she usually settled in confidently upon the 15th verse of the last chapter in the Epistle to the Ephesians

"That's it!" said her husband, and having read the verse, he read the chapter, and afterwards the Epistle too.

"Mary," said he again, after another reverie, "there is to be a fight between the young Moss of the Dell and Will Crofts of our village."

"A fight!" exclaimed Mary; and are you to be in the thick of it so soon?"

"I promised to be with them, and see fair play, and I must keep my word."

"Then what have you to do with the Bible and the gospel of peace?" asked Mary, quickly.

"I want to see if we can't have fair play, and yet no fighting," said Hayes, thoughtfully, "and I shall search here for a way till I find one."

Mary marvelled greatly, as her husband regularly came home from his pursuit that search, and she remarked how much fewer were the profane or angry expressions which now mingled with his conversation.

The day fixed for the fight at last arrived, and Jeffry Hayes, standing between the waiting combatants, and surrounded by the eager ring of young gazers, took a hand of each, "Well," said he, looking from one to the other, "which of you is the most like Cain? which is prepared to shed his brother's blood?"

The young men, surprised and sullen, sought to withdraw their hands from the blacksmith's grasp.

"Look you, my lads," said he, "I promised to come to see fair play, and as I helped on the quarrel at the beginning, it is fit I should see the end of it. I tell you both, that you are to be friends ever once another, and the bravest of you is he who dares to forgive first. Come, down, now, and talk it over with me at the forge, and I'll prove to you that this is the right way of thinking. Good-morrow, friends; there will be no fighting here today. I promise you."

"You are making fools of us, smith," said one of the youths, sugrily.

"No, no, you shall that for yourselves when you quarrel-lout once more, and I want to see you wise men again."

"What a queer end to a fight," exclaimed the disappointed villagers, as Jeffry Hayes marched triumphantly off the ground, with a stout, sheepish-looking youth on either side. "Only to hear the great Jeffry Hayes turning peace-maker; it's as good as a fight to see it, so we lose it altogether but our time."

Some four or five years after, as a passing visitor at the Hall walked through that village with the square, The evening was drawing on, and the blacksmith's forge was becoming somewhat dim in the deepening twilight.

"You must just look in here for a moment before we go home, said the squire, "for I am proud of our village smith, and he is a good man, and a good friend to my tenants, reborne fellow in the county, and a violent politician, too, with a frame strong enough to enforce any argument and carry any point he pleases, but now the quietest, soberest, and most Christian man I know of."

Here they reached the forge, and were respectfully greeted by Jeffry Hayes.

"My friend," said the visitor, after looking at him for a few moments, as if endeavouring to recall some recollections of the face, "I must be not, you once shod my horse on a dark winter evening, and—"

"Sir, if I mistake not," exclaimed Jeffry, with a glow of pleasure on his face, after an equally searching look at the stranger's countenance, and an attentive ear to his voice, "if I mistake not, you are the King's messenger who born the pardon for guilty rebels on that night. It was a word in season, Sir, and I have proved how good it was. It led me to turn from darkness to light, and changed the village firebrand into a meeker, happier man. And now, by God's mercy, the rebel blacksmith seeks to be a King's messenger himself."

Reader, has this message of pardon, full and unconditional, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, been brought to you?

Many messengers bear it, and by various means, yet it may be you have never heard it before. If not, receive it now: investigate it, it is worth the trouble. I speak as unto wise men; judge what I say with your calmest, deepest attention.

Or you may have heard but never heeded the message. If so, you are involved by this in a more terrible responsibility than any previous acts of rebellion have created. Profaneness, uncleanness, "covetousness, which is idolatry," or any other sin, may unstain a blameless life of our age may mark the character of your rebellion; or you may happily be exempt from these sins, and in the quiet paths of duty, yet you may sustain a blameless reputation amongst men. But your guilt is—and this will be estimated the crowning manifestation of sin at the judgment seat of God—that you have refused to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour.

This rejection of mercy involves consequences you may well ponder.

It stamps your rebellion as voluntary and wilful. It will be vain to plead natural alienation from God, to urge that you became a rebel by the force of education, or example, or influence. These things may have determined your moral position at the outset, but they do not excuse wilfulness. If you should remain secluded to evil, when good has been placed before you, and when you have been invited to the acceptance of all that is blessed in the favour of God, and holy in His sanctifying power.

It will aggravate the penalty of your guilt. We are not permitted to be ignorant of the "worm which dieth not," the "fire which never shall be quenched." Their untold horrors are more fearful from the veil cast over them. But we know that the bitterness of the sinner's final retribution will be enhanced by the conviction that it is the result of his own deliberate choice—that Heaven opened wide its entrance, and he, madly spurning its glories, sped his swifter course to ruin and to Hell.

This is the moral penalty. Other forms of suffering may follow upon final impenitence and unbelief, but the thought of this is enough and more than enough to make the boldest tremble, and quicken the apprehensions of the most careless. Oh, may it suffice to arouse you to reflection, to lead you, dear reader, to give earnest heed to your soul's eternal interests. "Knowing the terrors of the Lord," we beseech you to flee from the wrath to come. But more especially we again urge on your attention the glorious nature of the King's message: to wit, "THAT GOD WAS IN CHRIST RECONCILING THE WORLD UNTO HIMSELF, NOT IMPUTING THEIR TRESPASSES UNTO THEM. * * * FOR HE HATH MADE HIM WHO KNEW NO SIN TO BE SIN FOR US, THAT WE MAY BE MADE THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD IN HIM."

"This message as from God receive,
Ye one or more chosen to christ and live;
O let His love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer Him to die in vain."

☞ *The foregoing article forms one of the excellent series of tracts issued by the "Young Men's Christian Association," 165, Aldersgate Street, London. Inquirers who has proved a blessing to tens of thousands of the young men of England.*

TRANQUILLITY IN SUFFERING.

MR. VENN was on a visit at the house of a very intimate friend, where a lady of great piety was ill of a dangerous and excruciating disorder. The physician who attended her, one day observed to Mr. Venn, that he was quite at a loss to explain how she was enabled to bear such a severity of suffering, as he well knew attended her complaint, with so much tranquillity, and so little symptom of murmuring and restlessness. "Can you account for it, Sir?" said he. "Yes," said Mr. Venn, "that inly happily possesses what you and I ought to pray for,—the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the holy Ghost."

THE LITTLE GRAVE.

"It's only a little grave," they said,
"Only just a child that's dead;"
And so they carelessly turned away
From the mound the spade had made that day.
Ah, they do know how deep a sinks
That little grave in our home had made.

I know the coffin was narrow and small;
Our yard would have served for an ample pall;
And one man in his arms could have borne away
The powerless and weight of my boy.
But I know that during hopes were hid
Beneath that little coffin-lid.

I know that a mother stood that day
With folded hands by that form so clay!
I know that a mother's tears were hid
Beneath the drooping lash and aching lid;
And I know her lip and cheek and brow
Were almost as white as her baby's now.

I know that some things were hid away,
The crimson curls and sunny gray;
The little sock and the half-worn shoe,
The cap with its plume, and tassels blue;
And an empty rich, with its covers spread,
As white as the face of the guileless dead.

The little grave; but Oh, have care,
For world-wide hopes are buried there;
And yet, perhaps, in coming years,
May see, like her, through blinding tears,
How much of light, how much of joy,
Is buried up with my only boy.

Cure for Stammering—A correspondent, who was long afflicted with stammering, and who had tried various remedies without success, states that he has been effectually cured by the following simple plan, viz., *reading aloud in the open air*, for an hour or two daily for about two months. At the end of this period the stammering disappeared.

The Water of Life.—"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." But he does not always get a draught at the first asking. But let him ask and he receive.

THE BALES OF COTTON.

The *Preston Herald*, of Saturday, April 30th, gives an account of the arrival on the previous Thursday of six waggon-loads of cotton, consigned to the owners of Farrington mill, in the vicinity of Preston, which it ceased working for upwards of a year and a half. It has not so demoralized the operatives as to make them careless whether they get to work again or not. The following verses embody a description of the manner in which the village received the news of the arrival of the cotton, and how they welcomed it when it came:—

What means this stir and bustle
Along the village street?
And why do friends and neighbours
With joyous faces greet?
For many dreary, weary months,
Has Farrington been sad—
And why to-day is Farrington
So jubilantly glad?

From house-roofs, doors, and windows,
On the blustering breeze of spring,
Flags, streamers, ribbons, and handkerchiefs
Their gaudy colours fling;
Young men and maidens are bedecked
With flowers and fresh branches green—
Does Farrington this day await
The entry of a queen?

"It is coming!—It is coming!"
Every man and woman cries,
Every smile and tear-wet pallid cheeks,
Hope in their sunken eyes;
The children gather in glad groups,
And answer back in glee,
"It is coming!—It is coming!
In an hour it will be here!"—

See! the long white cloud of vapour!
Hark! the locomotive's hear!
As the train sweeps to the siding
Behind the village street,
Up from the eager multitude
There swells a joyous hum,
Till, like a peal of thunder,
Bursts the glad shout—"It is come!"—

Yes, the welcome bales of cotton
Have reached the village town,
And the gloom that hovered grim and dark
Is broken up and gone.
Once more the mill-wheels and spindles
Shall merrily go round,
And through the long-hushed village
Shall the songs of labour sound.

A band of mirthful and of maids
Come the village streets adown;
Light are their hearts, and bright their eyes,
And nimble are their feet;
To the fleecy cotton bales they stream
And with a right good will,
They push the heavy waggons
To the storey-yard of the mill.

Some kiss the bales of cotton,
And welcome them as friends
Come back once more to gladden them
From Earth's remotest ends.
The mothers clasp their children,
And weep, they know not why,
And some poor forth their gratitude
In prayer to God on high.

Then, with one voice, the villagers
The grand old anthem sing,
"*Praise God from whom all blessings flow,*"
Till hill and valley ring.
Praise God, from whom all here below,"
Until the solemn strain
Soars heavenward through the April sky,
And echo sings again.

Men, women—all who labour,
And sire and sister, and
From the highest to the humblest one
That toils with hand or brain,
Forget not how this village showed
Its gratitude and love,
And remember every blessing here
Comes down from Heaven above. B. P. S.

A NEW CASTE IN CALCUTTA.

One hoboved Queen had not long been proclaimed Empress of Hindostan, when two young men (brothers) left England in the good ship "Fairy," to seek their fortunes. After a rough voyage, caused by nurses and contrary winds, they were favoured to reach Calcutta in safety; and almost immediately obtained employment in a public office, where, as they had with the good testimonials, confirmed by the captain, who also stated that they were zealous teetotallers. Drunkenness prevails in India to a terrible extent. Europeans die off in consequence like rotten sheep. Our young friends soon began housekeeping, which involved six servants. It seems a large number for two young men. The native servants were much astonished to find that their masters used neither intoxicants nor narcotics; and in conversing with other servants, they had the satisfaction of being a concrete from England, never before seen in India; they do not smoke, nor drink strong drink, neither do they swear; and they speak and behave kindly to us, we like the new caste well." After the brothers had been in the service of the company some considerable time, two other higher situations became vacant, for which they applied, and in the day appointed for filling the vacancies, about fifty applicants were assembled waiting on the premises of the company, when an officer made his appearance, and, addressing them, said, "I want the two teetotal brothers. Oh! there they are." He beckoned them into the office and engaged them at once, and dismissed the other applicants. It is gratifying to know that there are in Calcutta others belonging to this new caste, one of whom recently returned to England, and communicated the above particulars to the writer. M. T. N.

Just Published. With Illustrations. Price 1s.
Window Gardens for the People, and Cheap and Tidy Balcony Boxes. By Shirley Hibberd. The book will be found most useful for parochial and School Libraries.

MARY DEAN.

Young Mary was the fairest girl,
In all the country round,
A gentler, or a truer heart,
Was nowhere to be found.

Her golden hair about her neck,
In soft rich tresses hung,
And when she spoke, her low tone's voice,
With sweetest music rung.

Her bright-blue eyes, so truthful were,
Her cheeks like roses bloom'd pure;
You'd ne'er have thought, that joyous heart,
To sorrow could be doom'd.

Her parents almost worship'd her!
They knew her good, as fair,
That she might ever so be kept,
Was their continual prayer.

The poor,—they loved her very name,
And said there'd never been,
A better,—tender friend to them,
Than little Mary Dean.

A youth who'd twenty summers seen,
Lov'd Mary true and well;
If Mary liked him in return,
She did not care to tell.

Ere long the young man came to ask
If Mary might wed,
The old man ponder'd o'er his words,
And drop'd his silver'd head.

What? gave away his only child,—
His greatest joy on earth?—
No,—not to Warwick's proudest Lord,—
Or one of nobler birth!

He pond'ed awhile as though he read,
His heart to heaven in prayer;
For God was his Great Counsellor,—
He sought for wisdom there.

A tear was in his mild grey eye,
Kind words were on his tongue,
He tried to smile,—then meekly said,—
I lov'd when I was young.

But soon to Mary sorrow came,
For both her parents died,
And in the thronged old churchyard, they
Were sleeping, side by side.

Twelve lonely, tearful months, roll'd by,
And Harry asked again,
If Mary then would be his wife,—
He did not ask in vain.

She soon was his, a happy bride,
A loving trusting wife,
To guess his every wish, or whim,
The study of her life.

Her father's cottage, still her home,
How happy would she be,
'Twas there her infant days were spent,
On her fond mother's knee.

A change also! came o'er her life,
Things were not as of old;
She bore her sorrow patiently,
And kept her grief untold.

Time slowly pass'd, but left and lines,
On Mary's cheek, and brow,
And wondering, ask'd themselves,
Where are her roses now?

One night, the clock had long gone twelve,
When Harry home returned;
He stood,—and hatred? anxiously,
His cheek with anger burn'd.

He thought some stranger must be there,
For Mary spoke aloud,
And to the open casement, he,—
His throbbing temples bow'd.

So quiet was the country round,
Not one, one leaf that stirr'd,
The husband listen'd breathlessly,—
These were the words he heard.

"Lord! then canst change the erring heart,
However crimson'd o'er with sin,
And make it clean, and white as wool,
And pure as snow within.

Oh! save my husband from the snares
Of Satan's ever eager hand,
From vice, and wretchedness, and woe,
Oh pluck him as a brand!
Lord!—break sin's chains, which bind him now,
Teach him to know, that Jesus died,
Leaving for him, His throne in heaven,—
Was mock'd and crucified!
Oh! Father, hear me,—while I kneel,—
A wore,—sad,—supplicant at Thy feet,
Bring ere my tears of grief are dried,
This wanderer to Thy mercy-seat."

Her fervent prayer, pour'd from her soul,
In tones subdued yet clear,
Soften'd the erring husband's heart,
As each word caught his ear.

His knock,—not loud,—was gladly heard,
He kiss'd her forehead fair,—
The strong man wept! and gently said,
Mary,—I heard your prayer.

* * * *

Some years have pass'd, since Mary was
A lone, and anxious wife,
And now, a happy change has shed,
Bright sunshine o'er her life.

For Harry loves his God, and her,—
Her happiness his care;
These vows written on their rural home;
God answer'd Mary's prayer!

S. McB.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

Some few years since, an East Indian trader was attacked while cruising in the Indian Ocean by a piratical schooner, and the attack being sudden and unlooked for, the merchantman fell an easy prey into the hands of the pirates. The captain and several of the crew escaped from during the conflict, and the rest being gagged and heavily ironed, were laid in the pirates' boats for removal to their own vessel, and then the murderous gang proceeded to the ship's cabin, intending there to complete the work of destruction, and see of what treasures they could possess themselves.

As they descended the companion-way, they heard a soft voice evidently engaged in supplication; and the chief, directing his followers to halt at the entrance, went noiselessly forward to ascertain whence the voice proceeded. Bending low to avoid observance, he peeped into a door that stood ajar, and there knelt a fair young woman, with her head bowed on her side, one arm clasped earnestly around the child, and the other raised in earnest supplication. "Oh God of all mercy," said the beseeching voice, as the form of fearful agony met the pirate's view, "save the life of my child, if such be thy holy will: but rather let him perish now by the assassin's knife, than fall a heavy prey into such hands to be trained up to a life of sin and infamy. Let him die now, if such be thy decree; but Oh, let him not live to dishonor God, and perish at last eternally!" The voice ceased, choked with tears of agony; and there stood the pirate, transfixed to the spot by the tumult of his conflicting emotions. In imagination he was again a child; his own pious mother's prayers and instructions, for long years forgotten, rose before him, and God's Spirit spoke such an terror of conviction to his heart, that instead of carrying out his murderous designs, he sank upon his knees, and cried out her mercy. After securing the lady and her husband, then fall a heavy prey into such hands to be trained up to a life of sin and infamy. Let him die now, if such be thy decree; but Oh, let him not live to dishonor God, and perish at last eternally!" The voice ceased, choked with tears of agony; and there stood the pirate, transfixed to the spot by the tumult of his conflicting emotions. In imagination he was again a child; his own pious mother's prayers and instructions, for long years forgotten, rose before him, and God's Spirit spoke such an terror of conviction to his heart, that instead of carrying out his murderous designs, he sank upon his knees, and cried out her mercy. After securing the lady and her husband, then

should be done her, he hastened to the deck, unbound the captive crew, and restoring them to their ship, returned with his men to their own.

Shortly afterwards he surrendered himself to the British East India Government; but so great was the remorse he suffered for his past crimes, that before he was tried and convicted, he was attacked with fever, that in a few days proved fatal. Before his death he made a full confession of the crimes of his past life, manifesting the deepest penitence in view of his guilt, and he expired humbly trusting in Jesus for mercy and acceptance with him. Thus were his pious mother's prayers answered at last, and her erring child saved, as we may trust, even at the eleventh hour. What a heritage for good are the prayers of a Christian mother.

F. E. F.

A TEXT A DAY.

A Saviour taught his child, to say
A text at breakfast, every day,
And are at night he went to bed,
Again the little text was said.

Friend—have you tried this simple plan?
If not—now do—I'm sure you can—
The youngest child will like to learn
And say his little text in turn

Begin betimes to sow good seeds—
Or soon you'll see the noisome weeds,
How easy thus to teach a child
To be, like Jesus, meek and mild!

While you are teaching "God is love,"
He'll pour His blessing from above,
And when the Saviour children train,
He'll send His grace like early rain!

'Tis easy work—if you begin
In early days—to wean from sin,
Then teach your children, every day
At least, one little text to say!

ALIXIUS.

LITTLE VINE-DRESSERS.

"Be sure and train the vines nicely to-day," said old Mrs. Grant, as she looked kindly over the top of her spectacles at the merry group of children before her.

They stopped and turned towards her for an explanation. "Why, children," said, for they did not quite understand. "Oh, I know, I know," said a bright-eyed little fellow; "it was what I told us the other day. She means we must train the good vines in our hearts, and pull up the bad weeds."

"We will, we will," shouted a dozen voices, and away they ran to enjoy their Saturday pic-nic.

Did you ever think, children, there is a vineyard in your hearts, over which God has placed as keepers, to watch and dress it? The vines there are very choice; they must be carefully tended while young. After they have climbed and twined for years, they become hard and sturdy, it will be next to impossible to change them. The time to begin your work is in the morning of life, in the morning then the soil is rich and mellow, and the roots, the vines are tender, and you may make them take any direction you choose. One of these vines is *truth*, which must be kept from the weak weed *falsehood*, and it will become far-spreading, and an ornament to the whole character. Another vine is *benevolence*, to be carefully guarded from poisonous and selfishness; another *love*; others, *good-will*, *kindness*, *forgiveness*, and many, many more. Take care of these now, and in a few years they will be deeply rooted and firmly secured in your hearts by principle; but wait a while, and you will have a vineyard all overgrown with weeds, and the hedges broken down.

S. C.

LIBERALITY.

The Rev. Dr. Nott, the venerable President of Union College, in an address to the students, said, "I have been young and now am old, and I solemnly before God tonight, I declare that nothing I have ever given in charity is regretted. Oh no. It is the riches we keep that impoverish us. The generous deeds we do, are the only impressions itself on our characters, and tells on our eternal destiny; for the habit of charity formed in this life will accompany us to the next. The bud which begins to open here will bloom in full expansion hereafter, to delight the eye of angels and beautify the paradise of God. Let us then now, and on every fit occasion hereafter, practise that liberality which death we shall approve, and reprobate the parsimony we shall then condemn."

THE NAIL HOLES.

"Tom," said a father to his son, one Monday morning, fetch me a piece of board and a handful of nails."

The boy did as his father requested.

"Now, Tom," continued the father, "we are all of us only too apt to acquire bad habits, and when once acquired, a strong effort is needed to get rid of them. The first step towards reformation, is making ourselves thoroughly aware of the bad habits in which we are indulging. I have noticed, with sorrow, Tom, that even young as you are, you have fallen into certain practices which, if not put a stop to now, will, if God spares you, embitter all your future life. You will take this piece of wood and these nails to your own room. Every evening, before going to bed, always say to yourself, 'What are the bad habits of which I am guilty?' For every bad habit of which you can accuse yourself, you will drive a nail into this board. On Saturday night you must bring the board to me."

Tom promised that he would do as his father had ordered.

When Saturday night came, Tom presented the board to his father. Five nails had been driven into it.

"What bad habits do these five nails represent?" asked the father.

"One of them," replied Tom, "is laziness in the morning; another, putting off time when sent on a message; another, idleness in school; another, coming straight home from school; and another, inattention in church."

"There are many others, Tom, that I am aware of, but, in the meantime, these five will answer my purpose. Take the board back to your room, try to obtain, asking God to assist you, as every one of these bad habits that you get out of, draw a nail from the board. When all the nails have been drawn from the board, bring it to me."

Many weeks passed away, but at last, Tom brought the board to his father, and said, "Look, father, the nails are all out!"

"Yes, Tom, the *nails* are out, but the *holes* they made are left. Let this board teach you this lesson, my dear boy,—that if you do some sin in youth, although we may shake them off as we grow up, always have their marks behind. The hours wasted in bed can never be recovered, the time misspent by not going on errand speedily, or loitering on the way from school, can never be recalled, and the inattention to church, or at lessons, can never be compensated for, although we may be ever so diligent and attentive in after years."

C. P. S.

A PLEA FOR DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

BY A WORKING MAN.

"*Our drinking fountains are few and far between—our only wells are the public-houses.*"

"Give us water, pure water!" the trees all exclaim,
And the cry of the grass and the flowers is the same;
"Then bounty and gaily our leaves will expand,
Our blades and our blossoms will gladden the land."

The deer know the pools of the clear mountain rill,
And the sheep and the cattle the stream of the hill;
The far-soaring eagle, the birds of the brake,
On water, pure water, their thirst ever slake.

When the sunshine looks down with a fierce blinding glare,
And the wild flowers droop in the hot, sultrless air,
When the streams and the wells by the wayside are dry,
"Oh, for water, pure water!" the travellers sigh.

"Give me water, pure water!" the working man cries,
"Pure and clear as the light of the unclouded skies.
Far away from my hut be the dreadful earth's crystalline cheer!
Let me drink deep and free of earth's crystalline cheer!"

I toil all day long mid the dust and the heat,
When no cooling breeze blows down the sweltering street.
On my sunburnt brow stand the drops of sweat,
And I long for pure water my parched lips to wet.

What to me is the public-house over the way?
It but strengthens the thirst that I hate would stay.
There are fountains I know, yet the nearest may be
A long mile away from my labour and me.

I toil and I strive in the strength of my frame
For a share of earth's wealth, and a good, honest name.
Shall I squander my hard-earned pay, and the last shall I hear?
Shall I be weak health or respect at a public-house bar?

No! the question is not all take a pint,
In this great water question let all take a part,
Till by scores and by hundreds the fountains shall start,
And ev'ry cross and mill shall these words become true—
"*Our fountains are many, our drink-shops are few.*"

Let us hasten the time when in street, lane and square
Cool fountains shall leap in the hot dusty air,
When the pot and the beer-shop shall vanish away
When the gin and the pipe and the pot-house shall decay.
And the workhouse and prison be left in obscurity.

Then shall the glad year of the prophet dawn bright,
When the world shall be light of the Gospel shall be,
When our prayer shall rise unto Heaven above,
And all nations drink at the fountain of Love.

OUR JACK TARS.

We have recently had many cheering letters, stating that the *British Workman* has proved a pleasant companion to Sailors during their long voyages. We present the following as a specimen:—

10, Colston Street, Lowestoft, 2 July 1864.

To the Editor of the "British Workman."

SIR,—Allow me the pleasure of calling your attention to an extract from my brother's letter, who, until recently, was in one of H. M. Ships that received the *British Workman*, and to whom I forwarded a yearly part of your excellent periodical, the *British Workman*, for the benefit of the crew of the ship, which might otherwise hang idle on its hands.

He says, "Since I was away on leave, the book you kindly sent to the ship, and was received by my messmates, upon my return to the ship. I read the book in the fore-hold for their sake. It was the constant subject of one or the other; I found it so useful or instructive, very soothing, handling it test day, turn the sheet and point to the text, the continuous picture gallery, turn to the book, and when I leave, that such a good-natured demand for the book, and I felt very hanged hard that I would have it to show to my friends."

You are at liberty to make what use you may situate those who consider it worth publishing. I hope it may tend to forward occasionally have dear cross pondering the unlikely shade the *British Workman*, your friend who some thousands of "Jack" for pictures.

Wishing your wide-spread circulation. Yours, RICHARD STEVENS SIR.

SOLDIERS.

For several years past, we have occasionally forwarded packets of book and periodical, by post, for the use of soldiers in the colonies, and distant parts of the world. The following is a specimen of numerous letters that have received in return. If any readers are disposed to unite with us in sending *monthly* packets to soldiers, we shall be glad to hear from them. At present the cost is more than we can individually bear.

Oakamoond, Madras, 21st April, 1864.

CAPTAIN EVERARD HOMANS begs to return his best thanks to the Editor of the *British Workman*, for the kind present of an entertaining little book "A Tale of British Soldiers," and to express his heartfelt wish for the increased circulation of the *British Workman*, which he says, "is the only periodical he receives, and is read by the officers as well as the soldiers" and is much delighted to be the kind to hospital, and for the soldiers' families.

ENCOURAGEMENT UNDER ALL KINDS OF DISCOURAGEMENT.

That well-known invitation of our Lord's, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," knows no exclusion. It addresses us by a description which is common to humanity; its broad and glory is that it is intended for all who need it, all who labour and are heavy laden. It does not even pry into the cause of our restlessness, or inquire whether or not we reasons our distress; it only requires whether or not we are the subjects of disquietude. In uttering it, our Lord unobtrusively selected language which would meet the His eye travelled over scenes and wastes of human misery in which He saw the sickness of poverty; the disappointment of ambition; the misgivings of the self-righteous; and the exhausted efforts of the sinner bound by the miscreatures of a sin-sick conscience, and aiming to escape from a load of guilt. His omniscience penetrated every heart, and saw the tools of care corroding the peace, not merely of the wealthy and the affluent, but prying also on the heard, the wearied, and the mighty of the land, the learned, the wealthy, and the mighty of the earth. He beheld a storm in which every one was seeking for shelter without finding it, who it to obtain it; and yet voluntarily exposing himself to all the horrors, he pressed forth into the midst of it, and exclaimed, with the heart which felt and bled for them all, "Come unto me and I will give you rest."

This is an invitation from which no peculiarity in our character or condition, can possibly exclude us. If any such exception could be named, it must be the peculiar accumulation of our guilt, or the amount of our misery; but this so far from excluding, brings us more completely within the scope of its grace. Were it possible for a man to unite in his own individual person, all the wants and guilt and capacities of the whole human race, the invitation would only address him in a more personal manner, and with a deeper sense of compassion. And shall all the benevolence be lost on us? In the name of all that is tender and gracious He urges us to come. He addresses us as if we had never offended Him, nor had rendered it necessary that he should suffer on our account; as if, in contemplating our wants, He had actually forgotten our depravity and guilt. Indeed had He himself been the offending party, and had entailed on us all the evils we suffer, He could not have employed language more affectionate, nor have manifested greater solicitude to relieve us. Had He descended from heaven to announce this single invitation to our guilty race, it is so gracefully and adapted to our condition, that it would have fully justified the important mission, and ought to have endeared Him to every human heart.—*Dr. Harris.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PRINTING AND POSTAGE.—In answer to numerous Correspondents, we beg to say that the cost of the tract was for price of the last, and not of all the works added together. We regret that the article was not more clear.

RE TO PORTMASTERS.—The neat No. of the "British Workman" will contain an interesting and amusing article on Post-office Savings Banks, addressed to Mr. J. B. Walton. We hope that such a little pamphlet may be made in the Post-office, to wit, we our readers will kindly make the Mr. Walton's address, to wit, we believe, be a very valuable one, for masters to present to their workmen on pay night.

RE SUPPLIES of small red gospel bills, for workshops, coffee-houses, &c. may be had, gratis, and post-free, on application to the Editor. These bills are also available for distribution in letters. Address, No. 9, Paternoster Row, London.

THE BRITISH WORKMAN AS A LOAN TRACT.—The Secretary of a large Tract Society, has written to the Editor as follows:—"We have circulated the "British Workman" as a Loan Tract between two and three years, and we find it answer exceedingly well. It is not only read and enjoyed by the people, but often asked for by them. We generally have a few copies in circulation in each district among which the other Tracts."

A specimen copy of the "British Workman," done up as a Loan Tract, will be forwarded on receipt of two postage stamps.

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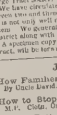

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THE FARMER'S LAD. BY THE LATE WILLIAM HUNT, ESQ.

THE FARMER'S LAD.

I'm certain that I do not know
A better little lad than Joe,
More kind and open-hearted;
It seems as if the sunny skies
Had to his youthful heart and eyes
Their warmth and light imparted.

He is beloved by every one,
And gladly will their errands run
Whene'er he has the leisure.
Honest in all his words and ways
Right joyfully he spends his days,
And toil to him is pleasure.

A few short years will pass and he
Will guide the plough along the lea,
And help the spring-time's sowing;
With sickle firm set in his hand
Will lead the sunburnt reapers' band
When autumn winds are blowing.

A few short years—he'll join the strife
And struggle of his manhood's life,
With heart that knows not quailing;
Trusting in heaven, all undismayed,
He'll battle on when earthly aid
And hope seem unavailing—

Unto such lads as little Joe,
A debt of gratitude we owe,
Because his brave example
Shows that the honest, willing mind,
In work and toil will ever find
A joy and blessing ample.

'Tis such as Joe that swell the ranks
Of those who have the wide world's thanks—
The hardy sons of labour—
The heroes of the bloodless fight
With poverty—the men of might
Who bear not gun nor sabre.

Toil on my lad with smiling face—
Brave, honest toil ne'er brought disgrace—
The future lies before thee;
Go, meet it with a purpose high,
And, though temptations round thee lie,
God ever watches o'er thee.

B. F. S.

FIRE! FIRE!

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to a cheap and simple mode of rousing persons from fire, which has been adopted in some instances with the most gratifying results. A large bay-rick sheet (a strong double blanket will often answer the purpose) is stretched at the four corners by four strong men, into which the inmates of the burning house throw themselves. In the absence of the regular 'fire-escapes,' this plan cannot be too widely known.

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING"

A NUMBER of ministers were assembled for the discussion of difficult questions; and, among others, it was asked, how the command to "pray without ceasing" could be complied with. Various suppositions were started, and at length one of the number was appointed to write an essay upon it to read at the next monthly meeting, which being overheard by a female servant, she exclaimed, "What! a whole month wanted to tell the meaning of that text! It is one of the easiest and best texts in the Bible." "Well, well," said an old minister, "Mary, what can you say about it? Let us know how you understand it; can you pray all the time?" "Oh yes, sir." "What! when you have so many things to do?" "Why, sir, the more I have to do the more I can pray." "Indeed; well, Mary, do let us know how it is; for most people think otherwise?" "Well, sir," said the girl, "when I first open my eyes in the morning, I pray, Lord, open the eyes of my understanding; and while I am dressing, I pray that I may be clothed with the robe of righteousness; and when I have washed me, I ask for the washing of regeneration; and as I begin work, I pray that I may have strength equal to my day; when I begin to kindle up the fire, I pray that God's work may revive in my soul; and as I sweep out the house, I pray that my heart may be cleansed from all its impurities; and, while preparing and partaking of breakfast, I desire to be fed with the hidden manna, and the sincere milk of the word; and as I am busy with the little children, I look up to God as my Father, and pray for the spirit of adoption that I may be His child, and so on all day? everything I do furnishes me with a thought for prayer." "Enough, enough," cried the old divine, "these things are revealed to babes, and often hid from the wise and prudent. Go on, Mary," said he, "pray without ceasing; and as for us, my brethren, let us bless the Lord for this exposition, and remember that He has said, 'The meek will He guide in judgment.'" The essay, as a matter of course, was not considered necessary after this little event occurred.

THE ARAB'S PROOF.

SOME years ago, a Frenchman, who, like many of his countrymen, had won a high rank among men of science, yet who denied the God who is the author of all science, was crossing the great Sahara, in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer, that at certain times his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling on the burning sands, called on his God.

Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed, till at last one evening the philosopher, when he rose from his knees, asked him, with a contemptuous smile, "How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his burning eye on the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said, solemnly, "How do *I know* there is a God? How did I know that a man and not a camel passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his foot in the sand? Even so," and he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert, "THAT footprint is not that of a man."

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM, who built the Royal Exchange in London, was the son of a poor woman, who, while he was an infant, abandoned him in a field. By the providence of God, however, the chirping of a *grasshopper* attracted a boy to the spot where the child lay; and his life was by this means preserved. After Sir Thomas had, by his unparalleled success as a merchant, risen to the pinnacle of commercial wealth and greatness, he chose a grasshopper for his crest; and becoming under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth, the founder of the Royal Exchange, his crest was placed on the walls of the building in several parts, and a vane or weathercock, in the figure of a grasshopper, was fixed on the summit of the tower.

INDIAN BRICKLAYERS.

OUR illustration shows some Indian bricklayers at work on a bamboo scaffold. The length, strength, and lightness of the bamboo, peculiarly adapts it for purposes of scaffolding, which, however, is constructed without any regard to symmetry, and with very little to safety. The ladders which are made of the same, are also so rude in construction, that it seems difficult to understand how they can be used without extreme peril. The trowel and hod are much the same as those in use with us, but the mortar is mixed with a sort of hoe instead of a shovel. The bricks also are rather different, being usually larger than ours, and less baked, the greater quantity being sun-baked.

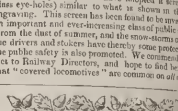
Buildings exposed to the fierce sun of India, become baked into a solid mass in the course of years, which is strikingly observable in the ruins of the old buildings about Rajmahl, and other towns on the banks of the Ganges, where the water has sapped the foundations of massive piers of landing places, temples and palaces. The bricks used in their construction have become fused together by the great power of the sun, until they appear as solid, and look like rocks, and their being partly hidden in the water favours the delusion; in this state they have existed for many centuries, and will probably for many more.

The native bricklayers build with great rapidity; an assertion difficult to believe by any one seeing them at work. One holds an umbrella over his head, and handles his trowel with the other hand, as though it were something to play with and pass away time. Still the immense numbers employed upon one building compensate for the deficiencies of individuals, and houses rise up as if by magic. An apology may be offered for the manner in which the Indian bricklayer performs his labour—the great heat of the climate almost forbids the performance of work exposed to the sun. European bricklayers would be totally unable to stand it, and the native will only do it in his own way.

INDIAN BRICKLAYERS. SKETCHED FROM LIFE, BY MR. BENWELL.

ENGINE-DRIVERS AND STOKERS.

ENGINE-DRIVERS AND STOKERS on our Railways often suffer most severely from exposure to the weather. Some of the Railway Companies have adopted a screen (with glass eye-holes) similar to what is shown in the above engraving. This screen has been found to be invaluable to the drivers and stokers have thereby some protection, and the public safety is also promoted. We commend the subject to Railway Directors, and hope to find before long that "covered locomotives" are common on all our lines.



WILBERFORCE AND THE SCEPTIC.

ON one occasion, when a parliamentary friend called upon the late Mr. Wilberforce, he was found reading his Bible. He began to rally him for taking up his time with that old musty book, remarking that we saw the course of nature going on as usual, and that there was no reason to expect that those future events the Bible spoke of would ever take place. Mr. W. replied, "It is sufficiently singular, that what you have been saying is just the accomplishment of what I have been reading." Then turning to 2 Peter iii. 3, 4, he thus read, "Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." The coincidence powerfully struck at the time the gentleman to whom the remark was made, "though I never heard," adds Mr. Innes, "that any permanent effect was produced."

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"MY ACCOUNT WITH HER MAJESTY." DRAWN BY J. D. WATSON.

MY ACCOUNT WITH HER MAJESTY.

I SAVEN INLD by yell the Post-office Savings' Banks came up. Not that I mighn't have done so, for I earned good wages; and after paying the expenses at home, I had always plenty of loose cash to spend. I was never without money in my pocket; but always at the year's end I had spent all I had received. I knew very well that I might have saved a good bit without cutting down the week's allowance to the missus for the house, or stinting myself of any reasonable enjoyment; but I had never begun the thing, and when I thought about doing it, I was at a loss how to go about it. What I used to do, when I had a little lump of money over and above the expenses, was to put it away in the drawer, and be left up; and I used to say to myself, if I should touch that money, let I'll put more to it from time to time, and when it amounts to a hundred, I'll do something with it—put it into the bank, or invest it in a building society, or something of that sort." But, somehow, the money didn't grow as I expected. You see I always had the key of that drawer in my pocket; and at any time, if I ran a little short, through being rather free with my neighbours, I could put the money back into it, just as the same with drink. If you make up your mind that you shan't taste a drop for a week, and stick to it, you are all right; but only be persuaded to take a little thing—to take one glass, just one, and you take another all another, then it's all wrong. It's the same, too, I dare say, with swindling and speculating—you get one make a beginning, and on you go, like rolling down the Tree Hill on White-Monday, the farther you go, the faster you go.

Susan used to say to me, "George, how's the money getting on?" And she used to say it in a sly sarcastic sort of way, meaning that I was spending it, and that it was going very fast. I know it was, but I didn't like to acknowledge it, and always used to say, "Oh! all right in the drawer, there, what's of it." Well, George, she would say, "you put away ten pounds about a month ago, and at Christmas it amounts to a pound, so as to buy all we require, and give a little party to our friends." "Yes," I would say, "but you know, my dear, that I have paid rent, and coals, and everything else; and I'll come certain bills, and the subscription to my lodge—I am an Ass-old Fellow—and add it up and subtract it from the wage, and bring out what it costs us, and it will be quite puzzled, and give the sum up in despair.

But she found out more than once. One day, when I came home to dinner, she says to me, "Oh! I've got a thing, says," you left the key of the drawer on the mantelshelf this morning." She didn't look at me, but went on carving the boiled rabbit, and I felt quite ashamed and not like the generality of women. Nagging is not one of her faults. She could scold very much, but she thinks the more. So when she told me about the key, I saw in a good way. I knew she had been to the drawer and counted the money. That's what I don't hold with Bluebeard. He might have tried his wife with anything but that, for it is downright unreasonable to expect a woman not to be curious. I mean, if she is a wife, "in an indifferent kind of a way; but I am sure my looks conveyed no reproach, for Susan did not make any remark about the money being in a larger, bad, bye-and-bye, when she was helping me to a tasty dumpling, she says to her mother, "Mother, you know, "Don't you think, George, it would be a good thing to put a little money away in the savings' bank?" "Well," I says, "it wouldn't be a bad thing, Susan," "Why," she says, "I'm sure "it would," and if I was you, I would make a beginning, and put a "sh," "in an indifferent kind of a way; but I am sure my looks conveyed no reproach,

THE TWO NESTS.

Robby Rover rushed into his mother's presence one afternoon, his bright eyes sparkling with delight, and shouted,—in only little boys can,—"Look here, mother, see what I've found; a bird's nest,—a real, *live* bird's nest!" (Robby had found *discarded* nests before, in the current bushes, to be called this a *live* one, in contradistinction to them.)

"Well, child, you need not scream loud enough to make one deaf about it; and see, there," she said, in a tone of vexation, "you have tracked clear across the floor with your dirty wet feet. You just be off with yourself, and see that you don't break those nasty eggs on your clothes; if you do, you will be sorry for it."

Robby, somewhat abashed, retreated out of doors with his prize, which he carefully placed in an old box his father had given him to keep his playthings in. There was a curious medley of things in it—bolts, tops, marbles, sticks, twine, a bottom "buzz," and countless other things very precious to the eyes of little boys. But Robby thought there was nothing there so beautiful as that little, round nest, with those four pale blue eggs in it, so he viewed it o'er and o'er, with a confused notion in his head that little boys should never "bawl;" never have wet feet, and never soil their clothes with broken bird's eggs, but without one thought of the cruel wrong he had thoughtlessly done, in taking that pretty nest from the bush where the cunning architects had with such delicate skill woven it. Ah! who can tell what far-extending waves of desolation may circle from that one childish act of wrong, which that mother "careful in many things," had suffered to pass unrebuked.

Robby grew up a careless, cruel man, giving the deepest sorrow to his parents.

Turn we now to another home. Across that floor, there were marks of little feet leading to an outer door, where stood a little boy, holding a nest in his hand—his mother's face glowing with excitement. "See here, mother," he cried, "what I found in the hazel bushes; one, two, three little birdies!"

The mother turned with a smile at the call of her darling, but the moment she saw what he held, her countenance fell. "Why, Willie, how could you take that away from the old birds; how and they will feel when they come home by-and-by, and find their nest and little birdies all gone."

"It was so pretty," said the child in a subdued voice, "but I am sorry I took it, if it was naughty."

"It *was* very wrong, although perhaps you did not think how sad the old birds would feel. See," she continued, "there is the mother-bird now; she has missed her darlings, and how distressed she is."

Willie's lips quivered, and the tears sprang to his eyes, and handing the nest to his mother, he cried, "put it back, mother. I don't want it any more."

"Can you show me where you found it?"

"Yes, I know the very bush."

"Then come, and we will try and restore it." Taking the nest in one hand, and her little one's chubby fingers in the other, she walked slowly away, talking in a low, sweet tone to him, striving to plant the precious germ of kindness in his heart—and especially to all weak and unprotected things—in his little heart; and the nest was soon nestling in the same bush whence those eager little fingers had torn it.

The lesson that noble mother thus instilled, was never forgotten. The terror of the bereaved robin, the gentle reproof from his mother's lips, and the triumphant song which the parent-bird poured forth that evening, as he found his treasure all restored, combined to make an unfading impression on his tender mind. Impulses were checked thus early, which might otherwise have led to much evil in after years; and kindly feelings were aroused and stimulated which have never ceased to grow and strengthen in his heart, and which to-day form the crowning grace of his noble, manly character.

One whose name is a household word, has thus truthfully and beautifully written in regard to the training of the "man-child:"—"To-day he is at your feet; to-day you can make him laugh; you can make him cry; you can persuade, coax, and turn him at your pleasure; you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell, with recitals of good and noble deeds; you can, you can mould him if you will take the *trouble*. But look ahead some years, when that little voice shall ring in deep bass tones, when that small form shall have a manly weight and tramp; when a rough beard shall cover that little round chin, and the wilful strength of manhood fill out that little form. Then you would give worlds for the key to his heart, but if you lose it now he is little, you may search for it carefully some day, with tears, and never find it."

M. Muller.

POSTMEN AND THE SABBATH.

We have much pleasure in extracting the following from the *Hampshire Independent* of the 1st of June last:—

"Observance of the Sabbath.—The following letter to the Postmaster at Southampton, has received signatures, including some of the principal tradesmen of the town, also dissenting and Church of England ministers. The advantages contemplated are not restricted to the postmen alone, but will express a beneficial influence over the community at large:—

"'To Robert Laukester, Esq., Postmaster at Southampton.

Sir,—Our attention having been directed to a paragraph in the *British Workman*, stating that the postmen in the provinces seldom obtain even one rest day in the whole year, we, whose names are hereto subscribed, respectfully request that letters addressed to us may be detained in the Post-office on Sunday, and delivered to us on the Monday, in order that the Sabbath-day inhours of the letter-carriers may be sacrificed, if not prevented, in accordance with an intimation from the Postmaster-General in the *British Postal Guide*.'"

THE POSTMAN.

Who is it that we daily meet
In square and alley, lane and street,
Hast'ning along with busy feet?
The Postman!

In summer bright, and winter drear,
From morn till evening, on our ear
His rat-tat-tat sounds loud and clear,
The Postman!

Who brings glad news from long lost friends,
And the sweet words affection sends
Even from earth's remotest ends?
The Postman!

Who, from our schoolmates far away,
Carries the welcome news that they
Remember us and childhood's day?
The Postman!

Who brings the mother words of joy
That comfort her mid life's annoy?
Good tidings from her absent boy?
The Postman!

Who, from the father to the lad
Far from his kindred, lone and sad,
Bears words that make him strong and glad?
The Postman!

Who helps the ties of love to bind?
And aids the sympathies that wind
Around the hearts of human kind?
The Postman?

Who carries news of hopes and fears?
Of joy that delys, instains and cheers?
Of grief that wakes our sighs and tears?
The Postman!

To him a debt we truly owe,
Who in the sunshine, rain and snow,
For us his daily round doth go,
The Postman!

Is it not shame that anywhere
Within our land he should not share
The Sabbath's rest from his hard care,
The Postman!

We'll labour till there be not found
Village or town on British ground
Where he must go his Sabbath round,
The Postman!

THE SONG OF WATER.

Sparkling and bright, and gushing and clear,
My rippling melody falls on the ear
Like a song for ever new;
The victim of wine I restore to health,
And safely return him his wisdom and wealth,
And this is what I can do.

Fresh and free from my Maker's hand
I flow'd with Eden's flowery land,—
A boon by nature given;
And the world's great father ere he fell,
Oft quenched his thirst at the crystal well,
And joyed in the gift of heaven.

I bathed the brow of the fainting child,
Till he looked from his wilderness couch and smiled,
A beautiful spring I gave;
And the man whose arm made Philistim bow,
Was enjoined by an angel the Nazarite vow,
Lest wine should his strength destroy.

Now, in order to conquer the scourge of our land,
Let us trust up a young and victorious band,
To keep far aloof from the snare;
Their beginning was small, but they speedily grew,
They are pledged to the cause and their hearts are true
And their spoils are rich and rare. [true,

LIFE'S LESSONS.

Cares words are meant to make us gentle, and delays teach patience, and care teaches faith, and prose of busy cares makes us look out for moments to give to God, and disappointment is a special messenger to summon our thoughts to heaven. In these days all cross, we would not seek to run away from them, but to learn God's lesson in them, we should soon leave off calling them trying.

Did we but view our daily path aright,
Work would seem pleasure, and our duties light;
Our daily troubles we would count not merely sent,
With this sweet motive—*for our Saviour's sake*.
For Thy sake, dearest Lord, the constant round
Of common duties, of so welcome found.
Would glow with love, and faith, and joy divine;
While the sweet consciousness that we are Thine,
Would make us active workers, strving ever,
By word and deed, Thy name to glorify;
Seeking Thine and in every weak endeavour,
Knowing that Thou canst all our need supply,
And resting on Thy faithfulness and love,
Until we we gain a perfect rest above.

FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE.

A young man, who had left his home, ruddy and vigorous, was seized with the yellow fever in New Orleans; and, though nursed with devoted care by friends strangers, he died. When the coffin was being closed, "Stop," said an aged woman who was present; "*Let me kiss him for his mother!*"

"Let roo kiss him for his mother!
Let ye by him with the dead,
Far away from home, mother
Sure may kiss him in her stead.
How that mother's lips would kiss him!
Till her heart should pass the break!
How in days to come she'll miss him!
Let me kiss him for his sake.

"Let me kiss him for his mother!
Let me kiss the wandering boy;
It may be there is no other
Left behind to give her joy.
When the news of woe, the morrow,
Burns the bosom like a coal,
She may feel this kiss of sorrow
Fall as balm upon her soul.

"Let me kiss him for his mother!
Heroes, ye, who by his side,
Wanted on him as a brother
Till the Northern stranger died,—
Heeding not the foul infection,
Breathing in the fever-breath,—
Let ron, of my own election,
Give the mother's kiss in death.

"Let me kiss him for his mother!"
Loving thought and loving deed!
Seek nor fear, nor sigh to smother,
Gentle mourners, while we read.
Thank the God who made you human,
Gave ye pitying tears to shed;
Honour ye the Christian woman
Bending o'er another's dead.

BABY'S HOOD.

In a pleasant little town, the centre of a sweet rural district, there lived a fine tall young man, a clever mechanic, whose real name I am not allowed to tell you, so I shall call him William Thomas. The forte of his history are interesting to all working men and women, and his name is of no consequence. Well, this man began life prosperously. He had been brought up respectably, was skilful at his trade, and earned good wages. He married a young woman, whom he loved sincerely, and who was worthy of his love, and they had a happy home.

But, just as in a bright summer's day the tempest sometimes comes suddenly, and spreads darkness over the scene, so, when Mrs Thomas first expected, it, there came desolation into her home. The foreman at the building where William worked, took a public-house, (it is very much to be deplored that foremen of works often are landlords of beershops and low taverns) and he invited the man to a supper at the opening of the house. At this supper there were plans proposed "for the good of the house," which the men agreed to. It was a pity they did not think of the good of their own houses, rather than of the publican's; but it is a common failing of British Workmen, to pluck down their own houses, in order to build up the publicans. William was too sensible a man to propose any of these plans, but when he saw that his companions were intent on having jovial meetings at their foreman's, who called his house the "The Labourer's Rest," he did not like to hold out, lest he should be thought mean, and besides, one of his neighbours whispered to him, "Make a friend of the foreman." Now, in a little time, it was evident that if by drinking at his house, William was to become the publican's friend, he would very soon become the enemy of his wife, and the ruin of his home. Mrs. Thomas did not at first see the change that was going on, for she had a new source of interest. She had become a mother, and her love for her baby was so strong, that it never entered into her mind to think that the father of that household treasure, would cherish her all the more, because of God's living gift of love that had been bestowed upon them.

The nurse, indeed, had her suspicions that all was not right. But nothing was said. The first intimation Mrs. Thomas had of the change in her husband's habits, was on her recovery, when she discovered that bills were owing for provisions, which she had thought had been paid for, when her husband had brought them home. Where was the money? Spent at the publican's. Then came the late hours at night. Where was the time passed? It was spent at the publican's. Then, as matters went grew worse, when William did get home, he was either cross or foolish. Not himself. His reason, like his money and his time, had been spent at the publican's.

My readers know what the end of this would be. In vain the wife wept, and pleaded for her husband's arms, to plead with its innocent looks. The promises of amendment made in the morning, were broken at night. The rent was in arrear, the respectable tradesmen were unpaid, and the honest wife shrank from asking credit, for she knew her husband's good name was gone; he was already spoken of as having "taken to drinking." Ruin and want came on the family with giant strides.

What a better winter followed! William was out of work, through the bad weather. The goods were seized for rent, and though some friends secured a few necessaries of furniture, and gave them to the wretched wife, yet it was a miserable room that she had to call her abode; and for keeper than poverty was the cutting thought, "William's drinking has ruined us."

A relation of Mrs. Thomas's, who lived at a distance, sent her a present of a pretty hood for her baby; and the poor mother resolved to deny herself almost necessaries so as to get a cloak for the child that should match this hood, that she might keep her baby as William ought to wish to see it. "Perhaps," she would say, "he will leave off this cruel drink, when he sees how I strive, and how nice I keep his boy."

One day, when William came home to dinner, he was very surly, and asked his wife for two shillings. She could not spare this money to be wasted, and there was a bitter scene, in which he spoke hard words, that fell on her heart and wounded her to the quick. She fled out of the room to avoid him, taking the child in her arms. William's eye fell on a box at the top of a cupboard, and on opening it, there lay the baby's hood. He took a hideous fiend into his head, said it, and rushing it over the hood, shook out of the back door, and round by a bye-way to the public-house. Arrived there, he uncovered what he had brought, and handed it to the foreman's wife, who managed the business. But, somehow, though he was not sober, yet he could not look at the hood, he turned his head aside, as he offered it. No doubt in the faint glimpse he had of it, he had seen, as in a vision, his own dear infant's dimpled face in the snowy hood; and he felt as he was, he could not bear to look again. The landlady of "The Labourer's Rest," instantly caught at the hood, saying, "Well, it's certainly very pretty. Will just do for my Alexander George. He's got suitable things as is proper to wear with it. That hood on a child as was shabby like, 'ud be redicklus. Lauk, it's all scuffed the poor lamb look like a carrot half scraped." She laughed as she spoke, and taking down a slate, with a score on it, she began haggling about the price, and what was to be stopped of the buck-score—pouring out a glass of ale, while she talked, and handing it to the man. He drank it feverishly, and another and another. The hood, of course, was sold, and the price drank.

That night, for the first time in his life, William began his career as a disturber of the peace. He quarrelled and fought, and got lodged in the station-house. He poor wife had to go out in the pouring wet to supply the money for his fine of five shillings which took away the trifle she had hoarded for baby's cloak. Poor little thing! it would not wear cherished or hoarded. On that bitter night it took cold, in spite of all the mother's care. An attack of croup came on the next day, and in twenty-four hours, the poor little babe had left its dreary home on earth, for a home in heaven.

When persons once get on a downward path, every step they take makes the next more swift and certain. William was mad with rage and shame, when he left the Magistrate's room, and the first night he saw in the street was a baby in a nurse-girl's arms, wearing the hood which he had sold. The rosy smiles of the well-dressed child pierced him like swords. He ran behind the nurse without going home, and trampled off in search of work, at a distance. He did not know that his baby had been seized with illness. He shunned from meeting his wife, and pursued by his own conscience, he went away.

Some neighbours who guessed he was off in search of work, or to hide himself, pacified the wife in her first anxiety; and when the struke fell that made her childless, she was so overwhelmed with trouble, that, at first, she took no notice of anything they said.

Some blows stun the sufferer; and so it was in this case.

However, the baby was buried, and the mother was roused to attend it to the grave. The relative who had sent the hood, came over, and paid for the funeral. As Mrs. Thomas was returning from the churchyard, she met the only sight which just then could attract her attention, a child the same age as her own. She stopped and gazed at the well round face, and burst into the first flood of tears, that had relieved her sad heart for days. As her fingers wandered lovingly over the little thing's feature, she saw suddenly struck with its dress. "Ah," she murmured, "I have a hood like that, in remembrance of my child." The nurse-girl was about to speak, but stopped suddenly, with a startled look. Mrs. Thomas hastened home with her friend, and on entering her desolate room, went to her box. My reader know the hood was not there. In an instant the truth flashed into her mind. "And he could do this! Rob his own baby to clothe another. Rob his dying child." Then was the final shock. She could forgive all that was done to herself, but this seemed so heartless, so cruel. Her friend urged her to leave the wretched place and return to her native home, she consented, for she was worn out with grief, and sought a place, as she thought, to die in peace.

Reader, eight years passed, and the wife and husband were as strangers.

When she heard of William, it was that he continued a drunkard. Still clever as a workman, his earnings, when he worked, were large enough to buy him the means of making himself a terror and a bye-word. It

WILLIAM THOMAS PARTING WITH HIS BABY'S HOOD.

THE BABY'S HOOD. *(Continued from previous page.)*

was noticed, that whenever William met an infant child better dressed than usual, he would rush instantly to the public-house, and act like a madman. Ah, often in his dreams he saw one of the most pretty and innocent of all sights—a baby in a little white hood, that dream was to haled the bitterest torment.

But, in the mercy of God, a change was to come. And about William. "Drink with judgement—drink in moderation," but no one had said, "Do without strong drink altogether. Away with it entirely." Such words were at last uttered. He listened, and Hope sprung up in his heart. "I'll try," said he, "Drink has been my tyrant many a year. It found me happy, and it has made me miserable. It found me a man, and has made me a demon. I'll try sobriety"—He paused. He would have said, "God helping me," for he told me afterwards, he thought those words, but the trembled to utter them. He had used his Maker's name so profanely, that he dared not take it upon his lips. But He who made the heart knows its thoughts.

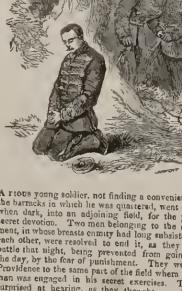
From that time William Thomas became a new creature. He lost his self-confidence, and instead of saying as he had once, "I know *I* can drink and not be a drunkard," he now said, "Lord help me to avoid the very appearance of evil."

A year passed, and Oh, the wondrous change! William had gone courting once again. He had sought his wife, and they were re-united. Once more he had a home—a happy home: and not only was there the blessing of his own fireside, but he had found another home—in the House of God. He can say, as on the Sabbath he takes his seat there, with his dear true wife by his side—

"Here would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger, or a guest,
But like a child at home."

William Thomas is now in the third year of his new life. He is a prosperous man—respected by his neighbours, and earnest to win others to the plan, which, by the blessing of God, has so benefited him.

A DUEL PREVENTED.



A FIGHT young soldier, not finding a convenient place in the barracks in which he was quartered, went one night, when dark, into an adjoining field, for the purpose of secret devotion. Two men belonging to the same regiment, in whose breasts enmity had long subsisted against each other, were resolved to end it, as they said, by a battle that night, being prevented from going during the day, by the fear of punishment. They were led by Providence to the same part of the field where the young man was engaged in his secret exercises. They were surprised at hearing, as they thought, a voice in the field at that time of night; and much more so, when they drew nearer and heard a man at prayer. They stopped, and gave attention; and, through the Divine blessing, the prayer had such an effect on both, as to turn their enemy into love. They instantly took each other by the hand, and cordially confessed that there existed no longer, in their hearts, hatred to each other.

OUR TREAT AT STOCK TAKING.

I WAS engaged in a populous town in Kent, when the conversation with my host and hostess was about *treats* to workpeople. "As the matter is generally managed," said my friend, (an extensive dealer) "the young people employed are not benefitted. I know places where the custom is to give a supper and wines of different sorts, and the results that follow are intemperance, and quarrels, leading to loss of situation, partings in anger, and many painful things that make the annual treat anything but a benefit, either to employers or employed; for I hold it as a sound maxim that whatever injures the true prosperity of the employed, also injures the employer. Their interests are identical."

"Then you do not give a supper, and a merry-making when your stock-taking is over?" said I.

"No," replied Mr. W., "we give a treat of another kind. To every one of our assistants, including the apprentices, we give a book. A large list of good works is made out and given to them, for them to select from, and on the evening that the books are presented, we have a comfortable social gathering, and a friendly talk over the year that has closed, and the prospects of that which has opened; and though there is no wine on our table, and no expensive luxuries, we are all very merry, and the bonds of friendly intercourse are drawn closer; while the books given are not only valuable and interesting in themselves, but they are keepsakes, that in future years will remind our young friends of us."

I thought the plan a good one, and when I shortly after saw a youth who had served his apprenticeship, and lived some years after, in the employ of my friend, leave to take a share in the business of a relation, he took with him ten *handsome volumes* as the permanent records of the stock-taking treat, and the friendship of his employers. I thought how forcibly in after life, they would remind him of the superiority of mental over mere fleeting table pleasures, pleasures that not merely perish in the using, (happy if they did) but often leave a rankling thorn behind, that produces irritation and annoyances of every kind.

May many a young apprentice who reads this, put a high value on the present of a book; and preserve such gift as the commencement of that which every young man should desire to possess—a library.

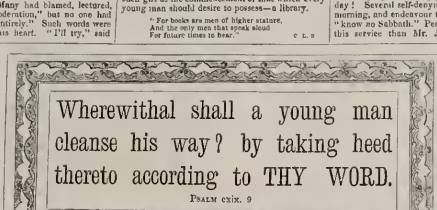
"For books are men of higher stature,
And the only men that speak aloud
For future times to hear."

C. L. T.

MR. JOHNSON, ADDRESSING A CROWD IN THE "NEW CUT."

WHAT A COMMERCIAL MAN DOES

HAVE you ever seen Lambeth New Cut on a Sunday morning? It is a sad sight! Thousands and tens of thousands crowd that and the adjoining streets. It is a regular fair. Shops are open just as on Saturday, the only difference is that there is five-fold more buying and selling going on than on the morning of *that* day! Several self-denying men go forth every Lord's-day morning, and endeavour to do good amongst the crowds who "know no Sabbath." Perhaps no one has been more zealous in this service than Mr. Johnson, a Commercial Traveller. Hundreds gather round him, and attentively listen to his addresses. As a pleasing proof that his visits are appreciated, his auditory, in clothing many 'navvies,' have subscribed for, and presented him with a handsome mahogany stand, from which he now addresses the crowd. The stand is *portable*, so that Mr. Johnson can fold it up in a few seconds, and carrying it under his arm, quickly pass from one part of the 'Cut' to another.



Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to THY WORD.

PSALM CXIX. 9

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

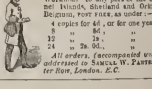
THIS Penny Monthly Periodical is now issued in an enlarged form, with numerous and costly Illustrations. The YEARLY VOLUMES, 1861, 1862, and 1863, with 100 Illustrations in each, by Gilbert, Weir, Foster, Anelay, &c. may be had. In stiff covers, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 1s.; Gilt edges, 2s. 6d. each.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PENDLETON WORKING PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATION.—We are glad to find that this Society is doing much good amongst the classes for whose benefit it has been instituted. Although in its infancy, the number of Members already amount to 800; each of whom receives a copy of the *British Workman* monthly. Any persons desirous of raising and benefiting the working classes around them by forming a similar institution, may obtain particulars from Mr. Bogden, the Hon. Sec., Seedley, Pendleton, Manch ster, on sending him a stamped and addressed envelope.

ACHESON AND SONS on the *British Workman* B. Williams, *Paternoster Row*. 2s. May be had through any Bookseller.

Mr. S. Moore of Birmingham, the composer, has sent us a copy of this piece of music. Although we feel that we do not express all the kind and complimentary words of the poem, we are glad to state that the music has been pronounced "very good."



For The Publisher will forward packets of the "British Workman" to any part of the United Kingdom, Channel Islands, Shetland and Orkney Isles, France, or Belgium, post free, as under:—

4 copies for 4d., or for one year	4s.	MUST BE	
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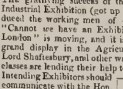
All orders, (accompanied with remittances), to be addressed to SAMUEL W. PARTRIDGE, *No. 9, Paternoster Row, London. E.C.*

LOUIS BONAPARTE ON WAR.

"I HAVE been as enthusiastic and joyful as any one after victory; yet I confess that even then the sight of a field of battle not only struck me with horror, but even turned me sick. And now that I am advanced in life, I cannot understand any more than I could at fifteen years of age, how beings who call themselves reasonable, and who have so much foresight, can employ this short existence, not in loving and aiding each other, and passing through it as quietly as possible, but in striving, on the contrary, to *destroy each other*, as though one itself did not do this with sufficient rapidity. What I thought at fifteen years of age, I still think, that war, and the pain of death which society draws upon itself, are but organised barbarisms, an inheritance of the savage state."

PITY THE POOR DOGS.

DURING the hot months, much suffering amongst the poor dogs might be prevented, if persons would do what the benevolent Mr. Button, of Fleet Street did; that is, keeping a supply of water in a small trough or bucket, from which the canine travellers can 'lap' as they pass by.



WORKING MEN'S EXHIBITION.

THE gratifying success of the Surrey Working Men's Industrial Exhibition (got up by Mr. Murphy) has induced the working men of other districts to inquire, "Cannot we have an Exhibition?" Already "North London" is moving, and it is contemplated having a grand display in the Agricultural Hall in October. Lord Shaftesbury, and other warm friends of the working classes are lending their help to this good movement. Intending Exhibitors should communicate with the Hon. Sec. Mr. W. J. Watts, 7, Birchmore Terrace, Curlington Street, Hampstead Road. As an illustration of the good arisme from these Industrial Exhibitions, we may mention that the model of a pair of semi-detached "Working Men's Cottages," exhibited by W. Roberts (a working man), and which attracted considerable attention, at the Lambeth Baths Exhibition, has been approved by one of the London Railway Companies, and cottages are about to be erected on Mr. Roberts's plan. Any person desiring information as to the cost of erection, &c. should enclose a stamped and directed envelope to "Mr. W. Roberts, 30, Griffin Street, York Road, Lambeth, London."

Working men! spend your spare hours in social occupation. Become exhibitors of your own handicraft.

W. ROBERTS AND HIS MODEL OF WORKING MENS' COTTAGES

"I'M NOT DRY."

ROBERT SHARP, Esq., of the Royal Hospital for Consumption, City Road, writes us as follows:—

Some evenings ago, as I was proceeding along the Liverpool Road, I overtook a working man with his basket of tools, apparently returning home from his daily toil. At the same moment he was recognised by a fellow-worker on the opposite side of the road, when a dialogue ensued to the following effect:—

"Tom, my boy, how are you? Why I haven't seen you this age."

Tom.—"Thank'ee, Jack, I'm quite hearty, and hope you are the same. How's missus and the young ones?"

Jack.—(Crossing over) "All right and tight. And now, what will you have?"

Tom.—"Have? I don't want anything."

Jack.—"Nonsense! Come along, and have a drop of something to drink."

"*Tom.*—"Drink! I don't want to drink; *I'm not dry.*"

Jack.—"Not *dry!* stuff and nonsense! you're only poking your fun at me."

Tom.—"No, indeed, Jack, I'm quite serious; and see no fun in *drinking when a chap's not dry*, and, therefore, wish you good night."

I wish that many thousands of our working men would have the nerve to follow Tom's example.

Trust in God.—The faithful servants of God may be assured that he will not cast them off in old age, nor forsake them when their strength fails them. He is a Master that doth not cast off old servants.

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MIKE DONOVAN'S LOOKING-GLASS.

MIKE DONOVAN'S LOOKING-GLASS.

MIKE DONOVAN was what I have sometimes heard my Irish friends call "A broth of a boy!" which I suppose means a kind-hearted, good-natured, half-prince, honest lad. At all events, that was Mike Donovan's character. When Mike became the world's lad, as it is people as will not, every thing agreed to, for he was so much liked, imbibed for the love of it, and spent his money, (who had known his father and mother, and who thought poor Mike was always right to have a blessing on their friend that, by sharing it with the poor, made it helpful.

But little merry lad-hood Mike was soon able to work a bit for himself. He was so active that he would be sure to be doing something for somebody else, and it was a capital thing for him that Larry Owen's cow had a habit of straying, and needed some one to watch Bess, and keep her from eating the corn, and worse sing which he had learned from a Connaught pedlar, that began with—

"Oh, sorrow on money, and worry on wealth,
And more to do I was never in than your health."

little Mike trudged merrily over the broad heath and up the mountain side after the cattle, caring no more for his money (amount) and his health (not than a bit) than Mike felt any on a wet Irish mist, some.

Every lady's light work is not for boy. Thats just it; everybody that had a bit on wealth spoke to Mike. In particular that good old pedlar, Mike's friend. Some of them mayn't speak to him from hold of the road, mind. Since Mike was taught a think of better in his a cottage chose, will he, now? Mike's friend, he, he, thinks a little sight of Mike, and he thinks he's his son Sunday, and he thinks he's a fine man, and he goes to his pocket, "Now, mahone, let me tell you what, in the power of you and your good mind, but of you, to do for the good, and for the good of others, of your life." "How so?" says she. "Why, ma'am, I'm as sure both say when you look on their pious face as *have face!* Sure Mike's in mission part so!—

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Mike drank up more than the butter milk, just then, for his mind drank in that saying.

Now there was a sweet cool spot that on blazing summer days Mike dearly loved. Among among the a rock, and the mountain side, and the sky, and the sweet of the purest water. Oh, and often the boy went there, and dipping in his face, took a drink, and in order at the same time and he would shake his head, and laughing, from his shining cheeks, and clustering hair, as the sky lark scatters the dew drops, the fluttering wings. Looking into this clear deep well Mike saw the face of his father, the pedlar's words came to his mind about an honest face; and thinks he, "Strange in his heart, (as many a year after he would tell those to the boys and girls, he was in life might be, he might be honest and true, and never ashamed to see his own face in that pool—God's hillside mirror.

It was a good wish, and it came to pass. Not by merely wishing though, as I have known some foolish maidens think when they have cried, and sighed, and wishing, wells, * and come back no wiser than they went.

Mike resolved to be honest; to do his duty by Larry Owen's cattle, and to be sure to watch Bess's corn.

His friend, the old pedlar, died. Mike never saw him after that morning, he gave the elegant speech on the looking-glass, which, of course, was Mike remember that having all the more, for a grateful heart never forgets the last words of a friend.

Bye and bye, when Mike was about fifteen, and had saved up four shillings, he began to think of bettering himself. So he left Larry Owen's service, giving and taking a blessing, and a good character, and he became a little cock of hoberdashery, and set out to roll it in remote villages, and lonely farm-houses. He took up, in a small way, the trade of the pedlar, and he did well. It was hard work to make a cent. But Mike did not mind hard work, and he did thing, he resolved if he lived on two-word, he would pay the wear, and tear, of his horse, crossed his stock, and was so punctual and civil, that the townsmen to dealt with him have a better stock on hand. He now worked a year, and he saved up, he managed to have a full pack, and drive a smart trade. He now resolved to pay £2, and to have a fresh pack. A young man in the country, and he was a fine lad, in on the book to take £200. Strong Mike in haste to be a young man, he had learnt his money on the counter, and forgot it. When Mike's pack was packed, the boxes somehow got rolled up with his goods. Away go Mike was somewhat poor with his pack on his back, and never stopped till he had buy the horse and cart, then, bought a populous village, he began to open and look out his stock, and behold there was the three shillings! Mike had forgotten to put three four in the cover and notes in his live time. He rubbed his eyes, and he shook himself, and he thought how in the world the money got there. "I'm in luck I reckon," said he, "and if the hunger, or the foul any more; carrying this heavy pack from house and house, in all weathers, and sure there's a power of bad weather. I'm in luck I reckon, and if that I am—year in and year out. I can go now to Dublin, and buy a ship, sale to-morrow morning from Waterford, I'll go in for and buy the horse and cart yonder, and make myself comfortable." With these words, which I call the *devil's whisper* in his ear, poor Mike went to bed. He could not sleep for joy, he lost sleep, and he was a sorry sight to see, the next morning. Ah, how different from the sound sweet sleep of honest lad. It was a strong temptation; but Mike's love for honesty, and a good name, was stronger, in the end, one. "The money is not mine," sounded in the doubts of Mike. "To take it is to rob. Some one may be, in, even now, in the same distress as I was. And yet I didn't steal it, I don't know who put it into my pocket. Why should I throw up such luck? Somehow he thought of the Connaught pedlar, and "Still I be ashamed to look myself in the face?" said "Is it God helping me, never?"

Up he got and away—twenty miles honest tramp, "I say, yet light of heart, he entered the town of Ballymore. Mike, what brings you here again so soon? I you had made all your business yesterday," said lawyer, as he looked at him. "True, sir, but I'm called to ask, did you lose some money yesterday?"

Yes, the poor young man was suffering bitterly for his carelessness. He was that day to have been examined in the matter. If he had not been proved guilty, he would certainly have lost his place and his character.

Mike opened his pack, and at once handed the money. "Why, Mike's thieves? Nonsense! Not of the shop was so pleased, that he offered, if Mike knew any town in his walk where a shop in his trade was wanted, to put Mike into it, and clerk for him. Poor Mike was a fine Mike knew of where there was a good opening. With all speed a house was taken, a shop opened, and Mike was rich and clerk. The blessing was on him, and he prospered. He paid for his stock, but those increased, he made money—and what was the best of all, made it honestly. Those days came when Mike could buy a farm, not in America, but in his native land. Mike, the Irish lad, Exiles Court there was one very hard to be sold on which he had worked as a herd-boy, and where the clear little well was that had in manner days served Mike for a looking-glass, and given him, as we have seen, more than one good reflection. Was it not a joyful time when he made it his own, and to feel into its clear depths once more, instead of being satisfied to see his face, he could remember, without a blush, the words of the pedlar's wise—

"AN HONEST MAN'S THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD."

That purse had better be empty than filled with other money—KNAVERY may serve a turn, but honesty is the best in the end.

> Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity, than he that perverteth his ways, and is a fool.—Proverbs xix 1.

HOLIDAY PLEASURES.

BY REV. C. L. BALFOUR.

On all the pleasant holidays that working-people enjoy, no more morefelightful and instructive than those passed in visiting museums and picture galleries. In London the working-classes are fortunate in having several such places of intellectual amusement and instruction. There are museums of natural history, the British one, in Great Russell Street; the National Gallery, at Charing Cross; and the comprehensive museum of all that pertains to the arts and crafts, at South Kensington. These capital institutions are open free for several days of every week; and to meet the convenience of the working-people, the South Kensington Museum is open free on three evenings of the week. Now valuable as these great institutions are, particularly the last mentioned, they would be of little use to them not really benefit, but only give a passing amusement.

It is quite natural that when people go for the first time they should be astonished at the things that are so beautiful, rare, and costly. In the National Gallery they go to see pictures and sculpture; and they are repaid by exhibiting their admiration of the beautiful, at such wonderful scenes and groups. They are often lifted out of common life, and its cares, by seeing the beaming beauty that glows in the countenance of the Madonna, chiselled from the quarry, and made almost to live before the beholder. The readers of the "British Workman" ought to love poetry, and to see something of a kindred law of proportion, and the harmony of grouping, for their taste has been cultivated in these matters.

The whole of the Museum at Kensington is a very striking and lovely working man standing with one or two of his children at his side, looking at a fine picture with intelligent appreciation, and at the other sight in that grand collection in the National Gallery.

In the South Kensington Museum there is a very fine collection of ancient and modern exquisite sculpture that amply repays the most careful inspection, and would invite many visits. But working-people have not so many holidays to spend, and to be able to give all our their time or taste to look only at pictures. While they are receiving pleasure they may also be receiving valuable instruction in reference to various useful things belonging to the house, to the food, and clothing, and garments. How interesting it is to behold grouped together, all that is needed for building from a brick and a tile, to a nail and a window-pane—to place among the hall all the animal and vegetable productions that are used to sustain life. From the cow's horn for our clothing we are indebted to the cotton tree, the hemp and flax, the silk-worm, the wool of the sheep, the skins of beasts, the tusks of the elephant, the tusks of the tortoise, and the tusk of the elephant. To read about all this made it seem dry and tedious. Many books would not so fully explain the way in which we are indebted to the creation, is clothed and fed by his Great Creator; and we behold it all in the museum, and patiently studying its contents. Yet this, the most important department, where men, women, and children spend a couple, or more, of hours sorted. People crowd into the rooms where there are paintings, or sculpture, and their turn naturally to see the tawdry trappings that have been made from them; dazzled by the gleam of gold and gems, and they neglect the useful.

One of the most pleasant visits the writer ever paid to a museum was on the 25th of June in this year. At Twickenham a benevolent gentleman, T. Twining, Esq., has devoted himself to the support of life, and the philosophy of common things. He has collected into a building on his grounds, all that has to do with the housing, feeding, clothing, and amusement of people, in what belongs to their daily wants and domestic comforts and wants. There may be seen what houses of different sizes would cost to build, experiments of all the materials that are used in building, what should be the size and structure of cottages, and of the furnishing thereto, how they should be ventilated and cleaned. What materials of dress are strongest, cheapest, and most healthiest, their cost. Food in all its varieties—what is the most nourishing, most wholesome; its cost and mode of cookery. Every most appliance for cleanliness, comfort, and ease, in the most moderate rate, touching the household, and another room to pupils of the family and the order of her house.

Some thoughtless reader may say, what a beautiful sight. To the sense of beauty. It told of sweet and spotless house-linen, happy children, industrious husbands, managing, tender wives.

> He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed; for he giveth of his bread to the poor.—Proverbs xxi 20.

I know how to spend money, is as important as to know how to earn it. The wife should be as skilful in laying out her husband's wages wisely, as he is laborious in earning them. The education of girls in this matter is much neglected. Few know how to go to market, what to buy, or what an article should cost. In such a place as the Economic Museum at Twyen House, Twickenham, this is all to be learned.

HEALTH AND HOME are the two words on which human comfort depends. If people have such a state of body that they possess health, and such an orderly dwelling that it is worth the name of a home, then they have the fairest prospect of happiness here, and, through grace and faith, the best hope of happiness hereafter. There is an intimate connexion between health and sin, and so equally close union between cleanliness and godliness. Not only in the church, but in the home, the divine command is,* *Let all things be done decently and in order.*

SONG OF THE TRUE WORKMAN.

WHAT song sings the *smith* while the sledge hammer swings,
And the stout sturdy anvil with loud music rings,
When the sparks from the glowing bar glitter and fly
Like the indestructible stars of clear frosty sky?

"O! I'm king of a line of long renown,
And the sweat of my brow is my diamond crown;
I toil unrepining from morning till night,
For I bear in my bosom a heart brave and light,
And my labour, no matter how hard it may be,
Brings ever a joy and a blessing to me!"

What song sings the *woodman*, while, stroke after stroke,
His keen axe sinks deep in the thews of the oak,
The big arm lifted aye mighty high for the last blow,
And the monarch that ruled o'er the forest lies low?

"O! I'm king, &c.

What song sings the *joiner*, with saw and with plane,
As he shapes into use the rough timber again,
Tell as rafter and roof-tree once more it shall form
A shade and a shelter in sunshine and storm?

"O! I'm king, &c.

What song sings the *mason* with chisel and mall,
While the white chips like snowflakes fly round him and fall,
And the rude block before him grows, hour after hour,
To a corner of beauty or keystone of power?

"O! I'm king, &c.

What song sings the *miner*, where darkening lamp glimmers faint in the dangerous darkness and damp,
As down where the sun and the stars never shine,
He quarries the deep-hidden wealth of the mine?

"O! I'm king, &c.

What song sings the *weaver*, while driving his loom,
The web it is shaded with flower to bloom
On the web, course or fine, that one day shall be seen
In the home of a workman, the hall of a queen.

"O! I'm king, &c.

What song sings the *ploughman* as deep drives the share,
Uprearing the soil to the sunlight and air?
What song sings the *sower* who scatters the grain
When spring-time returns with its promise again?

"O! I'm king, &c.

What song sings the *reaper*, when sickle in hand
He gathers the ripe yellow gold of the land,
While the fleet-footed reaper, with gleaming blade,
Dashes proudly aware o'er the billowy blade?

"O! I'm king, &c.

What sings each *true workman* where'er he may toil
As bravely he pants in life's busy turmoil,
With each nerve bent strongly by duty and love,
And the gaze of his soul fixed on heaven above?

"O! I'm king of a line of long renown,
And the sweat of my brow is my diamond crown;
I toil unrepining from morning till night,
For I bear in my bosom a heart brave and light,
And my labour, no matter how hard it may be,
Brings ever a joy and a blessing to me!"

A GOOD CREATURE OF GOD.

THE REV. DR. GUTHRIE says,—I have heard a man with a bottle of whisky before him have the impudence and assurance to say, "Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving." I still put was it creature of God. In one sense it is so, but in the sense so is arsenic, and strychnine, and prussic acid. Think of a fellow blessing off a glass of vitriol, excusing himself by saying that it is a creature of God. He would not drink it. Such creatures, that's all I'll say. Whisky is good in its own place. There are people like whisky in this world for preserving a man when he is dead. But it is one of the worst things in the world for preserving a man when he is living. If it put him in whisky, if you put him in a whisky mus tum. If ing the dead admiral, when he was a bad thing for the admiral as he never left his ship—high and dry.

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM.

We were musing lately on a sermon in our notes of the founder of the Royal Exchange in our daily rambles. We hasten to convey our minds by a short sketch of the founder of the Royal Exchange, and of the eminent princes.

Sir Thomas Gresham was descended from an ancient land long enjoyed the teaching at Halt, near the sea coast by trade. According to his biographer Thomas was the son of his father was Sir Richard Gresham, and his mother's maiden name was Richard Gresham, and was of a respectable Northampton family. Henry the chant's life begun. The Greshams were also rich in money as loans to the king, and the king gave great so Sir Richard, and an order to Sir John Gresham, were in their turns chief magistrates of the City of London, troublous times, when religious persecution raged. We cannot say that Sir Thomas was a zealous for the sect, interests, and continued to keep in favour both with Henry and with his pious successor, the young King Edward. Sir Thomas was eight years an apprentice to learn the trade of the mercer; but he was also liberally educated, and a student of Cambridge University.

In the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Thomas, following the customs of his family, assisted the Government with large loans, and became agent for the queen in England and in Antwerp, then the most flourishing commercial city in Europe. There was a Bourse, or Exchange, at Antwerp. Richard Clarendon, in a letter written by him, "Concerning Antwerp, and London is, and that in so many years they have made the ruin when it remain, more like palaces than mere exchange," shows the humble condition, or the ruin, of the trades, the Bourse, the Exchange, or the place, nothing but their own pride." This put Sir Thomas upon carrying out a plan long before suggested by his father, Sir Richard, and getting the citizens to contribute to the building of the first Royal Exchange, which was completed in 1566, when Sir Thomas was thirty-eight years old, and he crowned his family crest, the grasshopper, to be on all the four corners of the building.

In something like a hundred years this first Royal Exchange was destroyed by fire, and there is no mistake, while the statues of kings and queens were thrown into and completely destroyed, the founder's statue was discovered entire among the ruins, and was set up in the second Royal Exchange, which building was opened by the Duke of York (after James II.) who laid the foundation stone in 1667. This second building was also destroyed by fire in Jan., 1838; and the present Royal Exchange was erected, and opened by Her Majesty Queen Victoria in October, 1844.

Another Institution of the priestly merchant's of the sixteenth century, which reflects great honour on him, was the founding, and endowing of a College for the education of the citizens of London. Up to this time popular plans of education were not thought of, Sir Thomas Gresham founded Lectureships on Divinity, Astronomy, Music, Geometry, Law, Medicine, and Rhetoric. Diligent as he had been in business, his maxim was "Diligence in merchandise of wisdom is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

It does not seem that Sir Thomas Gresham was a happy man in his domestic relations. He married a lady whose temper was shrewish. One son, who was named Richard after his grandfather, was the only offspring of this union, and he died before his father. Sir Thomas made a will, leaving large bequests to his college, and to the poor, and soon after coming from the Exchange to dine, he was taken with a violent pain, suddenly fell down in his kitchen, and was taken up dead.

Lady Gresham was the richest widow in England; but she had married a second husband, and was married unjustly, in conjunction with her son by her first marriage—William Read—in subverting her husband's intentions, and contrary to his will. She put a stone over her husband's remains. He is buried in the north-eastern corner of St. Helen's Church, Bishopsgate Street, near a beautiful tomb of his father, and his tomb was without plate or name until 1726, when by order of the Mercers' wardens they cut on a black marble slab the brief words—

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM, KNIGHT,
Bury*. December 15th, 1579.

WHAT PROFIT IS THERE IN IT?

AMONG the many peculiar customs of the Chinese, there is one peculiarly peculiar. Among the many false gods which they worship, there is one which has been so long for years they have offered the most costly sacrifices, and poured out the richest libations, to whom they have asked and received all that they desired, and nothing in return, they charge it with being a false god. "For all our offerings we have received nothing; this is no god." Or, perhaps, they say, "It is a false god." They say. The accusation is entered, and they have a trial. The mandarins sit in judgment. Proclamation is made that any about show cause, why this false god God shall be dethroned. The evidence is received, and then, if the god be condemned, sentence is passed, in stars are cast down, and its worship made illegal. Christ friends, are we in a place in this country too? Haven't we been worshipping a false god, procuring costly incense, and offering up our most precious gifts? Have we not been doing so in this country too? What *profit* has there been in this worship? Let our drinking customs be tried by a like tribunal, and condemnation awaits them.—*Rev. W. Reid.*

Just Issued.—Illustrated Penny Readings. Cloth gilt edges, 1s. Contents—Ruth Ellis, 1s. 12 stg. Ruth Ellis's Lodger, 1s. 12 stg. Ruth Ellis's Lodger, 1s. 12 stg. Ruth Ellis's Lodger

"FIBS"

"WHATTER shall I do Lizz? I have torn Baby's frock, and it quite by one foot. Do I stepped upon it—it's such a jagged tear."

"Dut—why, saying wouldn't mind it—it's the robe master's sister wrote to bring she went to India. I wouldn't be you for a trifle."

"Oh dear me, I can't mend it!"

"No, I'll tell you what you can do—say Tiny stepped up to you, as you were carrying it in your hand, and torn it; he's a sure scapegrace, always barking at dogs, and I hate him. It's only a bit of a fib, my dear, and I hate him. It's only a bit of a fib. He does plenty of mischief, and might have done that, you know."

"Law, Lizz, I should never have thought of that—but—isn't it a story."

"Why, Fanny, as to that, I'm no story-teller," said Lizz, with an indignant tone of the head, "but a little Lizz, with an indignant tone of the head, "but a little bit of a fib now and then is nothing. And I told you as a friend—for you'll be in fine trouble if you ever to tell."

Fanny was a timid girl, and had not long been in her place, as nursemaid; and Lizz, the housemaid, being older, and longer in the place, was looked to as the person to take advice. To encourage Fanny in telling the lie, Lizz said in the nursery when Mrs. M—— came in, and pretended to be discussing Tiny, a little dog that was a favourite in the family, and often went into the nursery to amuse the two children with his frolics.

"Us, if he snarls at strangers Tiny must be put away," said Master Ashley, falling. "He is getting old and not quite so good-tempered as he was."

"Oh please'm he's shocking bad-tempered, and snaps dreadful when you are not near," said the girl to support Lizz.

So poor Tiny, as they level him too much to let him go to any other family, was very early put to death by the veterinary surgeon; Mrs. M—— thinking that Fanny was a very kind girl because she cried bitterly at the fate of the little dog. She had reason to cry. From the time she told that lie she never had a moment's peace. Her punishment began at once.

Lizz had her own reasons for wanting to get Fanny into her power. She was an unprincipled girl, and, unknown to the family, was in the habit of meeting one whom she called her cousin. It was difficult for her to do this often unless she had an accomplice among the servants. So on the day after the lie was told successfully, she sent Fanny to carry a note for her to a house in the neighbourhood. Fanny having to walk out with the children. The girl at first refused, saying, "Mamma has told me going out of those little streets." Then Lizz began, "I've helped you, and you must help me, and shew yourself friendly—" Fanny was in extreme alarm at the thought of her lying being betrayed. So she consented; from this time it was the same in all things. Fanny was the slave of Lizz. Wrong and deceit, day by day, the wretched girl sank in sin and misery—until it was one habit of gross deception.

At length, an inspector of police, who lived in the street where Fanny called to leave Lizz's notes, observed her. He noticed her, as it was his business to do. During the winter, there was a great cry, and some other things stolen from Mr. M's Hall. The police, on being summoned, thought that the thief had an accomplice in the house, who had purposely left the street door unscrewed. The servants indignantly denied it; when Fanny was charged with going to a house in—— known as the resort of bad characters.

He was detected when taked, that it was for Lizz, she had gone. Her artfulness in going, in defiance of orders, and keeping the matter an concealed from her mistress, spoke volumes against her. There was a search of the boxes of the servants, but nothing was found. Fanny of course was dismissed, and it was impossible for her mistress to give her a character.

This is the great punishment and agony of all liars, when they do speak truth they are not believed. Fanny's accusations, as the facts, were thought to be spite and malignity. However, the minister brought to turn away both away. And Fanny's sin still pursued her—for she was ashamed to come to her home in the country that she had been turned away in disgrace; and, therefore, when Lizz, with her accustomed artfulness, pretended to make it up, and actually professed to forgive Fanny for having reported her, she proposed that they should take lodgings together while they were out of place—and to this the miserable girl consented.

Ah! why pursue the history further. Two young women, without character, living together alone. One of them fib'd, the other fell into a weak dupe, both treading with swift steps the downward road.

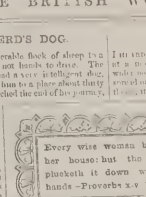
Five years pass. Lizz is the inmate of a prison. Fanny lies upon her death-bed in the sick ward of a workhouse. She was not cut off suddenly. She had time for reflection. There was a little interval between the death-dewy sweat of her pale brow. What had been lightly said, "*a fib*," but was, as all deviations from truth are, a lie, had been her ruin. It led her deceitfully designing women, to become the slave of a wretched designing woman, to lose her character, to shrink in the same false way from telling her mind all—and shew her distress, shame and pain that was not given on her bed of death. Reader, mark how different all might have been. At the very worst, she could only have been dismissed as unskilful, if she had confessed the accident to the robe, and as she was young, that fault would not have prevented her getting another place. But it is not likely that any mistress would have turned her away for frankly owning her fault. Mistresses know the temptations that servants have to overcome, and the trials of they meet with for their fine clothes, and the fear to be truthful. None of the other incidents we have recorded could have happened but for the slavery of sin.

How miserable the poor perverted girl was through all. How she learned that "He that pursueth evil, pursueth it for his own death."

She did not die impenitent; a letter was sent from her to her aunt, owning all, and asking her forgiveness; and it contained evidence that the poor broken heart had itself open to the Saviour of sinners, and received His forgiveness. Yes! He shed "a benediction from all sin!" and makes the wilful, meet for that abode where none can enter who "loveth or maketh a lie." The none can enter who "loveth or maketh a lie." It was published the real name might not appear.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

A GENTLEMAN sold a considerable flock of sheep to a dealer, which the latter had not hands to drive. The seller, however, told him he had a very intelligent dog, which he would send to assist him to a place about thirty miles off, and that when he reached the end of his journey, he might safely feed the flock and drive him to go home. The dog accordingly received his orders, set off with the flock and the drover; but he was absent on many days in which he used to have, serious alarms about him, when, one morning, to his great surprise, he found his dog returned with a very large flock of sheep, including the whole that he had lately sold. The fact turned out to be, that the drover was so pleased



Every wise woman buildeth her house: but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands.—Proverbs xiv 1

to steal him, and locked up in a place, that the dog, in two years old or so, opened the door, come in, and was lost, and set off for something "what are you doing here? I thought you had been carried?" "I can't feel a bucket, master." "Why, what, dog, you have been off, mist, directly." "I can't find a bucket, I am the girl by the shoulder, and I shall be off." "How dare you, be bothering me so now!"—pushes her out of the room. The girl on her part exactly tries back. "Get the carrots yourself." Setting down with a sad feeling at the wretched management, I looked in at another room, and there, while talking to the mistress, a little creature came out and began fondling my stick. "How dare you, miss!" exclaimed the woman in a fit of rage which, however, frightened me so much that I quitted the room, and left the little creature's stick. You shall have, depend on it, most, presently." And so this kind of thing goes on everywhere. Not one of the missing children. Why are they? why not speak gently but firmly, and by their name—it is one way for it is not to meet you, that is, not to feel you are speaking to me you? It is quite contrary to Scripture, and to the spirit of that Saviour who was meek and gentle. Your elder girl will blush enough, and, if she is very tender-hearted, may cry, and be hurt, but, bitter practice goes on from one generation to another. Children, like flowers, require a calm and sunshine atmosphere to grow in; not one deformed by passion and foul weather. Now you know who are the missing parents and the missing children.

THE.

MISSING CHILDREN.

I HAVE a clergyman, [illegible] to the mother's sorrow. [illegible] "Mrs.," and [illegible] "Do you [illegible] "Perhaps the Lord has sent them." thought Mrs. Ashley, as her children hastened down the aisle and [illegible] Mrs. Ashley looked at the door of her pew. She recalled the pale face of the mother, to whom she had once [illegible] Sabbaths attendance, had been accounted to by her regular annual visits to the town.

Mrs. Ashley looked around at the strangers; they were lingering, while all around them were hurrying the house. No one seemed to care for them, and they looked [illegible] as if almost doubting their right to be there. She felt as if some one ought to welcome them to the sanctuary; and so with a heart full of love, she went and took them by the hand. Her name, as they learn, she told them that she remembered their mother, and was grieved to hear that they had had so good a mother. The children were glad to see them at church, and hoped they would come up to tell their mother's place. Then she invited them to come and see them, and gave them a card, on which she wrote her address, and encouraged them to come, if they felt inclined, and promised on the morrow call upon them in a day or two. They were too much affected to reply, but by the brief assurance that they should be glad to see her.

Sickness in Mrs. Ashley's family prevented her from calling on Sarah and Ellen Brown for a week as she intended. But when the following Sabbath came, she was glad to see them again in their mother's seat. She gave them a pleasant look and smile, as they passed out of the church, and as soon as they were ended she went it exits to them. Greeting them cordially, she explained the cause of her not having called upon them, and told them that she particularly regretted it, because she was anxious to secure them as members of a young ladies' class which meets at her own house, for the study of the Scriptures. She asked them to think of the proposal for a day or two, and she would call on them about it during the week. Providence permitted.

To Sarah and Ellen, Mrs. Ashley was the good Samaritan. They had been trained by their father in his ways of godliness and piety. The sorrowful and feeble mother had died before they had grown to maturity, and their father had gone to his rest. The sorrowful and feeble own bed and dedicated their children to God. Sarah, the eldest, was a pious young woman, in her place in the church only fortnight and seven days, and yet, in spite of her inexperience, her life was to be seen in the young girl's conduct. The holiness of her daughters, touched and spoke to her conscience and reproved. Under the influence of the feelings, they mutually promoted the other's good, and the mother's good, and to their dying conduct to each other, and that of their father.

So it was that the same truth, honored of God, it was called upon, "If ye be [illegible] ye shall be free." But the [illegible] Little children, [illegible] listed to stumbling or no stumbling, [illegible] sermon till like lead from those around them, in church only when they were [illegible] Sabbaths, they were nearly an indifferent glance, or a curious stare, they were nearly to say, "No man cares for our souls." They would have gone home repelled and discouraged, if Mrs. Ashley, the Christian faithfulness and sympathy of Mrs. Ashley. The tender hand which gathered in her and a soul middle treat fell on the pressure of her hand, her unaffected interest in their welfare, and the almost motherly kindness of her manner, spoke to their hearts.

She invited them as she had promised, and soon were her own friends. They joined her Bible class, and distinguished for her pupils. It was not long ere gently studied with the Saviour, and they gave satisfactory evidence of genuine conversion; they gave satisfactory evidence of genuine conversion; and now, under the wise management of Mrs. Ashley, who has become their Christian and school counsellor, they are seeking, by the beauty and order of a Christian home, as well as by direct prayer and effort, to win their father to the Saviour.

God bless the disciples who "care for souls," and multiply their number a hundred-fold.

COUNTING.

A MATRIMONIAL DIALOGUE ON GROUBLING.

"WET, wet, again! 'Tis quite in vain
To reckon on the weather;
I think, dear John, 'tis sure to rain
When we go out together."

"The day, you know, was very wet,
When last we met with mother,
And now,—it puts one in a pet,
For here's just such another.

"I've counted up at least a score
Of days, that we had little,
When the skies were raining—less or more,
And so, has spoiled our pleasure."

"You've counted up wet days, my dear"
John cheerfully replied,
"Then try again, and let me hear
You count the brighter side."

"Now, John," she said, "you really are
In some things so provoking,
That not one lab you can do one to cure:
I might be only joking!

"How in the world can I read
Days that were bright and sunny,
You know I could not count *them* all
For either love or money?"

"Ah that's the truth, my own dear wife,
I wanted to impress;
The happy moments of our life
Thank God! are *wonderless*.

"We reckon up, and sometimes blot
With sorrow that make them double,
All, that we think in our past lot
Has caused us loss or trouble.

"Oh! could we only count a part
Of daily mercies given,
The sum would surely melt the heart
With gratitude to heaven."

C. L. R.

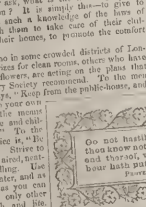
"**How did she live?**"—The late Rev. Dr. Newton was once speaking of a lady who had recently died. "And young lady immediately exclaimed, "How did she die?" "The inevitable man replied, "There is a more important question than that, my dear, which you should have asked first." "Sir," said she, "what question can be more important than 'How did she die?'" "*How did she live?*" he replied.

THE LADIES' SANITARY ASSOCIATION.

On the 21st of June, this year, two noblemen—friends of the people—Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Ebury, spoke at a crowded meeting held in the Mansion House, and recreations, the Association had adopted of temperance laws of health, and the knowledge of common household things, to the wives and mothers of the industrial classes.

Our readers may ask, what is the meaning of this Sanitary Association? It is simply this—to give to wives and mothers such a knowledge of the laws of health as may teach them to take care of their children, to regulate their homes, to promote the comfort of their husbands.

The poor people who in some crowded districts of London have gained prizes for clean rooms, others who have cultivated window flowers, are setting up a new idea in the Ladies' Sanitary Association, and Lord Shaftesbury, this Association says, "Keep from the public-house, and take your wages to your own house. Provide the means to make your wife and children comfortable." To the women their advice is, "Be keepers at home. Strive to have a clean, well aired, neatly arranged dwelling. Use as much pure water, and as much fresh air, as you can get, for they are the best remedies for health and life. Be saving with your money, clean and careful in your dress. Have a children, neat and little ones, and try whether smile for your husband and little ones, and try whether by cleanliness and good cookery you cannot make the dear, snug, quiet private-house, triumph over the noisy, costly, hasty public-house. Women can do a great deal if they resolve to use to its fullest extent and meaning the one little word—TRY."



Go not hastily to strive, lest thou know not what to do to the end thereof, when thy neighbour hath put thee to shame.
PROVERBS XXV 8.

"NO STRANGERS IN CHURCH."

[illegible] "Mrs. Ashley, [illegible] Do you [illegible] a small, if [illegible] who sit in the same corner for a few Sabbaths—they come—they go, and all is as before. [illegible] and the same [illegible] "Sir, I feel that I [illegible] feel bitter off, I was good, [illegible] and their father [illegible] I'm sick of [illegible] my mind always come to church as [illegible] I was sick, [illegible] "Perhaps the Lord has sent them," thought Mrs. Ashley, as her children hastened down the aisle and [illegible] Mrs. Ashley looked at the door of her pew. She recalled the pale face of the mother, to whom she had once [illegible] Sabbaths attendance, had been accounted to by her regular annual visits to the town.

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HUMANITY.

On Saturday the 18th of June, when on my way to Waterloo Bridge Pier, my attention was attracted by a large crowd that thronged the eastern parapet of the bridge, and gazed excitedly on the river beneath. On descending the stairs, I found another excited crowd at the landing-stage and its approaches. So completely was the attention of every person present absorbed, that some little time elapsed before I could obtain an answer to my question, "What is the matter?" I was at last informed that a dog had fallen from the landing-stage into the river. Getting into a position in the crowd, I saw an unmistakable Newfoundland dog, evidently in a distress of about thirty yards from the shore, endeavouring to reach one of the shelving planks of the bridge, but the incoming tide was rushing so impetuously between the arches, that the dog, at every attempt to approach the bulwark, was drawn down and swept away by upon the bulwark, was drawn down and swept away by upon the bulwark, was drawn down and swept away by the current. The anxiety of an upward-bound steamer, lost from the Waterloo pier, was delayed, lest the dog should be swept under the steamer's keel, but when the unsuccessful efforts of the dog and the steamer were seen, the pier was ordered to proceed slowly up the river. The poor dog was drifting rapidly under the arch towards Hungerford, from which the adjacent steamboat was rapidly approaching. The intense anxiety of the crowd was seen by those on the pier, and the excitement was very great. Doubled round the latter were the ropes, and the men on the boats, but the ropes were thrown at the dog from both sides, in vain attempts failed. A second upward-bound steamboat arrived at the Waterloo pier, and it had not proceed received and received the same, as the dog lay right in its course. Every moment of suspense, as the dog lay right in its course. Every moment of suspense, as the dog lay right in its course. Every moment of suspense

CARLO. REDUCED FROM A DRAWING BY HARRISON WEIR.

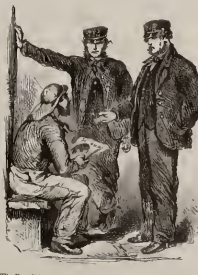
CARLO, AND THE BRUSHES.

A GENTLEMAN in the city of York, had a noble dog, which was not only expert in fetching sticks out of the river Ouse and the Foss, but had been taught by his master to fetch things from shops, &c. Sometimes the gentleman would purchase an article and leave it on the counter, at the same moment calling the dog's attention to it. On leaving the shop, he would proceed perhaps a quarter of a mile away, and then give the order, "Go back, Carlo, and fetch that parcel." Away goes Carlo, and in a few minutes the noble animal would return with the purchase. One day the dog presented a somewhat laughable spectacle. The owner went into a brushmaker's shop, and bought a dusting-brush. It was pointed out to Carlo as usual. Unfortunately for the brushmaker, he did not cut the string which tied the brush to a number of others. When Carlo darted into the shop and seized his master's purchase, he dragged the large bundle of about a dozen brushes into Coney Street. Out rushed the brushmaker, but, on attempting to seize the bundle, Carlo gave him to understand that *he* thought they were *paid* for. Away went dog and brushes along the streets of York; and Carlo never stopped until he laid the treasure at the feet of his astonished master. It was not until the master interfered, that Carlo would surrender. It was impossible to refrain from laughing at the comical sight of Carlo dragging along the brushes, and the unfortunate shopkeeper running after his stolen goods.

From "Our Dumb Companions, or, Conversations between a father and his Children about Dogs, Horses, Asses, and Cats." By the Rev. T. Jackson, M.A. With numerous Engravings.

"MY 'TIS BUTS' BOX."

We rejoice to find that the article we published on "Take care of your 'Tis Buts,'"* is having an influence for good. We have heard of several interesting cases of working-men who have already begun to reap the fruit of having a



"'Tis But" box. One man recently showed a good silver watch to a friend of ours at a railway-station, adding, "I've got *that* out of my *'tis but* box, and now I'm going to for something BIGGER."

* See No. 101 of "British Workman;" also "Penny Readings."

STUMP MEETINGS.

Here is a picture of an American "Stump Meeting," as witnessed by our friend John MacGregor, Esq. So earnest and vituperative are the orators at these popular meetings, that it is not an uncommon thing to see them in their shirt-sleeves. We hope that the time is at hand when the eloquence of stump orators, both in the

STUMP MEETING IN AMERICA.

North and the South will be loudly heard in favour of *peace*. The Northerners profess that they are fighting to abolish the horrible system of slavery. If the Southern *Heavenlies* would at once proclaim EMANCIPATION, would not the further effusion of blood be stayed?

CICERO AND SENECA ON WAR.

We could not expect the heathen to denounce a custom so emphatically their own; yet we find the wisest and best of them reprobating it in the strongest terms. *Cicero* speaks of war, "constantin by violence, as belonging to the brutes," and complains bitterly of its effects on liberal arts and peaceful pursuits. "All our noble studies, all our reputation at the bar, all our professional assiduities, are stricken from our hands as soon as the alarm of war is sounded. Wisdom itself, the mistress of affairs, is driven from the field. Force bears away. The statesman is despised; the grim soldier alone is caressed. Legal proceedings cease. Claims are asserted and prosecuted, not according to law, but by force of arms."

Seneca, the great moralist of antiquity, is still more strong in his condemnation of war. "How are we to treat our fellow creatures? Shall we not spare the effusion of blood? How small a matter not to hurt him to whom we are bound by every obligation to do all the good in our power!—Some deeds, which are considered as villainous while capable of being prevented, become honorable and glorious when they rise above the control of law. The very things which, if men had done them in their private capacity, they would expiate with their lives, we extol when perpetrated in regimentals at the bidding of a general. We punish murders and massacres committed among private persons; but what do we with wars, the glorious crime of murdering whole nations?"

THE SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

Suggested by LORD SHAFTESBURY *giving the Prizes for Window Flowers. July 8th, 1864.*

We were not reared in garden beds,
Amid our kindred fair,
With dew-drops sparkling on our heads,
Cooling the fragrant air.

We had no play-time with the breeze,
No wooing from the bee,
No sunlight softened by the trees,
No wild bird's song of glee.

Yet though we love all these delights,
We pine not for them here;
Amid the city's sounds and sights
Our heads we gaily rear.

We envy not the choicest flowers,
That grow in gardens rare,
For a nobler lot is surely ours—
To cheer the life of care.

We freshen up the poor man's home,
With a breath of country bliss;
His children fondly round us come,
Longing our buds to kiss.

What smiles and tears, like light and shade,
Tended each bloom and leaf;
What records fond of progress made
Have sooth'd some daily grief!

And in return for constant care,
We too, perchance, can prove,
That gratefully we've helped to share
The ministry of love.

The breath and bloom of humble flowers,
May seem a simple thing;
Yet patience, order, taste, are powers
That homely comfort bring.

And these still follow in our train,
And make the dwelling bright
With all the blessings man can gain
From innocent delight.

Then honour to the lowly home,
And to the loving heart;
May PEACE—a fadeless lily—come,
And ne'er from them depart!

D.

THE offer of Prizes for Window-flowers, and Clean and Tidy Rooms, in St. George's, Bloomsbury, has this year been attended with the most cheering results. The Rev. Emilius Bayley, M.A., the Rector, informs us that there were 300 Competitors for the Prizes for Clean and Tidy Rooms, whilst last year there were only 88. We recommend those who desire to promote the culture of flowers, and also to foster habits of cleanliness amongst the poor, to study the interesting little book* recently issued by the Rev. S. H. Parkes, M.A., late Curate in the above-named parish.

* Window Gardens for the People, and Clean and Tidy Rooms. With Illustrations. Price 1s. Partridge.

A GLASS OF ALE.

"THE History and Mystery of a Glass of Ale." This is the title of an able twopenny "Reading," just issued from the pen of the author of "Buy your own Cherries." We recommend working-men to give this lecture their careful perusal. It is written by one of their warmest friends. An investment of *twopence* will probably repay them much more than even compound interest.

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THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

Registered for Transmission
Abroad.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES GIVING FLOWERS IN THE HOSPITAL WARD. BY J. D. WATSON.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

Our engraving represents an incident in the life of our beloved Princess of Wales, that will often be recalled with delight by grateful minds. On the interesting occasion of laying the foundation-stone of a new edifice to enlarge the London Hospital, the Prince and Princess of Wales graced the occasion with their presence. Very appropriate, the new building is called the Alexandra wing. Not merely confining themselves to the public details and splendid ceremonials of the event, the sick wards were visited—the women's wards by the Princess. It is said that Her Royal Highness had a bouquet of the flowers that had been presented her. Some of the patients were observed to look with longing eyes at the flowers; and the Princess understood the look so clearly, that she at once distributed them among the sick. It is needless to say how such kind and graceful acts go home to the heart. Much more was given, in that gentle deed, than the flowers. They were but symbols of the generous sympathy felt by the royal lady for the poor and the afflicted; and it is not too much to say, that, in future, "the blessings of those that were ready to perish" came upon her.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

Like sunbeam softly gliding
Into a shaded room,
By its sublime brightness hiding
For a time the gloom:
So, with gracious smiles endearing,
The Princess stood,
Sick and pain-worn spirits cheering
With looks so kind and good,
That stricken hearts with joy were throbbing,—
Hearts that had often bled,
And blessings, scarcely breath'd for sobbing,
Came from each sufferer's bed.

She stood awhile, her fair brow beaming
With rays Heavenly bright
And many grateful eyes were streaming
That looked on here that day.
All lightly clasp'd within her fingers,
Were nature's jewels fair—
Flowers—fresh flowers, whose fragrance lingers
On the summer air.
And as she stood—some look had power
This voiceless plea to make—
"Sweet Princess! leave with us a flower
To keep for your dear sake."

Swift as the plea, was the reply;
The flowers soon were spread,
In all their odorous bloom to us
Upon each feverish bed.
Around they fell, like dews refreshing,
And with a silent grace.
The floral tribute been a blessing
To all within the place.
A blessing, heard in heart revealing,
Blending both English hearts
In one pure bond of hallow'd feeling,
One sympathetic glow.

And as a dream when day is breaking—
A drone to sweet to last,
That looses life in when we're waking
The royal lady pass'd.
Yet from that scene, she born away
Such benedictions pure
As rise with fervour, when they pray,
From God's afflicted poor.
Long may she live beloved, revered!
And may each kindness, shown
To hearts her sympathy has cheered,
Return to bless her own.

C. L. B.

PICTURES IN HOSPITALS.

"We draw attention to a statement that some generous persons—foremost of whom is the artist-patron Gilbert Moss, Esq., of Liverpool—have been framing and hanging prints, and pictures, on the walls of public hospitals. This is not a new thing; several years ago, we suggested the idea, and in a measure carried it out. The walls of more than one of our hospitals is hung with prints from the Vernon Gallery. The principle cannot be too generally adopted; prints judiciously placed in corridors and convalescent wards, act as a mild narcotic, efficacious in promoting health as breezes of fresh air, and acting as constitutional tonics. They should be, of course, selected for their cheerfulness, avoiding elsewhere, eschewing all that are either mournful or maniacal. We hope this suggestion will be considered by the committees of all our charitable institutions, may, that it will be acted on in our prisons. There are no places in which Art may be so thoroughly made a teacher."—*Art Journal.*

[We have recently issued No. 1 to 12 of the "British Workman" Cards, "in the hope that they may be found useful for the walls of Hospitals, Workshops, *Prisons*, Ships' Cabins &c.]

* Sold in four different cards, plain; and Threepence, coloured. The plain copies are also made up into an assorted packet, 1s.

THE BROKEN AXLE-TREE.

Rennie, in the good old times, was travelling in Scotland in a stagecoach. The axle-tree broke near a blacksmith's, and the son of Vulcan being out, Rennie himself in the fire and welded the axle-tree in a masterly style. His fellow-passengers, who had been very communicative and friendly during the latter part of the journey, now became very reserved, and the "respectable" country lad themselves shoof from the man who had so clearly revealed his calling, by the manner in which he had mended the broken axle. Arrived at their journey's end for the day, the travellers separated, Mr. Rennie proceeding on to Edinburgh Castle. Next morning, when sitting at breakfast with his noble host, a servant entered to say that a person outside desired to have a word with the earl. "Show him in." The person entered, and he proved to be one of Mr. Rennie's fellow-travellers, whose surprise and confusion at finding the "blacksmith" in the company of the breakfasting with my lord, may be very easily imagined. The earl was much amused, when Mr. Rennie afterwards desired him to be the incident of the broken axle.

THE POWER OF GOODNESS.

John Kant (not the German philosopher of that name) was professor and Doctor of Divinity at Cracow. He was a pious, holy man, with a spirit peculiarly gentle and guileless, and he at all times would have preferred to suffer injustice rather than to exercise it. For many years he had conscientiously followed his duties as spiritual teacher of the place to which he had been appointed by God. His head was covered with the snows of age, when he was ordered out of his quiet retreat to revisit the scenes of his youth in his native country, Silesia. The journey appeared fraught with peril to one at his advanced age; but he left his affairs in order, and started on the way, commending himself to the care of God. He rode slowly along, attired in his black robe, with long beard and hair, resembling to the fashion of the time. Thus he pursued his way through the gloomy woods of Poland, which scarcely a ruthless storm rents; but there was a light in his soul, for God's Holy Spirit irradiated it.

One evening as he thus journeyed along, holding communion with God, and taking no heed of objects beside him, on reaching an opening in the thick forest, a trampling noise was suddenly heard, and he was instantly surrounded by figures, some on horseback and some on foot. Knives and swords glittered in the moonlight, and the pious man saw that he was at the mercy of a band of robbers. Scarcely conscious of what passed, he alighted from his horse, and offered his property to the gang. He gave them a purse full of silver and silver coins, unclasped the gold chain from his neck, took the gold lace from his cap, drew a ring from his finger, and took from his pocket his book of prayers, which was clasped with silver. Not till he had yielded all he possessed, and sent his horse led away, did Kant intercede for his life.

"Have you given us all?" cried the robber chief, threateningly. "Have you no more money?"

In his alarm and terror, the trembling doctor answered that he had given them every coin in his possession; and on receiving this assurance he was allowed to proceed on his journey.

Quickly he hastened onward, rejoicing at his escape, when suddenly his hand felt something hard in the lining of his robe. It was his gold, which having been stitched within the lining of his dress, had escaped discovery. The good man, in his alarm, had forgotten this secret store. His heart, therefore, again beat with joy, for the money would hear him and his friends and kindred, and he saw rest and shelter in prospect, instead of a long and painful wandering, with the necessity of begging his way. But his conscience was seriously troubled now, and he suddenly stopped to listen to its voice. It cried in disturbing tones, "Tell not a lie! Tell not a lie!" These words smote his heart. Joy, kindred, and home all were forgotten. Some writers on moral philosophy have held that promises made under such circumstances are not binding, and the man reasoned with himself been troubled with scruples on the occasion. But Kant did not stop to reason. He hastily retraced his steps and entering into the midst of the robbers, who were still in the same place, said meekly: "I have told you what is not true, but it was unintentionally; fear and anxiety confounded my faculties and prompted me."

With these words he held forth the glittering gold; but to his surprise, not one of the robbers would take it. A strange feeling was at work in their breasts. They could not laugh at the pious man. "*Thou shalt not steal*," said a voice within them. All were deeply moved. Then, as if seized by a sudden impulse, one went and brought him back his purse; another restored the book of prayer, while still another led his horse towards him and helped him to remount it. They then unitedly entreated his blessing; and, solemnly giving it, the good old man continued his way, lifting up his heart in gratitude to God, who brought him in safety to the end of his journey.

THE WEEKLY REST-DAY.

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm to care and sadness,
Most welcome, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the Throne,
Sing, *Holy, Holy, Holy,*
To the *Great Three in One.*

On thee at the Creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit came from heaven,
And thus ordained, thus glorious,
A triple Light was given.

Then art a holy ladder,
Where angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to home, home.
A day of sweet reflection,
Thou art a day of love;
A day of holy affection
From earth to things above.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To-day consecrations
The silver trumpet calls.
Where gospel light is glowing
With mercy and with mirth,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach at last Immanuel's land,
To spirits of the blest:
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father be the glory,
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest *Three in One.* Amen.

Selected.

Little good comes by disputing. Pride is generally at the bottom of it, and not charity, or the love of truth, and it seldom managed with decency and candour enough to produce good effect. Let us be all meek in season, and wait in patience till the rain drops on it from heaven.—*Adams.*

LIFE'S ANSWER.

I know not if the dark, or bright,
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be hot or not.

It may be mine to drag, for years,
Toil's heavy chain;
Or, day after night, my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear fares may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee;
Or I may dwell alone, in mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the blessed shore, there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One, who has known in storms to sail,
I have on board:
Above the ravings of the gale,
I hear its word.

He holds me, when the billows smite,
I shall not fall;
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light,—
He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land—
The end is this;
And then, with HIM, go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

Dean of Canterbury.

(From Macmillan's Magazine.)

A PRIMITIVE CHRISTIAN.

Maximitian having been brought before the tribunal to be enrolled as a soldier, Dion, the proconsul, asked him his name. Maximilian, turning to him, replied, "Why wouldst thou know my name? *I am a Christian, and cannot fight.*" Then Dion ordered him to be enrolled, and bade the officer mark Maximilian refused to be marked, still asserting that he was a Christian; upon which Dion instantly replied, "Bear arms, or thou shalt die." "I cannot," Maximilian answered, "I cannot fight, if I die; I am not a soldier of this world, but a soldier of God." He refused the expostulations of Dion, and was accordingly executed.

THE PASSWORD.

One day, having to go down to St. Katherine's Docks from the City, I thought I should save a little journey by going through the Tower of London. So I entered the gates at the west end, and walked along some little distance, passing through archways, and over drawbridges, till at last I came to the high wall over mins along the eastern boundary of the Tower precincts. The place where I had to go was only just the other side of this wall; I had but to pass through the gateway before me, and I should arrive at my destination. But at this gateway I found a policeman stationed, who stopped me when the people passed in and out; and I noticed that he spoke to each person as he came up before he let him through.

On coming up to the gate way the policeman stopped me, and thus accosted me:—"The password, if you please, Sir." "The password! I have no password to give you." I replied. "That I cannot allow you to pass," said he. "But my business is urgent, and I have but to go to those docks; you'll let me out safely?" "No, Sir, I cannot." I tried to persuade him, but he was inflexible. "It is more than my place is worth," said he; "I dare not let any one through without the password."

Seeing that all expostulation was useless, I turned round with no other alternative than that of going all the way back, and walking round—altogether a walk of some distance. As I returned, my mortification was not a little increased at seeing others coming up, and on giving the password, at once allowed to go through.

In this simple incident, what an illustration we have, thought I, of another journey, and the gateway at the entrance of the Heavenly City!

How important it is that we should know the password!

Let us try to picture the scene. The gate is guarded, people are coming to seek for admittance. Here is one who, with confidence, approaches to the gate, and loudly knocking, demands an entrance. The password is required. "Oh," says he, "don't you know who I am? I give to God whatever I can as a man of generosity. I have made good use of my talents in relieving distress, promoting the cause of religion, and establishing churches. And thus, God, I can say, I have never offended either against the laws of my country or the commands of my God. I am not one of those who have sunk into sin. So make the gates and let me enter."

But the answer is,—"The gates cannot be opened, *as you have not given the password.*"

Then up comes another. He is not so respectable a man as the former. "No," says he, "I cannot justify myself; for I am a sinner indeed, my soul is guilty, and I have no good works to bring; but I've repented of my sin; behold my tears, my sighs, my groans, my prayers! Oh, Sir, are not these enough to gain for me an entrance into the Celestial City?"

"Ah! the gates are still fast closed, *because he cannot give the password.*

But look again. There is one coming with trembling step and eyes cast down—he is afraid almost to approach the gate. At last he knocks with a gentle rap. It is asked, "Who art thou?" "I'm a poor undone sinner," saith he; "I come for mercy." "What is your plea?" "Do you know the password?" "JESUS ONLY," cries the penitent. And no sooner do the words escape his lips, than the pearly portals fly open, and ten thousand voices fill the sky, "Come in, come in, poor man, thrice welcome!"

This is, dear reader, until we have been enabled to say from our inmost soul, "*Jesus only,*" we have not yet learnt "Heaven's password." It is not merely talking these words upon our lips, or even having a head knowledge of the fact that Jesus only can save the soul that will admit us into heaven; but it is a real heart-felt experience of the truth, that we as sinners can do nothing, either to obtain heaven, or to clothe with righteousness; but that for all this we must trust in "JESUS ONLY."

Abridged from the Tract "Jesus only." Published by W. Gilling, 55, Paternoster Row.

A WILLING FELLOW.

I used to hear a man, whom I still call Tom Smith, spoken of as a "willing fellow." Tom was to do a good turn for any one. And, certainly, if anything was wanted in the workshop, or any message required to be taken for his shopmates, this man was willing to put himself to any inconvenience to do it. He was a brisk lad, but somehow whenever his companions spoke of Tom, they always seemed inclined to pity him a "poor fellow," or to speak of him as a "good-natured soul also," they would say. "He is so willing!" another would remark, let listening to his words. The reason of this was, that Tom however willing he might be in the week, always muddled away his wages on Friday and Saturday night, and on Sunday he generally kept in his lodgings, studying great books, or sitting in his bed, ashamed to show himself, because he had not a decent suit of Sunday clothes.

"Tom, where do you attend on Sundays?" said a pious shopmate to him kindly one day.

"Oh, nowhere in particular—that is—I'm mostly—well I'm out of sorts myself on Sundays."

"Why, Tom, you're noted as a willing fellow, mostly you are willing to go to a place of worship, and that God for all his mercies. You know as well as I do, you're willing toward men, and unwilling towards God."

"I don't know about what you're driving at; I'm sure I'm willing to do any body a good turn," said Tom, stoutly, for he felt as if the reputation he had long acquired, and become accustomed to, was at stake.

"Willing," said his friend, "to do a good turn to any one but yourself, Tom. And now mark me, you might be just the same obliging, kind-tempered fellow in this place, and do a great deal more than you do, if you would be willing to do yourself a good turn."

"I don't know what you're driving at," said Tom, and he drawed back a little, as if he was afraid of a sermon, and his shopmate continued—"I'm your friend, Tom, and I'm bound to speak plainly. You are willing to go to the public-house with your pay-day wages, and that makes you unwilling to go to the House of God. You are willing to go to the publican the price of your Sunday suit of clothes; and so you are willing to be scan, and you're hiding yourself, and you're ashamed to show your face on that day of the week, and the only day of the seven that you can call your own. Now, Tom, be willing to help yourself: I'll lend you the money to buy a suit of clothes—you will be willing to pay me."

"I hope I'm honest," said Tom. "Nobody saw said I was unwilling to pay."

"Never mind, unwilling to pay what you owe man. But—"

"Ah, I see, you're going to make out I'm unwilling towards God."

"Yes, Tom, indeed. A willing mind towards our God and Saviour—that's what we should have."

Tom thought much over this conversation, and closed with his friend's offer of a suit. On the next Sunday, he was sitting by his side in the House of Prayer. There he heard that "The Lord is waiting to be gracious," that He is willing to pardon, that He came to Him by Christ Jesus—that He is able to save to the uttermost. All then that is wanted is that the sinner should be willing to come. Tom felt glad that he had so long neglected such "free salvation," that he had been putting himself on being so "willing" towards man, while he was in rebellious towards God, struck home to Tom's conscience. His cry was, "Lord save or I perish."

HISTORY OF A DRINKING CLUB.

Some years ago, in a large town in the west of Scotland, there existed a drinking club of upwards of twenty members, all of whom belonged to the middle classes of society. This club had a great influence in municipal affairs, and several of its members were elected to fill posts in the municipality. The club continued to add to a fearful extent in the tavern where they met. The members were to be found often in the club at all hours of night and day. Their drinking was often connected with such many mirth as to attract the attention of the passers-by. The club was broken up. Two of its members were sent to a lunatic asylum. One jumped from a window and killed himself; another fell into the water and was drowned; one was found dead in a public-house; one died of delirium tremens; upwards of ten became bankrupt; four died ere they had lived half their days.

SOME MURMUR WHEN THEIR SKY IS CLEAR.

BY ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

Some murmur, when their sky is clear
Of any trouble or any fear;
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some are troubled if they are filled,
If but one streak of light
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that sit,
In dissonant mood, sad
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts sadness
How love has for their sad
Such rich provision made.

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Published by W. Gilling, 55, Paternoster Row.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

By Mrs. Sherwood.

Part I.

In the neighbourhood of the city of Worcester, and on the opposite side of the River Severn, is a number of houses, which form a kind of suburb, and which formerly composed a single long street, for the most part made up of mean dwellings, occupied by labourers and other persons who have concerns on the water. About forty years ago there resided in a narrow court in this street, a poor widow of the name of Fairfield, who supported herself by sewing gloves, by which she obtained a tolerably comfortable maintenance. This poor woman had one daughter, whom she treated with motherly fondness, and whose spiritual welfare she earnestly desired. Those who have visited many foreign countries, and observed the manner which prevails there, will not doubt that there are more good mothers in our happy land, than in any other country of the same size in the whole world. The poorest mother in England has to know and feel early age to treat her with respect, and to give her all the assistance in her household matters which could be expected. She could not allow her to be idle, for there neither did she wish it; considering that, as her own employments kept her at home, there was no reason why she should not teach her child, and thus enjoy the delightful sense of her company, and be made worthy of her everlasting gratitude. The widow was not indeed a capital sewer, but then she considered, that it would be a hard matter for her to improve herself: and as she had a good deal of time every Sabbath-day, she then endeavoured to make her sensible of what she must teach her daughter during the following week; and, as she often said, she thought herself very well off if she could keep her out of mischief, and let the little girl, an object which was by no means difficult to effect, for young children are very slow when first beginning to learn.

There were not to many little books in those days as there are now; but the good woman possessed an old *Reading made Easy*, and a Bible; and I will venture to say, that, with these alone, if there were no other in the world, a careful mother, with the divine blessing, might give her child as much knowledge as she would ever need for the regulation of her conduct, either in reference to this life or the next. In these days there is a mighty stir about new books and new plans of teaching; but in neither any plans accessible to poor people, who should be good fathers and mothers; mothers, who, while they are going about their household work, will have an eye upon their children, taking care that the harm and pretense the holy lessons contained in the books which are given them; and pious fathers, who, when they come from their work at night, will take their little ones on their knees, and speak to them of heaven and hell, of their God and Saviour, and other holy things.

Such good mother as I should like to see in every cottage through all this pleasant country, was the poor Widow Fairfield; and, as might have been expected, she had great reason to think herself happy in her little daughter Mary, who was as decent and as good a girl as any at that time in the whole town.

In the same narrow court as the entry, as that in which the Widow Fairfield's house was situated, lived a waterman, with his wife and children. The man himself, who was commonly known by the name of Ben Brown, or John Bull, (alluding to his swarthy and weather-beaten skin,) was seldom at home; and his neighbours would not have been sorry if his wife Grace had been disposed to be about herself as often as her husband, for it was no easy matter to rest in peace within the sound of her voice.

This busy-body was always so engaged in settling her neighbours' affairs, and correcting what she saw amiss in other folks's houses, that she had little time, and less inclination, for managing her own affairs, either in reference to her money or abundance, and no other employment herself, than that which occasion most of the females of the lower classes in and about Worcester, employed in sewing gloves, yet she never exercised any control over her children, but allowed them to idle the whole day in the yard and in the street, till the boys were old enough to follow their father.

Another neighbour in the same court was a Dame Crawford, an old woman, and a widow like Mary's, who picked up a good maintenance by sewing and ironing in different houses of the town, filling up the odds and ends of her time in settling her neighbours' concerns, and in telling the news of one house to the inhabitants of another.

Dame Crawford and Grace Brown were, for the most part, very intimate friends, though they occasionally fell out, at which times, the whole neighbourhood was sure to be roused up to hear them abuse each other in all kinds of foul language—although, to their neighbours, it did not bear each other much malice, but were as good friends as ever when they had spent their anger, that is, if we can call such a grasping spirit as Grace Brown's anger, those women, by so good a name as that of *friendship*.

It is easy to conceive, that the Widow Fairfield could not find much comfort among such neighbours, and but of she had no comfort in her neighbours, she had much in her child, and more in her God; and though she was afraid of leaving her little darling in so good with her neighbours' children, who, she was sensible, were no fit companions for her, yet she contrived to give great exercise by sending her into the country to gather sticks and flowers in their season, and even by walking out with her herself, when she could spare a quarter of an hour from her work. In this manner Mary had been grown up, and parted from this dear parent, has she spoken with delight of some of these quiet evening walks when her poor mother accompanied her, and sat with her under the shade of a tree, conversing about many pleasant and holy things, in which poor people have the more interest as the finest herd of the land. For, although the poor are not endowed with so many earthly goods as the rich enjoy, yet, have they not the same heavenly Father to care for them, the same blessed Saviour to provide for their salvation, and the same Holy Spirit to regenerate and sanctify them, to guide and counsel them, and finally to lead them to glory, what is it, I ask, which would make a good pleasant, and our sleep sweet to us, but a consciousness of the Divine blessing creating such a peace as the world cannot give?

By working every day with her little girl, the good mother had not only taught her child to read her Bible with ease, by the time she was twelve years of age, but also had improved herself so much, that there was not a single chapter which she could not read off as well, if not better, than the parish-clerk himself; and more than this, by hearing the Bible read over and over from day to day, her head became so well stored with Scriptural knowledge, that there was scarcely a text to which she could not turn without being told either chapter or verse.

From the time that Mary had reached her ninth year, her mother had employed her during the day, in her working at the gloves with herself; but as she did not think the trade was a good one for a very young girl, inasmuch as the gains were small, and the confinement very great, the widow considered that if she could get her out of service, it would be much more for her advantage, though it went to her heart to part with one who had been the solace of her life through many a long year of widowhood. Nevertheless, this excellent mother thought of nothing so much as the good of her child; and setting self on one side, when Mary was fifteen, she resolved to enquire for such a place as she thought would suit her. But the Widow Fairfield had no acquaintance among the great folks, and, on this occasion, she knew not what better to do than to speak to Dame Crawford, who was said to be an influential body with some of the best families in Worcester:—accordingly, seeing Dame Crawford's door open one afternoon, and the good woman ironing before the window, she ventured to step in, with her work in her hand, not having observed that Grace Brown was sitting behind the door.

The widow had scarcely set her foot over the door-sill when Mrs. Crawford exclaimed, "Neighbour Fairfield, as I am alive!—what brings you hither, pray?"

"Something above the ordinary, you may be sure," said Grace, from behind the door: "Dame Fairfield is not so fond of your company for nothing, I warrant you."

"I was purposing," said the widow, "to get some light service for Mary, Neighbour Crawford; and I am thinking, that as you know so many of the great folks, you would be the very person to speak a good word for her with them."

Mrs. Crawford, though a very busy woman, was not, on the whole, an ill-natured one; and nothing pleased her better than to have it supposed that she possessed some influence. She therefore immediately bade her neighbour to sit down, and began to tell whose servants were on the next season for changing, and whose were to stay on, "as she would be glad to see nothing wanted servants, and who were provided: with sundry other particulars which I shall forbear to enumerate, containing no proof with saying, that the result of all this was, that at that time three places appeared likely to be vacant, all of which might suit such a girl as Mary. The first of these, and the very best in point of gain, was that of a maid to draw the liquor at the Widow Smith's, at the Saw, in Dolby: "a capital place," as Mrs. Crawford said, "for gain;" for, said she, "the girl who is there now, got, to my certain knowledge, twenty shillings at the last race, just for showing the gentlemen the cellars: and I dare say, that, first and last, the place is worth six pounds a year."

"Ay!" said Mrs. Brown, sitting upright in her chair, "very good place, indeed!"

"I do," said Mrs. Crawford, "because I can vouch for it."

"What is the next place you know of as being vacant?" asked the widow.

"Squire Scrimgeour's, of Hollo," replied Mrs. Crawford; "where I have served, first and last these ten years, though it's a great way to go; but Madam Strangeway does not live there all the year, but only when it pleases. There is a kitchen-maid wanted, just to wash dishes, and right up the kitchen after the cook; but it's a desperate hard place, though the last girl said there were some pretty winnings to be had by way of perquisites."

"Ay?" said Grace Brown, "I thought the cook had all them things."

"So she thinks too," replied Mrs. Crawford, winking at her neighbours, "but I know better, and so does Jane Harris."

"I think," observed Mrs. Fairfield, somewhat timidly, "that you mentioned a third place?"

"Yes," returned Mrs. Crawford, "but it's a poor thing; Mary will scarcely have enough for shoe-leather, and so true and dull, Betty Hacket, the girl who is to leave next week, says it's the dullest place ever any poor body was in. Not that the mistress is bad tempered, but she is so fiddly, so tiresome like. She would sooner go of an errand herself, than send the girl out at dusk; and then the lass has no time to herself, for the mistress sits in the kitchen, when she has no company; for she is mighty near, and there is but one fire and candle between them: then the wages are not so much as three pounds a year."

"And who is this lady?" asked the widow.

"Why, Mrs. Shirley," replied the other, "who lives in a little bit of a house on Henwick Hill: as you are a good church-goer, you must have seen her a thousand times, for she never misses church; and you may know her by her old bonnet, and by her leaning on the lass's arm as she goes along."

"I have heard of her," returned the widow, "and she bears the best of characters. You would oblige me very greatly, Neighbour Crawford, if you would but speak a kind word for Mary."

"Is the woman mad?" exclaimed Grace Brown. "Why, when one gets a good place, and a good one, places, one worth six pounds a year, another worth I know not what, and a third which is not the value of fifty shillings; you must gape and scramble the first, and gape at the third like a boy bobbing for cherries. Why, woman, you have no more sense than a green goose! that's the plain speaking of the matter."

"True," remarked Mrs. Crawford, "but if our neighbour has a mind of the old lady's place, why should not she have it, Grace? and if you will go with me to Henwick Hill, I will speak a word for her at the Saw." The last clause was spoken in a whisper, in order that the widow might not hear it.

"I have been thinking," answered Mrs. Fairfield, when her neighbours had ceased to whisper, "of what you said just now of Mary, respecting my not being proper wise in wishing for the fifty-shilling place, in preference to the others which our good neighbour proposed; and as I love my poor child, I will not be angry with you. I cannot say that I ever spoke to Madam Shirley in all my life; but for all that, I have known her by character for many years. I was the bright lass of the mile, and I know what she was in her time, and have heard of the many troubles she has gone through, with the faith and patience of a Christian: I know too, although her mission now is small, she is the best of friends to the poor, and more like a minister than a mistress to her servants; and I know for that the care, and the instruction, and the conversation, of such a lady as that, ought to be counted of more value to a poor young creature than the gain of such paltry little pounds and pounds of gold and silver; of more value, I say, Neighbour Crawford," added the good widow, "than all and pounds put together. I am sorry to say my mind right, that I should think myself evil off if she would take my child for nothing, and provide her only with her old clothes."

"Nay, Neighbour Brown, don't laugh, but hear reason. My child is to be a servant; that is the way of life I have chosen for her, and I think of such a good house as mine cannot be supposed to understand much of household work; and ought not we mothers to consider ourselves only here and there, as the stewards of our young ones in the world, we can meet with good ladies who will take them only for their maintenance, without counting wages at all? Is it not a reason to pay a premium for a child to be taught the poorest trade; and when we pick a bad prentice, don't we look to the character of the master? and yet, where a girl is to be put out to learn the character of the mistress next to nothing, and we put no value at all upon her instruction, or her care, or her remonstrances, or her example? Is it fair, (not to speak of the world to come,) may be worth pounds, and scores of pounds, to the young person?"

"There is something in what you say, Neighbour Fairfield," said Mrs. Crawford, turning round from her ironing-board, "and I will speak for you still; but run over these few pocket-handkerchiefs, I'll put on my bonnet, and step up this very moment to Madam Shirley's, and I know that I shall bring you good news before an hour is out."

The widow expressed her gratitude in the strongest terms; and, taking her neighbour's place at the ironing-board, Mrs. Crawford set out on her errand, being followed out of the house by Grace Brown, who, as she proposed, over the shoulder, "to the widow." "Well, good woman, take your own way; but, I tell you, your lass will get nothing but sheep's-heads and cold toutes for her Sunday dinner."

It was more than an hour before Mrs. Crawford returned; but the widow was aware of her being at hand when she was yet a good way off, although the work was done, for she heard her Neighbour Brown call to her as she entered the court, to enquire how she had sped on her fool's errand.

"Fool's errand, or not," replied Mrs. Crawford, "Neighbour Fairfield is to go up with her daughter on Monday morning to the Saw, and I think she will be settled."

"Well done, Dame Crawford!" said Grace. "And now, as you have done a good turn for one neighbour, you won't refuse as much for another; for since you left us, I have made up my mind to go to Henwick Hill myself, so turn about, and go and speak a word for her with Mrs. Smith."

"What, at the Saw?" returned Mrs. Crawford. "Have you forgotten it is Saturday night, and the house is as full as it can hold? with such a noise and ranting that I could not hear myself speak, when I went to speak to the very top of my voice: no, no, good neighbour, that would never do. Stop till Monday, and I will engage she master will remember that I must have a new ribbon for my trouble."

"And what will you have from Neighbour Fairfield?" asked Grace.

"O!" replied the other, I shall be content with her good-will, for the creature has hardly one penny to rub against another. Stop till Monday, and I will go with you at Madame Shirley's, it will be as much as she can do."

"So that's all you get by serving such folks as those," observed Grace, turning to her ironing-board. Mrs. Crawford hastened to tell the Widow Fairfield how much she was indebted to her.

"Nay, indeed, neighbour, I must not make my story too long. I shall content myself with saying, that the widow took her daughter on the Monday morning to Mrs. Shirley's, where the old lady was so pleased with the mother, that she hired the child, and appointed her to come the next Saturday evening only to find her with clothes for the first two years. In the meantime, Hannah Brown was hired at the public-house, and went to her place about the same time that Mary went to Mrs. Shirley's.

We will not trouble ourselves very much with Hannah's proceedings at the public-house, but shall only remark, that the gains were quite equal to what Mrs. Crawford had represented; that is, if we may judge by the new gowns, bonnets, ribbons, and gloves, which Hannah displayed when she came to see her mother; for, as Grace Brown very properly remarked, such handsome things are not to be had for nothing. But we hope we shall better a story our readers by giving them an insight into Mrs. Shirley's small, and old-fashioned Henwick Hill.

Mrs. Shirley's house was placed on a sloping bank, commanding a fine view of Worcester on the opposite side of the river, with its many spires and venerable towers. A little garden, cultivated by the hands of the old lady and her maid, and abounding, in the season, with roses, pinks, and tulips, encompassed the small building, and shed its fragrance all around. The house consisted of an exceedingly small entrance, with a very little parlour on one side, and a kitchen, rather large, on the other. Two bed-rooms, a store-room, and a small back kitchen, completed the rest of the building. The mistress used one bed-room, and kept the other in great order for the reception of an elderly cousin, who now and then visited her; and the little maid, in consequence, was obliged to sleep in a kind of closet over the entrance; but, small as this place was, it had a window which opened into the garden; and beside the bed there was room for Mary's box.

The old lady was accustomed to ring her bell every morning at six o'clock, and she was very fond of the maid to have every thing prepared for breakfast in the kitchen between seven and eight. The good lady breakfasted as soon as she came down, and the maid had her tea-pot afterwards and took her breakfast at another little table; for every thing was of a small size in this good lady's house. After breakfast, the maid washed up the pots away; and then the old lady read a prayer with her maid; and afterwards, she she occupied herself with her needle, or with reading and pushing her hot iron, (for she had little money to buy new,) the maid read to her the psalms and lessons of the day: at the end of which time she was accustomed to ring for her dinner and cooking-utensils, and in making all things bright and clean in and about the house, and orderly in the garden; the good lady, in the mean time, following her maid, dressing, supposing, and finishing, or sending forth the orders from her parlour to the kitchen.

The cooking, certainly, was not much in this house: but Mrs. Shirley would have every thing done well, and would allow of no slipper or confusion when she was being prepared. She also insisted upon having her dinner ready to a minute, precisely when the cuckoo-clock in the kitchen announced the hour of one. After this meal, the maid's business was to clean up all her things, change her working dress, and prepare herself for a walk with her lady. This last occupation was Mary's chief delight; for when, after a while, her mistress found that she was a modest, good child, she used to talk to her when they were out, and often told her stories about people who had lived in the country when she was a very little girl, and explained to her their old-fashioned customs and ways of living. She also often talked to her about the Bible, and told her of the happy deaths of her father and mother, of her husband, (for she was a widow,) and of her only son, who had died when about sixty years of age.

There are many most lovely walks in the neighbourhood of Worcester, for the country abounds with hills and valleys, orchards and hop-yards, fragrant fields, and shady hedgerows; and the lady had great delight in these scenes and such pleasure in pointing out to Mary what was the most lovely and admirable in the works of God, reading her her Bible on from the text of creation to the Creator himself. And you may be sure that, on these occasions, she did not forget to lead her thoughts to the great work of man's redemption by God incarnate.

After their walk, the lady and her little maid had their tea, and then the maid was obliged to sit and sew till bed-time, unless her mistress looked over her work, and was sometimes even so good as to read to her; but if that did not suit her convenience, she always made her place a hymn-book before her, and repeat a hymn while she was sewing.

Thus day after day passed with little interruption, till the Saturday evening came round, when the linen in the house was to be washed! and then Mary was obliged to get up very early, and wash till late at night, and if the weather was not well dried, she was forced to do it over again; besides which, she was made to iron, to plait, and starch, and clap, and clear-starch, and iron, and fold, and do a thousand and thousand other business which young girls in general dislike so much that they would rather be dull all their days than learn to perform them. Mary Fairfield was fifteen years of age when she went to live with Mrs. Shirley; and from that time till the Saturday evening, she was happy as it is possible for any one on this earth to be. Certain it is, that she was not dressed so smartly as Hannah Brown, and that her hand was not plump; but then she was kept as much out of the way of sinful and low company as the first lady of the land, and was always learning something new and useful. Some people said that it was very hard for her to be made to work in the garden: but then, these people did not know that Mary found both health and pleasure in her garden, and that it was as delighted to see it neat, and to see the various colours of the flowers, as if they had been all her own; and, indeed, why they not? for were not the most beautiful blossoms spread before her eyes? and was she not continually refreshed with their delightful colours? And was she not allowed to pick up a few for her lady, to send a nosegay every Saturday evening to her mother by the hand of the milk-woman who lived close to the widow?

Once a week, Mrs. Shirley, when she was quite well, used to drink tea with an old lady who had been her on the hill; and on that day Mary was allowed to take her work, and sit with her mother, upon condition that her parent would sit with her, and work with her too. Mrs. Shirley was also very kind to her. Thus the young girl was as much watched and cared for as if she had been one of the best of young ladies; and her mother was always ready to think God for having provided her child with such a friend. *(To be continued in our next.)*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Notice.—On and after the 1st January next, the sale of the "British Workman" will be discontinued in Canada, and in Australia, will be discontinued. Those who desire to complete their sets should do so forthwith.

France.—Mr. Gregory, of Calais, writes as follows:—"I have some canvassers at work for promoting the circulation of your three periodicals in this town, and they now dispose of four dozen monthly. In order to secure a larger sale, I shall be glad of a few show-bills to hang up in our school-room, also a canvass-bill for each scholar, together with a supply of canvassing cards."

☞ There are thousands of English Workmen in France, and we shall be glad if friends will promote our circulation amongst them. A packet, containing four copies of the "British Workman," can be sent per post to any part of France for a penny!

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S GREAT PICTURE.

THOUSANDS of our readers will be glad to possess the portrait of that veteran artist of world-wide celebrity—George Cruikshank. Our present object is to call attention to the wonderful painting, the "Worship of Bacchus," upon which Mr. Cruikshank has been engaged during the last five years. We have recently received from Mr. Tweedie, a proof impression of the steel engraving from this *extraordinary* work of art. The picture contains above 1000 figures, and an almost endless variety of groups, illustrative of the drinking customs, and the evils arising from intemperance in our country. It is truly a PICTURE-LECTURE which cannot be studied without profit. It is worthy of a place on the walls of Workshops, Working-men's Clubs, Libraries, Temperance Halls, &c. everywhere. In many workshops twenty-one of the men might "club" together, and by paying a shilling each, obtain a copy of the print for the benefit of all the hands. We would also recommend employers to place copies in their workmen's dining-rooms.

THE FALCON.

THIS bird of prey may still be found in many parts of our country. The rock on which Dumbarton Castle stands, is a favourite residence of the falcon. The growth of the young is very rapid, as in three months they equal the size of their parents. They are birds of great courage, darting perpendicularly upon their prey (with astonishing rapidity) which usually consist of partridges, pheasants, quails, wood-pigeons, and the smaller quadrupeds. They will even attack the kite, and deprive him of his prey, *without, however, taking from him his life.* The human robber is often *less* merciful, for, in many cases, *he* takes not only the property of the individual, but also his life.

A BLESSED DAY.

WHAT a blessed day is Sunday, to the man who necessarily catches but brief glimpses of home during the toiling week; who is off in the morning while little eyes are still closed in slumber, nor back at night till they are again sealed by sleep! What would he know of the very children for whom he toils, were it not for the blessed breathing respite of Sunday? What honest working-man's child will ever forget this day, when, clean and neat, it is his privilege to climb father's knee, and hang about his neck, and tell him all the news which goes to make up his narrow little world. "Narrow," did we say? We recal the word, for it widens out into the boundless ocean of eternity. Sunday for the working-man's children! So would we have it—a day hallowed by sweet, pure, home influences; when the little band, quite complete, shall rest from labour, and Love shall write it down the blessed day of all the seven.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S GOOD SENSE.

"I WAS told the other day an anecdote of the Queen, which illustrates her good sense and real desire to promote the welfare of her subjects. She had agreed to have her photograph taken, for the gratification of each of her subjects as might desire to possess the counterfeit presentment of their ruler. She presented herself in a plain black silk, without a particle of ornament. The photographer ventured to suggest that she should send for some jewels. 'No,' said the queen, 'this photograph is to go among my people, and I wish to do all in my power to discourage *extravagance.*' It is such little anecdotes as these that have secured the Queen a high place in the regard of the people. I have everywhere heard her spoken of with affectionate respect."—*A Correspondent of the New York Sun.*

THE FAITHFUL DOGS.

IT seems almost incredible, and yet we are assured it is *true.* Sometime ago, a sporting gentleman was suddenly called away, by urgent business, from his shooting-box. Expecting to return in a few hours, he left his fine dogs shut up in one of the rooms in which game was kept. Instead of returning as expected, the gentleman had to start for a distant part of the country. He forgot all about his poor dogs. On his return, several days later, he found them quite dead. Although starving for food, the noble creatures had not even touched their master's game! Noble dogs, ye deserved more thoughtful treatment from your master! We need not add, that the grief of the owner was great on finding the sad result of his forgetfulness, but his repentance could not restore to life his faithful dogs. How much suffering there is in the world, not only amongst animals but human beings, from *forgetfulness.*

GROUP OF DOGS. BY FRED. TAYLER, ESQ.

Glad to go.

THE Christian, at his death, should not be like the mariner, whose vessel is drifted by the violence of the tempest from the shore, tossed to and fro upon the ocean, and at last suffers wreck and destruction; but like one who is ready for the voyage, and, the moment the wind is favourable, cheerfully weighs anchor, and full of hope and joy launches forth into the deep.

A lighted Lamp.

"A lighted lamp," writes M'Cheyne, "is a very small thing, and it burns calmly and without noise, yet it giveth light to all who are in the house." And so there is a quiet influence which, like the flame of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Contentment.

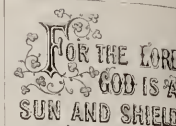
ONE, who had experienced a change of fortune, said, "When I was rich I possessed God in all things, and now I am poor I possess all things in God." Contentment depends more on the disposition of the mind, than on the circumstances of our life.

True Riches.

A MAN does not become rich by laying *up* abundance, but by laying *out* abundance; that is, by laying out for God.

"WHAT AM I DOING?"

ASK yourself, what am I doing to make this a holier and a better world? And if you find that you are doing nothing in this Divine direction, be not surprised that there is still a crook in your lot, and discomfort in your spirit.—*Dr. Hamilton.*



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THE KIND-HEARTED POLICEMAN. BY L. HUARD.

THE KIND-HEARTED POLICEMAN.

DARKNESS is falling over the town—
The lamps are lit, the blinds are down,
And business workers wend in vain
The ending of the drizzly rain.
For Dreary day has taken flight
In weeping welcome to the night.

'The guard of the deserted street
Perambulates his lonely beat,
While rare and soon he stands,
And beats his breast to warm his hands,
Or shuffling, moves his feet with care
In keeping with some well-known air.

Anon suspiciously he views
Some alley dark, or court, or mews,
Lest lurkers men in hiding lurk
To find for him some despirate work;
Ready to pounce with eagle-eye
On murder—theft—or burglary.

But what is this with ling'ring feet
Comes pattering down the dirty street?
A little child of four years old,
Arrayed in cloth mud and numbed with cold,
Half clothed with sobs—half dead with fright,
Pale and sad and drained pitiful.

A wanderer from the fold of home,
The little simpleton has come,
Beguiled by charm or trumpet's blow,
Or engaged Punch-and-Judy show.
Oh, fair-haired troubler, thou hast left
At least one heart of peace bereft.

With trembling limbs and tearful eye,
He views the grim policeman by
Whose tender tones are with pity fills,
And thus his chum to manhood tells:
'Come a-hunting and helper too,
A guardian angel dressed in blue.

(The chubby face and curling hair
Betray a mother's tender care;
Whence, then, this garb of misery?
A City Arab—nothing lly,
With hungry face, begrimed and pale,
Tells the long cost and tells the tale.

Some mothless, drunken Mrs. Brown,
A jest and sneer to the town,
With eager eye, intent on gin,
Took the poor little wanderer in,
Or, sleeping with her worst hogs,
Exchanged his decent clothes for rags.)

Lifting the child up in his arms,
He hands between his own he warms,
And then, to stay the stream of grief,
Takes out a pocket-handkerchief,
And with more care than I can say
Wipes every tiny tear away.

Between the two there seemed to be
A bond of perfect unity.
The strong man with the tend'rest care
Arranged the mamie's flowing hair,
Whose dimpled fingers stroked his face,
Revealing kindness with caress.

And now the pair a moment stop
Before a humble grocer's shop,
Whose sparkled wonders with surprise
Have filled the little wanderer's eyes:
He longed to taste, nor longed in vain,
For cross the threshold dive the twain.

They come, the youngster overjoyed,
For money and hands are all employed;
His left same "drops" renowned cobbla,
While in his right some cakes he holds,
And long ere he moves and takes shall last,
He drinks but little of the past.

The station-house at length they reach
Where, after sundry forms of speech,
The little one, whom all attains,
Is neatly by a nursing fire
His heart is light, his grief assuaged,
With treasures sweet his mind engaged.

Unconscious child, conflict thou but know
How near thou art to crime and woe,
To misery and was where thousands sink,
To woe and crime brought on by drink,
I would light thine eye as freshly gleams,
And that thou be thy childhood dreams.

But hark! a woman's voice is heard,
A question asked, a hasty word;
A mother seeks her darling boy;
And enclasping him there; oh joy!
With anger gesp she chains her prize
While grateful tears bedim her eyes.

Then turning to the burly man,
To whom the little fellow ran,
And if to claim her to be fair,
Her thanks, almost without an end,
She mentions low; his hand she shakes,
Polisch her very prose she takes.

'Tis a heroic deed; in fact,
Thous but a trifling, kindly act;
Yet 'twas no trifle to relieve
A childish heart unused to grieve;
No trifle that could in good,
Or earn a mother's gratitude.

J. E. G.

HOW FIRES OCCUR.

Destroying the Poor Man's Loaf.

The present autumn has been remarkable for the destruction of farming stock by fire. On Friday a fire broke out in the stack yard of Mr. Rearey, of Glenstone, near Ross, by which the whole of the stock and crops belonging to the farm were destroyed. The loss is attributable to the fact that *the thatcher had been smoking, and had left a lighted pipe in the barn unextinguished!* It will be remembered that a few weeks ago a similar fire happened near Worcester, arising from precisely *the same cause.*—*Times*, Sept. 5th.

FIVE SHILLINGS AND COSTS.

IT was about half-past ten o'clock one Monday morning when Mr. Gregson, one of the partners in an extensive machine manufactory, was going his usual rounds over his workshops.

Mr. Gregson, we may just say, had risen from the ranks. He had entered the very establishment in which he was partner as an apprentice, some five or six and twenty years before the time of our narrative. His parents, honest and industrious peopled the working class, struggled hard to keep him at school till he was somewhere about fourteen years of age; although had they followed the example of many of their neighbours, they might have sent him much sooner to earn his living and in one of the large cotton factories, where at that time children were sufficient to work at a far earlier age than now. "Oh, no," said his father, when he consulted on the question in one of those fortnights. "I should like him to have a better chance than I've had, and I'll keep him at school a bit longer: he'll be a clever lad, mebbe."

When young Gregson entered the workshop, he found in it many men who were ashamed to accompany him. They earned large wages, and they rent a great part of them in drink. They would gladly have induced Gregson to follow their example; but his father had already made, and mettlied into him a wholesome horror of drunkenness, and of everything that tended to it; and, to the mistake of young Gregson, he had first, by his steady, quick sort of lad, and, what was much better, he was endowed with a spirit of degree preserving energy, and soon mastered the mechanical part of his business.

Availing himself of the advantages afforded to working men by a mechanics' institute, he acquired a considerable proficiency in mechanical drawing and other acquaintance with the general principles of mechanics. By-and-by he became foreman, and in time he was promoted partner. His dad lived to see his lad take the general superintendence of the working department of the manufactory.

In the fulfilment of the duties which thus devolved upon him, he was now looking round one of the workshops, when, coming to a vacant bench, he exclaimed, "Does anybody know where Wilson is? I promised that this engine should be ready by the middle of the week, and here his part of the work is all to stand."

There was a short pause, and a few of the men looked at each other very significantly. He repeated the question: but still there was no reply. Just at that time the foreman came up. "Where's Edwards," said Mr. Gregson, "do you know why Wilson is not at his work?"

"Why, sir," said the foreman, evidently reluctant to tell the real state of the case, "I'm afraid he's got into a bit of a scrape."

"What's the matter now?" said Mr. Gregson, who knew very well poor Wilson's failing. "Has he been getting drunk again?"

"Why, yes, sir, and somewhat worse than that I'm afraid."

"Well, what is it?"

"It seems, sir, he went on Saturday night to the Mechanics-institute. Arter, along with a lot more, they got very drunk, and then there was a row and a fight. The police came up, and finding Wilson especially uproarious and quarrelsome, they carried him off to prison, and there he was all day yesterday. I believe he will be before the magistrates this morning."

"I'm sorry to hear this. He seems to be doing no better, notwithstanding all his promises. Will you call, Edwards, on your way to dinner, and say I expect him to be at his work without fail this afternoon, if he does not intend to lose it altogether."

Mr. Gregson was always kind and considerate in his dealings with his work-people; but he felt a special interest in Wilson, and, at the same time, he felt severely with him. They had been fellow-apprentices of the same standing; they had, besides, been scholars in the same Sunday-school. From boyhood they had been companions; but Wilson giving way to temptation, young Gregson, after a good many kind and faithful remonstrances, had to terminate the friendship in his society. It had not been for the former intimacy, and the interest which still existed in consequence of it in Mr. Gregson's mind of Wilson's family, it is very likely he would have been dismissed long before.

An hour or so after the time of commencing work in the afternoon, Wilson came into the shop, looking sadly ashamed, and bearing the unmistakable marks of his Saturday night's debauch and fray. A black eye and a swollen lip, and a plaster covered a great gash on his cheek, told that whoever had been the victor, he had not much reason to boast.

He set to work with a trembling hand and a brain sadly confused. It did not tend greatly to the steadiness of his hand or the composure of his mind, when glancing now and then, as he saw his master a very short distance from him, he expected every moment to be upbraided. To his great relief, after Mr. Gregson had stood near his bench for a moment or two, he sung by and quietly said, "When, Wilson, I want for you in the office after the manufactory closes."

When the evening came, Wilson knocked at the door of the office. "Come in," said his master, kindly.

"Take a seat, Wilson," Mr. Gregson added, as Wilson stood before him downcast and ashamed; "I want to talk to you a little bit."

The man sonnes that reluctantly complied. He could stand, he said, very well; but his master insisted on his taking the proffered seat.

"Well, Wilson," began Mr. G—, "I was very sorry to hear of this affair of Saturday-night, and sorry to see you in the plight you are in now."

"Yes, sir," said Wilson, "and I'm sorry too; I never did anything so bad as this before, and I hope I shall never do so again. I hope you'll look over it this time."

"What did the magistrates say to you this morning?" said Mr. G—, apparently not noticing the concluding sentence.

Wilson hung down his head. They had said some very plain things to him, which though he knew they were deserved, he did not care to repeat.

"Well never mind what they said: tell me what they did."

"Why, sir, to say the truth for that matter, I have not much reason to complain. They let me off very easily: they said, as I had been in prison two nights and a day they would not fine me more than five shillings."

"Five shillings! I was that all?"

"No, there were the costs."

"The costs! and how much were they?"

"Why, sir, they were more than the fine,—seven and sixpence. I don't know how they made it out to be so much so that. It's rather hard to tax a poor working man in that fashion."

"Five shillings and seven and sixpence,—that makes twelve and sixpence. Why, this will do."

"No, sir, not exactly; in the midst of the row, either I or somebody else smashed two of the large panes in the drapery window. Then, the Land, I think I have no remembrance whatever of having done anything of the kind: however, they made me pay ten shillings for that."

"Ten shillings and twelve and six-pence,—that's twenty-two and sixpence. Rather a costly affair, Wilson."

"It's very true, sir, and I'm sorry of it, and I hope I can pay it. I'll soon make it up."

"But we have not yet all the costs reckoned yet. How do you mean to pay the rest? Have you any money till to-morrow two and three in the afternoon, instead of six o'clock, as the rule is, mining? Three and sixpence would make twenty-five and sixpence."

"I have no, sir, I would, sir."

"Then how much did you spend on the drink that made you so drunkenly?"

Wilson was silent. To say the truth, he had not a very definite idea. He did remember, however, that he had received for one, on Saturday night two pounds; give shillings, and that when the fine and the costs were deducted per Mr. Gregson, he had not more than a few shillings left. He had, however, discharged a score which he had run up during the week; but then that was for drink, and so it did not greatly matter whether it was actually paid or not, substantially.

"Well, well," said Mr. Gregson, "I have no doubt it took a good part of your wages. Now then, do you think we have reckoned up all the costs?"

"Pretty nearly, I think, sir."

"I don't think so have, Wilson," said his master; "there has a little more to be added. Your conduct on Saturday night was only one of a good many things of the sort, none of them so bad as this, but all tending in the wrong direction, and all costly to you. I've more than once remonstrated with you, for being absent from your work, either actually drinking, or paying the penalty of it in a state of bodily suffering, unfit for work. Now tell me honestly, has there been a night during the last year or two, in which you did not go and spend more or less money on drink before morning?"

"Well, you see, sir, sometimes I'm obliged to go on account of my chum."

"It's a great pity your chum is held at the public-house. However, that need not take you there more than once a week, or a fortnight, perhaps sooner. That leaves the other nights of the week, or fortnight, as the case may be, altogether unaccounted for. You can't have spent, in one way or other, much less than half your wages, and that would amount in the year to somewhere about fifty pounds. You talked a little while ago, of the heavy tax the magistrates imposed on you in making you pay that seven and sixpence for costs. I wonder who has taxed most heavily, yourself or they. Based upon it, the working man's self-imposed taxes are commonly the heaviest."

Wilson was astonished to think that he had spent anything like such a sum, and yet he could not deny that the calculation was substantially correct.

"Suppose you had put half that sum into the Savings' Bank, for the last two years," continued his master, "what a nice little fortune you would have had now! And then, if you had saved the other half in clothing, and clothing, and educating your children, as you should have done, in how much better plight they would have been than they are now! The loss of Wilson, only a part of the costs' have fallen on yourself. Your poor wife and children have had to pay no small share of them, in the loss of, not only of the comforts, but of the very necessaries of life."

"I'm sure, sir," said Wilson, a little roused by the last remarks, "there's nobody loves his wife and children better than I do."

"I dare say you have some sort of love for them; but you must excuse my telling you, that I've no great idea of your sort of love for them and others, when I know that for the sake of drink and his drunken companions, he'll suffer them to go in want and rags."

"That was very wrong, I wish I hadn't done, and the more so because he felt there was only too much truth in what his master said. When he married his wife, there was not a happier couple in the town. She had done her best, poor creature, to keep her home comfortable, and to provide her children with what her thoughtless husband allowed her to do so. Large part of late her health had sadly failed—the bloom had gone from her cheek, and altogether she had evidently lost heart. The poor little children at a time been only half fed, and their clothing was meagre and ragged. Poor little children! well, she had been compelled to allow the two elder ones, though only ten and eleven years of age, to go to work in a factory. All this Mr. Gregson knew very well. Wilson was silenced.

"Now there was one other things," continued Mr. G—"which we must go into before we part for the night. Your health is giving way. You know very well you're not the man you were. Worse than that, you're losing regard for little, and for everything else. Then, to return to the costs you are making other people pay, you are depriving your children of the benefit of a good example, which you ought to give them, and setting them one which, if they follow it, will be a curse to them for ever."

Here was another point on which Wilson's conscience had, now and then at least, rebuked him severely. His wife had tried as well as she could to keep his drunkenness from his children, by getting them off to bed before he came home at night, but she could not do that always; and it had now become a recognised fact that "father got drunk."

It was late on the Saturday evening to which our narrative refers, when a friend called to tell Miss. Wilson what had become of her husband. Poor creature! she received a fresh shock, when, in the morning the children saw that something more than usually ailed their father. They asked where their father was. At first the poor wife was ready to say, "Hush-by the whole truth came out, much to their distress. Poor children! they knew that own children become in process of time habituated to the sight of their drunken sires, and that it is one of the commonest things in the world for the children of the drunkard first to grieve over his conduct, and then to follow him.

"There's another thing still, Wilson," said Mr. Gregson; "the Bible which you and I read together so many years ago in the same class at the Sunday-school, warns us against the consequences of all sin, and especially tells us that the drunkard can have no part in the kingdom of God and Christ. Why do you think you are running yourself for ever. The cost of that would indeed be a sum, if you will certainly be, unless you repent and forsake it, the loss of your immortal soul."

"You're very kind, sir. It's all true; but what shall I do? To tell you the truth, I have many a time made some quite natural for me, a sort of habit at times, to injure me so if I were to have them at home."

"Never mind that. They'll not poison you, if you do if they do not. Your duty is plain. My advice to you is to abstain from intoxicating drink altogether. You may do very well without it. You know I have done so for years, and I feel more in better health, than I am just now. Resolve that you will never touch it while you live again. But more than that, in what you have done, you have sinned against God. Ask his forgiveness through Jesus Christ, and as you do so, implore the grace that you may rise superior to your besetting sin. I tell you confidently, I shall have no real hope for you, till I see you with your heart changed by the influence of the Holy Spirit. God's ready both to pardon you and to give you all needful strength. Let it be your earnest prayer that he would give you both."

"I'll think about all you have said, sir, and they to do it."

"Do, Wilson; you'll never regret it."

Both Wilson and his family had abundant reason to be deeply thankful for the kindly expostulation of his master. From that time he became a sober man. It cost him many a hard struggle, he stood that against all temptation to return to his old habits. He and his family were transformed seen on a Sunday, wending their way together to the house of God, and there were reasons to hope that they were not "hearers only," but "doers" of God's word.—*From Tract Magazine.*

G. D.

THE POLICE AND TEMPERANCE.

A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY has been in existence for two years in the N Division of the Metropolitan Police Force. It was formed mainly by the efforts of Serjeant Clarke. We are glad to learn that the Society has received the cordial approval of Sir Richard Mayne, and Mr. Mott the Superintendent. Men who are more exposed to the evils of drinking customs than policemen, and we hope that the example of the N Division will be extensively imitated.

LINES BY A MOTHER IN HER SON'S BIBLE.

REMEMBER, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come;
When she, who had thy earliest kiss,
Sleeping in her narrow home;
Remember 't was a mother gave
The gift to one she'd dia to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest, for her son;
And from her home, and all above
She chose, a goodly one;
She chose, for her beloved boy,
The source of life and light and joy;

And bade him keep the gift, that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In her eternal home:
She said his birth in that should be
Sweet incense to her memory.

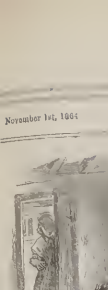
And should the scoffer in his pride
Laugh, find gifts to be a cheat,
And bid him cast that gift aside,
That he from youth had been,
She bade him pause, and ask his breast
If he or she had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one,
Must to the other cling:
Remember 't was a mother gave
A MOTHER'S GIFT—REMEMBER, BOY!

QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE DAHOMIAN SLAVE GIRL.

In speaking of slavery, I cannot omit to mention the warm interest that our gracious Queen has evinced towards the Dahomian slave girl, Sagbe. Some years since Commander Forbes, of the Royal Navy, was sent to the savage ruler of that country, for the purpose of trying to induce the cessation of the slave trade by governments. The king was greatly impressed by the gentlemanly bearing of the gallant officer, and as a token of his royal regard for Her Majesty, he sent a little young girl, Commander Forbes brought her to England in his ship the Bonetta, and had her christened by the name of Bonetta Forbes. When the Queen heard the strange and eventful history of this girl, she at once adopted her as a *protégé*, and had her educated at Melville Hospital at her own expense, and always took a deep interest in Miss Bonetta's welfare, even so far as to have her occasionally at Court. When afterwards the young girl married Mr. Davis, a coloured merchant, residing on the Niger, the Queen took a deep interest in the event, and made Miss Forbes several handsome wedding presents. Lately saw by a newspaper that a further mark of favour had been shown to Mr. Davis, who has given birth to a daughter, to whom the Queen has stood godmother by proxy. At the same time the Queen presented to her godchild a beautiful gold cup, with her name and the date upon it, of the same precious metal, as a baptismal present. The cup and silver bear the following inscription:—"To Victoria Davis from her godmother, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, 1883." Victoria's loyal subjects Does not this incident speak volumes for the goodness of our beloved Queen, who amongst her numerous cares and duties remembers the African girl?—*Collard's United Service Magazine.*

FRIENDS are soon lost, but God is a friend than whom love neither the height of prosperity, nor the depth of adversity, shall ever separate us.



WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

By Mrs. Sherwood.

Part II.

While Mary Fairfield remained at Mrs. Shirley's, she grew very still; and by being carefully kept out of bad company, and enjoying regular hour and quiet rest, for she was always in bed, and generally asleep, before nine o'clock; she became, with the divine blessing, so comely a girl, that many persons remarked it to the widow; and even those that owned the good woman, could not help saying, that Mary Fairfield, even in her homey pinafore, looked better than most of the smartest girls in Worcester. Indeed, it is not fine clothes that make a servant look well; but cleanliness, good manners, and modesty.

These all set off the most ordinary face; while girls who are not well reared and kept at home, may dress themselves out in every kind of extravagant finery, without looking one bit more like ladies, than they would if they wore a homey petticoat and hardan apron.

Mrs. Shirley had promised, if Mary behaved well for two years, to give her three pounds, instead of finding her with clothes, and she was as good as her word; but it was agreed that the widow should have the money, to buy out her daughter in what way she should think best.

Soon after Mary's second year with Mrs. Shirley had elapsed, she was one evening allowed to go to her mother; and it unfortunately happened the same evening, that Hannah Brown was also at home, having had leave from Mrs. Smith to see her father, who was arrived that day from a voyage down as far as the Channel.

As Hannah came into the yard, she nodded at Mary, who was sitting at her mother's door, and with something like envy, she said, "Well, I do wish I had a pretty dress, with an her glazed cotton gown, which hung in a train behind, according to the fashion of those days, and the ribbons in her bonnet.

"Why, mother," remarked Mary, "How fine Hannah is! I am sure she must have great wages to buy such grand things."

The Widow Fairfield answered shortly, "Yes, my dear, the wages at Mrs. Smith's are very good;" and then forced to turn the discourse to some other subject.

Mary went on with her work, and Hannah passed in and out of the yard several times, sweeping her train by Mary, and talking about the pieces, which were to take place the next week.

"Mother," said Mary, "I should like to have a gown like Hannah's."

"May be you might," replied the mother; "but there are two reasons why you will not have such a one. First is, that you have not money to buy such a gown; and the second is, that neither your mistress nor I should like to see you dressed in such a way."

"What, mother!" exclaimed Mary, "do you think that gown is too fine for me? Perhaps it may be; but if it is too good for me, it is too good for Hannah Brown and I am not sure, when I look at her, if I don't think so too."

"And what business have you to think at all about it?" rejoined the widow. "I am sure your mistress does not teach you to meddle with other people's concerns."

Mary made no answer, but whenever she observed her light coquetry, talking and laughing loudly, and romping with her brothers and the young soldiers, Mary drew up her lip, and looked contemptuously at her. The widow, however, and not perceive this; otherwise she would rightly have reproved her daughter, and taught her to believe virtually towards our neighbours, though we should slander their faults. But as the noise and uproar in the yard did not please the good widow, she desired Mary to come in, shut the door, and sit where she could neither see nor be seen.

Not long after Mary had changed her place, a woman came to a quiet hurry out of the street, to call the widow to a person who had been suddenly ill; in consequence of which, she mother was obliged to leave the house. She had not been the court many minutes, when Hannah Brown put her head in at the door, exclaiming, "So old pickthyme, you are there alone? Well, I am glad of it; for I have a great deal to say to you.

"I want you to look at my gown," continued Hannah; "I put it on today to show father, but it was bought for the races; for we have always a sight of genteel company at the races; besides, mistress lets me go to the assay at the races; besides, mistress lets me go to the course once, if not twice, only I must be back a little before the crowd, to get things ready against the company comes in.

"And now tell me," proceeded the young woman, "how do you like being boxed up with the old lady? I would not be shut up as you are in that dull place if you would give me all the world! and such poor gentings too as you have! I should not wonder, if you have never touched a farthing of the old lady's money to that very day?"

In this manner the talkative girl proceeded for a long while; Mary, on the mean time, not answering a single word, but blushing up to her eyes, as if it was a shame to her to be kept close at home, and made to mind her work, and a proper behaviour.

"You don't speak, Mary," remarked Hannah, after he had stopped to take breath: "and I don't wonder that you are ashamed at the way in which your mother treats you. Why, are you two seventeen and more? and yet you are kept up like a babe that does not know its right hand from its left. Mother tells me, you might have had the very same place as I am now in. Why, Mary, I am sure, if I was to count up all my gains since I was at the Show, it would not be less than twelve good pounds: for I have bought this gown and bonnet on my own head, and the one I wore last Sunday, and the yellow-striped one, and that with large flowers."

"Oh, my, Hannah," exclaimed Mary, quite worked up into a fit of vexation; "—don't trouble me with these long tales about your gowns. How can I help being much better off than I am? Most not I do as my mother bids me?"

"No," replied Hannah, steadily, and at the same time setting herself down on her stool.

"Why, what would you do if you were in my place?" asked Mary.

"Why, I would not wear such a gown, or such a cap, or such an apron as you do," answered Hannah; "but I would make the old lady come down with her guineas; and she would be understand, that I should be looking out for a better service. You have learned a great deal, I doubt not, at the old lady's, for she is mighty fairly, and everybody says, and you know it for a better place than here: and if I was you, I would tell her so, before I was a day older. And I would not be a day longer than I could, and neither she nor all the old women on the Hill should hinder me; and that's what I would do."

Mary looked thoughtful, but fretted; and Hannah went on; but as I suppose my reader has by this time heard enough of her discourse, I shall relate no more of what passed in the present occasion, except that Hannah left, she continued talking to Mary, till one of the brothers came to the door to tell her that the widow was returning; on which she hurried away, and left Mary, leaving Mary to suppose that she had set her brother to watch, lest she should be surprised in her neighbour's house.

The Widow Fairfield, when she returned, was so full of the scene of distress which she had just witnessed, that she did not observe Mary's low spirits, which was different from usual; and as it was quite dusk when they walked together to Mrs. Shirley's, and she had much to talk about, Mary was left to her quiet musings, and that had been done still remained a secret to the good woman. It was, however, as much as Mary could do to refrain from bursting into tears, whenever she was alone; the words of Hannah having sunk into her heart, and inclined her to think that she was used harshly, and unacquainted with many of pleasures and advantages allowed to others of her age.

Next day was that day of bustle, which occurred every month in the family of Mrs. Shirley, when all the house-linen in the house were regularly subjected to the various processes of rubbing, boiling, drying, folding, and smoothing; a time when poor Mary Fairfield was full of envy, and, to speak the truth, now and then somewhat peevish. Such things will happen in all families, and servants in the most agreeable place, must expect them sometimes. But unfortunately, Hannah Brown's discourse was no good preparation for this trying period; and Mary was in this day so very irritable, that when her mistress found fault with her for slightly some piece of work, she returned a very impertinent answer, and told her, that if she could not give satisfaction, it would be much better for them to part.

Mrs. Shirley really loved Mary, and believed her to be a truly good girl; she was, therefore, much hurt and shocked at her behaviour; and, may as the day was, she bade her put on her bonnet that moment, and call her mother home.

As Mary's passion had not yet cooled, she instantly set off to run down the hill, resolved not be shut up any longer with Mrs. Shirley, to receive no wages, and nothing but affronts. But in proportion as she ran, her anger abated; the fear of her old parent's displeasure cooled her courage; and had not she been withheld by pride, she would have gone back to beg her mistress to forgive her. Nothing, however, did she know that she would not have done so, as it was, had she not met with Grace Brown, who was standing in the road, looking across the meadows, where some were building a booth on the race-ground.

Grace Brown no sooner espied Mary, than setting down in a ragged child of about four years old, who was sitting on her knee, she approached a step or two, and bursting into a loud laugh, "Why, Mary," she said, "I know not what ailed you, but I thought I knew she is not away so fast? how is old Mistress? I suppose she is not so well as of trusting you so far by yourself; or, may-hap, you may have made a stolen march, and taken what they call thieves' library."

Mary was more ashamed to turn round and go back than ever; and the consequence was, that she went on, though she became every moment more and more alarmed.

Mary found her mother at home; and my reader may be sure that she made the best of her own story, and endeavoured to make it appear that her mistress had been both unjust and cruel: and had the Widow Fairfield been like many other mothers, and had she taken her daughter's part, and promised to receive her home as soon as she should leave her place, she would probably have received her prospects for life. But this wise and good woman reared her on this occasion as a mother ought to do, telling her daughter, that unless she were both humbly and heartily sorry for her mistress's conduct, she must never more expect any favours from her. Thus cutting the matter short, she took Mary by the hand, led her back to her mistress, and did not leave her till she had made her beg pardon, and confess her folly and ingratitude.

"And now, child," said this wise parent, as she took leave of her daughter, "I will tell you my opinion of the place you have got—that if I could afford it, or be hindered from asking wages from your mistress, I should think three pounds a year too little to offer for her kind kindness to you. Is she not giving you an education, as it is? Is he not your own uncle, and a relation of you for life? Is he not your own uncle, and a relation of you for life? If you waste or undervalue the advantages you have here, believe me, you will come to want the remedy hereafter, and if you ride the little rattle of money which Hannah Brown gets at the public-house, above the care and instruction of your respectable mistress, I shall count you ignorance of a simpleton than ever I had reason henceforward see of a simpleton than ever I had reason to think of all the days of your life before." So saying, the mother departed, turning over her daughter's leaving her child to ponder on a thing which she had loosing her child to ponder on a thing which she had never before done within her daughter's memory.

I rejoice to say, that this wise conduct of the mother was, through the divine blessing, highly beneficial to her daughter, in settling her mind, and making her contented; for, from this period till she was twenty years of age, she lived with Mrs. Shirley; becoming, after a while, as the old lady became more infirm and helpless, more like a daughter than a servant. In the mean time Mrs. Shirley offered to increase her wages from three to four pounds; but as Mary knew that her mistress had some difficulty in husbanding her little income, she very handsomely refused to take any more. "No," she remarked, "you have been my best friend, Madam, next to my mother; and I hope that God will give me a heart to be grateful."

"But you must not think, Mary," returned the old lady, "that I shall be able to do nothing for you when I die; for my income ceases then, as I have nothing but a little annuity to live upon."

Mary went home to her apartments to her in this manner, for she had never thought of getting anything when her mistress died, her mother never having put such thoughts into her head, and she had spent some fine gowns and caps unbeat, but without a shilling in her pocket. Some weeks passed before she could get another place; and she had scarcely got the glowing business, she was obliged to pawn many of her clothes to support herself: Ben Brown likewise, being at sea, had time to think his friend there being nothing to maintain the family excepting what the mother earned. At length Hannah got a pretty good place in Worcester-street, and then she stepped in very, at the end of which time her mistress gave her warning; and all the gains she could boast for this year's work, was the redemption of her clothes from the pawnbroker's shop.

Three three years and some odd months passed away, and Hannah Hannah Brown had lived in the world during which, she renewed her acquaintance with the pawnbroker, and afterwards was engaged by a butcher's wife, to go for from place to place, with a basket, plenty to eat, indeed, but lower wages than she had had in any of her other places. In this last situation, that is, at the end of about three years, she was still going on for the second year, when the change took place which I am about to relate.

When Mary had been five complete years with Mrs. Shirley, and had commenced her sixth year, she one morning, to her great terror, found her mistress cold and dead in her bed. Mary never did not suppose that she was really dead, and called aloud to her neighbours for help; but all help was vain, and she was obliged to submit to her mind to be parted from one who was now become as dear to her as a parent. The day before, she had been reading to her aunt, and had let her consider the gardens, and heard her, for the last time, speak of her Saviour, and the profitableness of holiness, not only in the world to come, but also in this life. Blessed words of which had imparted to her so much useful and holy instruction, was now for ever silent; and Mary remembered, with bitter contrition, some of her acts of negligence and unkindness. As soon as it was known that Mrs. Shirley was certainly dead, the good lady's cousin whom I mentioned before, was sent for, and Mary remained at her house till after the funeral, having been provided with a black stuff gown and morning cap, which Mrs. Shirley's relation kindly gave her; and when, if it is thought to found at the opening of the bureau, that money enough had not been left to pay the expense.

Mary followed her dear mistress to the grave; after which she returned to the house, which now looked to her a solitary place indeed, for while the mansion was her dear lady's home, she had felt as if she could not quite forlorn. She slept as sound that night in her little room, and not only cried herself to sleep, but awoke in tears the morning. Mrs. Shirley's cousin had brought her own maid with her, and therefore had no need of Mary's services; accordingly, after breakfast, she was called into her drawing-room, and, giving her a letter, said, "Here, Mary, is your character; it was written only a week ago, and is the very great compliment to your dear lady's mind, and to the good care I found it this morning in the bureau, and inclosed in it five guineas, which she desired might be given into your hands, that you might be able to pay your mother, and some little debts, which I know you have given for some years past to my poor relation."

"O dear! call me good, Madam," replied Mary, quite overcome; "I am not any good; I have not done my duty to my dear mistress; I have often been sulky and mutinous; I have not lived my sin, and have need to implore the pardon of God."

Mrs. Shirley's cousin shook Mary by the hand; and the young woman, taking up her bundle and the five guineas, having received from her a boy to carry her box, went out of that house where she had spent five blessed and happy years, in the acquirement of such virtues and industrious habits, as were a blessing to her through the whole course of her life, and such instruction as, with the divine favour, will prepare her for eternal happiness in the world to come. As she passed through the garden, she plucked a rose from her old mistress's favourite tree, and then walked down the hill under the trees of a grief and sorrow, and not, then even the instinctive of her mistress's love and bounty was, for the present, unable to afford her any consolation.

Mary had returned her tears in the street; but when she came into her mother's house, she cast the five guineas, which she had hitherto held in the palm of her hand, upon the table, together with the bundle of her gown, on her arm, and, without speaking a word, threw herself into her mother's arms, and sobbed aloud, that Grace Brown came running in to see what was the matter.

"Holiday!" she exclaimed, "what's got the girl?"

"Nothing, nothing," replied the Widow Fairfield: let her alone; she will be better presently. We must allow a little time for her getting over her trouble."

Grace stood still, and looked at Mary's black gown, saying, "Poor thing, nothing but a tempory stuff: it's enough to vex her, after being so long in a place, and it's all your doing, Neighbour Fairfield. I told you Grace Brown was full of work to be. Why, every one knew that the old lady had nothing but a 'nuity, and scarce enough to keep her alive; and how could you be such a fool as to keep the girl there, thinking that she would get anything at her death?—But what folks will have their own way!"

At this satisfying speech, the widow looked up with amazement, and Mary was so struck, that she ceased to sob.

"Well, continued Grace, it's just what every one expected; and I can't say but that I always rejoice when greedy folks and long-sighted folks are disappointed; and I hope, Mary, my lass, when you look out for another place, you will demand creditable wages, and not depend on old ladies' favours for a future time; for a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

So saying, the busy-body was turning out at the door, when her eye fell on the five gold pieces on the table, and at the same time she saw a corner of the fine chintz pattern peeping out of the bundle. Had she seen a serpent looking at her from the wall, she could not have looked more astonished; and such was the change in her countenance, and the fixed look of her eye, that the widow naturally turned to see what she was gazing at, and for the first time observed the guineas.

"O, my God, thou art very good," she exclaimed, clasping her hands together: "this is what I did not look for; this is indeed added over and above to all thy mercies." And while she stooped to gather up the money from the low table, the watchman's wife made off, and the widow was left alone with her daughter.

And now, as the history of Mary has run to some length, I conclude the Second Part of it, with the hope, at some future time, to give my readers the remainder of the story. *(To be concluded in our next.)*

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Some of our Temperance friends would do well to send their communications to the Editor of the *Weekly Record*, 21, Strand, W.C. Amongst the numerous periodicals that are furthering the welfare of the working-classes, there are few more worthy of perusal than the *Weekly Record*.

☞ The British Workman's Almanac for 1865, is now ready. Orders should be given early to Booksellers.

Just Issued.—Illustrated Penny Readings. Compiled by the Editor of the "British Workman." Nos. 1 to 12 may be had through any Bookseller.—Nos. 1 and 2, Who's your Friend? By John E. Gray. 1d.—2 Autobiography of a Reformed Thief. By Rev. C. G. Rose. 1d.—3, What happened to Joe Brown. By T. S. Arthur. 1d.—4, The Lounge Bank. Pledge for a Pledge. By Miss Ashley. 1d.—5, The Flask will bear. A Bottle for Season. By Rev. C. Overton. 1d.—6, Tim Bunce and his ten talents of them. By J. W. Kirton. 1d.—7, The Market Part. A Story for Working Men's Wives. By J. E. Gray. 1d.—8 History and Mystery of a Glass of Ale. By J. W. Kirton. 2d.—9, The Wonder-Working Bedstead. By J. W. Kirton. 1d.—10, My Account with Her Majesty. By Andrew Hamilton. 1d.—11, The Wounded Sing; or, the Three Warnings. By Rev. C. Overton.—12, The Temperance Life-Boat Crew. By J. W. Kirton. 1d.

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☞ With 70 Engravings.—The Yearly Part of the *Band of Hope Review* for 1864. Illustrated with Engravings of "Astonishment," by William Hunt. Price One Shilling. Cloth gilt, Two Shillings.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES'S EGYPTIAN DONKEY.

THE DONKEY SHOW.

At the large Donkey Show, recently held in the Agricultural Hall, in London, the Prince of Wales's beautiful Egyptian Donkey was one of the chief objects of attraction. Why should not English donkeys be equal to Egyptian ones? If properly trained and well treated, we believe that they would soon be so. Some of the costermongers' donkeys at the Exhibition came very near, in beauty, to the Prince of Wales's! Another year we shall not be much surprised to find that a plump well-groomed "Jack" from Spitalfields carries off the chief prize. The "Donkey Prize" movement, commenced by the Rector of Stoke Newington, will we trust, extend throughout the country, and do much good to the hitherto most oppressed and ill-used of our beasts of burden.

MEDITATION.

It is foolish to muse upon vanity or trifles, when we have so many noble subjects for meditation. The mill should never grind chaff, when there is so much corn to be ground.—*Dr. Manton.*

Good Mr. Janeway used to devote one hour every day to solemn meditation, which he found of special use.

THE PUZZLE EXPLAINED.

"IT *puzzles* me," said a gentleman to his friend, who was a member of the same congregation, "How you manage to give away so much as you do. You have not so large an income as I have; and yet, although I think that *I* give as much as I can, I frequently find that you give

sovereigns where I give half-crowns, and five-pound notes where I give sovereigns. Tell me, how is it, for it *puzzles* me?"

"Come with me and I'll show you," was the reply. They walked into the dining-room, and opening a closet door, the friend pointed to the rows of *empty* bottles and decanters, and said, "*I save it from the bottle.*"

WITH their present yearly income, it will take the Bible Societies more than 600 years to supply a copy of the sacred Scriptures to each of the seven hundred millions in the heathen world. The sum *annually* spent in Great Britain in intoxicating liquor, would do it in *one year!*

SIXTY MILLIONS of Pounds sterling are spent at the shrine of Bacchus every year in Great Britain, in intoxicating drinks, whilst but little more than HALF-A-MILLION is raised by all the Missionary and Bible Societies, for spreading the cause of Christ throughout the world.—*Illustrated Hand-Bills, No. 53.*

TIME.

BUT above all, when we properly consider the uncertainty of life, O! how thin is the partition between this world and another! how short the passage from time to eternity! this should make us determine to make the most of the present time, for if we trifle with it till we come to a sick and dying bed, it will be hard to look back on opportunities squandered away, and dreadful to look forward to the account we must give to God for the neglect of them.—*Hervey.*

THE loss of wealth or of reputation may be regained, and the loss of health recovered, but the loss of precious time can never be recalled.

TIME is but a flux of instants and every breath we draw is, as it were, a new life. It is said that Cato the Elder repented for having done three things; one of which was, having spent one day without improvement—*Erasmus.*

RESCUED FROM DEATH BY A DOG.

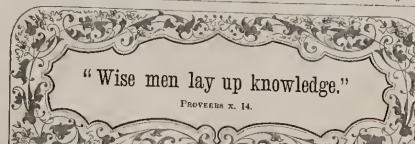
MR. H. HAWKES, a farmer, residing at Halling, in Kent, was late one evening at Maidstone market. On returning at night with his dog, who was usually at his heels, he took his way over Snodland brook. The snow fell so fast, that he lost his way, and being exhausted, fell down into the snow, turning upon his back, and was soon overpowered with either sleep or cold. His faithful dependant first scratched away the snow, so as to throw up a sort of protecting wall around his helpless master, then mounted upon the exposed body, rolled round and *laid upon his master's bosom*, for which his shaggy coat proved a most seasonable covering and eventful protection during the dreadful severity of the night, the snow falling all the time. The following morning, a person who was out with his gun, perceiving an appearance rather uncommon, ventured to approach the spot; upon his coming up, the dog got off the body, and after repeatedly shaking himself to get disentangled from the accumulated snow, encouraged the sportsman by actions of the most significant nature, to come near the side of his master. Upon wiping away the icy incrustation from the face, the countenance was immediately recollected, but the frame appeared lifeless. Assistance was procured to convey the body to the first house upon the skirts of the village, when a pulsation being observed, every possible means was instantly adopted to promote his recovery. After a short time the farmer was sufficiently restored to relate his own story, as already recited, and in gratitude for his marvellous escape, ordered a silver collar to be made for his friendly protector, as a perpetual remembrancer of the transaction.

A gentleman of the faculty in the neighbourhood, hearing of the circumstance, and finding it so well authenticated, immediately made an offer of ten guineas for the dog, which the grateful farmer refused, exultingly adding, "so long as I have a bone to my meat, or a crust to my bread, I will divide it with the faithful friend who has preserved my life;" and this he did in a perfect conviction that the warmth of the dog, in covering the most vital part, had continued the circulation, and prevented a total stagnation of the blood by the frigidity of the elements.—*From the "Sportsman's Cabinet."*

A FAITHFUL DOG SAVES HIS MASTER FROM DEATH.

FOUR GOOD MOTHERS.

THERE are four good mothers, of whom are often born four unhappy daughters. TRUTH often *begets hatred;* PROSPERITY often begets *pride;* SECURITY often begets *danger;* and FAMILIARITY often begets *contempt.*



APPLE STALL AT THE CORNER OF FANN STREET, ALDERSGATE STREET.

HONESTY AT THE APPLE STALL.

SOME months ago, having occasion to go into the City of London, I purchased some fruit at a stall in Aldersgate Street, and, on arriving home, discovered that a sixpenny piece I had in my pocket at starting could not be found. It just occurred to me that I might have given it to the young woman at the fruit stall in mistake for a penny, and accordingly I set off to try and find her, but with very little hope of recovering my money.

After some difficulty (owing to the number of similar establishments in the street) I made out the stall where I thought I had procured the fruit; but an old woman was in charge this time, and consequently I felt uncertain whether or not it was the same I had been to before; but I thought I would ask.

Now, I must confess this old lady was by no means prepossessing in her appearance, and it was with some diffidence, therefore, that I said so her: "About an hour ago, I bought some apples here; and, in mistake, I believe I gave you a two-shilling piece for a penny." "I know you did, sir," she instantly replied, "my daughter was in charge of the stall at the time, and when I came back from tea, she told me some gentleman had given her two shillings instead of a penny, but he was off before she could call him back. Here is your money, sir—I put it here in case it should be applied for." She then raised a corner of the cloth that was spread upon the tray, and there lay the coin I had lost. I thanked her very much, being really gratified and surprised, both at receiving back my money, and at the good feeling which had prompted its restoration, and after leaving some trifling present for the daughter, I walked home, resolving that in this instance Ecclesiasticus would have been wrong when he said, "As a nail sticketh fast between the joinings of the stones, so doth sin between buyer and seller." I may mention, that one or other of the partners in this interesting firm (that is, the old woman or her daughter) can be seen at the corner of Fann Street and Aldersgate Street, and I hope they may flourish there for many years, an ornament to the humble calling they follow.—*From a Correspondent.*

COVETOUSNESS.

ONLY behold the miser 'midst his store,
Who grasps and grasps, till he can hold no more;
And when his strength is wanting to his mind,
Looks back, and sighs, on what he left behind.—*Dryden.*

WOMAN'S MISSION.

To the question "What is woman's mission?" *Punch* facetiously replied, "*To stay at home and keep the kettle boiling!*" Ah, there are thousands of working men's homes, where there would be no such domestic happiness if the wives *did* stay at home, instead of going out to work at the mill. Working men's wives, keep the kettle boiling! Make your homes attractive. Keep not only your homes but your persons clean and tidy. Let *home* be to your husband the brightest and happiest spot on earth. Let not your husbands be able to say that they are *driven* from their homes to seek a bright fire at the public-house. Have a bright fire at home! WIVES, KEEP THE KETTLE BOILING!

☞ *Will be ready on 1st December. The Yearly Part of the "British Workman," for 1864, with numerous illustrations, and a wrapper with beautiful coloured engraving of 'Window Gardens,' by J. D. Watson. Price One Shilling and Sixpence. The Complete Volume for the Ten Years,—plain cloth, 15s.; gilt, 17s. 6d.*

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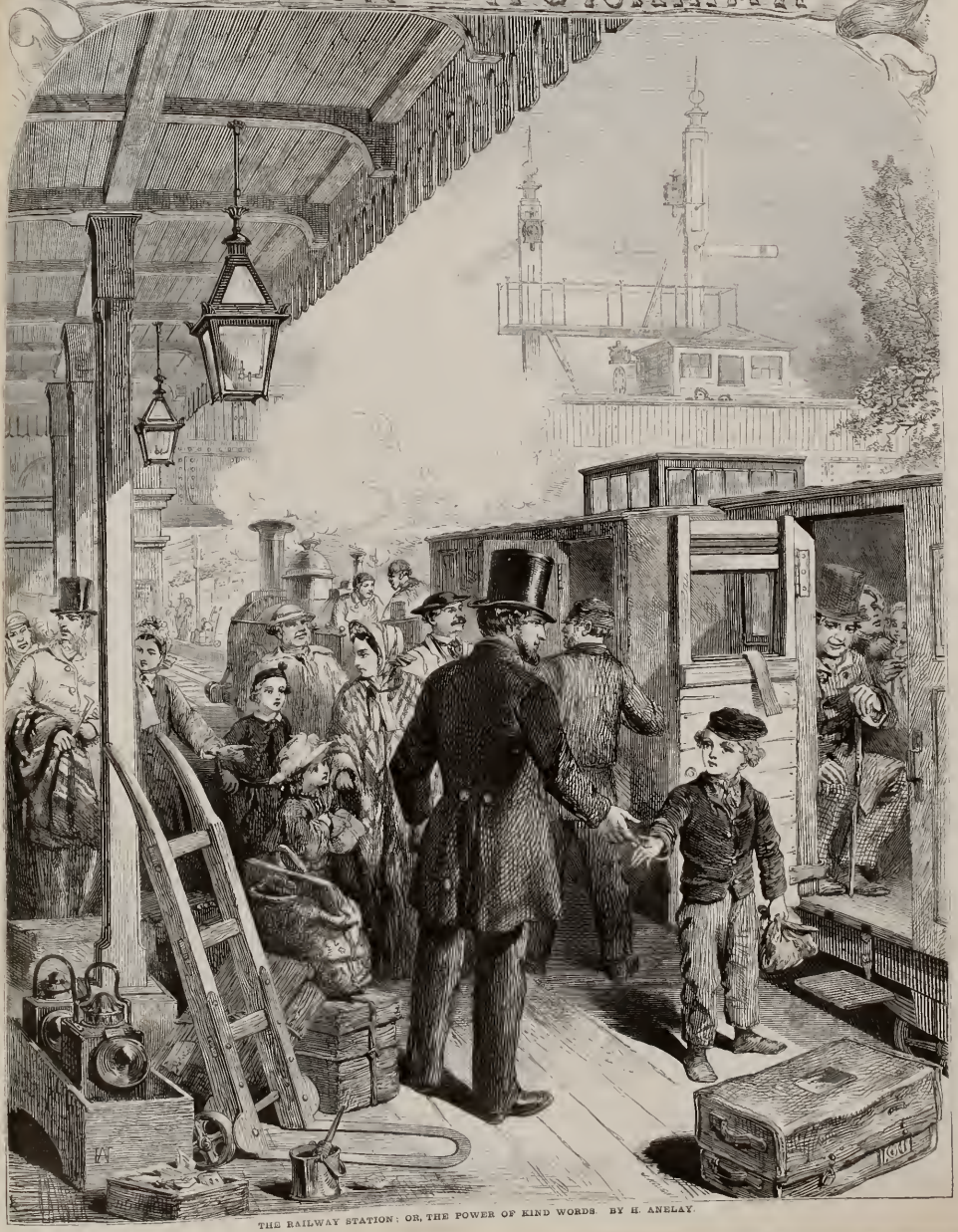

THE RAILWAY STATION; OR, THE POWER OF KIND WORDS. BY H. ANELAY.

THE RAILWAY STATION; OR, THE POWER OF KIND WORDS

The station was lighted superfeitly by the bright morning sun. Long trains were coming in and going out. Steam engines, those great fire-dragons which have tamed and subdued to his will, and made serviceable and obedient, two-puffing and panting, and roaring angrily from their great metallic throats, drawing after them their long array of carriages, or standing quietly before their houses. Underfire with great fires, and having provided or flattered among the lion jaws, and looked down upon the battle below, with curious but by no means alarmed eyes, great travellers themselves in many, perhaps, amusing and pleasant to them, to see the fuss and stir and noise, that more or less attend all human travelling, and to note how much more like birds or small feather-carriages were them, how much happier and less expensive is their own mode of conveyance than ours. No need to have their of purse or tickets, or carpet bags, no need of iron rails and bridges, no need of boxes or carpet bags, but a smooth rapid flight, from one world by the sun, over strange ways, they travel for hundreds of miles over land and sea, bold and peaceful and free.

Amused and interested like the swallows above me, I gazed upon the flowing and ebbing of the human tide within the station. I had some time to wait, ere I could proceed on my homeward journey. Life had presented to me a pleasant and careful aspect that day, and I looked round with hopeful eyes, and I was thankful, glad for the sum of human enjoyment I met on every hand, and for the wonderful increase of knowledge among the people, especially observable in the last forty years of my life, and glad for the love of the Great Author of love, more and more manifested every day, both in the works of nature and of spirit.

Placing myself near the bookstall, upon one of the many convenient seats of the platform, I imagined I saw many a face, which I knew, and many a kindly glance than were to be found on similar faces in the time of my boyhood. Wider, higher brows, brighter eyes, a more thoughtful expression—and, I thought, a more loving chase to be more common than heretofore? I thought, in my fancy, perhaps, it is the children's faces, did these seem to me observable. Certainly, the children of the generation are, in comparison with those who have gone before them, of a higher kind of light—lightand knowledge absent for them on every hand. But are they, and in what, of *here?* For unless light and love go hand in hand, they are but power sunder and darkness, and increase of knowledge, will be but increase of sin.

Passengers were walking about, or standing near the doors of compartments, belonging to the departing or incoming trains; porters were lifting boxes from the boxes of enormous luggage vans, or trundling piles of them on their backs, while strangers were arriving, and, pass groups of men and women, and through circles of widely-shaded lamps and children, drest gaudy as tropical birds, and well or poorly drest and cared for, and with "By your leave!" sounded sharply in their ears. The young man at the bookstall who had dusted and arranged his books, and papers, and pens, and ink, and was handing to a young lady with very dark eyes, and long black ringlets, a pocket edition of Longfellow's Poems, with which, I imagined, she meant to beguile her long journey. Friends to greet the new comers, and friends to bid adieu to the departing ones, stood looking out for well-known faces, or grasped the hand of those who were about to be separated from them for miles—who knows how many?—or for years, who can tell how long? A company of Indian chiefs passing, on their way to the government trains, just about to start, steamed in from the booking office, carrying various bundles and baskets and carpet bags, which of them with the Indian chiefs, and they with "haste" written as in large letters on every feature of their faces. What hard care-touched faces some of these were! What harsh lines were clearly written out among the wrinkles! What sorrows and troubles some of these olive eyes, and contracted brows, and thin withered cheeks had lived through! I could almost distinctly trace the mark of the destroyer, strong drink, too plainly visible to be mistaken; on some I thought I perceived the shadow of the grave around them, but there were here into every household be visits. But there were young faces also—among these worn elderly ones, and over them quite another expression lay. The young faces, the bell bright eye, the red lipped mouth, the smooth forehead, had not as yet many tales to tell of hope deferred, or long-cherished hopes of years, or years of sin, or careful indulgence. Expectation,—hope, ever present, and not dreaming of non-fulfilment, was there and the joy of sometimes half-and strength, and the joy of morning travellers in a double sense; the sun shines upon them, the journey before them seems inviting, the expected friend or acquaintance, or the pleasure of a life time proceeding with glad hearts, but what unexpected stoppages will they meet with? What new companions take up the journey and what changes will go through? What terminus will they find themselves in at last?

The bell of the departing train rang vigorously, and the steam of the engine spread out its wings—amongst the crowd was a little boy of about nine years old, holding on one hand a bundle tied up in a dark blue cotton handkerchief. With hurried but not uncertain steps, now stopping a moment, now running forwards, he looked up at the faces of those near him, as if desirous to ask a question of some one, but the faces looked down upon him, he lost courage, and the question was uttered all were far too hurried and pre-engaged to give one glance at the little boy. He shabby in his coat and trousers; and treating him much as they would have done a block of wood, had he ventured their way. The basket was rather heavy, and he was obliged to put it down, and rest awhile against his arm, now his eye was brushed off by the elbow of a young lady, who was in a hurry, and had a black bonnet stick, and now his toes were trodden on by more than one heavily-nailed shoe. He bore it all, however, without a cry, sighing and blinking it is true, but still looking up at if in search of some face, or face, or some one that would sympathize with his trouble, whatever that was. But many a face, and many a form, drew passed him by, without a glance; they had far too immense affairs of their own to attend to, and the enquiry so plainly written on his little pale face was unheeded. An influx of passengers between myself and him, here had him from my sight. Like bees in search of a new home, the travellers swarmed about, and quietly deposited them elves and their goods, and within the depths of the roomy carriages. All was eagerness and bustle, all were anxious for the best seats, and all could not get them, there was some little confusion, but by and bye one after another struck the fancy, or the fancy of the fancy, and after seeing to the safe keeping of their luggage, subsided into comparative calm. One of the porters hands had come more than usually active and agreeable. His heart was evidently in his work, and with a smile here, and a cheering word there, and a helpful hand everywhere, brought order out of the chaos, and comfort where had been anxiety, and in some cases, real distress. A lame young woman, with a little girl, first experienced the benefit of his kindness. The daughter was too young to be anything but a change and care to her—she could neither procure a ticket, or take care of the luggage, or even sit still but for another, while her mother did these things. James Wabbin, (I afterwards discovered his name) saw the perplexity of the young man's face—he saw the lame woman upheld her sinking nostrops, and at once came forward with his ready, cell-inst help, with a bright face and pleasant tone, assisted her and the little girl, into one of the third-class carriages, looked up her box, and saw it placed in the right van, procured the ticket, and found a seat for her, and made it comfortable, and the change, quickly to her, and spoke cheerly and kindly as he did this, till her heart was lightened, and the tears started to her eyes brightened, and a smile dawned on lips that I fancy had not often lose their expression of suffering. The child was equally delighted with the attention paid to her mother in merry fashion, after he bid them good morning. An elderly woman, affected with that common complaint of the age, nervous irritability, had found him, she assured her next neighbour, "the greatest comfort in over was," for he had sought up her lost handbag, that had been mislaid, and had found her lost portion of luggage, had told her which station she must get out at, for Colebrow, her native village, and had had patience with her immense anxiety, and had been "so cheerful and sharp," as the clerk had done in the railway office, but mentioning her with good humour, and friendliness. He's a good man, I reckon, and he's a good man, for a thriving livener, who had also experienced his good offices, "whoever his mother is, an' I only wish as I was her!" The very little girl was taken up by the kind man. A poor widow travelling with her six children, and multitarious boxes, to her husband's parents in the south of England, with the expense of the journey all her own, found his ready help a ray of real sunshine upon her gloomy path, and felt in some way, she scarce knew why, more comfortable for the day, and the long and tedious journey, after his sympathetic glance and kind accent. A young servant girl going to place many miles away from her mother, felt her heart sink, when she first entered and hearing with the excitement of travelling, and the wonder how the world would open for her, whether the strangers would be good or bad, and felt more lonely and sickness, and treat her as a human being needing love and care as well as food and wages, and not entirely as a domestic machine, from whom all the work must be had, the machine could possibly give, in the shortest space of time—ease her timid question about the safety of her large parcel of luggage, and her anxious enquiry, and answered readily and kindly, and the box so carefully handled and placed, as if it had belonged to the greatest lady of the land, and had to a great distance, and had to be kept in its place. A consumptive-looking man, whose feeble steps and short breathing, told of the weakness and suffering he endured, and the difficulty in the journey he had found a strong arm placed under his, and an encouraging smiling face, leading him on towards a comfortable seat, and he felt that there was still some kind souls, and presently a glass of water brought by the same individual, placed close to his fevered blanched lips. "He's a real good, that he is!" said the poor invalid to the young lady who had wished to be his mother, and who had sat watching this scene with considerable interest. "Dear me, why he's almost as good as a mother to those boxes, as he's their proper adjustment in the carriages, and to those passengers to their right places in the right train, he was so good that I felt quite sorry for him, that he was paid to do, but the way in which this duty was accomplished, was that which made it so admirable. With joy I saw he was doing the work of his master, and practiced the loving precept of Christ, "Do unto others as you would have should do unto you,"—and my heart went with him, and thought he is one of God's good work.

Ah, thought I, if people would but remember how much joy and comfort and blessing arise from acts and words of courtesy and kindness, and kind-heartedness, they would rarely seek to cultivate in themselves the opposite of benevolence, that would make the world happier for their presence, and would lead to many but a carrying out of a scheme of pleasure, to many but a carrying out of a scheme of pleasure, to many but a carrying out of a scheme of pleasure,

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

PART III.

MARY had not been at home many weeks, however, before her mother was informed by the Rector of a person in whose house Hannah Brown then lived, that there was a place vacant as a farm-house about four miles from Worcester, on the Hereford side of the country; and from the character which the butcher gave of the place, the widow did not doubt that it might suit her daughter. Accordingly, having enquired where Farmer Taylor put up on a market-day, she took occasion to see him, and showed him the letter of recommendation which had been held to be sufficient for her mistress; and when the farmer had read it, he hired her without another word.

Mrs. Shirley had died in the early part of the summer; and it was the end of August, when Mary took leave of her mother, and set off to Hanley, the parish in which her new master resided.

Mary had never been so far from home in her life, and had seldom walked above two or three miles at a time; so that when she had passed through the town of Worcester, she was not sorry to get into a waggon.

Towards evening, after descending into a very deep valley, and crossing the bottom by a stone bridge, the heavy carriage began to ascend on the other side; and coming at length to a place where the road was shaded on each hand by very high hedges, the old waggoner suddenly stopped his horses opposite to a stile in the hedge which separated one of these woods from the road. Then, pointing to a path which seemed away through the trees, he directed Mary to get out of the waggon, saying, "There, my lass, if you are bound for Farmer Taylor's, you had best be about your business with me; my way lies to the left, yours to the right: follow you pathway to the brook, cross the brook by the bridge; climb the pees yon side, and you'll see Farmer Taylor's well then find yourself at the very door of the house."

Mary presented the old waggoner with a shilling, took off her bonnet and placed her small box on her head, and presently found herself all alone, in the midst of a shadowy and beautiful wood; such a one as she had never before seen. Having continued her walk some time through the wood, she at length came to the brook which the old man had mentioned; and having crossed it by the bridge, she began to ascend a steep pasture ground, scattered over with bushes; amongst which a number of ancient elms were their feeding. It was with difficulty that Mary, who had been little used to labour out of doors, dragged herself and her burden up the hill; but when she felt herself almost exhausted, she was inspired with new energy by a sight of the many-shafted and clustered chimneys of the old farm-house, the gableends of which venerable tenement soon presented themselves to her, as she ascended a little higher, frowning over the steep ascent, and overlooking the mighty mass of wood, which seemed to extend themselves over the whole vale below. With another effort, Mary gained the top of the pasture ground, and found herself at the entrance of a farm-yard, the house being extended in front of her. She entered the farmyard between a barn and a hay-rick, and the next moment found herself in no hasty a scene as any which her native town could have supplied. The yard itself was encompassed with barns, cow-houses, ricks, and stables; in one corner of it was a waggon loaded with hay, which a number of men were unloading to make a rick; in another, a red-armed Welsh girl was feeding a number of pigs; the farmer himself was standing at the top of the rick, delivering his orders with a voice as loud as a church-bell; and as the Welsh girl was feeding a number of pigs, the farmer's wife and mother, the mother being a very old woman, and the wife such a bustling, tight, and notable dame, as could be found in any town in the country. The rest of the family, consisting of four great boys, and two smart girls, the farmer's children, were, as it afterwards appeared, at dinner in the hay-field.

When Mary presented herself, she was received with much rough kindness by her mistress, who said, she hoped that she would be a good girl, and a good character; and as the next day was to be a busy one, she was bid to take her supper and go to bed; the Welsh girl being at the same time directed to show her the way to the garret, in which she was to sleep.

While Mary was eating her supper at a long oaken table, placed in one end of the great kitchen of the farm-house, she ceased not to marvel at the white-washed wall, the chimney, the long casement-windows in their ancient frames, with their small green panes, the quantity of flitches of bacon hanging from the smoky ceiling, the smell of the wood smoke, and the old-fashioned furniture of every piece of furniture which lay within her notice. She was, however, so much tired, that after the hope of a short bed, she was not sorry to go to her bed. Accordingly she followed her fellow-servant, whose language she did but half understand, up two or three flights of stairs, and through several long white-washed passages, into a loft at the very top of the house, where she was to sleep. This room, such as it was, was lighted by a little sloping window in the roof, and the place smelt so strongly of cheese and apples, that Mary felt she should have been suffocated, had she not admitted the fresh air by forcing open the casement, to the annoyance of many spiders, who had span their slender webs across the opening. She was happy enough, however, that she was to sleep here alone; and though the room was dusty, and the bedding far from clean, she trusted that she should be able to make such an amendment in both, as would soon render her chamber a very comfortable place.

Between four and five o'clock the next morning, all the family were roused up: the farm-yard was all in a bustle; the horses were put to the dray, and sent off to the hay-field; and Mary heard the voice of her mistress, calling her much to come down immediately.

As Mary had gone to bed early, and had slept well, she was already much refreshed; and while she stood at the window to put on her clothes, she could and had minute the beauty of the morning, as seen from the eminence on which the house was situated. And though little time was given her for prayer, yet in that little she was enabled to lift up her heart to God, and seek a blessing for the day. From the moment when Mary first appeared before her mistress early in the morning, till eight o'clock at night, she was in one continued bustle. It was harvest-time, and she had to fulfil the noble duties of housekeeper, and to perform all of which others were to be performed under the supreintendence of the mistress; who, though she understood all branches of household work, necessary for persons in her situation, was so confused in the directions which she gave to her servants, that it was next to impossible for them to understand at first what she would have them do. Added to this, poor Mary felt herself so greatly lost in the long passages, lofty rooms, and corners of the old farm-house, and so puzzled with the bold manner which the mistress gave to the different things which were to be used, that she was almost ready to despair: and before the morning was half over, she heartily wished she had never undertaken the place.

At twelve o'clock the great dinner was being duly boiled, and placed on the long oaken board, Mary was directed by her mistress to go to a little hollock, which she had succeeded the day before, to call all the men right, in order to collect the family to dinner; a business for which her quick ear with Mrs. Shirley had very ill prepared her. However, she succeeded in some of the family hear; and presently the master, all the sons and daughters, the servants and labouring people came crowding into the kitchen, and were soon seated at the board, the master and mistress, and their children, sitting at the upper end of the table. The meat and vegetables were followed by an immense frail pot, not a morsel of which was left. As soon as this course was ended, the master rose, and all the people passed out of the kitchen, from which they did not again come back till sunset, when another course and hearty meal was provided, and every man and woman went to their rooms to bed. The mode of life continued till the end, not only of the hay, but of the corn harvest; and during that time Mary was heartily tired, but when the harvest was over, she found her situation vastly more comfortable: and by arranging her work, she discovered that it would be generally in her power to have a tolerable hour of rest, when her sewing, a little before four o'clock every afternoon, her especial business being to clean the house, to wash and iron, and to wait on the Mrs. Brown, who was most childish. In harvest time it was the custom of the family to take their meals all together; but on other occasions, the mistress and her children and servants eat in a small parlour, within the kitchen, where they breakfasted and drank tea. The rest of the family, except in harvest, consisted only of the house-maid and dairy-maid, an old man, in whom the farmer placed much trust, and a plough-boy. The chief business of the maid-servants was to attend to these three persons, and permit none but dairy, but as the mistress directed all these concerns, little skill was required of them. It was found that the Welsh girl will red arme, of whom I before spoke, would not even learn the little that was necessary for her to learn, and as she was without very impertinent, it was agreed that she should be sent away; and the farmer promised his wife to seek after another maid when he went to Worcester the following week.

Mary was not sorry at the prospect of parting with Welsh Patty, as her fellow-servant was commonly called, for she never could understand a word she spoke to her English; but she would not have been grieved to have kept her a little longer, when on the return of her master from the Michaelmas fair, he informed his wife, in her presence, that Butcher Oakes had recommended a servant to him, and that her name was Hannah Brown.

"What sort of a girl, Hannah?" said Mrs. Taylor.

"A good stirring girl," replied the farmer, "though I am almost afraid you will think her a little too young."

"That is the fault of all the lasses in the parish," remarked the farmer's wife, "but it she will mind her duty, I shall not be much inclined to find fault."

Mary had not been unhappy at Farmer Taylor's since the bustle of harvest had ceased. It is true that she did not enjoy such comfortable apartments as she had had in the house of her late excellent mistress; for, though she went to church, in turn with the other maid, she was generally left alone on the afternoon of a Sunday, when the rest of the family, consisting of four great boys, and two smart girls, the farmer's children, were, as it afterwards appeared, in the hay-field.

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THE LAST SABBATH IN THE YEAR

My fleeting years, how fast they fly
The moments, how they glide away;
May I for God the hours employ
Of this most solemn Sabbath-day.

This sacred Sabbath now will end
Another year of my short time;
Lord, bid my heart ascend from earth sacred,
And let these sacred hours be thine.

May I survey with gratitude
The year that now is past and gone;
Let not vain thoughts my mind delude,
But let my heart be thine alone.

Thy sparing mercy doth prolong
This year memorably the of mine;
Help me to raise a grateful song,
For this preserving care of thine.

But ah! what and returns I've render;
Alas! ungrateful I have been;
And for thy blessings oft received,
Have only made returns of sin.

Forgive my guilt and folly, Lord,
Seal to my soul thy pardoning love;
This day apply thine holy word,
And my affections raise above.

A. R.

SIGISMOND AND HIS ENEMIES.

Some courtiers reproached the Emperor Sigismond, that instead of destroying his conquered foes he admitted them to favour. "Do I not," replied this illustrious monarch, "effectually destroy my enemies when I make them my friends?"

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WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

☞ A new edition of "Waste Not, Want Not," with twelve illustrations by Cooper, has recently been issued as an Eighteenpenny Book, by Messrs Hamilton and Wright. We recommend it as a good book for *Sunday Libraries.*

THE NATIVITY. FROM A DRAWING BY JOHN GILBERT.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

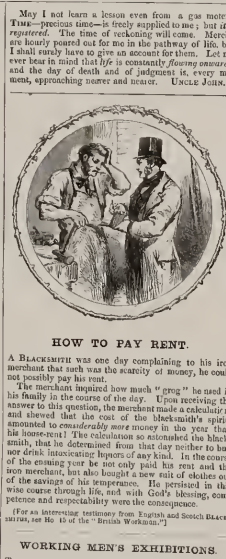
Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard th' angelic herald's voice, "Behold
I bring glad tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfill'd His promis'd word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

"In royal David's city ye shall find
The long-foretold Redeemer of mankind;
Wrapt up in swaddling clothes, the Babe Divine
Lies in a manger—this shall be your sign."
He spake, and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, before unknown, conspire.

The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still—
Peace upon earth, to sinful man good-will.
To Bethlehem straight th' astonish'd shepherds ran
To see the wonders God had wrought for man.

THE GAS METER.

"THERE on the gas"is a remark daily heard in many shops and homes. The moment this is done, the delicate pointers of the dials on the meter are set in motion, and (if in proper order) will minutely register the quantity of gas that is consumed. When the day of reckoning arrives, the consumer has to pay for the privilege of the light thus afforded, according to the *record* of these dials.



HOW TO PAY RENT.

A BLACKSMITH was one day complaining to his iron merchant that such was the scarcity of money, he could not possibly pay his rent.

The merchant inquired how much "grog" he used in his family in the course of the day. Upon receiving the answer to this question, the merchant made a calculation, and showed that the cost of the blacksmith's spirits amounted to *considerably more* money in the year than his house-rent! The calculation so astonished the blacksmith, that he determined from that day neither to buy nor drink intoxicating liquors of any kind. In the course of the ensuing year he not only paid his rent and the iron merchant, but also bought a new suit of clothes out of the savings of his temperance. He persisted in this wise course through life, and with God's blessing, competence and respectability were the consequence.

(For an intervening testimony from English and Scotch BLACKSMITHS, see No 45 of the "British Workman.")

WORKING MEN'S EXHIBITIONS.

THE success of the North London *Working Men's Exhibition*, recently held in the great Agricultural Hall, has been remarkable. On one evening there were 18,000 persons present! These exhibitions, if judiciously managed, may be made productive of the most beneficial results to the industrious classes. We hope to give an article on these exhibitions in our next, together with some suggestions for the guidance of those who desire to commence them in the provinces.

May I not learn a lesson even from a gas meter? TIME—precious time—is freely supplied to me; but *it is registered*. The time of reckoning will come. Mercies are hourly poured out for me in the pathway of life, but I shall surely have to give an account for them. Let me ever bear in mind that *life* is constantly *flowing onwards*, and the day of death and of judgment is, every moment, approaching nearer and nearer. UNCLE JOHN.

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WHEN a man boasts of the dignity of his nature, and the advantages of his situation, and from thence infers a right of oppression of the inferiors, he exhibits his folly, as well as his depravity. What should we think of a strong man who should exert his pride, his potence, his tyranny, and barbarity on a helpless, innocent, and inoffensive child? Should we not abhor and detest him as a mean, cowardly, and savage wretch, unworthy the stature and strength of a man?—No less mean, cowardly, and savage is it to abuse and torment an innocent beast, who cannot avenge, or help himself; and yet has as much right to happiness as a child can have; nay, more it is be his only inheritance.—*Dodd's Essay on Cruelty to Animals.*

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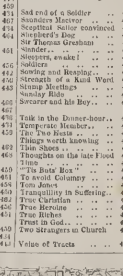

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